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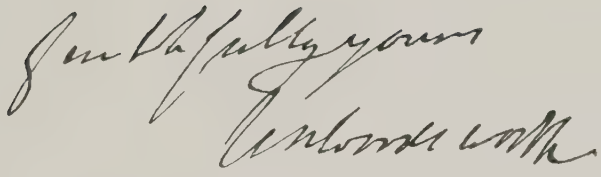

WORDSWORTH AT SEVENTY-SEVEN.

DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN, AFTER A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY WYON, MADE APRIL 21, 1847.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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THE NATIONAL ZOO AT WASHINGTON.

A STUDY OF ITS ANIMALS IN RELATION TO THEIR NATURAL ENVIRONMENT.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.[1]

BY ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON,
Author of "Wild Animals I have Known," "The Biography of a Grizzly," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

I.

IT is a common saying among keepers that, averaging one animal with another, a menagerie must be renewed every three years. Yet I know of one manager who kept most of his animals, those of Woodward's Gardens, San Francisco, alive, healthy, and happy from the beginning of his time to the end, sixteen years later, when the establishment was broken up, and the animals were ordered to be shot in their cages. The great secret of his success, he tells me, was caring for their minds as well as for their bodies.

It is a well-known fact that Lions and many other animals in traveling circuses are healthier and live longer than those in ordinary menageries. At first one might think that the traveling animals get more fresh air and exercise than the others. Yet this is not the case, for the circus cage is always very small and cramped. While traveling it is usually shut up, and when showing it is in the tent, always a drafty, ill-ventilated, foul-smelling place. The great advantage of the circus is the constant change of scene—the varied excitements that give the animals something to think about, and keep them from torpid habits and mental morbidness.

It has long been known that caged animals, especially the highly organized kinds, suffer from a variety of mental diseases. Mr. Ohnimus, the superintendent referred to, informs me that Camels and several other species commonly end their cage lives in lunacy. The Camels turned loose in Arizona some years ago were reduced at length to one old male. In course of time his solitary life affected his brain. According to local tradition, he went crazy, and used to attack every living creature near, until he was killed by a mounted cow-boy whom he had pursued with murderous intent.

Captive Bears are apt to fall into a sort of sullen despondency. Foxes and Cats often go crazy, and no matter how obviously mental the disease, it is usually set down to hydrophobia, and the unanswered question is, How did they get it? Dogs that are constantly chained up commonly become sullen and

[1] For the first paper on this subject see THE CENTURY for March.

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dangerous. The higher Apes and Baboons rarely thrive in cages. Soon or late they become abnormally vicious, or else have a complete physical breakdown. All this is so human, and so emphasizes the great truth of evolution, that the wise keeper seizes on the cue, and in his management of his charges treats them like human beings of a lower development than himself.

Many a man shut up in a cell has saved his mind by inventing some trifling amusement. It is recorded that one set a daily watch on the movements of a spider. Another tried how many times he had to toss five pins before they fell in just the same way. Another tried to run ten miles each day in his narrow limits. Yet another busied himself inventing new arrangements for the two or three articles of furniture in his cell. Many have paced up and down each day for a number of hours. And whatever they did, all alike were seeking to put in time, to while away the awful tedium of their monotonous lives, to respond to the natural craving for exercise, and to save their minds and bodies from actually withering from disuse.

If instead of "human captives" we read "wild animals" in all this, we shall have a very fair portrait of what we may see every day in an ordinary menagerie. Why does the Elephant swing to and fro forever from his chain picket? Why does he gather from the floor all the straw he can reach, throw it over his back and over the stable, to be regathered later? Why does the Squirrel enter and work for hours the aimless treadwheel, and the Marten leap listlessly half a day from point to point—floor, perch, slat, box; floor, perch, slat, box—again and again, with monotonous sameness day after day? Why does the lone Ostrich waltz far more than does his wild kinsman that has many admiring spectators of his own kind, and why do the Fox and the Wolverene trot miles and miles of cage front every day? Why does the Bear roll and tumble for hours over the same old wooden ball as if it were a new-found chum, or, if no ball is supplied, swing back and forth on pivotal hind foot for hours each day? Why does the Rhinoceros keep on forever nosing at some projection that his horn can almost fasten under, till it gets more and more elusive through the smoothening of perpetual use? Why do Wolves and Monkeys put in hours and hours over humble duties that in their wild state were the work of a few minutes at most? To all, the answer is the same as to the similar query about the man prisoner. They are putting in time. They are responding to the natural craving for exercise. They are trying to pass the tedium of their hopeless lives; they are doing anything, everything, their poor brains can suggest to while away the weary drag of dull, eventless days. Their bellies are well cared for, or at least are always plentifully cared for, but how few keepers have learned that in each animal is a mentality, large or small, that ought to be considered!

BUZZARD HAWK. (SEE PAGE 8.)

Here is where Ohnimus scored. He tried to make their lives interesting. The excitement of the chase must necessarily be denied those animals whose nature prompts them that way, but one of his first and most successful moves was made in consideration of their special case. He divided the single meal of all flesh-eating animals in two; the same in quantity each day, but a light morning meal and a light afternoon meal. Thus he "gave them something more to think about." It made two breaks in the day's monotony, and in time it unquestionably bore good fruit.

Another variation was made by changing them into new cages. An animal soon learns a cage by heart; he knows every bar and bolt and every trifling roughness in wall or floor. He can walk to and fro without his

THE WALTZING OSTRICH.

eyes if need be. But putting him into a new cage is like opening to him a new life. Everything new and to be learned must naturally create new interests, and be of corresponding benefit, unless it has come too late.

There is a pathetic story of an old Tiger that had passed his life in a traveling-cage until in a railway accident his car and his cage alike were overturned and broken open. The Tiger was unharmed, and he passed out through the broken grating, and for the first time since he left India as a cub he was free, standing untrammeled, with the whole world open to him. But all his splendid powers were gone or were dwarfed. He seemed ap-

palled by the new responsibilities. After a moment's hesitation he declined the freedom that had come too late, and crawled back again into his narrow cage, realizing that this was the only thing that he was fit for now.

One of the best expedients of all to enliven and brighten the lives of the caged animals is friendship with the keeper. There was no such thing as solitary confinement in Woodward's Gardens. Every prisoner there had at least one powerful friend who was always near and ready to attend to all his wants, including the craving for sympathetic companionship which few animals are entirely without.

But all these allayments are mere expedients. The real plan is to restore the natural conditions. We are slowly grasping the idea, taught by the greatest thinkers in all ages, that the animals have an inalienable, God-given right to the pursuit of happiness in their own way as long as they do not interfere with our happiness. And if we must for good reasons keep them in prison, we are bound to make their condition tolerable, not only for their sakes, but for our own, because all the benefit that we can get out of them in bondage is increased in proportion as we slacken their bonds within the limits of judicious restraint.

If a Chinaman after going through Sing Sing were to say, "I have heard much of the high mentality, the attainments, and the refinement of the white race, but these seem to me merely a lot of sullen, stupid brutes," it would about parallel the case of an ordinary menagerie viewed by an ordinary onlooker. If we wish to enjoy the beauty of the animals, or study their development and learn how it bears on our own, we must see them living their lives. This cannot be done in box-cages, is very difficult in the wilds, and is easily possible only in a zoölogical park.

Occupation and plenty of good food are not the only things needful to a well-rounded life. No matter how cared for, fed, and housed, the occupants of every well-known monkey-house were formerly afflicted with coughs, colds, and lung diseases, that made their abode like a hospital and carried off the inmates at plague rates, so that but few Monkeys saw their second season in confinement. All sorts of remedies were tried without avail; hothouses with natural accessories, continual medical treatment, and all, failed to lower the death-rate. At last it occurred to the monkey-keeper of a European zoo that all this coddling would be very bad for a human being, so why not bad for Monkeys? He decided to treat them like fellow-creatures: he discarded the stuffy hothouses; he gave his Monkeys free access to the pure air and the sun, in a cage as large as he could get it, large enough to give room for exercise, and the result was that coughs and colds began to disappear. The death-rate rapidly fell; each month and year that passed gave fuller indorsement to the idea. In short, he had learned the art of monkey-keeping.

Each advance of knowledge has emphasized these great principles that the lower animals are so like ourselves that to keep them in health we must give some thought to their happiness, and in aiming at both we must accept the ordinary principles obtained from study of ourselves.

These are among the considerations that shaped the scheme of the National Zoo at Washington; or, more comprehensively put, the restoration of the natural conditions of each animal was the main thought in Mr. Langley's plan—a plan that, though not yet fully realized, has been more than justified by the results.

II.

In the center of the Park is the coon-tree. This very tree had undoubtedly been climbed many a time by the wild Coons, within a few years, before it was selected to be the center of a little Coon kingdom. It is now the abode of over thirty thrifty Coons, which live their lives here much as they once did in the woods, and there is no reason to suppose that they suffer in any way, since all their needs —food, shelter, companionship, and amusement—are cared for. They have indeed all the good things that their wild brethren have, excepting only that there is a limit to their liberty.

Usually they may be seen all day sunning themselves in the high crotches, and the sunnier the day the higher the crotch, so that they are a living barometer. When there is a prospect of continued fine weather the Coons climb up as far as they can safely go, and at a distance they look like fruit still hanging on the tree. But in doubtful weather they sit lower and nearer the trunk; there they look more like nests, and give the tree the appearance of a rookery; while, in a storm, all descend and huddle together in the great hollow trunk that lies on the ground below and at all times serves as the bedroom of the colony.

The scientific name of the Coon means

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

THE COON FAMILY

"washer," and one of his popular names is "wash-bear," from the peculiar trick he has of carefully washing all his food. This interestingly Mosaic habit the Coons keep up in captivity, no matter how clean the morsel or how doubtful the water may be; and as their tactile paw is busied soaking the next piece of provender, their eyes take in the surroundings as though they were not needed in the supposed purification of the food. These, of course, are habits learned in the woods. The Coon feeds along the edges of the creeks and ponds, picking up crawfish, frogs, and other mud-dwellers. Then having secured

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

"CRAWLED BACK AGAIN INTO HIS NARROW CAGE." (SEE PAGE 4.)

them, he is careful to clean them off in their native stream, so as not to eat mud with every course. And this being a matter he can very well leave to his very sensitive fingers, his eyes are judiciously employed in scanning the woods about, either for more game or to guard against being made game of himself by some powerful enemy.

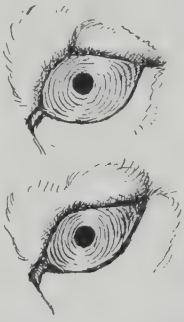
Those who have seen the little ones when they are old enough to be brought to the water by their mother and there receive their first lessons in frog-hunting describe them as doing everything just as she does, copying her in all things, dabbling their paws in the mud as their watchful eyes rove about scanning the neighboring woods.

Another little cosmos, and even more picturesque than that for the Coons, is the one

planned for the Mountain Sheep, but still delayed for lack of means. Mr. Langley proposes to inclose a tract of several acres of rocky, hilly land, more or less covered with timber, and therein to establish a miniature of the Rocky Mountains, where the Bighorn Sheep and his neighbors, the Calling Hare and the Mountain Marmot, may live together and show us how they used to live at home.

There are many obscure problems of life-history and environment that might demonstrate themselves in an inclosure of this sort. To illustrate the complexity of such questions: the presence of the Pelicans on Pelican Island, Yellowstone Lake, is declared by authority to be essential to the life of the parasites that infest the trout of the same waters, since at one stage the parasite lives in the bird. This case is of a type that is common. No man can say now whether or not the general failure in other zoos to preserve the Mountain Sheep in confinement is due to the need for any one element of its native environment; but the way to find out is by restoring the proper surroundings, animate as well as inanimate, as far as possible. Experiments of this sort must increase our knowledge of the laws of life, and in time will solve the problem of successfully maintaining our Mountain Sheep in captivity.

For the Bears also is planned a roomy park with restored environment. Bears are restless, roving animals, much more so than Deer, or indeed than most of our large quadrupeds, and they suffer proportionately when shut up. Many carnivorous animals breed in captivity, but Bears are among those that do not, not more than two or three cases being on record. This is an evidence of the great pathological disturbance from caging in the ordinary way. The added feature of a geological disturbance in the small bear-pen near the south entrance resulted in a little ripple of excitement some years ago. A heavy rain-storm during the night washed down from the cliff into the unfinished pen such a pile of rocks and sand that a young Grizzly mounting on it was enabled to climb up and escape into the open. He hid himself in the thickest shrubbery of the Park, and for a day or two eluded recapture, to the consternation of numerous mothers whose children going to school had to pass near the Park. Each one, of course, could in imagination see her own particular offspring suffering the fate of the naughty children who scoffed at the bald-headed prophet. But those who saw the Grizzly during his brief spell of liberty say that he was so overwhelmed by the novelty of his situation that he was quite the most timorous of all concerned in the affair.



DOG AND WOLF TYPE OF EYE. (SEE PAGE 10.)

The Buffalo was one of the American animals chiefly in view when the idea of the Park occurred to Mr. Langley. The present herd is a fine one, but the amount of ground available for them is not sufficient for ideal conditions.

I have heard it said that a little enmity in the life of a caged animal is better than absolute stagnation; but of course the enmity must be within limits. The Buffalo herd had so far reverted to the native state that the old bull ruled for several years, much as he would have done on the Plains. He was what the keeper called "not a bad boss"; that is, he was not malicious in his tyranny. One of the younger bulls made an attempt to resist him once, and had to be punished. The youngster never forgot or forgave this, and a year or so later, feeling himself growing in strength, he decided to risk it again. He advanced toward the leader, "John L.," and shook his head up and down two or three times, in the style recognized among Buffalo as a challenge. The big fellow was surprised, no doubt. He gave a warning shake, but the other would not take warning. Both charged. But, to the old bull's amazement, the young one did not go down. What he lacked in weight he more than made up in agility. Both went at it again, now desperately. After two or three of these terrific shocks the old one realized that he had not now his old-time strength and wind. As they pushed and parried, the young bull managed to get under the other, and with a tremendous heave actually pitched his huge body up into the air and dashed him down the hillside. Three times the old bull was thus thrown before he would yield, and then he sought to save his life by flight. But they were not now on the open Plains; the pen was limited, and the victor was of a most ferocious temper. The keepers did what they could, but stout ropes and fences interposed were no better than straws. The old bull's body was at last left on the ground with sixty-three gashes, and his son reigned in his stead. This is one of the melancholy sides of animal life—the weak to the wall, the aged downed by the young. It has hap-

RED-TAILED BUZZARD.

pened millions of times on the Plains, but perhaps was never before so exactly rendered for human eyes to see.

A more peaceful and pastoral side of life is to be seen among the water-fowl ponds. At one time the Park waters were a favorite resting-place of the Gulls and Ducks that passed over in the migrating season, a few of the Ducks remaining to breed. But the encroachment of the city frightened all away, until the establishment of the Park resulted in a new arrangement, whereby Gulls, Swans, Ducks, Geese, etc., instead of passing over in spring and fall merely, are induced to stay as permanent residents. Food, protection, and cover are provided for them, that they may live their lives before us; and in order that they may not forget their part of the supposed bargains, a deft slight operation is performed on the tip of one wing. It leaves no sign of mutilation, but it effectually induces them to remain permanently in the Park.

Among the birds of prey many old friends of the woods and plains are to be seen, though not taking to their cage lives as do the more cheerful water-fowl.

The familiar Red-tailed Buzzard is here, but his eye has ever kept the look of untamed savageness; he has no appearance of being even partly at home in his cage. None of his race has ever been known to accept submissively the prisoner's condition, so that the species does not breed in captivity, nor do his relatives and fellow-captives, the Buzzard Hawk and the Serpent Eagle. Doubtless this is simply another case where it is necessary to restore the wild condition in order to know the perfect bird. Some day we may have a cage large enough to give them a chance really to use their wings, and then they may condescend to show us how their forebears built their nests and reared and trained their offspring for the chase.

The fine collection of Wolves, still in small quarters, gives a good opportunity of seeing how near they are to Dogs in their general habits and appearance.

Zoölogists have long discussed the origin of the Dog. Some consider it the descendant of a Wolf; others, of an extinct species; and some say that the Jackal is the wild stock it came from. There are many good arguments against the second theory. To-day it is believed that either the Wolf or the Jackal was the wild ancestor of the Dog. I am convinced that the Jackal is the stock parent, though a strain of Wolf blood has certainly been infused in some countries.

It long ago struck me that reversion is the best evidence in a discussion of this kind, and my own observations on Dogs that have reverted, or gone back to their ancestral form, point very uniformly to one conclusion.

The general color of a Wolf is grayish, with a black or dark tail-tip, rarely with light-colored spots, or "bees," over its eyes, and with a height at the shoulder of about twenty-six inches.

The general color of a Jackal is yellowish, with more or less white hair in the tip of

SERPENT EAGLE.

A BUFFALO DUEL IN THE ZOO.

its tail, and invariably with bees over its eyes; its height is about twenty inches at the shoulder.

All the largest breeds of Dogs show signs of over-development, such as faulty teeth, superfluous toes, frail constitutions, etc. All Dogs that have any white about them have at least a few white hairs in the tip of the tail; and when allowed to mongrelize freely, that is, to revert, the Dog always becomes a small yellowish animal, with brown bees over its eyes, a white tail-tip,

and a height at the shoulder of about twenty inches; that is, it resumes the Jackal type.

Another argument, which I have not seen in print, is this: although the Wolf was abundant in Europe during the old stone age, the Dog was unknown till it appeared on the scene with the Neoliths, a race that came from the home of the Jackal.

My observations on the habits are evidence for the Jackal theory. Wolves rarely turn around before lying down; Dogs and Jackals usually do. Wolves rarely bark, while Jackals, as is well known, do frequently bark after the manner of Dogs.

While sketching among the Jackals in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, in 1895, I discovered an interesting bit of evidence on the question. Wolves' eyes are set obliquely, as in Fig. 2, on page 7, and Dogs' eyes are set straight, as in Fig. 1. This, of course, is well known. But of the nine Jackals then in the menagerie, two had their eyes set Wolf-fashion, and the remaining seven had them set like those of a Dog. Of course the fact that both styles are found in the same animal takes from its weight as proof, and yet great stress has been laid on this different angle of the eyes as an important difference between Dog and Wolf. What weight, then, this argument has is for the Jackal.

While making these notes among the animals of the Washington Zoo, I used to go at all hours to see them. Late one evening I sat down with some friends by the wolf-cages, in the light of a full moon. I said, "Let us see whether they have forgotten the music of the West." I put up my hands to my mouth and howled the hunting-song of the pack. The first to respond was a Coyote from the Plains. He remembered the wild music that used to mean pickings for him. He put up his muzzle and "yap-yapped" and howled. Next an old Wolf from Colorado came running out, looked and listened earnestly, and raising her snout to the proper angle, she took up the wild strain. Then all the others came running out and joined in, each according to his voice, but all singing that wild Wolf hunting-song, howling and yelling, rolling and swelling, high and low, in the cadence of the hills.

They sang me their song of the West, the West,
They set all my feelings aglow;
They stirred up my heart with their artless art,
And their song of the long-ago.

Again and again they raised the cry, and sang in chorus till the whole moonlit wood around was ringing with the grim refrain—until the inhabitants in the near city must have thought all the beasts broken loose. But at length their clamor died away, and the Wolves returned, slunk back to their dens, silently, sadly I thought, as though they realized that they could indeed join in the hunting-song as of old, but their hunting-days were forever done.

IN THE FORUM OF JUSTICE.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

PASS, pass, pass! Thou hast had thine hour
To sow in and reap. Is it thistle for flower?
'T is the seed is at fault, though Jove's hand stayed the shower.
Make way for thy comrade with double thy dower.

Halt, halt, halt! There was given thee grace
To begin with the best and their records efface,
Had thy sandals been winged. Step down from the race:
One swifter than thou art would run in thy place.

Cease, cease, cease! Thou hast had thy chance.
Must a Pallas attend thee to ward off mischance?
Let fall thy vain weapon: a thousand advance
To rush on and conquer with thy broken lance.

AT CHATSWORTH, OWNED BY THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE. FROM A PHOTOGRAVURE, BY PERMISSION OF CARL GLUCKSMANN, NEW YORK.

RABBI WITH WHITE TURBAN. BY REMBRANDT.

Art in Modern Bridges.

by

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER

Illustrated by Harry Fenn.

I.

SOME twenty years ago a German commissioner, appointed by his government to inquire into the railway system of the United States, observed, in the course of his report, that "in America public works are executed without reference to art." The comment was the more severe in that it was evidently made with the object, not of disparagement, but only of elucidation. The observation of every American traveler in Europe complements the observation of this European traveler in America. Of those public works which by necessity or custom are confided to engineers rather than to architects, bridges are the most conspicuous, and it is in bridges that the "reference to art" is felt most gratefully by its presence in Europe, and most painfully by its absence in America.

Perhaps, after all, the real contrast is between the modern scientific bridges and the ancient bridges, which were built by rule of thumb, and in which "reference to art" is not less effectual for being in part unconscious. Certainly the announcement of an unprecedented engineering feat in bridge-building on either side of the Atlantic is apt, to the experienced observer, to foretell a new architectural terror—*monstrum horrendum, informe*, in proportion as it is *ingens*. The bridges of the world which are acknowledged to be among the masterpieces of the world's architecture belong to the preëngineering era. From the point of view of the modern engineer they are child's play. It was in 1852, according to an authority, that "the first successful attempt was made to analyze correctly the stresses in a framed structure, and to proportion the members to resist the given external force." This was one of the longest strides ever taken by man in the conquest of nature. The new system thus introduced has now been carried so far that, whereas the largest single span ever covered before the engineering era was three hundred and ninety feet, the projected North River Bridge, now awaiting for its construc-

A STRAIGHT TRUSS.

tion only the demonstration that it will pay, has a clear span of three thousand.

If America is more conspicuously behind Europe in bridge-building than in house-building the reason must be sought in the early and sudden development here of modern engineering, coming in turn from the early and modern development of railroad-building. A British authority has traced

But the railroad has reacted upon the design even of these humble and vernacular structures. It is only the old bridges, even in the oldest parts of the country, that can seem part of the landscape; that can be gratefully seen or fondly remembered; that can ever weather or molder into keeping with a passage of rural scenery. The trail of the railroad engineer is over all but these.

STEEL ARCH BRIDGE ACROSS THE NIAGARA RIVER. SPAN, 520 FEET. L. L. BUCK, ENGINEER.

most of the differences between European and American railroads to the fact that, whereas in Europe the railroads have gradually supplanted highways already long established, "in America the railway has been the pioneer road of the country." It is accordingly only in the longest-settled parts of the country, between the Atlantic and the mountains, that we have any examples to show of the indigenous highway bridges, the arches of stonework built by village masons, or even the trusses devised according to rule of thumb by village carpenters, which are made for their places, and fit into the landscape with an easy and familiar air.

Bridge-building companies deal out scientific constructions in assorted sizes to the local authorities, and substitute the attenuated angularity of their product for the homely and home-grown erections. If the engineering age had begun a century sooner, Emerson would have had to begin his famous hymn with a line upon which Whitman himself would scarcely have ventured:

By the steel truss that spanned the flood.

In the newer parts of the country, the parts of which the railway was really the pioneer road, a picturesque highway bridge can scarcely be said, and can scarcely be

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

KARL'S BRIDGE OVER THE MOLDAU AT PRAGUE.

imagined, to exist. Of what landscape can the straight iron truss be a harmonious part? What stream, except the Styx, can it appropriately span? One of its misfortunes is that it can never gain anything from time. A stone arch comes to be mellowed out of its newness by parasitic vegetation, and a timber truss, if left alone, grows venerably gray. But to leave the iron truss alone is to abandon it to destruction. The frequent refreshment of paint is a condition of its existence.

Not but that there is a choice, here as everywhere, between the offerings of modern engineering. There is a series of chain bridges in the "southern tier" of New York, and within sight of the Erie Railroad, which are by no means ungrateful objects in the landscape, with the drooping curves of their cables, and their supporting towers incased in wooden erections which have been favored with a wise and salutary neglect in the article of paint. The family likeness among them is strong enough to suggest that they are the productions of a factory. But it is satisfactory to find that a form which commends itself to the inexpert as appropriate has also at some time been found to be the most available from a structural point of view, for the attractiveness of these structures is apparently quite unconscious. I do not mean to overpraise them, but since the age of engineering they and their like elsewhere are the nearest approaches that have been made in this country to the vernacular structures which they displaced. The fact that they are all of moderate span, and by no means *tours de force* from the engineering point of view, tends to assist this

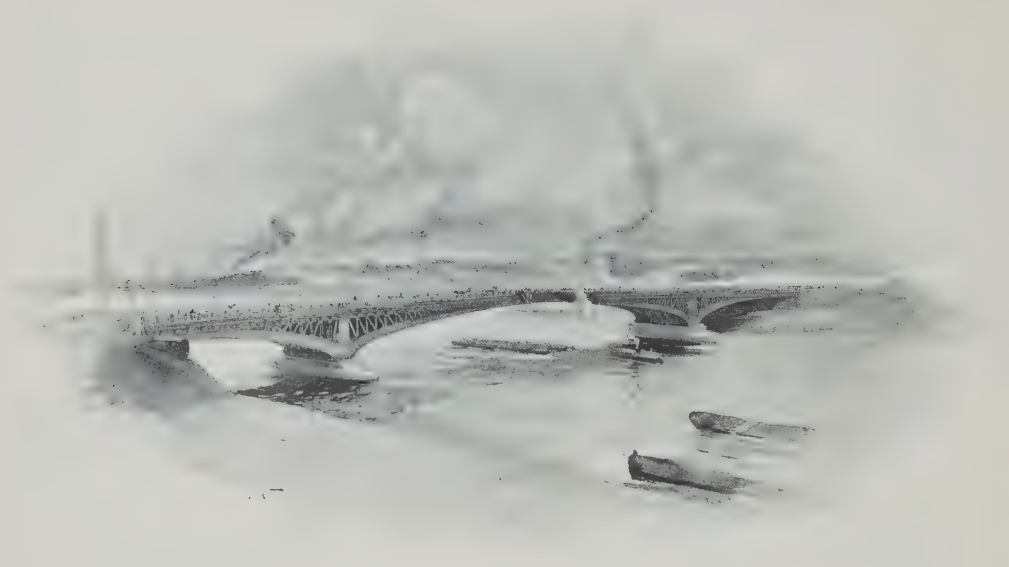
impression. The famous old bridges are by no means tours de force. The multiplied supports and narrow openings and low roadway ally them with what the Autocrat has so happily called the "caterpillar bridges" of the Charles. From a modern point of view they are all timid. Karl's bridge at Prague, with its many arches, its huge, projecting ice-breakers, and the rich, quaint, unsymmetrically roofed tower at its portal, makes its appeal to the picturesque tourist, not to the scientific constructor. The eight arches that of old were needed to cross the Main at Frankfort, and that glass themselves so prettily in the lazy stream below, attest the lack of modern science in the ancient builder. The eighteen arches of the old London Bridge, or even the five arches of the new, over a stream of eight hundred feet or less, are far from being feats of engineering, though the middle arch of the latter is the third in span now standing. As for the bridges of old Paris, whereof the builders required five arches to cross a river of five hundred feet, the railway engineer would scoff at you if you suggested them to him for models. "Why, sir, the progress of science has been such that a cantaliver of a single span, at one tenth of the expense . . ." The only famous old bridge that would greatly interest him is the single granite arch of two hundred and fifty feet that was sprung over the Adda in the thirteenth century, and destroyed in the fourteenth; for this remains a "record," and is likely to remain so, now that metal has superseded masonry for great spans. The nearest approach to it now extant is a recent and exemplary work of a modern engineer, if not a typical example of modern engineering, General Meigs's 220-feet arch over Cabin John Creek for the Washington city aqueduct.

II.

BUT of course we cannot restrict our bridge-building to what can be done with masonry. If we could, the matter of designing public works with reference to art would be comparatively simple. A stone arch, simply and straightforwardly designed for its purpose, cannot be ugly. The same dispositions which insure, in fact, its stability and sufficiency assure the eye of those qualities. Here also there are differences, and here also the work of engineers is apt to miss the heightening of an intrinsic effect which comes from the architectural development of structural forms. The great arch of the Washington aqueduct would evidently be the better for the clearer elucidation which only an architectural training can enable a designer to supply. Nay, in the Brooklyn Bridge it is noteworthy that the drawbacks to the architectural success are in the treatment, not of the metal, but of the masonry. A consider-

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

WASHINGTON BRIDGE OVER THE HARLEM RIVER, NEW YORK CITY. STEEL ARCHES, EACH 510 FEET SPAN.
W. R. HUTTON, ENGINEER.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

AN ARTISTIC CANTALIVER: THE MIRABEAU BRIDGE, PARIS. M. RÉSAL, ENGINEER.

able pecuniary sacrifice was made in order to construct the towers of solid stone, instead of a skeleton of metal, and to secure for them the effect of mass, which our inheritance of four thousand years leads us to associate with strength. Perhaps it would be unjust to say that the expense was wasted; but it remains true that, whereas the reticulation of metal which they sustain is an artistic success, the towers themselves are comparative failures. The solid filling of the spandrels obstructs the perception that the three great piers are the bones of the structure, and the interstitial walls merely a connection. The central pier, instead of being detached and emphasized, is almost effaced.

A still more grievous fault, common to the Brooklyn Bridge with many other chain bridges, is that the channels of the cables, instead of determining the design of the crowning member of the tower, are casually cut through it, as through an independent and preëxisting structure. The whole aspect of these towers is crude, rudimentary, and barbarous, compared with the exquisite refinement of the web that swings between them.

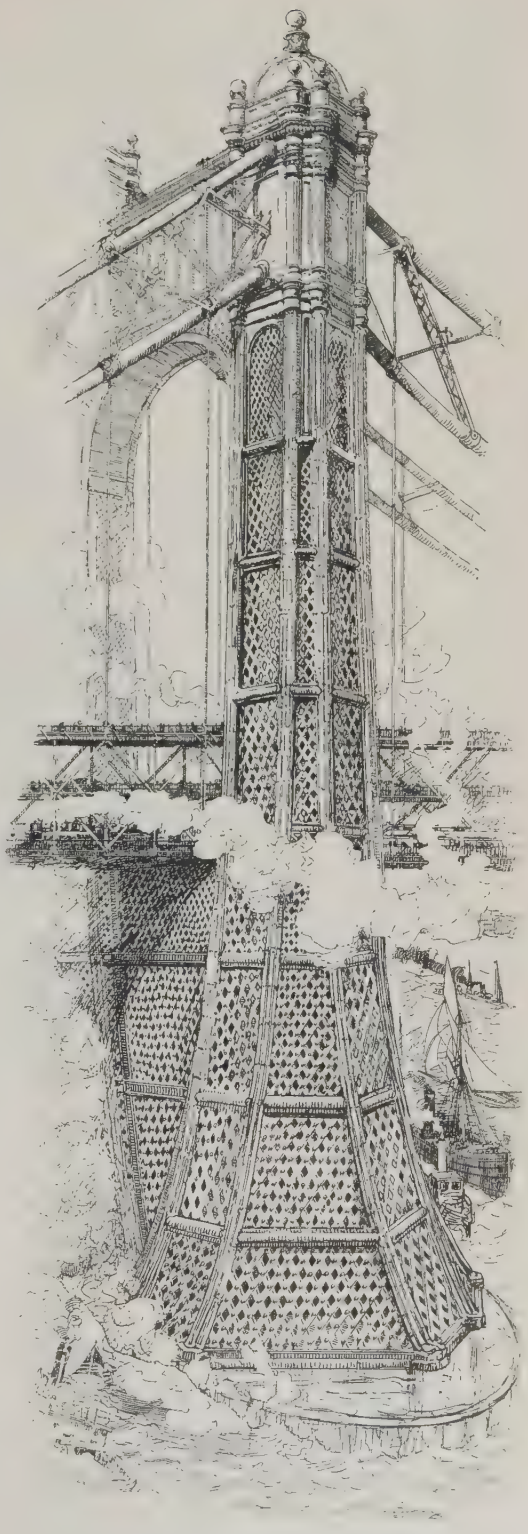
Another work, an admirable and exemplary work, perhaps the most conspicuously successful monument that American engineering has produced,—the Washington Bridge over the Harlem River in New York city,—yet suffers from the inferiority in treatment of the masonry to the metal. The shallow, unmolded arches of the approach, doubtless adequate structurally, are less than adequate architecturally for want of the emphasis, of the exaggeration if you please, which is needed to certify their sufficiency, and which an architectural artist would have known how to supply. The bridge proper it would be difficult to overpraise. The completed work so perfectly and evidently fulfils its function and fills its place that the general scheme seems to the spectator a matter of course. Such a spectator may be recommended to trace in the monograph of the bridge prepared by its engineer, Mr. Hutton, the long series of tentative essays that were made before even the essential scheme was hit upon, and the long evolution into the design, now embodied in steel and granite, of the germinal idea of the competitor who secured symmetry by two equal arches, of which one was the "channel span."

The airy Kirchenfeld Bridge that spans the Aare at Bern, though as a work of engineering much less considerable than the New York structure, may very probably have served as its artistic prototype. In each the need is felt of a more powerful and conspicuous central feature to unite and dominate the two equal arches. Probably few sensitive spectators have passed under the Washington Bridge without considering into what an unequaled pedestal for a far-seen statue the central pier of the bridge could be developed, in a city in which every project for a new monument is attended by a

ublic wrangle over its site, and one of the ompetitive engineers recognized this opportunity in his design. Not the least praise hat is due to the builders of the Washington Bridge is due to them for resisting a emptation which is found almost irresistible by engineers in general, and usually uite irresistible by American engineers in articular—the temptation to make an engineering record. The St. Louis Bridge was lready completed when this was begun—ompleted with a clear span of five hundred nd twenty feet. The temptation to stretch heirs out at least ten feet longer into "the iggest steel arch in the world" must have een very great. To have resisted the temptation and stopped ten feet short of "the ecord" is an evidence of the same restraint nd moderation which, applied to the design, as made this architecturally so far the most uccessful of great American bridges. A nodern metallic structure, "mathematically onceived," may, we see, attain a result more han Roman in power and more than Roman n beauty.

There are two works constructed at the ery beginning of modern engineering—indeed, before the beginning of the scientific esign of framed structures in metal—which ffer a most exemplary contrast. It was in 819 that Telford began the erection, across he Menai Strait, of a suspension bridge of span, till then undreamed of, of five hunred and seventy feet. This was a highway ridge, which still survives and does its daily ork, remaining a beautiful object.

It was a quarter of a century later when tephenson, summoned to erect a railroad ridge over the same estuary, and within a ew hundred yards of the earlier structure, evised and executed the Britannia tubular ridge, in which the extreme of ugliness was ttained at a single bound. The year 1845 was he infancy of engineering, and Stephenson's ork remains a feat of engineering in the genuity of the devices by which he overame the mechanical difficulties imposed by atural conditions and artificial limitations. he "stiffening truss," by which modern engineering has facilitated the carrying of ailroad-trains on suspension bridges, was nknown to him, and his solution of the roblem was mechanically the best, very kely, that his time afforded. But he could ave made nothing uglier if all the accumuated engineering experience of the interval ad been at his command. No truss conruction, however bizarre, not the cantaliver f Niagara or the "fish-belly" girders of



TOWER OF PROPOSED NORTH RIVER BRIDGE, NEW YORK CITY. HEIGHT OF TOWER, 625 FEET; SUSPENDED SPAN, 2850 FEET. GUSTAV LINDENTHAL, ENGINEER.

Hamburg, could approach the repellent baldness of this brute mass of a plate-girder four hundred and sixty feet long and thirty feet high. For a visibly articulated structure at least bears evidence of design, and the layman who cannot follow the demonstration made by its joints and members is yet able

to apprehend
A labor working to an end.

But the Britannia and the other railroad bridges of like structure and vacuous expanse are absolutely inexpressive. This is an example that might be instructive if engineers were trained to regard the expression, or the expressibility, of the primary forms of their bridges as an element in the choice of constructions, instead of confining themselves to the points of stability and economy; if, as Mr Russell Sturgis has reminded the American Society of Civil Engineers, instead of concentrating their attention upon the question whether their works would stand, they would direct some of it to the question whether they were fit to stand. It is the primary form of a great work of engineering that determines its artistic success. Respecting these works the dictum of Polonius is particularly sound—"'Beautified' is a vile phrase." If the general form does not in itself appeal to the sense of beauty, it is quite futile for the engineer to attempt any subsequent beautification, either by his own efforts or by invoking the aid of architects. Such coöperation is feasible only in the accessories, including, it is true, the portals, which are more than details, are among the attractive features of the most admired European bridges, and are seldom admirable in American bridges, for lack of architectural coöperation. The scientific designer of a work of engineering must be the artistic designer also, if it is to be a work of art. It is the choice of a construction that primarily determines the artistic result. So long as the consideration of economy is controlling, and is virtually exclusive in ordinary engineering practice, one must expect it to prevail when the engineers are left to themselves, even in works of which the conspicuousness makes their appearance an important condition in the problem of design. It may be questioned whether the

PIER AND SHELTER-TOWER OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE HARLEM RIVER, NEW YORK CITY. A. P. BOLLES, ENGINEER.

consideration of utility is so exclusive with the engineers as they pretend, whether mere fashions do not impose themselves in engineering as well as in architecture. There are engineers who maintain that the building of cantalivers has become a fad that has led to the erection of cantalivers in places in which they do not form the most appropriate construction. Certainly the ravine of Niagara seems to furnish the conditions of "deep gorges with rocky sides" which render an arch, according to the engineering authorities, "eminently proper and economical," and they have been recognized as doing so in the projection of the latest crossings of the gorge.

A "DOUBLE BOWSTRING," OR LENTICULAR TRUSS, BRIDGE OVER THE ISAR IN BAVARIA.

III.

"THE arched bridge of stone, the catenary curves of the modern suspension bridges with their high towers, and some forms of bridges constructed with bowstring-girders," are designated by Mr. Henry Van Brunt, in a very interesting paper on the esthetics of bridges, as forms artistically eligible in contrast with "the straight bridge truss spanning from pier to pier, the cantaliver overhanging the perilous abyss, the pivoted draw-span, all constructed with cold geometrical precision." Mr. Van Brunt gives his impressions only and not his reasons; but it seems that an examination of the constructions he accepts and of those he rejects ought to shed some light upon the reasons of the eligibility of those and the ineligibility of these, and so upon the conditions of engineering esthetics.

It may be doubted whether the ordinary beholder who finds the form of the arch beautiful and the form of the cantaliver ugly knows much more clearly how its work is done by the construction he admires than by the construction he resents. It is certain that he could come no nearer to "analyzing the stresses" in one case than in the other; but it is also true that by inheritance and custom he is certified both that the arch does its work and how it does it, while the novelty irritates and puzzles him. Even more evident than the operation of an arch is the operation of a chain bridge. A catenary curve cannot "hang wrong," nor is there any suspension bridge that makes the effect of ugliness between the piers. It is in the towers and the approaches only that the engineer is apt to betray his architectural helplessness. On these things architectural counsel might profitably be taken. Such counsel was rejected in the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge, but it was invoked in the New York approach with results that were worth the trouble, although they have been in a great part nullified by the recent reconstruction of the terminal, including the widening of the roadways, a work in which it is evident from afar that a railroad engineer has taken no counsel but his own. The same helplessness is shown in the first published drawings of the design for the newer East River Bridge, into the scheme of which it is too plain that only practical considerations have been

A "FINK TRUSS" BRIDGE ACROSS THE OHIO AT LOUISVILLE. ALBERT FINK, ENGINEER.

A BASCULE DRAWBRIDGE: THE TOWER BRIDGE, LONDON.

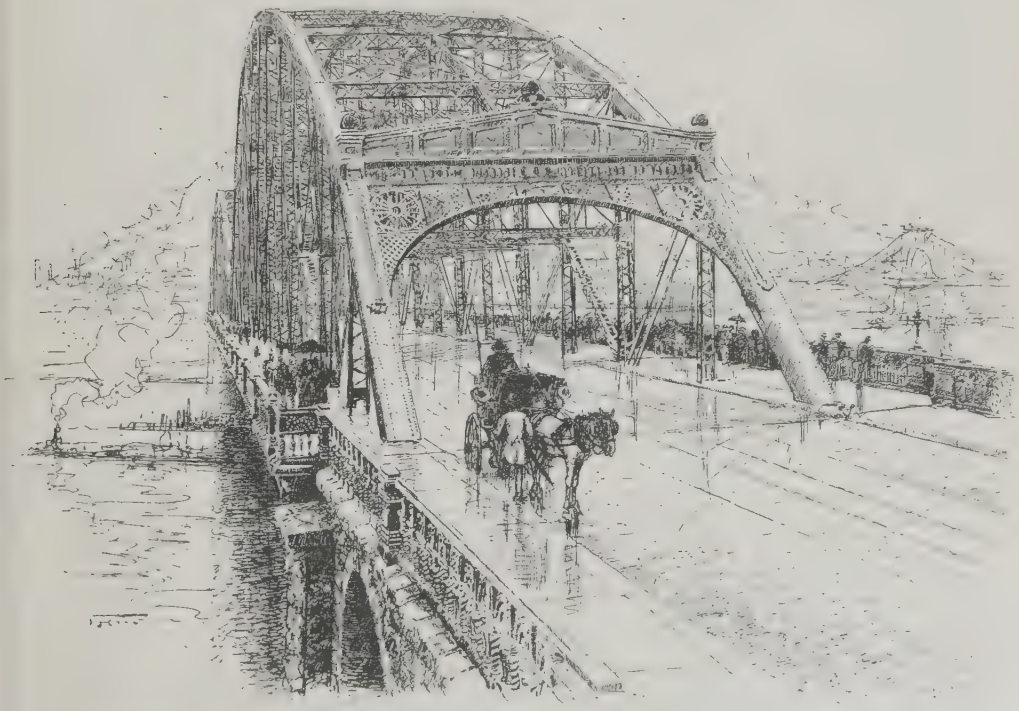
allowed to enter. In this the opportunity to show what noble objects two solid towers three hundred and thirty-five feet high, forming the portals of a great bridge, might become, with a development of their forms in which structure corresponded to function, was foregone, and a trussed skeleton of metal substituted, with straight sides, which are not even of an equal slope throughout, but nearly upright below the road-bed, and of a considerable inclination above. This gaunt anatomy makes much the same effect as would be made by a creature which wore its skeleton outside. The connection of the towers with the anchorages, which in the existing bridge is a curve, corresponding to the curve of the main cable and sustaining the roadway, is here a series of straight and rigid backstays, and the continuity of the stiffening truss is broken to the eye, and its purpose confused, by making a "through span" between the towers and a "deck span" outside.

In all these respects the engineer's design for the North River suspension bridge is in gratifying and exemplary contrast with the engineer's design for the new East River Bridge. It was doubtless out of the question that the towers of six hundred and twenty-five feet that were required to carry a span of three thousand should be of masonry. But the metal towers in this case are undeniably impressive and even monumental objects, with their structure of eight powerful ribs, sweeping outward and downward in a gentle concave curve to their spreading foundations, and with the web between them of a latticework that forms a decent drapery for the interior bracing, which, nevertheless, makes itself apprehended within, while the stiffening truss is apparently continuous, and the backstay again becomes a curve, swinging with grace as well as with power to the huge mass of the anchorage. Between the mere "bones" of a metal tower and such a development of it there has plainly gone on a process of artistic as well as of scientific evolution.

Undoubtedly the cantaliver seems at present to be among the constructions artisti-

cally hopeless. Certainly our own most famous examples—that across the Niagara and that across the Hudson at Poughkeepsie—seem, to most observers, to deface the landscapes in which they are respectively so conspicuous. It is the "suspended span" which complicates the construction into unintelligibility, and which has thus far put the stamp of ugliness upon every structure of which it forms, but does not appear to form, an organic part. And for this there is an evident reason. Let us substitute for the hard word "cantaliver" the easy word "bracket," and conceive the construction as what in bridges it really is, a double bracket balanced upon its support. While it may thus both be and seem secure, the case is altered, as to the appearance if not in reality, as soon as a load is imposed upon the projecting points of two brackets and they hold it between them. Plainly they are holding it in the most awkward way, at arm's-length, even at the length of the finger-tips, with the maximum of effort instead of the minimum which reassures the eye in a work of architecture as in a work of sculpture. The sense of effort, of strain, is incompatible with the sense of a load carried with ease and thus with grace; is destructive, therefore, of the sense of repose which is the first of artistic qualities.

The cantalivers themselves of the Forth Bridge make an impression which is the result of a most forcible and even eloquent expression. It is the lack of clear expression of what they sustain, and how they sustain it, that gives the work as a whole the air of an uncouth puzzle. The faith that for every mechanical arrangement there is an appropriate and significant expression can survive the shock of the great cantaliver bridges only by the admission that here is a mechanical arrangement which, if it be expressible, has not yet found its expression. It is yet *feræ naturæ*. It is so merely by reason of the suspended span, for without this there are not wanting proofs that a cantaliver may be beautiful. The clearest proof that it may become a beautiful object by a thoroughly expressive treatment is to be found in the Pont Mirabeau, one of the latest bridges that span the Seine at Paris. No spectator could mistake the construction for anything but what it is. The suggestion of an arch in the general form of the central span is successfully controverted by the



A BOWSTRING-GIRDER BRIDGE ACROSS THE ALLEGHENY AT PITTSBURG. TWO SPANS, 440 FEET EACH. THEODORE COOPER, ENGINEER.

PROPOSED MEMORIAL BRIDGE OVER THE POTOMAC AT WASHINGTON. CAPTAIN SYMONS, U. S. A., ENGINEER. PAUL J. PELZ, ARCHITECT.

design. One cannot help seeing that the bridge consists merely of two double brackets balanced upon the low piers, and the expression of this mechanical arrangement is the design of the bridge. The one defect of expression is a defect also of beauty. It is that the bearings of the cantalivers, instead of visibly resting upon the piers with an evident freedom of movement, seem to be embedded in them, and there fixed. It is only from a point of view close to the surface of the river that the actual arrangement is made manifest. But the exquisite, though simple, modeling of these piers themselves, the design of the system of struts and braces in the spandrels, heightened by decoration, which is but the emphasis of their functions in the structure, the indications in the masking-plates of the construction of the roadway behind them, and the ornament of the railing—in all these things the scientific constructor and the artistic constructor have worked as one, and the result of their labor, or of his, is a beautiful cantaliver bridge, with that character of inevitableness which belongs alike to a true work of science and to a true work of art.

Mr. Van Brunt's contrast of "some forms of bridges constructed with bowstring-girders" with "the straight bridge truss spanning from pier to pier" is especially in point as bearing upon the contention that the beauty of a construction is its expressiveness. For the straight truss, with parallel top and bottom chords, and intermediate members apparently of equal size, and apparently equally spaced throughout, is an expression scientifically as inexact as it is esthetically ugly. It ignores or dissembles the essential fact that, in order to be of equal strength throughout, such a span needs to be most strengthened at the point at which it is inherently weakest, that is to say, the point farthest from its support. In the bowstring-girder, whether plated or trussed, as in the lenticular, or double bowstring, as in the Fink truss, this need is recognized and visibly met. In the straight truss it is mechanically met by imperceptible, or at least unnoticeable, expedients of thickening or multiplying the members. The result is inexpressiveness in contrast with expression, formlessness with form, ugliness with beauty.

"The pivoted draw-span," as we commonly see it in the crossing of a navigable stream by a railway bridge, is, without doubt, a gaunt and unsightly object. Indeed, it presents a difficult problem to the artistic constructor, and in the hands of the inartistic constructor, for whom esthetic problems do not exist, we might expect it to produce the frightful results which we see. A movable bridge is necessarily a makeshift, an expedient for avoiding what, if the constructor were unhampered by considerations of expense, would be met by raising the structure so that neither its own traffic, nor the water-

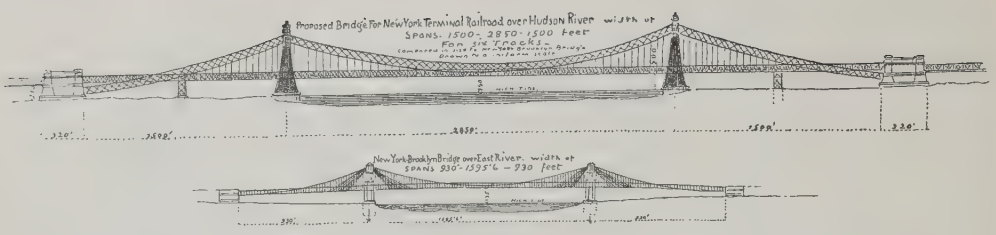
borne traffic which passes beneath it, should be subject to interruption. The swing bridge has the further disadvantage, when of considerable extent, that the weight of the outlying arms is carried in the most awkward way, the tendency to sag, assisted by the great leverage, requiring to be counteracted by an elaborate construction which shall refer their weight to the central pivot, and which has no apparent meaning or purpose when the draw is closed and the bridge in repose. Perhaps the best that can be done with it is exemplified in the Central Railway Bridge over the Harlem in New York, a work which shows throughout a careful consideration of the esthetic problems involved, and in which the treatment of the masonry is especially rational and expressive. The introduction of the hooded shelters at the ends of the draw-span not only gives needed emphasis to the rest-piers, but serves to bound and define the drawbridge itself as a separate or separable feature.

But the pivoted draw-span is none the less an intractable structure, and it is gratifying that the older form of drawbridge, that by which the medieval moat was crossed, has been found to be, in certain respects, more practical. This, the bascule bridge, in which the movable span is hinged and turned upward to clear the channel, has been employed in purely utilitarian works where the swinging span, when open, took up more space than could be spared from the channel.

One of the most admired of modern drawbridges is the Tower Bridge in London, in which the water traffic is accommodated by the lifting of a pair of bascules, while an uninterrupted footway is provided overhead, accessible through lifts in the piers. This scheme offered opportunities for expression which have not been made the most of, although the cost of the structure is many times that of a purely utilitarian bridge of metal. The towers, which serve the double purpose of pier and elevator shaft, are treated as five-story buildings. They are, moreover, like our own sky-scrapers, mere veneers of masonry upon a construction of steel which carries them. Mr. H. H. Statham has justly criticized the work upon this ground, and upon the ground that the masonry screen of the towers seems to carry the suspension chains, which are, in fact, attached to the girders that form the footway; and he has made his criticism constructive by a sketch which exhibits the actual construction and converts the towers into masses of masonry visibly adequate to their function.

Another bascule bridge, which as yet exists only on paper, is worthy of note as the only extensive bridge in this country which has been monumentally conceived. This is the proposed Grant Memorial Bridge across the Potomac at Washington. In this the engineer, Captain Symons, had the architectural coöperation of Mr. Paul J. Pelz, the principal designer of the Library of Congress, and the result of their joint labors justifies the combination. The draw-span of one hundred and sixty feet is signalized by all the devices at the command of the architect as the central and dominating feature of the structure, although in extent it is inferior to the span of two hundred and forty feet on each side of it. But the flanking piers of the draw-span are the ultimate abutments of the arcades, and when the draw is open are evidently so. In a work of mere engineering their actual sufficiency would alone be considered, but in a work of monumental architecture this sufficiency must be put visibly beyond question. No doubt the huge and solid masses that are shaped into the central towers are, from the engineer's point of view, exaggerated; but this very exaggeration constitutes what Mr. Van Brunt happily calls the "decorative emphasis" of a construction, which the training of an architect enables him to apply, and with which the training of an engineer inculcates upon him to dispense. It may be questioned whether the subordinate turrets of this design might not advantageously be still further subordinated; but it will not be questioned that the general conception is very noble, and that the completed work would be one of the chief ornaments of the capital.

It is especially to be noted in this work that there is no discordancy between masonry and metal, although the decorative emphasis is given in the one case by accumulation, and in the other by attenuation and articulation. That graphical demonstration which constitutes the expression of a framed structure in metal, by reducing it to an abstraction of its structural lines, seems to be incompatible with the more massive material. The new metallic architecture is precisely that "substitution of the line for the mass as the element of decoration" which Mr. Ruskin deplored in Gothic architecture, and to which he attributed its decline. And yet, in fact, in the most complete and most typical examples of Gothic groined vaulting,


Proposed Bridge for New York Terminal Railroad over Hudson River
SPANS 1500 - 2850 - 1500 Feet
New York Brooklyn Bridge over East River
SPANS 930 - 1595'6 - 930 feet

COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE EXISTING EAST RIVER AND PROPOSED NORTH RIVER BRIDGES.

the modern engineering method was anticipated, and stonework was really anatomized, as the modern engineer anatomizes steel.

IV.

THIS examination seems to indicate that the eligibility of a construction, from the artistic point of view, depends upon its expressibility, and the impressiveness of the completed work upon its expressiveness. There are, of course, many questions arising in every engineering work,—countless questions of detail and of degree,—the answers to which make or mar its ultimate success, that are, in fact, appeals to artistic sensibility and tact, the tact that comes of artistic training. The mere desire for expression no more involves the power of expression in this art than in any other. In order to express a construction intelligibly, much more in order to express it with power and with grace, a course of special training is requisite which, as we see all about us, is not involved in the education of an engineer. For this training no systematic or comprehensive provision is made in our technical schools. "They manage these things better in France," where a professor of architecture is attached to the national department of engineering, with results that may be judged by a comparison of the Pont Mirabeau with the best of our own works in the same kind. They manage them better in Germany, which, no doubt, has its share of ugly bridges, but in which the ugliness of the ugly bridges is more or less masked, and the beauty of the beautiful bridges enhanced, by the evidences they bear, in their accessories, of architectural training or of architectural coöperation.

But undoubtedly the desire for beauty, the desire for expression, is the root and starting-point of the matter. Until this is felt no progress is possible. And as among American engineers there are many who pay no attention to how their work looks, it might be expected, since "man's philosophy is the supplement of his practice," that there should be some to maintain that it does not matter how it looks. One such has declared in public that a bridge, being merely a "tool of transportation," is to be judged, like any other tool, by its efficiency, without reference to its appearance, "without reference to art." To a stalwart scientific vandal of this temper, a Gradgrind-Attila, discussions of the esthetics of engineering naturally seem frivolous and vexatious. He might be expected to find a stern joy in shocking the weaklings who trouble themselves about such trifles, and when he had executed some especially revolting work, to paint it a triumphal red, and exult over the insulted landscape or the disfigured city like a conquering savage. But the practice of the profession has been to treat its esthetics not so much with animosity as with contempt. "Unless the artistic appearance of a structure is imposed as a necessary feature," says one authority, "it is rarely, if ever, considered by contractors." And even when it is imposed, we have seen that there is nothing in the training of an American engineer, as an engineer, that enables him to supply it.

The American engineer who desires that his work may appear appropriate to its place and expressive of its purpose can find little help from his books, and none at all from his schools, but must rely upon his own unaided and unprecedented efforts. With some engineers exhibiting a wilful, and most engineers a careless, indifference to the appearance of their work, the public may be pardoned for imagining the whole profession to be made up of scientific vandals, grossly unjust to individual engineers as inquiry will show such a generalization to be. The public knows that the Rialto or the Ponta della Trinità is as much a "tool of transportation" as the ugliest device of the contemporary bridge-builder, but it is also aware that the ancient builder, in addition to the purpose of providing a tool of "transportation," cherished the purpose of embellishing his city, which the modern engineer sometimes ostentatiously disclaims, and oftener

implicitly rejects. The public more or less dimly feels that something is very wrong when it is proposed to flank a great American city with such erections as are threatened by the respective engineers' designs for the new East River Bridge and the Manhattan Valley Viaduct in New York, and that an art commission provided to protect a city against the works of professed artists all the more should be called upon to protect it against the works of professed or practical anti-artists.

Where "the artistic appearance of a structure is imposed as a necessary feature," the engineers are on their defense, and the signs multiply that they feel themselves to be so. It is for themselves to convert their new science into a new and glorious art, by reuniting, with new methods and new material, the scientific building and the artistic building that since the middle ages have been divorced. There are already promisings and beginnings of this re-creation; some of the illustrations of this paper bear witness to them. These things justify, far better than the tall buildings of Chicago, of which they were written, the eloquent words of Paul Bourget: "The sketch appears here of a new kind of art, . . . an art of science, in which the certainty of natural laws gives to audacities in appearance the most unbridled the tranquillity of geometrical figures."

THE WIND IN THE TREES.

BY WILLIAM PRESCOTT FOSTER.

IS this the sound thou heard'st, Phidippides,
In Argolis? Is this the song of Pan—
This weird, midsummer sound æolian,
That wakes at nightfall here among the trees?
Hark! hark! The song grows louder. Are not these
The pipes of satyr and of Ægipan
That o'er the haunted slopes of Atlas ran,
The mænad crew that soothed Musagetes?
Nay; 't is the evening wind. List! hear it blow!
Even thus King David heard it where he wept
O'er Absalom, and Helen when she crept
In flight through Sparta's gate. Thus sad and low
It blew through that dark garden long ago
Where Christ knelt and the three disciples slept.

OUR FRIEND THE SULTAN OF JOLO.

BY CHARLES B. HAGADORN,
Adjutant of the Twenty-third U. S. Infantry, and Secretary of the Acting Governor of Jolo.

"WHERE is Jolo?" was the question we all asked when the order, dated May 15, 1899, was issued at Manila for the Twenty-third United States Infantry to proceed thither. Nobody knew, but it was said to be an island somewhere.

Three days of delightful sailing, and the first transatlantic steamer ever to sail into those waters dropped anchor in the bay of Jolo. A small white village was seen not more than half a mile from our bows, and people rushing about on shore. These were in uniform, and the glasses told us that they were Spanish troops.

A boat put off, bringing some Spanish officers aboard, who learned for the first time that we were there to relieve their troops. Going on shore with the commanding officer, we found ourselves in a most delightful little garrison town, surrounded by a loopholed wall, with broad, clean streets lined with flowering trees and gardens. We went at once to the commanding general, and told him the object of our expedition. He was glad to see us, and willingly answered our many questions, telling us, meanwhile, that the Spaniards had taken possession of the islands "for the honor of Spain."

They told us the same thing when we entered Manila, giving that as a reason for their firing over us rather than surrendering the city without a shot. I was standing near General MacArthur that day, after we had entered the outskirts of Manila, when a Spanish captain of the *guardia civil* came rushing up to him, and asked permission to go back to his company and fire one volley in the air. Naturally, General MacArthur asked him why he wished to fire in the air, and he received the same reply, "For the honor of Spain." Just what they mean by this I am unable to explain, but, at any rate, Jolo was originally taken from the Moros "for the honor of Spain."

The Spanish general then gave orders for his barracks to be vacated, and one of our two battalions was landed that evening, and the other battalion disembarked the following morning.

At five in the afternoon the ceremony of officially turning over the garrison to our troops took place. The United States troops were marched to the flagstaff in front of the governor's residence, where the Spanish troops were formed in line. The United States gunboat *Helena*, which had arrived that morning, fired a salute of twenty-one guns to the Spanish flag, our band played the national air of Spain, and the Spanish flag came down, while all the troops stood at present arms. A Spanish sergeant, standing at attention near by, was choking down his sobs, but when the band played his national air he lost his self-control and burst into tears. The Stars and Stripes were then hoisted, the gunboat thundered forth, the "Star-Spangled Banner" echoed through the hills, and we had found Jolo.

The island of Jolo is one of the largest of the Jolo or Sulu Archipelago. It is inhabited by Moros, who are probably as uncivilized as any people on earth. They were, until recently, a piratical race of daring seamen, and made a livelihood from the profits of piracy; but modern gunboats have become so numerous that they have been forced into other less profitable pursuits, though their hereditary instincts are still intact, and they are constantly at war with their less powerful neighbors. Spain never completely controlled the group, but maintained the little garrison, covering about fifteen acres. Outside the wall the Sultan of Jolo and North Borneo is the ruler.

We did not at first see the sultan, but his secretary called, and promised us a visit from his Majesty in the immediate future. He was reported to be ill on the island of Siassi, about thirty miles to the south. The sultana, his mother, usually controls the affairs of state. The secretary informed us that the Spanish general had taken the sultan in a gunboat to Siassi a few months before, and presented him with the island and a small Spanish fort there. The sultan controls about twenty-six thousand fighting men, and has, it is stated, about two thousand rifles. Although not a formidable enemy to a modern army, he has managed

to wield considerable influence throughout these distant islands, and to prevent the ever-encroaching colonist from landing on his shores.

Fond of money, he has conceded certain rights in a portion of North Borneo, for which the North Borneo Trading Company pays him a yearly tribute of five thousand Mexican dollars. Spain, too, has paid him a yearly tribute of twenty-four hundred Mexican dollars, and satisfied his six *dattos* (chiefs) by paying six hundred dollars of the same coin to each. Why this was paid is known only to Spain, although the treaty states that it was in payment for injuries previously inflicted on his people.

His people are interesting, exceedingly interesting. Dressed in very tight-fitting striped trousers of a many-colored cotton stuff, a short coat embroidered in gold or silk, with a picturesque plaid turban, a Moro would be the center of attraction at any fancy-dress ball or on the operatic stage. His bronze breast is bared; his sleeves are as tight as his trousers, and gather about his wrists like a woman's long glove; but by far the most important portion of his dress is his *barong*, or *creese*. Stuck through his knotted silk girdle, it makes him the proudest, most independent man that walks the earth or rides the sea. A child of ten is never without his barong, although the other articles of his wearing apparel may be missing. Always rubbing the blade or polishing the handle, it is the one article of value that he possesses. Not for display alone does he carry it, as is manifested by the numerous scars that he bears.

In character the Moro is essentially a fighting man; his forefathers were, before him. He lives in simplicity and detests work, much preferring to steal his neighbors' cattle. He is a cunning rogue and a shrewd trader, and barongs cost us twice as much a week after we landed. His repast of rice, dried fish, and sometimes meat, is eaten with the fingers, while squatting on the floor. The betel-nut of the Orient is his principal vice; but, not satisfied with the red stain it gives his lips and teeth, he adds to the hideous effect by blackening his teeth with cocoanut-oil. He is dirty in his habits, and his clothes are seldom clean. The Tagalos and Visayas are quite a different race: they are exceedingly cleanly, and generally a peaceful nation. The religion of the Moro is Mohammedanism, brought here by the Arabs centuries ago.

Next in rank to the sultan and his brother, Radja Muda, is Datto Joakanine. He paid his respects to us the day after our arrival, coming with some thirty or forty of his fantastic followers. The datto is a fine-looking fellow, with a good but ambitious face. He expressed himself well. During the conversation our commanding officer remarked that our soldiers were roughly clad and dirty. The datto replied, "A rough exterior often covers a good heart."

Accompanied by the commander of the *Helena*, I returned his visit, going to his home, three miles distant. We were the first white men to cross his threshold, for the Spaniards seldom went beyond the range of the guns of the fort. A feast of native viands was placed before us, and we partook of it, but I must admit that I was forced to retire to my room upon returning to Jolo. His house, built over the water for cleanliness and protection, consisted of one large, square room with a corner partition, where one of his wives lives. A Filipino "sleeping-machine," recently purchased from the Spaniards, and a few bent-wood chairs obtained from the same source, gave an air of civilization to the dwelling. The walls were of hewn teak, about four inches thick, and loopholed for defense. The nipa roof, neatly woven, kept out the heavy rain that was falling. About forty of his warriors and slaves were squatted about on the floor, and watched us with as much curiosity as we observed them. The women occasionally peeped around the corner of the partition or through the door, but when we first looked at them they drew back out of sight. Gradually gaining courage, they finally came in and squatted on the floor with the rest, and began chewing their betel-nut. The women are not as attractive as the men. They too wear trousers, but of more liberal dimensions. A dirty cloth or an ill-fitting waist completes their wardrobe. Their black tresses are twisted in a knot on top of the head. The Datto Joakanine has three wives, but to avoid family complications they live in separate dwellings. Their religion permits four, I believe, but the datto is one short, and makes up the deficiency in concubines. The sultan has one legal wife, with whom he is not living at present. He has, however, a harem of thirteen.

Mohammedans are seldom friendly with Christians, and it is quite impossible to predict when our friendly relations will cease. There are among these people religious fanatics, known as *juramentados*, men sworn to kill all "Christian dogs." They occasionally

"run amok" (they spell it this way), but are kind enough to send warning of their intention.

For many days the sultan had been expected to visit us. He had sent word that he would come "at four o'clock to-day," but about six o'clock word came that he would arrive at eight "to-morrow." To-morrow did not bring him, but *mañana* came in his stead. A convenient word is mañana. The sultan learned it from the Spaniards, and we too are gradually adopting it.

On June 10 the sultan finally came, followed by a motley crew. There was a bit of color about the whole that was fascinating, and they had a "swagger," a poise of the head and a free motion of the arms and shoulders, that made one realize that they have not, for many generations, been dominated by a monarch or hampered by a government of any sort.

The sultan rode proudly among them. The tails of his evening dress-suit (it was nine in the morning) hung on each side of his wooden saddle; he carried in his right hand an open umbrella, and a very large diamond ring sparkled in the bright sunlight; three diamond shirt-studs heightened the effect. A pearl of liberal diameter called up visions of the boxes under his bed, and made the more avaricious of us long for hostilities. A pair of tan shoes and a black-and-white turban completed his make-up.

Before the sultan arrived there were many conjectures concerning his personal appearance. Some described him as a dignified man of the world, others as a Moro of the ordinary type; but a Polish trader from Sandakan told us that he was "just like a monkey." His description was a very accurate one. He is a small man with a most repulsive face, his thick, protruding lips, flat nose, and swarthy skin showing his Malay origin.

Meeting him at the gate, I escorted him and his followers to the acting governor. The sultan, his secretary, Datto Joakanine, Datto Dakola, and seven or eight other less influential dattos followed us in. We all shook hands, their awkward grasp and handshake telling us that our custom was not theirs.

Seated about a table, we had a long and tedious conference. The sultan came in to look at us, and to see what Americans were like. He had never seen an American before, but had heard of our country, and that we were very rich and had much land. "Why did you come here to get more land?" was one of the first and rather awkward questions he asked. "I am poor, and my people are poor. Why are the Americans here?" The acting governor at once began to talk about Cuba and "humanity's sake," described oppression and the blowing up of the *Maine;* but this was not an altogether satisfactory explanation of our presence in Jolo. After carefully preparing a goodly portion of betel-nut and placing it between his stained lips, the sultan repeated the question, "Why are you here?" The governor was forced to abandon diplomacy, and said he was a soldier and came to Jolo because he was ordered; that all questions of state must be referred to a higher authority, and that it would take some time to get satisfactory explanations.

"What do you intend to do?" the sultan asked. He may not be a man of many words, or of great capacity, but he asked awkward questions. "We intend to remain in this little village of Jolo, make friends with the Moros, trade with them, and establish harmonious relations as soon as possible. We should like to go into your country and visit your people, if there is no objection," was the governor's answer.

The sultan was pleased to learn that we desired to be friends with him and his people, but he thought that for the present it would be better for us to remain in the near vicinity of our walls. "I cannot be responsible for the acts of my bad men. My people in the hills do not know you yet," he added.

During this conversation one of the less influential dattos had withdrawn to our ash-barrel, and coming in with a tomato-can, he passed it about, much to the relief of the betel-nut chewers. The sultan, with his regal privileges, had stained our floor a brilliant red.

"The Spaniards," he said, "never held me responsible for the acts of the juramentados, and a clause in the treaty with the Moros relieved me of all responsibility for their acts."

The conversation then turned upon Siassi, an island which lies about thirty miles to the south and was much coveted by the sultan. A short time before our arrival in Jolo he had transferred his harem, slaves, and worldly goods to this island, hoping to establish his household there and wield his affairs of state, unmolested by foreign powers. Siassi was formerly occupied by a small outpost of fifty Spaniards from the garrison of Jolo. It is centrally located with reference to the archipelago of Tawi-Tawi and Borneo, and has a good harbor and a delightful climate.

Many minor matters were discussed at length. The Datto Joakanine had yawned

several times, and at last, his patience being exhausted, he went into the yard and tried to ride a bicycle belonging to our quartermaster, much to the amusement of the throng gathered there. The secretary of the sultan entered into negotiations with me for my pistol, and diplomatic discussion gave way to commonplaces.

Going outside, the sultan waved his hand to one of his slaves, who moved quickly forward, and threw himself on the ground near the sultan's horse. Placing his foot on the neck of the slave, the sultan mounted, and rode away much as he came.

The island of Jolo is a veritable fairyland. In my most imaginative moods I have pictured just such a land. Flowering trees of much brilliancy and many varieties abound. Cocoanut-palms, with their gracefully curving branches, sago-palms, orange-trees, bananas, and pineapples are found everywhere. A beautiful range of hills surrounds the village, and mountain streams of clear, sparkling water are found about us. The climate is all that can be desired, being cooler than Manila during the day and always delightful at night. Though only six degrees north of the equator, one never suffers from the heat. Our sick-report is but little greater than the normal sick-report in the United States, although the sanitation and comforts of the barracks are not what we are accustomed to at home.

Jolo has in its population about four hundred and fifty Chinamen, principally engaged in trade. They buy the hemp, cocoanuts, and mother-of-pearl brought in by the Moros, and in their little shops sell cotton stuffs and notions, and, since the advent of our troops, beer. The best of the pearls go to the sultan as his share of the profits. Other taxes for pearl-fishing are also paid to the sultan, the water being divided and let to certain of his subjects and to the Chinese. Forty-one Visayas, Tagalos, Malays, etc., complete the population of this little garrison. They do our washing, and a few are employed as clerks.

Europeans have never settled in these islands. The Moros are rather uncomfortable neighbors, and the difficulty of growing crops in the constant fear of losing one's head has deterred the less venturesome from trying the experiment. One German, a Mr. Schück, has a beautiful coffee-plantation about a mile from our gates, but his father was a warm friend of the former sultan, and got the title to an estate which his son has developed. Seventy acres of it is planted in coffee, and next year will produce an excellent crop. Mr. Schück married the daughter of the former sultan's prime minister, and his twenty years of experience, together with his wife's influence, has made his venture a success. He is known to all the Moros, and wields considerable influence over them; he writes and speaks their language perfectly, and knows their habits, customs, and character. He has been most useful as interpreter and intermediary between us and them, and without him our progress would have been exceedingly slow.

The islands of this group are alleged to be rich in iron, coal, and gold, though we have not yet found these minerals, and the natives have brought none in. I have some doubt as to the extent of the authority of the sultan. His dattos do not recognize his absolute suzerainty, nor, on the other hand, do the people recognize the authority of the dattos. Each man is more or less a free-lance, and his authority is measured largely by the number of rifles he possesses.

Good cattle and poor, small horses seem to be plentiful. The former can be purchased for ten dollars in gold, and the latter for about seven. Both are ridden by the Moro. His saddle is of wood, artistically carved, with looped, plaited strings for stirrups, through which he places his big toe. There is not a carriage or a cart on the island. Chickens cost us ten cents, and fish can be purchased for the small sum of from one to five cents. Prices, however, are going up. We were not familiar with Moro methods of trading, and naturally gave them what they asked. It has been found necessary, however, to fix a scale of prices, which has been published to the command. Bananas of many varieties are brought to the market. They are very excellent and of many colors.

The fish are beautifully marked with most wonderful colors. There are many varieties, some being a brilliant red or blue, and others yellow and green; some have colored stripes running lengthwise, and others have rings and colored spots. On market-days the natives gather on the beach to exchange their fish and wares. They come in their dug-out canoes or mounted on their horses or cattle. All have knives or spears.

The treatment of these people is one of the problems our little army is trying to solve—one not altogether different from the problem of the last generation on our own Western frontier.

HARDSHIPS OF A REPTILER;

OR, THE CRUISE OF THE "KATYDID" AFTER CALIPASH AND CALIPEE.

BY BENJAMIN WOOD.

WITH PICTURES BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE.

PART TWO.

A SMALL native vessel from up the beach arrived the following Sunday, and we learned from her black captain that a few turtles had been turned on the beach, and that the season would probably be in full swing by the time we could get up to the Boag.

I at once contracted with a Jamaica negro of some local prominence, named Captain Jack Williams, to build our crawl, and work was begun at once. The building of the turtle-crawl consists of driving long, pointed stakes in the sand, and closely binding them together with tough native grass. Our crawl extended about fifty yards out into the water, and a gate was made in the seaward side, so that the turtles could be put in the crawl from boats. When we finally got a good supply of turtles in the crawl, we engaged a negro to supply food for them, consisting of mango-bush.

After having added to our crew two native turtle-hunters and two canoes, we got under way early one morning for the run up to the Boag, which we expected to reach by nightfall. After vainly endeavoring to run up the beach, the wind having lightened so much that we were unable to make any headway against the four-knot current that sets down this coast, the captain decided to run about twenty-five miles to eastward, and then run up to the Boag with the northeast trade-wind. By noon the wind died out entirely, and we drifted with the current all that day and night. Next morning a light breeze sprang up, which lasted until nightfall, although it was not strong enough to dissipate the heavy fog that had set in all about us.

We had shipped at Limon an American darky, who, while he could not read or write, and did not, therefore, know the points of the compass, had had some experience in sailing small boats and could handle the wheel. One clear night, as the schooner was making good progress with the trade-wind, Captain Nat and I went down into the cabin to look over some charts, leaving Jeff at the wheel. The captain had pointed out a star to him, and explicitly ordered him to keep the vessel's head pointed directly for it. Everything went well for a while, but suddenly we heard the sails begin to flap, and then the groan of the boom as it swung in and out across the deck.

Rushing on deck, we found the schooner luffed up and under little or no headway, while poor Jeff was rolling the wheel over and back in a state of helpless excitement.

"What are you doing, you black rascal?" yelled the captain. "Where in the mischief is that star I told you to sail for?"

"Dat st-a-r, cap'n?" sputtered Jeff. "Why, sah, I 's done pahst dat star long ergo. Dere it is 'way back dere, cap'n, sure 'nough."

In the afternoon of the fourth day out the fog lifted, and we sighted land, upon which we made out the Boag almost on our beam. We were, unfortunately, far offshore, and before we could run in on soundings and anchor, the wind failed us, and the vessel was hove to with her bow offshore. In the morning we were shut in by the thick fog, and drifted all day long without a breath of air.

On the evening of the day following, forty-eight hours after sighting the Boag, the fog lifted, and we made out Point Carretta, about forty-five miles below Limon. We had drifted down the coast some eighty-five miles in two days. Having got our bearings again, and realizing that we could not hope to buck the current without a good stiff wind, we again lay off to the eastward, only to go

through three more days of continued fog, light and fitful breezes, an occasional squall, and the same old drift.

The next landmark that we sighted looked like Bluefields Bluff, although we could not get in close enough to be sure. We were now evidently much too far north, so we put about and lay a southeast course for the Boag, as we thought. When morning broke we were ready to give up in despair, for there was no mistaking the landmarks that we now saw. We had just opened up Bocas del Toro, some miles below Point Carretta, and over a hundred miles south of the Boag.

Fortunately, we were close enough inshore to anchor, and as soon as the captain had recovered somewhat, we lost no time in letting go our starboard mud-hook. It was now decided that we should hug the shore, and try to work our way up to Limon with a good breeze, and anchor when it died out. A stiff land-breeze sprang up early that evening, and the next morning found us off Carretta. At this point, however, the wind slackened up somewhat, and although we were apparently going through the water at a pretty good clip, the *Katydid* being very fast in a light breeze, we were still off Carretta at sunset. The reader may begin to think that I have contracted the captain's fever for spinning yarns, so I will explain this phenomenon by stating that the speed of the vessel was about the same as the current against us, the result being that while we were sailing all the time we did not gain a foot. We anchored overnight, and late the next day, after struggling against the current inch by inch, we crawled into Limon, with every one on board completely worn out, and without a single turtle.

The second day following we made another attempt, and reached the Boag this time by repeating the tactics which had brought us up from Bocas del Toro. As if to repay us in some slight measure for what we had already been through, fortune smiled on us, as we were favored with the best steady wind all day long that we had ever met with on this coast, and at dark were anchored off the Boag.

The first thing we did was to burn red fire on a shovel, which signal was understood by the few Indians on the beach to mean that the vessel displaying it wanted turtles. About one o'clock that night a heavy squall struck us, but, fortunately, we were able to slip our cable and run out to sea, getting back the next day at noon. The surf was so high that it was impossible for the natives to get off to us, or for us to send a canoe ashore to make arrangements for getting the turtles.

After the mating season the female turtle crawls on the beach, but only at night, and with her fore flipper digs a hole in the sand, in which she lays anywhere from one hundred to one hundred and fifty eggs. She then carefully scratches the sand over the eggs, completely hiding them, and crawls back to sea, where she is affectionately met by her mate. During this crawling season the natives patrol the beach at night, each one covering a mile back and forth, with a long, stout pole and a small native lantern, in which is burned turtle-oil. As the female turtle comes out of the water, the native runs up to her before she can escape, and putting one end of the stick in front of her, turns her over on her back with a quick movement as she crawls over the stick. It requires a great knack to turn a turtle weighing from three to four hundred pounds. When turned, the turtle is helpless. A humane Indian will wait until a turtle has laid her eggs before turning her. At daybreak the natives on the beach drag the turtles near together, and with a good stout line a clove-hitch is taken around one fore flipper of each turtle, leaving them tied together, but with about a fathom of line between each. At the end of the line a log of wood is made fast. This work being completed, the turtles are turned over, and instinctively make for the water without loss of time, some pulling in one direction and some in another. Then a native with a long pole, upon which is tied a white rag, walks up and down the beach, according to the direction that the buoy may be taking through the breakers, as long as it is visible to him. The men in the canoe waiting outside follow the movements of the man with the flag, and the moment the buoy bobs up outside the surf, a dash is made for it, and it is picked up and hauled into the boat. If there are not many turtles on one buoy they are hauled into the boat, and although this is dangerous work, it is easier than towing a bunch to the ship, since they are very strong in the water. When the boat is loaded it returns to the ship, and the turtles are hauled on board by means of a block and tackle rigged for the occasion. The turtles are turned on their backs again side by side on the deck of the vessel, and blocked so that they cannot roll about.

We could accomplish nothing the first day, owing to the high surf, but that night we

knew that the turtles were crawling, for we saw many lights moving on the beach. At daybreak the ship's boat and both canoes were manned, and a start was made for the breakers, in the hope that some turtles might be sent off to us, notwithstanding the fact that we had not as yet been able to communicate with the natives. We were right in this surmise, for, as the canoe I was in got dangerously near the breakers, we could see the men hauling the turtles together preparatory to sending them off. In a few minutes the signal was given that the turtles had started, and one of my canoemen stood up and kept a careful lookout for the buoy, at the same time instructing the man who was paddling in which direction to go, for the surf was so high that it was impossible to see the men on shore without standing up. In a few minutes the buoy was sighted, and quickly paddling in so close that we were almost on top of the first breaker, the man in the bow reached over and lifted the buoy into the canoe, and at the same instant we were deftly turned and paddled out of danger.

This was indeed exciting work, and when I looked over the side of our canoe and saw the sharks about us as thick as flies, I concluded that I preferred to remain on board the *Katydid*. After the turtles had been towed some little distance, my men got up and started to haul them into the canoe. Any one who has had experience with these cranky little native dugouts will appreciate what ticklish work it was.

No more buoys being sent off, the boats were called in by means of a signal displayed from the schooner. We found that we had only ten turtles all told, although they were fine, large fellows as fat as butter. Our natives gave us to understand that there were more on the beach, but that they would not be sent to us until we had made arrangements with the owner about payment for them.

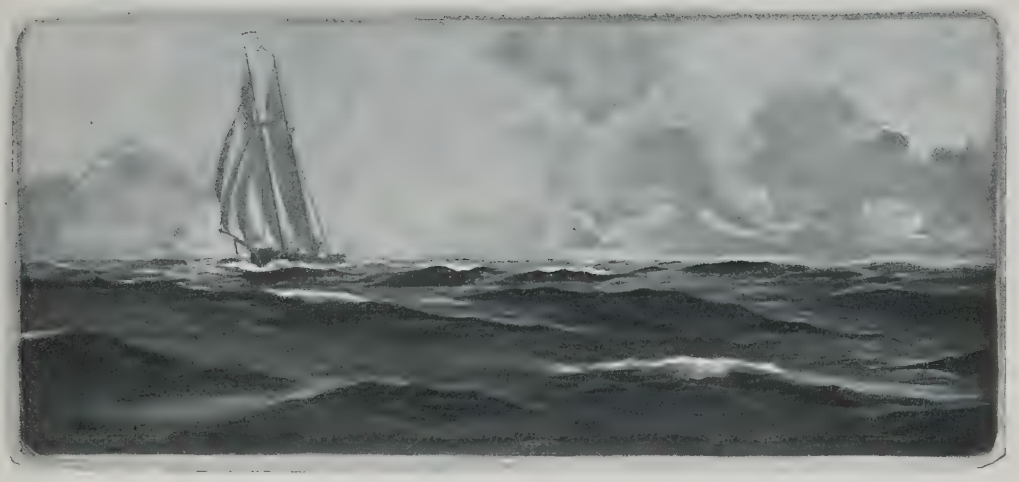
The surf not having moderated, the next day the captain and I, after carefully considering the danger, determined to send the largest canoe ashore in charge of the mate. Charlie volunteered to go, and, with the two black men at the paddles, they started in for the beach. The captain and I went in as far as we could with them in the gig, as we were both fearful of the result, and wished to know it if they did not get ashore safely. Waving his hand to us, the mate gave his orders, and the canoe started in, slowly at first, waiting for a good opportunity. Suddenly we saw the negroes begin to paddle like mad, and the next instant the canoe was raised on top of a breaker, far above us, and then disappeared from view. In what seemed like an age we saw the canoe again, but this time it was almost standing on end in a breaker, without a soul in it. A cold chill crept over me at the horrible thought that the men had been drowned or taken by sharks, and both Captain Nat and I reproached ourselves for trying to send a boat through that terrible surf. In another moment we saw the canoe cast up on the sand and left high and dry as the water receded, and we also thought we saw two other dark objects cast up a moment later, and then another. Yes, there were three of the men, evidently safe and sound; but where was the fourth, and who was it—one of the black men, or Charlie, or the mate? At the next glimpse of the beach we saw two of the figures rush down to the water, and in a moment reappear, carrying an inanimate object between them. The men worked over this figure for what seemed to me a very long time, but we were finally relieved to see the man, whoever he was, get up and wave to us.

Every morning for the next three days we went in the boat as close as possible, but while we could see the men on the beach with the natives, the surf had become even higher, and it would have been suicidal for them to attempt to come through it. No more turtles were sent off, for we were so light-handed now that we could not receive them. There were only two seamen, the captain and Tony, left aboard, and while I was, fortunately, able to pull an oar and of some little use, Fritz and Mike could not be depended upon, Fritz owing to his wooden leg, and Mike owing to his wooden-headedness.

On running into the breakers on the fourth day, we were signaled that a buoy would be sent off to us, and waited for a sight of it. Upon securing it we found only one turtle, and this being hauled into the boat, we found a small bottle made fast to the line near the flipper, and containing a scrap of paper, scrawled upon which was a note from the mate, reading as follows:

> Send cask with grub ashore. Nothing here to eat but turtle. Charlie almost drowned coming through the surf, but all well. GLADD.

Upon reading this strangely delivered message we returned to the ship, and after filling a small cask with ship's bread, salt-horse, and bacon, we rowed back, and holding up the cask so that the men could see it, tossed



"WE WERE FAVORED WITH THE BEST STEADY WIND ALL DAY."

it overboard, and in about half an hour were gratified to see the men rolling it up the beach. In the cask we inclosed a letter to the mate to the effect that, in case of a squall, we should have to run out to sea, and in such an event he and the men must make the best of the way to Limon down the beach. We told him that the signal for this would be the flying of our house-flag, which we seldom used, owing to its strong resemblance to the Cuban flag.

The constant roll of the schooner as she lay at anchor was something awful. I thought every minute that she would roll her topmasts out, while the captain, old and tough sailor as he was, was almost driven crazy by it.

We soon saw that there was no prospect of the surf going down for some time to come, so we determined to get back to Limon, if we could secure a man or two from a small native schooner that had come in the night before and was anchored some five miles north of us. We hoisted the house-flag, and then the captain, Tony, and I started for the native schooner in the gig. To leave Fritz and Mike alone on the *Katydid* was a foolish thing to do, as a squall might come up at any minute, in which case they would be entirely helpless. There was no help for it, however, as we were in such a predicament that we had to take chances. Everything went right until we had started back from the small schooner, after vainly trying to hire a couple of men to help work the vessel to Limon. When we really had no use for men we were constantly bothered by negroes who wished to ship, but the moment we needed them, and they knew it, they could not be had for love or money.

"Hello!" said Captain Wiggins, as we started back, "we 're in for a squall, and if we don't get back mighty quick and pay out more chain, the *Katydid* will be on the beach in a jiffy, for those two landlubbers will never have sense to do it."

The captain and Tony pulled for dear life, while I had the tiller. It shut in as black as night, and before we were within a mile of the vessel the storm broke in all its fury. It seemed but a moment before the smooth sea was transformed into a seething mass of foam and spray, and the waves were running mountain-high.

The schooner could not be seen, but knowing that she lay in the direction from which the squall was coming, I held the boat up to the wind as much as I could, while the captain and Tony pulled as I have never seen men pull before. Suddenly I heard above the noise of the wind a deep, ominous roar, and I turned deathly pale as the full significance of it burst upon me.

"My God, captain," I cried, "we 're in the breakers! Pull, pull, Tony!"

But I had no need to tell Tony to pull. That big, powerful Norwegian was bending his oar almost double at every stroke. For some seconds—it seemed an hour—the suspense was awful. The noise of the breakers would seem to be farther off at one time, giving me hope that we were gaining, while the next moment the frightful roar was so close that I thought we were on top of the outside breaker, and momentarily expected to be picked up and hurled to death. Then a horrible thought came to me—what if they break or lose an oar?

The captain was completely exhausted

"AS SHE CRAWLS OVER THE STICK."

now, and I yelled to him to take the tiller, as I thought I could relieve him for a few minutes, and knew that he could locate the schooner better than I. It took only a second to change places; he jumped over the thwarts, while I slid under them. Fortunately for me, I had the oar to windward, and therefore Tony had not only to pull against me, but against the wind, which was blowing a hurricane. Notwithstanding this handicap, he nearly pulled me around at every stroke, such was his strength.

We were still a long way from the schooner, and the gale had not moderated in the least, although we were now quite free of the breakers. The captain and I changed places four times, until we were totally exhausted, before we finally got up close to the schooner. Fritz had, a short time before, hung up the anchor-light, which guided us. The last hundred feet was the hardest of all our pull, but we got under the vessel's lee, and I caught the line that Fritz threw us. Hauling up close under the stern, and watching our chance, we jumped and caught the rail and climbed aboard, not a moment too soon, for the vessel, as an enormous wave receded, came down with a thump, and smashed the boat into kindling-wood under her counter.

As soon as they were aboard, the captain and Tony rushed forward and paid out all the chain we had. The gallant little *Katydid*, with not a sailor on board, had ridden out the storm like a cork on the water, and it is miraculous that her bones are not bleaching on the Costa Rican beach to-day.

Squall followed squall with such severity all night long that, short-handed as we were, we determined that our only safety lay in getting to sea. It took all the next morning to hoist the mainsail and the foresail and get under way. As we could see no one on the beach, we concluded that our men had started for Limon.

Hugging the shore to keep on "soundings," so that the current could not set us past Limon, we managed to get down without mishap; but there was an exhausted crew aboard when we came to anchor.

Two days later the mate and Charlie arrived. They had walked every step of the way, swimming rivers full of crocodiles, and arriving full of fever, and with their feet fearfully swollen. However, in a day or two they were all right again.

Now came troubles that completely discouraged me. I caught the fever, and was removed to the hotel, where I lay on my back for ten days, hardly conscious, and without any hope of recovery. As the season was fast getting on, time was precious, so the captain made another trip to the Boag, this time bringing back about forty turtles.

The first thing I heard when I had recovered somewhat and could get out was that the entire crew, except the captain and Fritz, were drunk, and trying to clean out Limon. I had expected this for some time, and while I did not hope to prevent it entirely, I hoped it would be confined to the sailors, who were not absolutely necessary in the work of canning. But there was Mike, that quiet, gentlemanly Irishman, fighting drunk, and ready to lick the whole Costa Rican army. It took an entire brigade of generals to put him in jail. In the morning I paid his fine and got him aboard, still full of fight. The effects of Jamaica rum as a stimulant are well known, but they cannot compare with the effects of the rum that is used on that coast. One drink of it drives a man completely crazy, and makes him willing to commit murder.

I now arranged with some small boats to deliver turtles to us in Limon, for we real-

ized that we could not spend ten days or so on each trip in getting them ourselves, and do any canning, too. When our crawl contained nearly a hundred turtles we began operations.

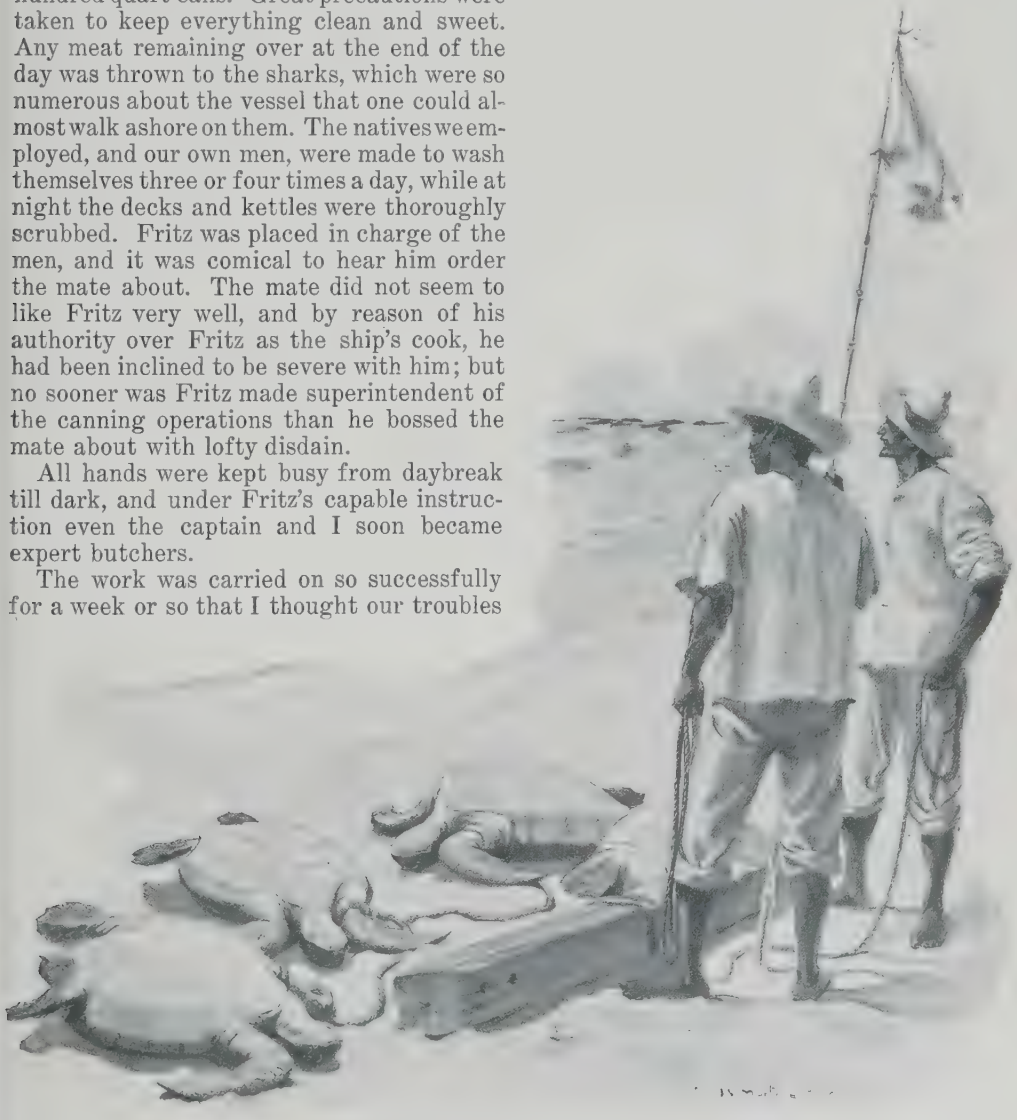
Awnings were rigged, and the plant was put up. In order to keep the vessel's head up to the sea and prevent rolling as much as possible, we put out a kedge-anchor astern. Every evening at sunset a canoe was sent to the crawl for the turtles that were to be canned the next day. Our capacity at the beginning was two a day, but as the men became used to it, this was increased until it reached ten, which netted us nearly eight hundred quart cans. Great precautions were taken to keep everything clean and sweet. Any meat remaining over at the end of the day was thrown to the sharks, which were so numerous about the vessel that one could almost walk ashore on them. The natives we employed, and our own men, were made to wash themselves three or four times a day, while at night the decks and kettles were thoroughly scrubbed. Fritz was placed in charge of the men, and it was comical to hear him order the mate about. The mate did not seem to like Fritz very well, and by reason of his authority over Fritz as the ship's cook, he had been inclined to be severe with him; but no sooner was Fritz made superintendent of the canning operations than he bossed the mate about with lofty disdain.

All hands were kept busy from daybreak till dark, and under Fritz's capable instruction even the captain and I soon became expert butchers.

The work was carried on so successfully for a week or so that I thought our troubles were at an end; but in this I was sadly disappointed. We ran out of turtles. The coast was rougher than it had been for years, and it began to look as though our supply would be entirely stopped for the season.

While waiting for some small vessels to arrive with more turtles, the crew were idle, and as all hands had been working hard day and night, Captain Nat could not well refuse them shore leave, although he was fearful that some of them would take the fever. Subsequent events proved that there were other things in Limon to be dreaded besides fever.

One day Fritz, who had been ashore after



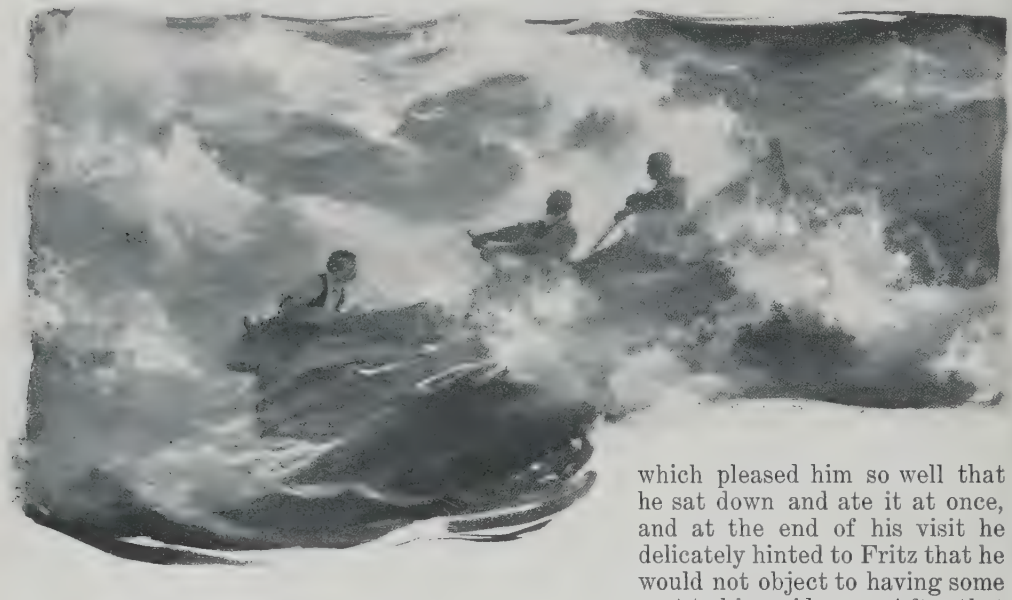
SENDING OFF THE TURTLES.

provisions, came on board and reported that some of the men were crazy drunk, and having taken possession of the best saloon, were standing the drinks for the whole town—army and all. The captain and I went ashore immediately, and after much trouble got the sailors aboard, to the great relief of the governor. After paying the frightened saloon-keeper for the rum which my generous crew had entertained with, I induced him to let the matter drop.

The sailors were now kept aboard the vessel, and everything went along splendidly until, one afternoon, I noticed that something was wrong with the men. Investigation disclosed the fact that the blacks had been successfully smuggling rum aboard, and it was only discovered by reason of one of the men having taken so much that I found him laboriously trying to stuff a whole turtle into a quart can. The captain was wrathful. He was a strict disciplinarian, and while he understood that it is to be expected that a sailor will get drunk ashore, he would not countenance it on board. The guilty darkies preferred to take their chances with the sharks rather than with the "old man," so when he got after them they lost no time in jumping overboard and swimming ashore.

The following day, at my suggestion, the governor issued a proclamation making it a crime subject to imprisonment for any one to smuggle rum aboard the *Katydid*. It was plainly to be seen that with my merry crew in port the governor was finding life something more arduous than a dreamy siesta.

It soon became apparent that the governor was anxious to rid the port of the *Katydid*. The next occasion I had to call on the official in charge of the custom-house I was politely informed that there still existed some doubt as to the peaceful nature of our cruise, and my reception was not altogether cordial. At the captain's suggestion the governor was invited to go aboard and satisfy his curiosity by a personal investigation. When he arrived, Fritz presented him with a delicious-looking turtle-egg omelet soufflé,



"THE STORM BROKE IN ALL ITS FURY."

which pleased him so well that he sat down and ate it at once, and at the end of his visit he delicately hinted to Fritz that he would not object to having some sent to his residence. After that we managed to win back the esteem of the governor by keeping the crew on board.

During our stay in Limon great excitement was caused one day by the arrival of the United States steamship *Montgomery*, which was on her way home from Greytown, having on board the Nicaragua Canal government commission. I had the honor of an introduction to Captain Davis in the consular agent's office. Being somewhat surprised at the nature of our cruise, and we being the only United States vessel in port, he informed me that the next day he would have the *Katydid* boarded officially.

("Here, again," I thought, "we are suspected of being a Cuban filibustering expedition.")

"At your pleasure, captain," said I, "and

in the meantime, if you and your officers are fond of turtle soup, I shall be pleased to send you a case."

But the captain was in full regalia then, making an official call on his country's representative, and was too dignified to show the pleasure at my well-meant kindness which he must have secretly felt.

When I got aboard the *Katydid* I told Captain Nat that we should be boarded by an officer of the *Montgomery* the following day.

"All right," said the "old man"; "let 'em come. I know all about them man-o'-war fellers, as I used to be cockswain of the captain's gig on the old *Santee*."

"Here they comes!" yelled Fritz the next morning, as a cutter ran alongside, and an officer in gold lace, with an immense book under his arm, jumped aboard. I recognized him as the ensign who had accompanied Captain Davis to the consul's office. His visit to us being official, he had, of course, nothing to say to an owner, but opening his book and turning to the captain, he began:

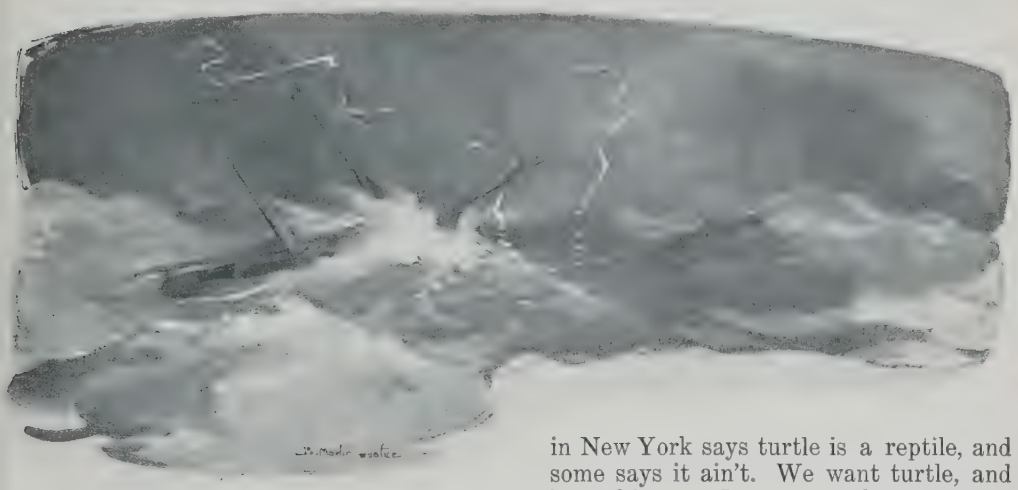
"Captain, what is your home port? What cargo did you bring out? What cargo have you got, and where bound?"

"Well," said the captain, after a pause, "New York is our home port; we did n't bring out no cargo; we ain't got none yet; and I ain't never seen no one who could tell where they was bound on this God-forsaken coast."

The ensign looked at Captain Nat in amazement, while I could hardly keep a straight face, and Fritz, who cared nothing for official dignity and had stumped aft to see the fun, as he expressed it, simply roared with laughter.

"Why, captain, that 's strange; what are you, anyway?" continued the officer, when he had somewhat recovered.

"Well," drawled Captain Nat, with a merry twinkle in his off eye, "that 's just what we are trying to find out. Some people in New York says turtle is a reptile, and some says it ain't. We want turtle, and lots of 'em, so I guess you better put us down as reptilers. There 's all the other reptilers up forward there," he concluded, pointing to the crew.

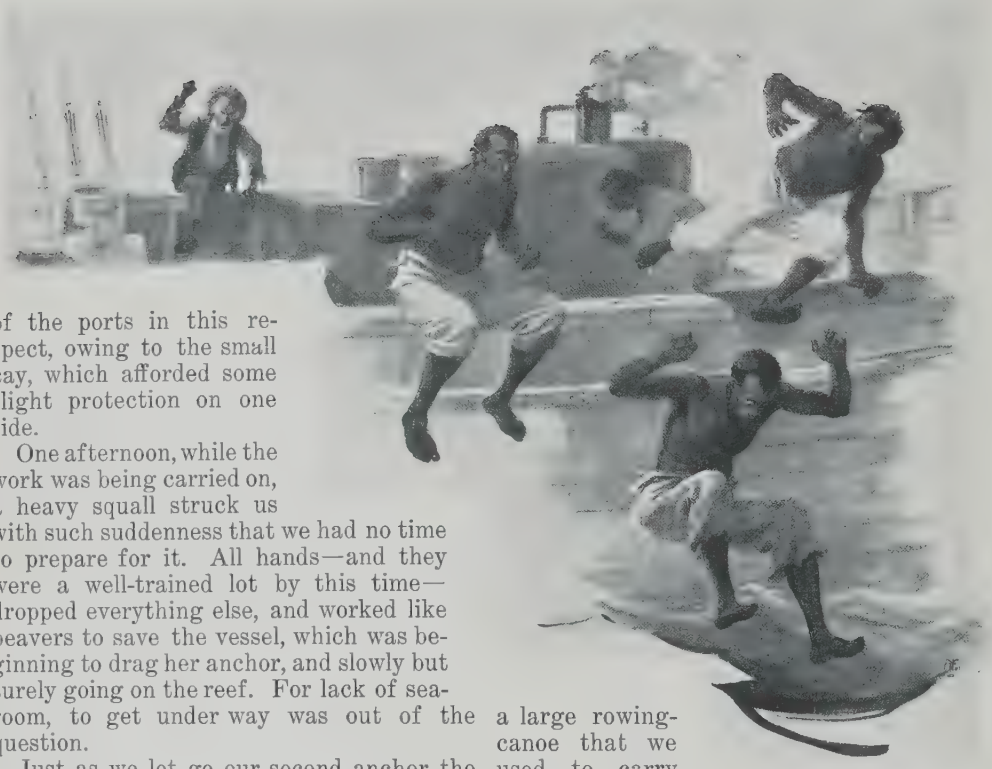


"IT SHUT IN AS BLACK AS NIGHT."

Discipline in our navy is one of its strongest points, but I thought I heard a suppressed titter in the cutter's crew at this sally of the captain's. Hastily making a note in his book, the officer saluted, and disappeared over the side, but not before the captain had time to tell him that if there was a cyclopedia on board the *Montgomery* he could look up the word "turtle" and find out what we were for sure.

That evening I enjoyed a good square meal aboard the *Montgomery*, at the invitation of one of her lieutenants, to whom I had a card of introduction, and the officer who boarded us was compelled to recount the story of his interview with Captain Nat. It took a naval officer to appreciate the jolly and sturdy character of my old sea-dog.

Now came a period of steady work, during which the entire crew of the *Katydid* behaved themselves splendidly. The position of the schooner, however, was dangerous, and we had several very narrow escapes from going on the reef behind us. As is the case with nearly all the ports on this coast, there is no harbor, and vessels must anchor in the open roadstead. Limon was safer than most



AFTER THE SMUGGLERS.

of the ports in this respect, owing to the small cay, which afforded some slight protection on one side.

One afternoon, while the work was being carried on, a heavy squall struck us with such suddenness that we had no time to prepare for it. All hands—and they were a well-trained lot by this time—dropped everything else, and worked like beavers to save the vessel, which was beginning to drag her anchor, and slowly but surely going on the reef. For lack of sea-room, to get under way was out of the question.

Just as we let go our second anchor the chain of the starboard anchor parted, and we were rapidly carried ashore, but fortunately brought up when the stern of the vessel was within fifty feet of the reef. We knew we could not depend on the chain of this only remaining anchor, as the captain never used it unless necessary, since it was very old and worn.

It was a question of only a few minutes before it must part, and, for the life of me, I could not think of anything that could possibly be done to save us. The "old man," however, was never without resources. In a twinkling, after his orders were given, the men, working with a will, had the fore and main throat- and peak-halyards unreeved and bent on, and one end being made fast around the foremast, the rest of it was thrown into a large rowing-canoe that we used to carry turtle from the crawl, and in less time than it takes to write it, Tony and Charlie were pulling like mad for a steamer-buoy a good hundred yards from us.

Would they make it in time, and was the line long enough to reach the buoy? I feared not. The sea was running very high, one time the canoe being in sight, and the next moment buried in the trough of the sea. The captain stood beside me as cool as an icicle, as those brave boys bent to their work and literally drove the canoe through the waves. Nearer and nearer they got, until I saw Charlie rise and, with the end of the line gripped in his hand, step on the gunwale and make a flying leap for the big can-buoy, landing square on top of it. The next instant

THE INTERVIEW WITH THE CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER.

he had the rope run through the ring in the buoy and made fast, with only a foot or two to spare, as quickly and securely as only a sailor could do it

Not a second too soon, for just as all of us aboard had begun to haul in on the hawser, there was a loud snap, and the *Katydid*, trembling all over like a frightened bird, gave one dash for the rocks, and then brought up on the cable with a thud, with the reef so close that I could almost have jumped on it. We were saved, and by a two-inch halyard, that stood the strain under which two chains had parted. We hauled in on the rope until we were a safe distance from the reef, where we rode out the storm.

Within a short time news came from the beach that no more turtles were crawling. It had been the poorest season ever known. Not that turtles were not plentiful, but the weather was so rough that vessels could not lie off the beach and receive them. Notwithstanding this, we sailed for home with a fair cargo.

On the 28th of October, after a cruise of over six months, the *Katydid*, showing the scars of many a hard knock, crept up New York Bay to her wharf.

The captain and I put on shore clothes and went to the custom-house.

"What cargo, captain?" said the officer.

"Canned fish," answered the captain.

"What kind of fish?"

"Turtle."

"Turtles are n't fish; the cyclopedia says turtle is a reptile."

"That shows all the cyclopedia knows about it," retorted the captain, beginning to ruffle. "Anything that swims in the sea and lays eggs is a fish, and if I, who have followed the sea all my life, don't know a fish when I see one, you bet I ain't comin' down to Wall street for pointers."

"HE HAD THE ROPE RUN THROUGH THE RING."

Then turning to some reporters who had been bothering him with questions, he continued:

"How did we catch 'em? Oh, some with a hook and line, and some by fly-fishing; but the best way to catch 'em is to hide on the beach at night and imitate their call, and then when they come along biff 'em over the head with a marlinespike. Yes, the eggs are fine. One feller I know in Limon hatched out a whole barrelful under a Plymouth Rock hen."

And yet the collector made us pay twenty per cent. of the cost of manufacture in duty.

The duty was paid under protest, and the case brought before the Board of General Appraisers, who decided that, whether turtle was a fish or reptile, our product was put up on an American vessel, owned by Americans, and therefore reversed the decision of the collector. Then the Secretary of the Treasury ordered the case tried in the United States court; but as this would have necessitated the employing of special counsel, my partners not being sea lawyers, we thought best to drop it. It is, however, gratifying to know that the new tariff distinctly states that green turtle canned on board an American vessel shall be admitted free.

THE END.

DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

CLARA MORRIS AS "JEZEBEL."

A WORD OF WARNING TO YOUNG ACTRESSES.

BY CLARA MORRIS.

EVERY actress of prominence receives letters from young girls and women who wish to go on the stage; naturally I have my share.

These letters are of all kinds: some are extravagant, some enthusiastic, some foolish, and a few unutterably pathetic. But however their writers may differ otherwise, there is one positive conviction they unconsciously share, and there is one question every one of them puts to me. So it is that question that must be first answered, and that conviction that must be shaken. The question is: "What chance has a girl in private life of getting on the stage?" and to reply at once with brutal truthfulness and straight to the point, I must say, "Almost none."

But to answer her instant "Why?" I must first shake the positive conviction that each writer has that she is the only one who burns with the high ambition to be an actress —who hopes and fears, and secretly studies *Juliet*, etc. It would be difficult to convince her that her own State, her own city, yes, her own block, could each produce a girl who firmly believes that *her* talents are equally great. Every city in the country is freely sprinkled with stage-loving or, as they are generally termed, "stage-struck" girls. It is more than probable that at least half a dozen girls in her own circle secretly cherish the hope of a glorious career on the stage, while her bosom friend most likely knows every line of *Pauline*, and has practised the death-scene of *Camille* hundreds of times. Surely, then, the would-be actresses can see that their own numbers constitute one of the greatest obstacles in their path.

But that is by no means all. Figures are always hard things to manage, and there is another large body of them between a girl and her chances, in the number of trained actresses who are out of engagements. There is probably no profession in the world so overcrowded as the profession of acting. "Why," the manager asks, "should I engage a girl who does not even know how to walk across the stage, when there are so many trained girls and women to choose from?"

"But," says or thinks some girl who reads these words, "you were an outsider, poor and without friends, yet you got your chance."

Very true, I did; but conditions then were different. The stage did not hold then the place in public estimation which it now does. Theatrical people were little known and even less understood. Even the people who did not think all actors drunkards and all actresses immoral did think they were a lot of flighty, silly buffoons, not to be taken seriously for a moment. The profession, by reason of this feeling, was rather a close corporation. The recruits were generally young relatives of the older actors. There was plenty of room, and people began at the bottom quite cheerfully and worked up. When a ballet was wanted, the manager advertised for extra girls, and sometimes received as many as three applicants in one day, when twenty were needed. Such an advertisement to-day would call out a veritable mob of eager girls and women. There was my chance; to-day I should have no chance at all.

The theatrical ranks were already growing crowded when the "schools of acting" were started, and after that actors and actresses started up as suddenly and numerously as mushrooms in an old pasture. And they—even they—stand in the way of the beginner.

I know, then, of but three powers that can open the stage door to a girl who comes straight from private life—a fortune, great influence, or superlative beauty. With a large amount of money a girl can unquestionably tempt a manager whose business is not too good to give her an engagement. If influence is used it must indeed be of a high social order to be strong enough to affect favorably the box-office receipts, and thus win an opening for the young débutante. As for beauty, it must be something very, very remarkable that will on its strength alone secure a girl an engagement. Mere prettiness will not do; nearly all American girls are pretty. It must be a radiant and compelling beauty, and every one knows that there are not many such beauties, stage-struck or otherwise.

The next question is most often put by the parents or friends of the would-be actress, and when with clasped hands and indrawn

breath they ask about the temptations peculiar to the profession of acting, all my share of the old Adam rises within me; for I honor the profession in which I have served, girl and woman, so many years, and it hurts me to have one imply that it is filled with strange and terrible pitfalls for women.

I have received the confidences of many working-women,—some in professions, some in trades, and some in service,—and on these confidences I have founded my belief that many a woman who works for her living must eat with her bread the bitter salt of insult. Not even the plain girl escapes paying that penalty put upon her unprotected state. Still, insult does not mean temptation, by any means. But careful inquiry has shown me that temptation assails working-women in any walk of life, and that the profession of acting has nothing weird or novel to offer in the line of danger.

There seems to be a general belief that a manager is a sort of dramatic Moloch upon whose altar is sacrificed all ambitious femininity. In declaring that to be a mistaken idea, I do not for one moment imply that managers are angels, for such a suggestion would, beyond a doubt, secure me a quiet summer at some strictly private sanatorium; but I do mean to say that, like that "gentleman" whom we all know by hearsay but not by sight, they are not so black as they are painted.

Indeed, the manager is more often the pursued than the pursuer. There are women, attractive, good-looking, well dressed, who, alas! in their determination to succeed, cast morality overboard as an aëronaut casts over ballast, that they may rise more quickly. Now, while these women bestow their adulations and delicate flattery upon the manager, he is not apt to disturb the modest and retiring newcomer in his company by unwelcome attentions. And should the young stranger prove earnest and bright, and, above all, should she show promise for the future, she would be doubly safe, for then she would have for the manager a commercial value, and he would be the last man to hurt or anger her by a too warmly expressed admiration, and so drive her into another theater, taking all her possible future popularity and drawing power with her.

One other and better word I wish to add. If the unprotected young beginner finds herself the victim of some odious creature's persistent advances, letters, etc., let her not fret and weep and worry, but let her go quietly to her manager and lay her trouble before him. My word for it, he will find a way of freeing her from her tormentor. In short, the manager is, generally speaking, a kindly, cheery, sharp business man, and no Moloch at all.

As for the public, no self-respecting girl need be in danger. If a man sends an actress extravagant letters or flowers anonymously, she will not wear his flowers and so encourage him. If a gentleman sends her jewelry or a valuable gift of any kind, rest assured his name will accompany the offering; then the actress has only one thing to do—send the object back *at once*. If the infatuated one is a gentleman and worthy of her notice, he will surely find a perfectly correct and honorable way of making her acquaintance; otherwise she is well rid of him. No, I see no danger threatening a young actress from the public.

There is danger in drifting at any time, so it may be well to warn young actresses against drifting into a too strong friendship. Let us say that the young actress feels rather strange in her surroundings,—that she is only on a smiling "Good morning" and "Good evening" footing with the company,—that she has been promised a certain small part, and that at the last moment the part is given to some one else. The disappointment is cruel, and the suspicion that people are laughing in their sleeves over the slight put upon her makes her feel sick and faint with shame. Just then a friendly hand places a chair for her, and a kind voice says: "I 'm awfully sorry you missed that chance, for I 'm quite sure you could do the part far and away better than that 'milliners' block' will. But don't distress yourself; your chance will come, and you will know how to make the most of it, I am sure." And all the time the plain, perhaps the elderly, man is speaking, he is shielding her from the eyes of the other people, and from her very soul she is grateful to him, and she holds up her head and smiles bravely.

Not long after, perhaps, she does get a chance, and with joyous eyes she watches for the coming of the man who comforted her, that she may tell him of her good luck. His pleasure is plain, and he, an experienced actor, assures her that she will succeed. He waits in the "entrance" to see her play her small part, and shakes her hand and congratulates her when she comes off, and even tells her what to do next time at such a point; and her heart warms within her, and is filled with gratitude for this "sympa-

thetic friend," who helps her and has faith in her future.

The poor child little dreams that temptation may be approaching her softly, quietly, in the guise of friendship. So, all unconsciously, she grows to rely upon the advice of this quiet, unassuming man, and to look for his approval. By and by their companionship reaches beyond the theater. She respects, admires, trusts him. He may be worthy; he may not. But it would be well for young actresses to be on their guard against the sympathetic friend.

Since we are speaking about absolute beginners, perhaps a word of warning may be given against pretended critics. The young actress trembles at the bare word "newspaper man." She ought to know that a critic on a respectable paper holds a responsible position. When he serves a prominent and leading journal he is frequently recognized as an authority, and has a social as well as a professional position to maintain. Further, the professional woman does not strongly attract the critic personally. There is no glamour about stage people to him. Yet should he desire to make an actress's acquaintance, he would do so in the perfectly correct manner of a gentleman. But this is not known to the young stranger within the theatrical gates, and through her ignorance —which is far from bliss—she may be subjected to a humiliating and even dangerous experience. I am myself one of several women whom I know to have been so victimized in early days.

The beginner, then, fearing above all things the newspaper, receives some evening a note, common in appearance, coarse in expression, requesting her acquaintance, and signed, let us say, "James Flotsam." Of course she pays no attention, and two nights later a card reaches her bearing the name "James Flotsam," and in the corner the name of some well-known newspaper. She may be about to refuse to see the person, but some one will be sure to exclaim: "For mercy's sake, be careful; don't make an enemy on the press!"

And trembling at the idea of being attacked or sneered at in print, without one thought of asking what particular newspaper of that name this unknown represents,—without remembering that Miller's Pond, or Somebody's Junction, or Somebody Else's Corners may have a newspaper of that name,—she hastens to grant to this probably ignorant young lout the unchaperoned interview she would instantly refuse to a gentleman whose name was even well known to her; and trembling with fear and hope, she will listen to his boast of the "awful roasting" he gave Billy This or Dick That,—referring thus to the most prominent actors of the day,—or to his promises of "puffs" for herself, when "old Brown and Smith" are out of the office—the managing and the night editor being deadly jealous of him, and "blue-penciling" him just for spite. And if Mr. Flotsam does not without leave bring up and present his chum Mr. Jetsam, the young woman will be fortunate.

A little quiet thought will convince her that an editor would not assign such a person to report the burning of a barn or the interruption of a dog-fight, and with deep mortification she will discover her mistake. The trick is as old as it is contemptible, and many a great paper has had its name put to the dishonorable use of frightening a young actress into an acquaintance with a self-styled "critic."

Does this seem a small matter to you? Then you are mistaken. There are few things more serious for a young woman than an unworthy or undesirable acquaintance. She will be judged, not by her many correct friends, but by her *one* incorrect one. Again, feeling fear of his power to work her injury, she ceases to be really a free agent, and Heaven knows what unwise concessions she may be flurried into, and of all the dangers, visible or invisible, in the path of a good girl the greatest is "opportunity." If she wishes to avoid danger, if she wishes to save herself some face-reddening memory, let her give no one the opportunity to abuse her confidence, to wound her by word or deed.

Ought I to point out one other unpleasant possibility? Temptation may approach the somewhat advanced young actress by offers of money and power in the guise of the "patron of art"—not a common form of temptation, by any means. But what *has* been may be again, and it is none the easier to resist because it is unusual. The sensitive, proud girl would never place herself under such heavy obligations to any one on earth. She would keep her vanity in check and patiently or impatiently hold on her way, free, independent, owing her final success to her own honest work and God's blessing. Every girl should learn these hard words by heart: "Rien ne se donne; tout se paye ici-bas."

A number of young girls have asked me to give them some idea of the duties of a

beginner in the profession; or what claims the theater makes upon her time. Presumably you have been carefully reared and have been protected by all the conventionalities of refined social life. Now you enter the theatrical profession, depending solely upon your salary for your support, meaning to become a great actress and to keep a spotless reputation, and you will find your work laid out for you.

At the stage door you will have to leave a number of conventional rules. In the first place, you will have to go about alone at night as well as by day, for your salary will not pay for a maid or an escort of any kind. This is very dreadful at first, but in time you will learn to walk swiftly, with stony face, unseeing eyes, and ears deaf to those hyenas of the city streets who make life a misery to the unprotected woman.

The rules of a theater are many and are very exacting, and you must scrupulously obey them, or you will surely "forfeit" a stated sum of money. There is no gallantry in the management of a company, and their forfeits are genuine, be you woman or man.

You have heard that cleanliness is next to godliness; here you will learn that punctuality is next to godliness. As you hope for fame here and life hereafter, never be late to rehearsal. That is the theatrical unpardonable sin. You will attend rehearsal at any hour of the day the manager chooses to call you, but that is rarely, if ever, before 10 A.M. Your legitimate means of attracting the attention of the management are extreme punctuality and quick studying of your part. If you can come to the second rehearsal perfect in your lines, you are bound to attract attention. Your fellow-players will not love you for it, because they will seem dull or lazy by comparison; but the stage-manager will make a note, and it may lead to better things.

Your gowns at this stage of your existence may cause you great anguish of mind. I do not refer to their cost, but to their selection. You will not be allowed to say, "I will wear white," or "I will wear pink," because the etiquette of the theater gives the leading lady the first choice of colors, and after her the lady next in importance, you wearing what is left. In some New York theaters actresses have no word in the selection of their gowns. They receive "plates" from the hand of the manager, and dress accordingly. This is enough to whiten the hair of a sensitive woman, who feels dress would be a means of expression—an outward hint of the character of the woman she is trying to present.

A one-play company offers the worst possible chance to the beginner. The more plays there are the more you learn from observation, as well as from personal effort to make your parts seem as unlike one another as possible. Should you not be in a running play, you may be an understudy for one or two of the ladies who are. You will study their parts, be rehearsed in their business, and you will then hold yourself in readiness to take, on an instant's notice, the place of either in case of sickness or accident. If the parts are good ones you will be astonished at the perfect immunity of actresses from all mishaps. But, all the same, you may never leave your house without leaving word as to where you are going and how long you expect to stay. You may never go to another theater without permission of your manager; indeed, she is a lucky understudy who does not have to report at the theater at seven o'clock every night, to see if she is needed. A day like this admits of no drives, no calls, no teas.

It sometimes happens that the only sickness the poor understudy knows of during the whole run of the play is that sickness of deferred hope which has come to her own heart. Not so very hard a day or night so far as physical labor goes, is it? But oh, the sameness, the deadly monotony of repeating the same words to the same person at the same moment every night—sick or well, sad or happy—the same words!

I say it frankly and earnestly, that for the poor girl or woman who has to earn her own living and longs to become an actress my heart aches. To that little rattle-brain who yearns for the stage because she knows she looks "just too sweet" in evening dress, and who always sees a vision of herself—when she thinks of being an actress—with the curtain descending upon her fainting (in pink chiffon over pink silk) in the arms of a "perfectly divine" leading man—to her I say: "Ask papa for a new wheel, or mama for a birthday party," for probably in three or four years from now she will be an authority on the designing and construction of the cunningest little garments, for the loveliest little wearers in the world.

If there is one among my readers to whom the dim and dingy half-light of the theater is dearer than the God-given radiance of the sunlight; if the burnt-out air, with its indescribable odor, seemingly composed of the several parts of cellar-mold, a great many parts of dry-rot or unsunned dust, the

whole veined through with small streaks of escaped illuminating gas—if this heavy, lifeless air is more welcome to your nostrils than could be the clover-sweetened breath of the greenest pasture; if that great black gulf yawning beyond the extinguished footlights makes your heart leap up at your throat; if, without noting the quality or length of your part, the just plain bald fact of *acting* something thrills you with nameless joy; if the rattle-to-bang of the ill-treated old overture dances through your blood, and the rolling up of the curtain on the audience at night is to you the magic blossoming of a mighty flower—if these are the things you feel, your fate is sealed: nature is imperious, and through brain, heart, and nerve, she cries to you, "Act, act!" and act you must.

Yes, I know what I have said of the difficulties in your way, but I have faith to believe that, if God has given you a peculiar talent, God will aid you to find a way properly to exercise that talent. Then work, work, and, above all, observe. Never fail to watch the acting of those about you. Get at the cause of the effects. Avoid the faults and profit by the good points of the actors before you, but never permit yourself to imitate them.

One suggestion I would make is to keep your eyes open for signs of character in the real life about you. The most successful bit of business I had in "Camille," I copied from a woman I saw in a Broadway car. If a face impresses you, study it, try afterward to recall its expression. Note how different people express their anger: some are redly, noisily angry; some are white and cold in their rage. All these things will make precious material for you to draw upon some day, when you have a character to create; and you will not need to say: "Let me see; Miss So-and-so would stand like this and speak very fast; or very slow," etc.

You will do independent work, good work, and will never be quite satisfied with it, but will eagerly try again; for great artists are so constituted, and the hard life of disappointments, self-sacrifices, and many partings, where strong, sweet friendships are formed only to be broken by traveling orders, will all be forgotten when, the glamour of the footlights upon you, saturated with light, thrilling to music, intoxicated with applause, you find the audience is an instrument for you to play upon at will. And such a moment of conscious, almost divine, power is the reward that comes to those who sacrifice many things that they may act.

So if you really are one of these I can only say, "Act, act!" and Heaven have you in its holy keeping.

To the bright, energetic girl just from school, over-educated perhaps, with nothing to do, eager, restless, vain (forgive me), who wants to go upon the stage, let me say: Pause a moment, my dear, in your comfortable home, and think of the unemployed actresses who are suffering from actual want. Is there one among you, if you had the chance, who would care to strike the bread from the hand of these? Ask God that the scales of unconscious selfishness may fall from your eyes. Look about you and see if there is not some duty, however small,—the more irksome the better,—that you can take from your mother's daily load; some service you can render for father, brother, sister, aunt; some household task so small that you feel contemptuous of it, yet which some one must do, and which may be a special thorn in that one's side. So surely as you force yourself to do the small thing nearest your hand, so surely will you be called upon for greater service. A mother's declaration, "I don't know what I should do without my daughter," is sweeter, more satisfying, more precious as a possession and a heritage than all the careless applause of strangers. You are the bright particular star of your safe, warm home, yet you wish to enter a world where you will be a nobody. That is not a pleasant speech, but it is a true one.

You will say good-by to mother's petting; you will live in your trunk. The time will come when that poor hotel-trunk (so called to distinguish it from the trunk that goes to the theater, when you are traveling or en route), with its dents and scars, will be the only friendly object to greet you in your desolate boarding-house, with its one wizened, unwilling gas-burner, and its outlook upon back yards and cats, or roofs and sparrows, its sullen, hard-featured bed, its despairing carpet; for, you see, you will not have the money that might take you to the front of the house and four burners. Rain or shine, you will have to make your lonely, often frightened way to and from the theater. At rehearsals you will have to stand about, wearily waiting hours while others rehearse over and over again their more important scenes; yet you may not leave for a walk or a chat, for you do not know at what moment your scene may be called. You will not be made much of. You will receive a "Good

morning" or "Good evening" from the company, probably nothing more. If you are traveling, you will literally *live* in your hat and cloak. You will breakfast in them many and many a time, you will dine in them regularly, that you may rise at once and go to the theater or car. You will see no one, go nowhere.

If you are in earnest, you will simply endure the first year,—endure and study,—and all for what? That, after dressing in the corner farthest from the looking-glass, in a dismal room you would scarcely use for your housemaid's brooms and dusters at home, you may stand for a few moments in the background of some scene, and watch the leading lady making the hit in the foreground. Will these few well-dressed, well-lighted, music-thrilled moments repay you for the loss of home love, home comfort, home stardom?

We are not the radiant, winged creatures, we actors, that so many flighty young stage-struck girls think we are. Our wings only unfold in the calcium light; in the daytime we are merely hard-working, every-day men and women, with, here and there, one who carries the magic wand of imagination, at whose waving all sordidness disappears, and who bears lightly the trials and tribulations of this truly hard life.

But, little stage-struck girl, you who think to frisk gaily up to the head of the profession, pause before you try to force your way into the theater, where acting is either a veritable high art or a drudgery. There is no middle course between these extremes. Better, then, to be patient at home. Find occupation there, if it is nothing more than the weekly putting in order of bureau-drawers for some unusually careless member of the family. But having a good home, thank God and your parents for it, and stay in it.

MARTHA ELLEN AT THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION.

BY EDITH ELMER WOOD.

MARTHA ELLEN POWERS appeared as usual at Judge Robinson's on Monday morning to help with the washing. She was so obviously in high spirits that Mrs. Robinson felt bound in politeness to comment on the subject.

"Well, I do feel right set up, Mis' Robinson, an' thet 's a fact. Tim an' the girls hev jest started fer Chicargo!"

"Why, you don't say so, Martha Ellen!" Mrs. Robinson's tone showed all the surprise that heart could wish; but disapproval was lurking beneath the surface. "It—it must be a great expense for you," she added.

"Why, yes," the old woman admitted beamingly; "'t wa'n't none so easy fer a poor woman like me ter find the money. But their minds was sot on it. Nothin' would do 'em but they must see the Fair, an' I seen I would n't be a-doin' me duty by me childern ner by me country ef I did n't make out ter send 'em."

"They ought to be very grateful. It is n't every one has such an indulgent mother."

"Oh, I guess we all likes ter do fer our own."

"You ought to have gone with them."

"Me? Oh, law! I ain't got no money ter waste on no sech foolishness ez thet. An' they 'll hev a better time without an old woman like me a-taggin' after 'em. Young folks is young folks, ye know."

Mrs. Robinson did not see her way clear to denying this assertion, so she retired to the library and took up a magazine. But she could not fix her mind on it. In spite of herself, her thoughts wandered back to Martha Ellen with a well-defined feeling of annoyance. Mrs. Robinson was one of those good-hearted, autocratic women who try to set the world straight all about them. Her efforts were usually attended with a certain measure of success; but years ago she had abandoned the attempt to make Martha Ellen bring up her children in the right way. The result vexed Mrs. Robinson whenever she thought of it. Martha Ellen was a nervous, wiry, industrious little woman of sixty, who worked out by the day, washing, scrubbing, and occasionally pork-killing. She was toothless, gray-haired, flat-chested, yellow-skinned; but, as she would have expressed it, she "hed n't her beat fer work." She lived three miles from the village, and walked back and forth every morning and evening. Rain or shine, winter or summer, Martha Ellen never failed and was never

behindhand. No work was too hard for her, no odd job small enough to be despised. Martha Ellen could not afford to be particular. She was the only wage-earner of the family, and it was an expensive family, consisting of two grown daughters and a younger son. The boy was utterly worthless. He had long since refused to go to school, and showed no desire to select a trade. He was usually to be found among the village loafers who sat on soap-boxes outside the corner grocery. Now, when a lad takes to soap-boxing at the tender age of fifteen, he is clearly beyond the pale of hope. But the girls exasperated Mrs. Robinson even more. They had a cottage organ on which they played a great deal, and they were very particular to follow the latest city fashions in their dress. Otherwise all their characteristics seemed to be negative. Like the lilies of the field, they toiled not, neither did they spin.

"Martha Ellen, why don't your daughters pick berries like the rest of the girls?" Mrs. Robinson had inquired one cranberry season.

"Oh, they ain't got the strength fer thet sort o' work, Mis' Robinson. They 're mostly allus ailin'."

"They look perfectly well, Martha Ellen."

"Thet 's so. But yer can't allus tell by looks. They don't neither of 'em hardly ever see whacher might call a well day. Katie she suffers with her narves, an' Ellie with her head."

"They don't get enough exercise," observed Mrs. Robinson, significantly.

The implication was wasted on Martha Ellen.

"Thet 's what they 're a-tellin' me," she replied innocently. "They 're a-pleggin' me now fer ter get 'em a crowky set. But I can't jest see me way ter it tell I 've paid off the intrust money on me mor'gidge. Young folks can't understand sech things. I guess they think I 'm powerful mean."

Another time Mrs. Robinson, feeling the responsibilities of the universe on her shoulders, had decided to smother her personal aversion to the girls and train one of them to usefulness.

"Martha Ellen, I 'm going to send away my up-stairs girl at the end of the month," she said.

"I 'm right glad o' thet, Mis' Robinson, fer I never could abide the help yer get from the city. They bean't my style."

"I rather agree with you, Martha Ellen. Now, how do you think one of your daughters would like the place?"

"Oh, they 'd never consent ter livin' out, Mis' Robinson! No; an' I would n't let 'em, neither."

This was rather discouraging.

"Why not, Martha Ellen?"

"It 's jest this way, Mis' Robinson. We all likes ter hev our childern a little better 'n what we be ourselves. It 's no more 'n our duty by our country ter make 'em so."

Martha Ellen's patriotism was unaccountable in its workings, but not to be combated by argument. Mrs. Robinson sighed, and gave it up.

"And now she has sent all three of the shiftless lot off to Chicago! How she must have pinched and saved and denied herself to scrape all that money together!" reflected Mrs. Robinson in the library. She felt pretty thoroughly disgusted. She felt more so when she learned that the savings of years, laid by to pay off the mortgage on the house, had all gone into the trip.

In the course of a week the three travelers came back. Very few of the humbler village folk had visited the Fair, so the position of those who had was a proud and conspicuous one. Martha Ellen reveled in the reflected glory. True, she got little information about her children's trip as long as they were alone. The girls were too tired to talk, and Tim was too grumpy. But when the neighbors called, they grew suddenly eloquent, and Martha Ellen would retire to an inconspicuous corner to listen with glowing pride. She stored away every rapturous superlative, and pondered over it. Her extraordinary patriotism was deeply stirred. She deemed herself, as an American citizen, personally responsible for the success of the exposition, and took credit to herself accordingly. She thought about the Fair during her waking hours, and dreamed of it at night. Being pretty thoroughly repressed at home, she talked constantly about it to her employers. Mrs. Robinson had been to Chicago earlier in the season, and noting Martha Ellen's absorption in the subject, took her into the library to see a collection of Fair photographs and mementos. The old woman's eyes shone wistfully.

"My! but I 'd like ter see all thet before I die!" she exclaimed.

All day long Mrs. Robinson kept thinking of Martha Ellen's Fairward yearning. Over the confidential quiet of the tea-table she told her husband about it, pouring out incidentally the vials of her wrath on the heads of Martha Ellen's unprofitable offspring.

"My dear," said the judge, with his usual

serenity, "as I have had occasion to tell you several times before in the course of the past twenty-odd years, you are unfortunately lacking in that sense of humor which leads one to take a broadly-tolerant view of his neighbor's shortcomings."

"And as I have told you once or twice during the same interval," retorted his wife, "you are lacking in any feeling of practical neighborly benevolence. It is easy enough to laugh over people's follies when you are not distressed by the misfortunes to which those follies bring them."

Mrs. Robinson felt that the phrase was a neat one, but her husband refused to be impressed.

"I can't admit your point, my dear; I really can't. If you could only see the impossibility of all the world's being cast in your own most admirable mold, you would find it easier to forgive people their nonconformities, and you would help them as they are instead of trying to force them to be what they cannot be."

"Possibly you are right," she conceded with unexpected meekness.

The judge hastened to follow up his advantage.

"You complain that Martha Ellen has no pleasures because she spends all the fruits of her toil on the pleasures of her unappreciative children. Now, what 's the good of hurling invectives against their selfishness and her weakness? You know they will continue selfish and she weak to the end of the book. Why don't you accept the situation, and give her a thoroughgoing, large-sized pleasure after her own heart?"

"I will!" his wife interrupted excitedly. "Harris has just paid me for the wood he cut off my Upper Township tract. I am phenomenally well off for pocket-money, and all my fall shopping is done. I 'll send Martha Ellen to Chicago!"

"Wh-ew!" whistled the judge. "That 's magnificent! It would be more in accordance with my theories to have you spend the money on her daughters, thereby giving Martha Ellen pleasure in her own favorite way. But this is n't bad."

"Bad! It 's a great thought. It will be the event of a lifetime to Martha Ellen, poor, old, hard-working soul."

Thereupon Mrs. Robinson fell to planning, with her usual genius for organization, all the details of Martha Ellen's trip. In the first place, it never would do simply to give her the requisite money. She might invest it in a banjo for the girls. At that time the railroads were selling cheap excursion tickets, good for five days, with hotel coupons attached. One of these would be just the thing for Martha Ellen. She would have all her wants provided for, she would not be turned adrift in a great city to hunt up lodgings, and, above all, it would not be necessary to trust her with much cash. Mrs. Robinson was delighted.

When the dazzling prospect ahead of her was made known to Martha Ellen she was at first inclined to treat the whole thing as preposterous. Self-indulgence was a thing too strange to her. She could not immediately grasp the idea. For the land's sake, an old woman like her to be going to Chicago! Mrs. Robinson must be joking.

Mrs. Robinson's seriousness being convincingly proved, a new possibility crept into Martha Ellen's mind. If so be as Mrs. Robinson was *bent* on giving her such a handsome present, would n't Mrs. Robinson just as lief give it to her in money? She would so like— But no, indeed, Mrs. Robinson would *not* just as lief give her the money. She was determined that Martha Ellen should taste the sweets of selfish pleasure. Mrs. Robinson carried her point. But whether Martha Ellen was more pleased by the realization of her fondest dreams or disturbed by the unwontedness of it all would be impossible to say.

Mrs. Robinson personally drove her protégée to the station, and saw her aboard the Chicago train, to make sure, as she told her husband, that Martha Ellen did not sell her ticket at the last moment and go back to pork-killing. Martha Ellen was resplendent in the neat black gown and crape bonnet that she wore to church on Sunday out of respect to the late Mr. Powers. She was deeply impressed by the seriousness of the occasion, and, as train-time drew near, became more and more fidgety. Her old hands, in their thread gloves, closed nervously on the handle of the ancient cabas that had belonged originally to Mr. Powers's mother, and had served in every family journey for the last half-century. She smiled and smiled in a shaky fashion, and her voice trembled. Several neighbors had assembled to see her off, and, at the last moment, her daughters had graciously consented to be there too. Martha Ellen was not used to being the center of attraction, and, gratifying as it was, she found it distinctly flustering.

Along swept the train, pausing only a minute at the small way-station. Martha Ellen and her satchel were hurried aboard, cut-

ting short the profuse rural leave-takings. A moment later, she was seen tapping on the window-pane, nodding and smiling as the train moved off.

At the end of the five days specified on her ticket, Martha Ellen returned, and the next morning went out scrubbing as usual. On her way home from work that evening she dropped in to see Mrs. Robinson.

"Well, Martha Ellen, so you 're home and at work again! Did you have a good time?"

"My, yes, Mis' Robinson. It was jest grand."

"Did you have any trouble in finding your way about?"

"Not a great deal. I asked folks along the streets."

"And when you got to the Fair grounds you found out about the different buildings from the Columbian guards, as I told you to, I suppose?"

"Don't know ez I did, Mis' Robinson. Outside the fence there was a sight of little boys a-sellin' pop-corn, an' men with picters an' show-books an' sech. I l'arnt all about the buildin's—which was which an' what they was fer—from askin' *them*. They was mostly right perlite, though some was kind o' short with me, owin' ter bein' pressed fer time. But I did n't take no notice. I jest kep' right on askin'; fer, says I, it 's me duty, both ter Mis' Robinson an' me country, ter l'arn all I can."

Mrs. Robinson applauded these sentiments, though she privately wondered why Martha Ellen had not sought her information through the legitimate channels.

"Did you go up in the Ferris wheel?"

"Land's sake, no! But I seen it, an' it 's powerful big. It shows up over everything."

"Which of the exhibits interested you most, Martha Ellen?"

"You mean the things they showed off in the buildin's?"

"Yes."

"Well, I did n't take partickler notice o' *them*. I noticed the buildin's more."

Mrs. Robinson was surprised at this architectural preference. She had hardly expected to find in Martha Ellen so highly developed an esthetic sense. She had supposed the glittering, bazaar-like show-cases of the Manufactures Building would make the deepest impression on the rural mind. Something of the sort she said in other and inoffensive language. But the old woman shook her head.

"I did n't take notice, Mis' Robinson. But thet there Manyfacters Buildin' hed the largest roof there. It was flat on top, so folks could go up on it. They looked no bigger 'n muskeeters."

There was a moment's pause. Mrs. Robinson was wondering what would have been most likely to attract Martha Ellen in the exterior of the buildings.

"Did you see the Golden Gateway of the Transportation Building?" she ventured.

"Can't say ez I did, Mis' Robinson. But I seen thet there buildin' all right enough. The roof was in two stories like, with a no-account little cuperler in the middle, an' the eaves seemed ter be all colors 'stead o' white, ez they mostly was."

What strange things Martha Ellen had observed! Mrs. Robinson felt slightly vexed. It was so different from what one had a right to expect.

The old woman appeared a little restless, as though she were anxious to be off. Mrs. Robinson, however, paid no attention to these signs, but relentlessly continued the effort to try to draw out her visitor. She felt, like many other benevolent people, that her good deed gave her unlimited rights of catechism.

"You saw the beautiful fountain in front of the Administration Building, of course?"

Martha Ellen looked worried.

"I don't seem ter recollect it. But thet there 'Ministration Buildin' hed a grand dome all over gilt."

Mrs. Robinson was growing more and more puzzled by Martha Ellen's persistent skyward flights. She made one final effort to bring the conversation nearer the earth.

"Did you see the brick war-ship, Martha Ellen?"

"Thet must 'a' been kind o' low, Mis' Robinson. I guess I did n't see it." She was evidently depressed by her failure to see what was expected of her, and she changed the subject with nervous haste. "Thet there Woman's Buildin' interested me a sight, Mis' Robinson. It was right near, an' I could see it plain. They say the women built it all. It does seem funny, don't it now, ter think o' women turnin' carpenters? They done pretty well, though, fer a first try. It looked real nice. The roof was raised some in the middle, an' the corners was flat, with a white railin' around 'em an' figgers uv angels on top. I took partickler notice."

"Martha Ellen," interrupted Mrs. Robinson, sternly, "I never heard anything so strange. You did n't see a single thing but roofs. I should think your neck would be

bent backward for the rest of your life. What does it all mean?"

A faint flush crept into the old woman's sallow cheeks. She was profoundly embarrassed. A mental struggle was plainly going on within her. She was silent a moment or so. Then her honesty won the battle.

"Mis' Robinson," she said deprecatingly, "I don't know whatever ye 'll think o' me; but ye could see them roofs real plain from outside the fence, an' half a dollar seemed sech a sight o' money ter pay jest ter walk through a turnstile! Yes, I know ye give me five dollars, but feather boas was a-sellin' at four dollars an' eighty-nine cents—an' Ellie did want one so bad!"

LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

IN his "Memoirs," Kropótkin states the curious fact that the natives of the Malayan Archipelago have an idea that something is extracted from them when their likenesses are taken by photography. Here is the motive for a fantastic short story, in which the hero—an author in vogue or a popular actor—might be represented as having all his good qualities gradually photographed out of him. This could well be the result of too prolonged indulgence in the effort to "look natural." First the man loses his charming simplicity; then he begins to pose in intellectual attitudes, with finger on brow; then he becomes morbidly self-conscious, and finally ends in an asylum for incurable egotists. His death might be brought about by a cold caught in going out bareheaded, there being, for the moment, no hat in the market of sufficient circumference to meet his requirement.

THE evening we dropped anchor in the Bay of Yedo the moon was hanging directly over Yokohama. It was a mother-of-pearl moon, and might have been manufactured by any of the delicate artisans in the Hanchodori quarter. It impressed one as being a very good imitation. Namikawa, the cloisonné-worker at Tokio, could have made a better moon.

THE young girl in my story is to be as sensitive to praise as a prism is to light. Whenever her lover praises her she breaks into colors.

UNCLE TOM'S cabin was a small place, but there was room enough in it for all the world to kneel down.

H——'s intellect resembles a bamboo—slender, graceful, and hollow. Personally, he is long and narrow, and looks as if he might have been born in a rope-walk. He is loosely put together, like an ill-constructed sentence, and affects me like one. His figure is ungrammatical.

I HAVE just tested the nib of a new pen on a fancy which Herrick has handled twice in the "Hesperides." The fancy, however, is not Herrick's; it is as old as poetry and the exaggeration of lovers, and I have as good right as another to try my fortune with it:

UP ROOS THE SONNE, AND UP ROOS EMELYE.
Chaucer.

WHEN some hand has partly drawn
The cloudy curtains of her bed,
And my lady's golden head
Glimmers in the dusk like dawn,
Then methinks is day begun.
Later, when her dream has ceased
And my lady softly wakes,
Then it is as when the East
A sudden rosy magic takes
From the cloud-enfolded sun,
And full day breaks!

Shakspere, who has done so much to discourage literature by anticipating everybody, puts the whole matter into a couplet:

But soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

I LIKE to have a thing suggested rather than told in full. When every detail is given, the mind rests satisfied, and the imagination loses all desire to use its own wings. The partly draped statue has a charm which the nude lacks. Who would have those marble folds slip from the raised knee of the Venus of Melos? Hawthorne knew how to make

his lovely thought lovelier by sometimes half veiling it.

IMAGINE all human beings swept off the face of the earth, excepting one man. Imagine this man in some vast city, New York or London. Imagine him on the third or fourth day of his solitude sitting in a house and hearing a ring at the door-bell!

WE do not, and cannot, read the novels which most delighted our ancestors. Some of our own popular fiction is doubtless as poor, but poor in a different fashion. There is always a heavy demand for fresh mediocrity. In every generation the least cultivated taste has the largest appetite.

ALL the best sands of my life are somehow getting into the wrong end of the hour-glass. If one could only reverse it!

I HEAR that B—— directed to have himself buried on the edge of the pond where his duck-stand was located, in order that flocks of migrating birds might fly over his grave every autumn. He did n't have to die to become a dead shot!

AT the next table, taking his opal drops of absinthe, was a French gentleman who had the blasé aspect of an empty champagne-bottle, which always has the air of saying, "I have lived!"

THE cavalry saber hung over the chimney-place with a knot of violets tied to the hilt, there being no known grave to decorate. For many a year, on each Decoration Day, a sorrowful woman had come and fastened these flowers there. The first time she brought her offering she was a slender girl, as fresh as her own violets. It is a slender figure still, but there are threads of silver in the black hair.

IF you introduce a bore into your novel you must not let him bore the reader. The fellow must be made amusing, which he would n't be in real life. In nine cases out of ten an exact reproduction of real life would be tedious. The art of the realistic novelist sometimes seems akin to that of the Chinese tailor who perpetuated the old patch on the new trousers. True art selects and paraphrases, but seldom gives a verbatim translation.

THE last meeting I had with Mr. Lowell was in the north room of his house at Elmwood —the sleeping-room I had occupied during a two years' tenancy of the place in his absence abroad. He was lying half propped up in bed, convalescing from one of the severe attacks that were ultimately to prove fatal. Near the bed was a chair on which stood a marine picture in aquarelle—a stretch of calm sea, a bit of rocky shore in the foreground, if I remember, and a vessel at anchor. The afternoon sunlight, falling through the window, cast a bloom over the picture, which was turned toward Lowell. From time to time, as he spoke, his eyes rested thoughtfully on the water-color. A friend, he said, had just sent it to him. It seemed to me then, and the fancy has often haunted me since, that that ship, in the golden haze, with topsails loosened, was waiting to bear his spirit away.

THE "Journal des Goncourt" is crowded with beautiful and hideous things, like a Japanese museum.

WHEN an Englishman is not highly imaginative he is apt to be the most matter-of-fact of mortals. He is rarely imaginative, and seldom has an alert sense of humor. Yet England has produced the subtlest of humorists and the greatest of poets. The humor and imagination which are diffused through other peoples concentrate themselves from time to time in individual Englishmen.

AFTER a debauch of thunder-shower, the weather takes the pledge and signs it with a rainbow. A pretty way of swearing off for a while.

A DARK, saturnine man sat opposite me at table on board the steamer. During the entire run from Sandy Hook to Fastnet light he addressed no one at mealtimes excepting his table steward. Seated next to him, on the right, was a vivacious gentleman, who, like *Gratiano* in the play, spoke "an infinite deal of nothing." He made persistent and pathetic attempts to lure his silent neighbor (we had christened him "William the Silent") into conversation, but a monosyllable was always the poor result—until one day. It was the last day of the voyage. We had stopped at the entrance to Queenstown harbor to deliver the mails, and some fish had been brought aboard. The vivacious gentleman was in a high state of excitement that morning at table.

"Fresh fish!" he exclaimed; "actually

fresh! They seem quite different from ours. Irish fish, of course. Can you tell me, sir," he inquired, turning to his gloomy shipmate, "what *kind* of fish these are?"

"Cork soles," said the saturnine man, in a deep voice, and then went on with his breakfast.

"AND she shuddered as she sat, still silent, on her seat, and he saw that she shuddered." This is from Mr. Anthony Trollope's novel "Can He Forgive Her?" Can we forgive him? is the next question.

I CALLED on the dear old doctor this afternoon to say good-by. I shall probably not find him here when I come back from the long voyage which I have in front of me. He is very fragile, and looks as though a puff of wind would blow him away. He said himself, with his old-time cheerfulness, that he was attached to this earth by only a little piece of twine. He has perceptibly failed since I saw him a month ago; but he was full of the wise and whimsical talk to which all the world has listened, and will miss. It was interesting to note how he studied himself, taking his own pulse, as it were, and diagnosing his own case in a sort of scientific, impersonal way, as if it were somebody else's case and he were the consulting specialist. I intended to spend a quarter of an hour with him, and he kept me three hours. I went there rather depressed, but I returned home leavened with his good spirits, which, I think, will never desert him, here or hereafter. To be hopeful, kindly, cheerful, reverent—that is to triumph over old age.

CIVILIZATION is the lamb's skin in which barbarism masquerades. If somebody has already said that, I forgive him the mortification he causes me. At the close of the nineteenth century barbarism can throw off its gentle disguise, and burn a man at the stake as complacently as in the middle ages.

A STAGE direction: *Exit Time; enter Eternity —with a soliloquy.*

I HAVE observed—and I trust I shall long continue in the quality of observer—that whenever a Boston writer dies New York immediately becomes a great literary center.

THE late Francis Turner Palgrave was a man of such exquisite taste as to make it dangerous for one to differ with him on a poetical point; yet I find myself doing so. In his "Chrysomela," Mr. Palgrave says that Herrick wrote far more naturally than Cowley, who, on the other hand, in his unfrequent successes reached "a more complete classical form of expression." In order to illustrate this Mr. Palgrave quotes these two lines from Cowley's description of his mistress:

> Love in her sunny eyes does basking play,
> Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair.

The first line is well enough, though mechanical; "does basking play" might as properly have been "does playing bask," had the rhyme allowed it; but the second line is, I think, particularly unfortunate, not to say hopelessly grotesque—and suggestive.

"POLONIUS," in the play, gets killed—and not any too soon. If it were only practicable to kill him in real life! A story—to be called "The Passing of Polonius"—in which a king issues a decree condemning to death every long-winded, didactic person in the kingdom, irrespective of rank, and is himself instantly arrested and decapitated. The man who suspects his own tediousness is yet to be born.

THE stolid gentleman in livery who has his carriage-stand at the corner opposite my house is constantly touching on the extremes of human experience, with probably not the slightest conception of the fact. Now he takes a pair of lovers out for an airing, and now he drives the absconding bank-teller to the railway-station. Excepting as question of distance, the man has positively no choice between a theater and a graveyard. I met him this morning dashing up to the portals of Trinity Church with a bridal party, and this afternoon, crossing Cambridge Bridge, I saw him creeping along, next to the hearse, on his way to Mount Auburn. The wedding afforded him no pleasure, and the funeral gave him no grief; yet he was a factor in both. It is his odd destiny to be wholly detached from the vital part of his own acts. If the carriage itself could speak! The autobiography of a public carriage, written in full, would be dramatic reading.

IN this blotted memorandum-book are a score or two of suggestions for essays, sketches, and lyrics, which I have not written, and shall never write. I no sooner jot down an idea than the desire to use it leaves me, and I turn away to do something unpremeditated. The shabby volume has become a sort of Potter's Field where I bury my literary intentions, good and bad, without any belief in their resurrection.

"A WOMAN LIFTS HER LOVER."

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.

I.

SO pure, so sweetly good she is,
So hopelessly above you!
White as a lily-bud she is—
Why should she ever love you?

II.

Yet let this thought your sad heart stir:
A woman lifts her lover;
And you shall grow more like to her
While you 're a-winning of her.

A LITERARY SHRINE.

DOVE COTTAGE, THE HOME OF WORDSWORTH AND DE QUINCEY.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM KNIGHT,
Of the University of St. Andrews, Scotland.

IT was good news to the literary world when it was announced a few years ago that Dove Cottage, Grasmere, the humble home in which the poet Wordsworth lived with his sister from 1800 to 1808, and to which he brought his wife in 1802, had been acquired by the English nation, to be held in trust for posterity; for in that house the poet passed the seven years of his poetic prime, and accomplished his choicest work.

The story of Dove Cottage, both before and after it became Wordsworth's home, is a curious one. It was originally a small "public house," or hostelry, where travelers going from Ambleside to Keswick were entertained. As all such houses had some "sensible sign" of their existence, it had for outward blazonry a dove and an olive-branch. The bird was probably more visible than the branch it carried; hence the name "Dove Cottage." One of its previous tenants was the dalesman-shepherd from whom was drawn the character of Luke in the lyrical ballad entitled "Michael." Wordsworth immortalized his Grasmere home in many ways and in various poems, in "The Waggoner" especially. The story of the journey of that old veteran, crossing from Ambleside over Dunmail Raise to Keswick, is instinct with life in every line; and its incidents are easily realizable, by all who know the poem, when they cross by this road from Westmoreland to Cumberland.

The proposal to acquire the cottage for the nation was suggested as far back as 1862, but it was not till 1890 that the project was carried out. The purchase-price was six hundred and fifty pounds, and the title rests in a board of trustees. The chief credit and the most cordial thanks of posterity are due to the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke for the part he took in the purchase of the cottage. Although he did not originate the scheme, it was he who successfully carried it out. In a pamphlet which he wrote in the year 1890, he details many facts con-

nected with the cottage. The chief items are gathered from Dorothy Wordsworth's "Journals," written at Grasmere, which described her brother's and her own life there from 1800 to 1804. A few extracts from them had been inserted in the poet's "Memoirs," written by his nephew, the Bishop of Lincoln, and published in 1850; but the "Journals" were first published (in part) in the "Life of Wordsworth" (1889). They have since been issued by themselves, in a much fuller form (1896). Mr. Brooke's extracts are taken from the edition of 1889, but his booklet is a unique contribution to Wordsworthian literature, inasmuch as its author has, in the deftest and most delicate manner, selected from these daily impromptu records by the poet's sister what was worthiest of note, and has added much new matter of a critical and appreciative kind. In this pamphlet, and in his larger works, Mr. Brooke has given a very felicitous exposition of Wordsworth's life and work.

After the purchase of the house and its orchard-ground, a great deal of labor was undertaken to put it in order, and to arrange for keeping it up. Before 1891 more than one thousand pounds had been subscribed in aid of the scheme, and some of the entries in the list of contributors are interesting, *e. g.*, "A Disciple of the Poet who gave us 'The Prelude,'" fifty pounds; "Three Lovers of Wordsworth," "We are Seven," "Working-Women," etc. Both Lord Tennyson and Henry Irving subscribed. It is worth while to note the number of visitors to the cottage since 1892. In 1892–93 it was 1046, in 1893–94 it was 1534, in 1894–95 it was 1898, in 1895–96, 1817, in 1896–97, 2375; since 1897 it has been larger still.

The cottage is in the part of the village known as Town-End, and faces southward across the Ambleside road. As to the details of the cottage rooms in Wordsworth's time, there are some points in reference to which we are left to conjecture. I have not been able to find out whether the Wordsworths actually arranged the making of the wall which separated the cottage ground from the outside roadway. There is no doubt, however, that the front wall of the house, facing the road, and its roof, are now as they were in Wordsworth's time; and the yew-tree to the southeast stands as of yore.

De Quincey has left a graphic account of his first visit to the cottage, which was to be his own home for so many subsequent years. "A little semi-vestibule between two doors prefaced the entrance into what might be considered the principal room of the cottage. It was an oblong square, not above eight and a half feet high, sixteen feet long, and twelve broad, very prettily wainscoted from the floor to the ceiling with dark polished oak, slightly embellished with carving. One window there was—a perfect and unpretending cottage window with little diamond panes, embowered at almost every season of the year with roses, and in the summer and autumn with a profusion of jasmine and other fragrant shrubs. From the exuberant luxuriance of the vegetation around it, and from the dark hue of the wainscoting, this window, though tolerably large, did not furnish a very powerful light to one who entered from the open air."

This lower room, into which one comes at once from outside the cottage, is still—and long may it remain—as it was in Wordsworth's time. The porch, however, is modern,—indeed, quite recent,—having been built by the trustees in 1894, in reproduction of one shown in a pencil drawing of 1844. The massive entrance-door is as it used to be, although the woodwork within has been recently painted an ugly brown color. The fireplace, the grate, and the quaint cupboards are old. In one of the latter may be seen the skates which Wordsworth used when he went on the ice at Grasmere and Rydal. Mrs. Dixon, the present caretaker of the cottage, tells me that, according to the gossip of Grasmere, Wordsworth was "a swift skater," "varra quick, but he was na figurer." Others, more especially the poet's nephew, the late Bishop of St. Andrews, have told me that he could "cut his eights" and do several things on the ice which few could manage in those days.

The wood- and ironwork of the one window in this room did not exist in Wordsworth's time. The original framework having decayed by exposure to rain, frost, etc., it was restored in 1894, from drawings by Professor Armstrong, and made as like as possible to the original, the lozenge-shaped diamond panes being reproduced. The stonework of the window-sill is the same as that which existed in the poet's time; so is the seat in the window, where, many a time and oft, he watched the weather-changes over Loughrigg and Silverhow, for there were no intervening houses then to interrupt the view from Town-End toward the lake and Hammer-scar. There it was that Coleridge sat so often and talked so divinely,—talks of which, alas! no record remains,—and here he sometimes slept. The floor of stone flags is

just as it was at the beginning of the century, only the Wordsworths had it discreetly covered with China or India matting woven from grass or the stems of rushes.

Dorothy's was the room to the east and south, opening off this larger one on the ground floor. It is small, but it has the same stonework and window-sill arrangements as the sitting-room. The floor-flags are recent, but the cupboards are old, and were doubtless Dorothy's wardrobes. There is also a curious toilet- and washing-table in it, which came from Rydal Mount to Dorothy Wordsworth when she married Edward Guillinan, and was afterward the property of Miss Guillinan at Loughrigg Holme, at the sale of whose effects it was purchased.

Going straightforward from the entrance-door of the cottage, past the staircase leading to the upper flat, one comes to the kitchen proper, which is still exactly as it was at the beginning of the century. It is a damp room, being much too far below the garden-ground. The bunkers, in which wood for the cottage fires was kept, are still preserved; and at the window, and underneath a table, was a recess, in which the babies of the household slept in baskets near the kitchen fire. Originally there were three rooms in the upper story of the cottage, to which Wordsworth added a fourth. The room directly above the one we reach on first entering the cottage, and similar to it in size, was the principal living-room of the family. In it most of the indoor work of the poet was done. It served as study, library, parlor, and drawing-room, so far as such words can be used in describing so humble an apartment. In a recess on one side of the fireplace Wordsworth kept his books. His bookcase is gone. It will be replaced by another, containing copies of all his own works, and of the successive editions of these works from 1798. Altogether this is perhaps the most interesting room in the cottage. In it the household and their visitors held high discourse far more frequently than in the one below. There are three chairs in it of great interest, the cushions of which were wrought by Dora Wordsworth, Sara Coleridge, and Edith Southey, respectively; and they are a memorial of "The Triad." Every lover of Wordsworth knows that exquisite description of the daughters of the three poets of the district—a poem unrivaled in its delicate idealizations of character, based upon a realism that is now seldom seen. These three girls, who were "sisters in the bonds of love," worked at their cushions in those delightful days when there was less haste than now, while they conversed or listened to the reading of poems just composed—verses brought from the treasury of their fathers' genius. In this room is a small modern bookcase in which are some of the poet's works, and his Lemprière's "Classical Dictionary," besides a quaint old table of plane-tree wood, which was once in Rydal Mount, and then at Ambleside.

Facing southward, and immediately above Dorothy's room on the ground floor, is Wordsworth's bedroom, in which there was, and still is, the same window-seat arrangement as in the other rooms. Many and many a sleepless night was spent in it by the poet when laboring at the task of composing his verses. It was a tiny room, and not a comfortable one for a restless brain-worker when the mood of inspiration came to him. The cottage has always suffered from the dampness of the climate of Westmoreland. Even in 1800 Dorothy records in her "Journals" that, during wet weather, William could not sleep, from "the rain coming into his room."

Adjoining Wordsworth's room is the guest-chamber, of which so many of the friends of the household made use. It is a tiny room, with a bright outlook on the orchard-garden to the north. Here have slept John Wordsworth, the poet's sailor brother, Coleridge and Mrs. Coleridge, Southey, John Wilson, Walter Scott, Sir George and Lady Beaumont, Thomas Clarkson, Charles Lloyd, Thomas Wilkinson, and the Coleridge children. As the family increased in number, it was found necessary to build an addition to the house; and, poor as the Wordsworths were, they managed to design and erect a smaller room off the old guest-chamber. It is on the eastern side of the cottage, about the level of the parlor floor. It used to be called "The Newspaper-Room," because, for economy, Dorothy had covered its walls with the newspapers of the day. It is a pity these were ever removed, although doubtless they were doomed to destruction by the damp climate and the exposure of the cottage to rain. It is hoped, however, that it may be found possible to repaper this room with the serials of that day; and if any Cumbrian or Westmoreland "statesman-farmer" happens to possess old numbers of the Kendal papers of the decade 1800–10, he would do a real service by sending them to the cottage.

Returning from this small room to the parlor, and descending to the landing whence

one can go out into the garden, another short flight of steps conducts to two additional rooms, often, but erroneously, called the "De Quincey rooms," which were built when new tenants took possession of the house in 1849, the year before Wordsworth's death at Rydal Mount, whither he removed in 1843. One of them at present contains the bed in which the poet died.

Going out of the cottage by the door to the north, one looks upon an orchard-garden, like so many others in Westmoreland, in which apple-trees, various shrubs, and flowering plants commingle with numerous flowers that are native to the district. This orchard has been memorialized and immortalized over and over again in Wordsworth's poems, chiefly in "The Green Linnet"—in which the very spirit of the place is enshrined—and in the stanzas written when the poet left the cottage for his marriage in the year 1802. Only a few details are necessary. A few of the steps which lead up through the garden to the top of it were cut by Wordsworth himself, helped by a near neighbor of his, John Fisher, to reach a terrace walk, where he, his sister, and others built a moss arbor. Above these steps to the right, as Dorothy tells us, Coleridge "discovered a rock seat" by "clearing away brambles." The short terrace walk is curved. Below it is a small well, to which Wordsworth often refers, near which were the primroses that he and his sister planted. But there is another well to the east of the cottage, much nearer to the house than the one to the north of it. This was doubtless the well which supplied the household with water. I nevertheless think that it was the small pool to the north, where rich, large-leaved primroses used to grow, that is referred to in the lines:

Here, thronged with primroses, the steep rock's breast
Glittered at evening like a starry sky;
And in this bush our sparrow built her nest,
Of which I sang one song that will not die.[1]

This orchard "garden-ground" may all the more appropriately be associated with Wordsworth because it was, to a certain extent, the creation of the Wordsworth family. John Wordsworth helped to make it, and planted trees in it, while William and Dorothy did the same. Near at hand also the sailor brother used to walk to and fro in the wood when visiting Dove Cottage, and there "the never-resting Pilgrim of the Sea" trod a path which the poet has described in well-known lines. In the garden are Christmas roses, large gowans, rosemary, boxwood, and primroses. Boxwood was planted by Wordsworth himself close to his house. Near the entrance-door to the cottage, on its southern wall, may be seen a rose-tree and a honeysuckle, both of which must have existed in his time. Some say that the yew-trees now existing were planted by Wordsworth, but they must have been there much earlier than 1800. Round the cottage on its eastern side, in a recess where Dorothy used to have her pot-herbs, is now a mass of ferns mixed with celandine, etc. Beyond the window of her bedroom are scarlet runners, trained up the wall as of yore.

The arbor, quite lately constructed (1894), is not like the old "moss arbor," nor has it been erected on the old spot. It was designed in imitation of the one at Rydal Mount, and was placed where it is because higher up, where the old one was, the setting sun, of which Dorothy speaks, could not be so well seen. Although the view from the garden is now much interrupted by new buildings, it is easy for any lover of the poet, sitting in the present arbor, however much less open than formerly to the breath of heaven, to realize, if only the incessant noise of summer traffic were withdrawn, the seclusion and the peace of this orchard at the beginning of the century.

It is a great matter that the field to the west of the entrance to the cottage has been bought, and that it now belongs to the Trust, so that nothing can be erected upon it which would be injurious to the cottage. Between the cottage and the next house to the west, a road used formerly to go up the Fellside. That is now closed, and a hedge of privet shuts off the view of the blacksmith's forge and shop to the farther west—a very important thing.

The Wordsworth family left Dove Cottage in 1808, having entered it at Christmas, 1799.[2] They required a slightly larger residence, and a house more secure from the elements and from smoke—in short, better "weather-fended"; and, after wintering at Coleorton, the poet returned to Grasmere, and stayed for two years at Allan Bank. Near the beginning of his residence at Allan Bank, De Quincey came to visit him, staying till February, 1809. The latter then took a lease of Dove Cottage, for how long no one knows. It may have been a yearly tenancy. He got

[1] "The Sparrow's Nest," written in 1801.

[2] Wordsworth, however, had visited Grasmere with his sister nearly five and a half years before, in August, 1794, and afterward again with Coleridge.

Dorothy Wordsworth to take charge of the furnishing of her old home, while he went up to London. In London, among other things, he revised—unfortunately, without any regard to punctuation—the proof-sheets of Wordsworth's essay on "The Convention of Cintra," and his friend acknowledged most gratefully the assistance he obtained from him. It was not till the fall of the year —November, 1809—that De Quincey himself went to live in Dove Cottage, and became a near neighbor of the poet for many a year. We have nothing to do in this article with the relations between the two men,—their wonderful reciprocal admiration at first, their great mutual services, their gradual estrangement for a time, and its causes,—although much material for an explanation of the latter is in my possession.

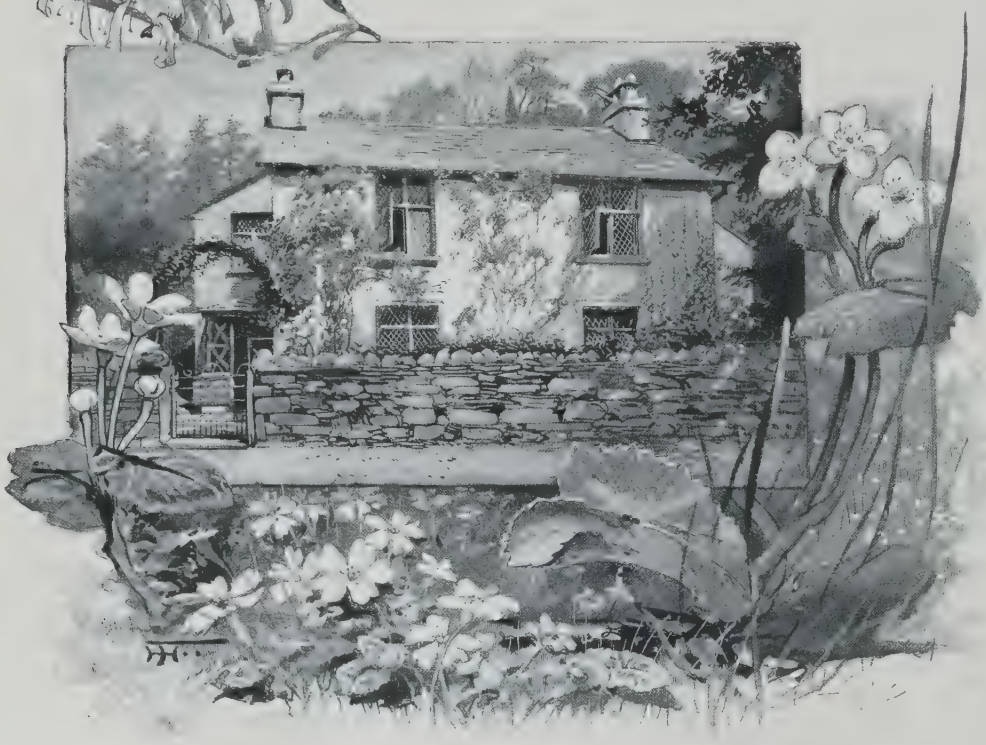
What concerns us now is the story of De Quincey's tenancy of Dove Cottage. It is

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

DOVE COTTAGE, GRASMERE, VIEWED FROM THE GARDEN. (WILD DAFFODILS AND ENGLISH DAISY OR COWAN.)

somewhat obscure to begin with. So many volumes were brought into the small abode that it became, for a time, a sort of beehive of literary products. Thomas De Quincey had many books, but no bookcases, and kept his volumes on the floor, in long miscellaneous rows and lofty piles, and even, tradition says, hid his money among them. When Coleridge came to be Wordsworth's guest at Allan Bank he saw much of De Quincey, and borrowed his books from Dove Cottage in order that he might read them leisurely at Allan Bank. He carried so much away for consultation that sometimes five hundred volumes were "transferred on loan." "S. T. C.'s" extraordinary conscientiousness as to loans of books was illustrated in a very significant and honorable manner at this period of his life. He used to write upon each volume which he took away from Dove Cottage, "Thomas De Quincey, Esquire"; and their owner tells us of the trouble he afterward had in erasing these dreadful inscriptions, lest it should be supposed that *he* had ever styled himself "Esquire" on any book belonging to him. He tells us that in 1816 he had five thousand books in the cottage, collected gradually since his eighteenth year. His rooms were "populous with books." He kept two cups and saucers near the fire, and "an eternal teapot"; "for I drink tea," he said, "from eight o'clock at night to four in the morning."

In these days when De Quincey lived in Dove Cottage he saw much of John Wilson ("Christopher North"). He took long pedestrian rambles with him, and accompanied him twice to Edinburgh. Charles Lloyd, Wordsworth's friend, was another acquaintance and guest. But, in the cot-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

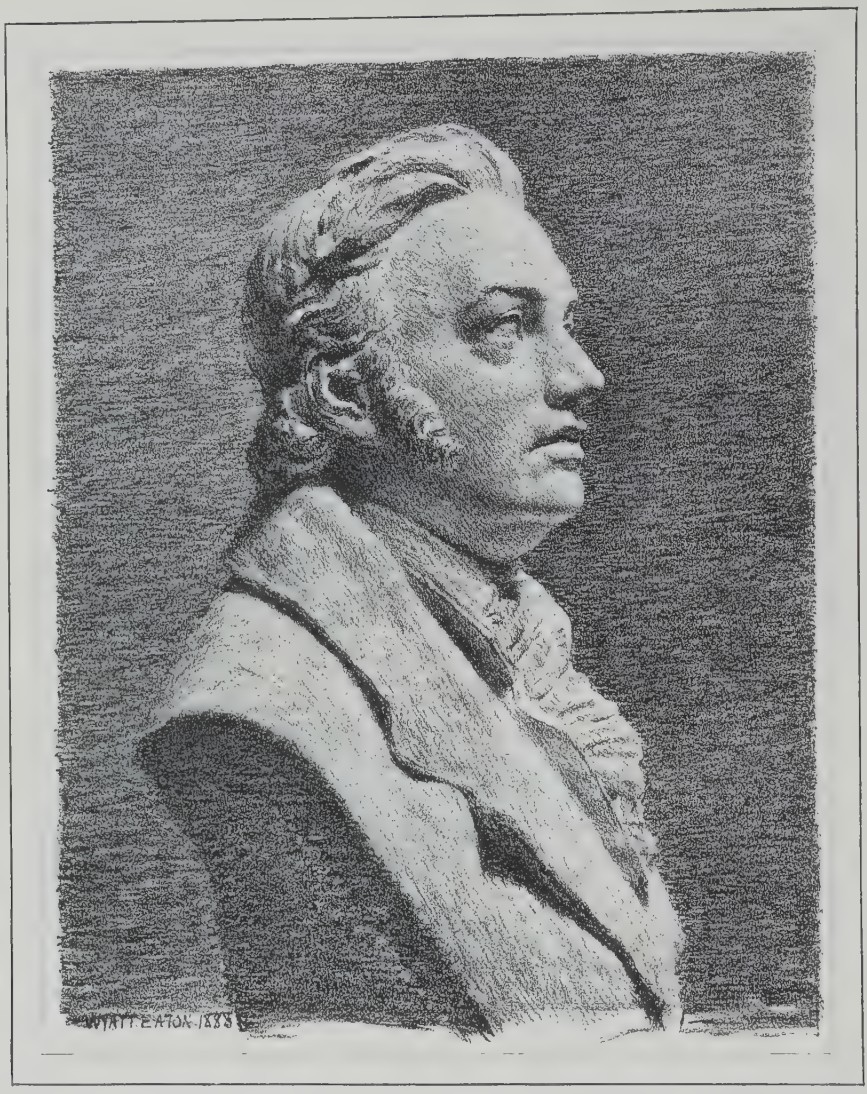
DOVE COTTAGE. (FOXGLOVE AND HONEYSUCKLE, PRIMROSES AND MARSH-MARIGOLDS.)

tage, De Quincey's life was devoted to the study of his literary and philosophical books. It is needless to discuss the circumstances which led to his marriage with Margaret Simpson, the daughter of a noble Westmoreland "statesman-farmer" in the neighborhood, or to the ever-increasing indulgence in opium, which caused him to abandon several of his projected works, of which he meant to name one (after Spinoza) "Tractatus de Intellectus Emendatione," or his "Prolegomena to all Future Doctrines of Political Economy." His ups and downs of fortune, his movements from Grasmere to Kendal and to London, it is almost impossible to trace. Neither his biography nor any contemporary document supplies authentic details as to his residences. Between 1819 and 1825 his life seems to have been one of uncertain wandering. His most celebrated work, although not his best, the "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," was written in London, in the year 1821, and not at Dove Cottage. The only works of his with which his residence in the cottage is associated are those unfinished books already referred to. He came back to Westmoreland in 1825, but returned to London in 1826, and in 1828, at latest, settled in Edinburgh.

But, after all, it is with Wordsworth that Dove Cottage will be chiefly associated, and it is not difficult to realize that rare union of simplicity and rusticity with perfect refinement and elevation which gave its unique charm to the life that was led within this humble home, first by the brother and sister, afterward by the husband, wife, children, sister, and guests. Such a combination of "plain living and high thinking" has probably never been realized before or since by any poet in England. Dorothy's "Journal" has been a revelation of many things hitherto unknown as to his early life. The chronicle of Wordsworth's chopping wood for household fires, in the same small scullery where Dorothy worked at other times, and of the hundred trivial miscellaneous items of apparent drudgery, was due to the most honorable poverty; and side by side with these disclosures we have the record of the progress and completion of a great poet's work. It is easy to realize the brother and the sister at their

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

1. THE "HALF-KITCHEN AND HALF-PARLOR" ROOM UP-STAIRS. 2. THE LOWER ROOM, WITH DOROTHY'S BEDROOM OFF IT.



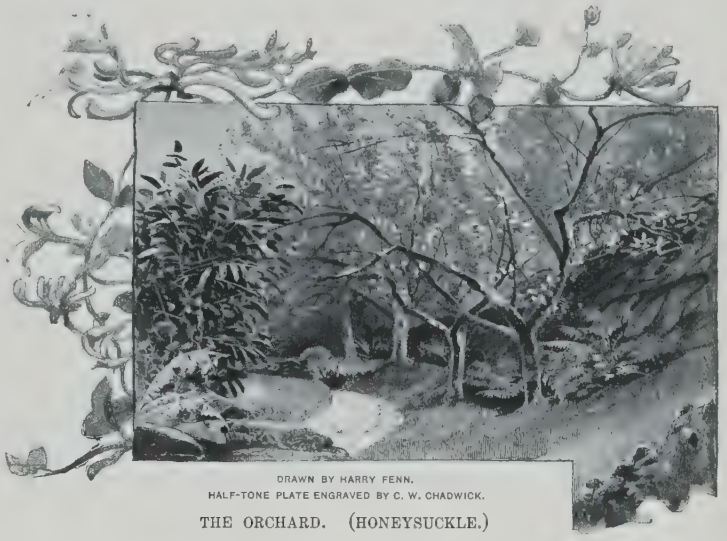
DRAWN BY WYATT EATON, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ORIGINAL BUST BY W. H. THORNYCROFT, GIVEN TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY BY MRS. ANNA PELL OF NEWPORT, R. I.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

garden work; *e.g.*, we read: "W. raked the stones off the garden; I cut the shrubs"; or, "W. cut down the winter cherry" and "prepared pea-sticks;" or again, "I weeded the garden, and stuck peas; W. nailed the honeysuckle." They were fond of going out to read the poets together, in the orchard or on White Moss. W. would "bring his mattress out and lie down," and Dorothy would "read to him from Ben Jonson." She often read her brother to sleep in the cottage, and went on reading herself long afterward.

It is still more delightful to think of those walks over Dunmail Raise with Coleridge to Wytheburn and Keswick, or up to Helvellyn with Walter Scott, or across Kirkstone Pass, or into Ambleside and to Low Wood, and so often up into the black quarter at Easedale. They used to go out on the fells both by day and by night, watching nature with keenest eye and most sympathetic heart, whether it was when they went "to hunt the waterfalls," to gather mountain plants, to study the clouds, to listen to the harmonies of the wind among the woods and hills, or to watch the stars and the moonlight. As a rule, Wordsworth would be "composing all morning," while Dorothy was busy at household work. They then walked out together, or went into their little pinnace on the lake, and "read poems on the water, and let the boat take its own course"; while in the even-

ings there was plenty of social life, when good neighbors dropped in to share a frugal meal, to talk, or to play whist. The amount of high poetic work done in that cottage by Wordsworth was great. To mention only the most famous of the things he wrote in it, there was "Hart-Leap Well," "The Idle Shepherd Boys," the "Poems on the Naming of Places," "The Brothers," "Michael," "The Sparrow's Nest," the "Selections from Chaucer Modernized," "To a Butterfly," "To the Cuckoo," "My Heart Leaps Up," "To the Small Celandine," "Stanzas Written in Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence,'" "Resolution and Independence," the poems "To the Daisy" and "To the Celandine," "The Green Linnet," "The Character of the Happy Warrior," the "Ode to Duty," "To the Skylark," "Fidelity," "The Waggoner," the most of "The Prelude," and some of "The Excursion," many "Sonnets," and the great "Ode, Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood." It is curious and interesting that, when dictating explanatory notes on his poems to Miss Fenwick toward the close of his life, Wordsworth so often began by mentioning the place of composition; and "written at Town-End, Grasmere," is the most frequent localization.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

THE ORCHARD. (HONEYSUCKLE.)

It is thus that the poet himself describes his "plot of orchard-ground":

Thou rocky corner in the lowest stair
Of that magnificent temple which doth bound
One side of our whole vale with grandeur rare,
Sweet garden-orchard eminently fair,
The loveliest spot that man hath ever found.

He speaks of

The flowering shrubs that deck our humble door:

. . . . . .

Thou like the morning in thy saffron coat,
Bright gowan, and marsh-marigold, farewell!
Whom from the borders of the lake we brought,
And placed together near our rocky well.

. . . . . .

Oh, happy garden! whose seclusion deep
Hath been so friendly to industrious hours
And to soft slumbers, that did gently steep
Our spirits, carrying with them dreams of flowers
And wild notes warbled among leafy bowers.

Again:

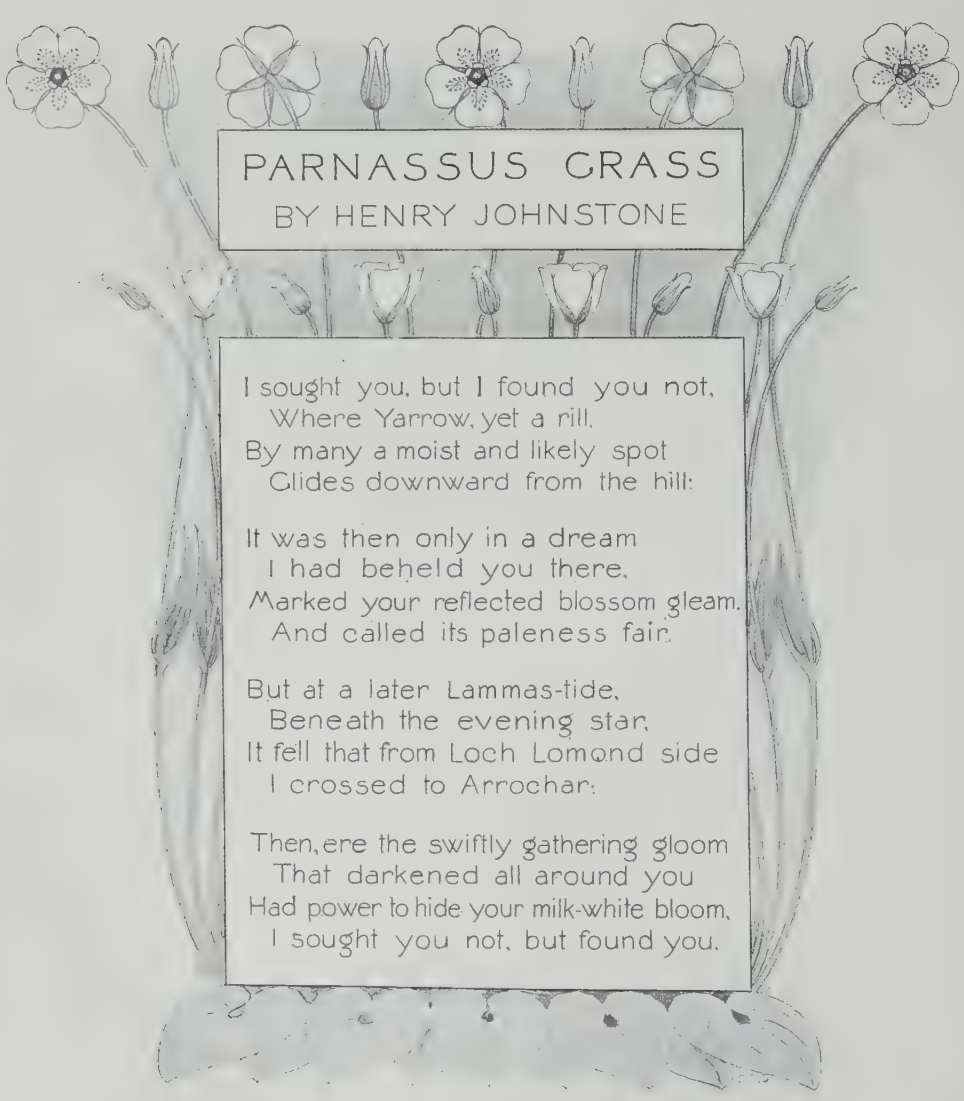
Roof, window, door,
The very flowers are sacred to the poor,
The roses to the porch which they entwine;
Yea, all that now enchants thee from the day
On which it should be touched would melt away.

These last lines justify the wish, and the action, of the trustees in trying to keep the cottage as much as possible as it was in Wordsworth's time. They feel that its whole charm would vanish, that the spirit of the place would depart, were it modernized, and therefore it is that those flowers have been planted round about the cottage and in the orchard which we know from Dorothy's "Journals" were brought into it by her and her brothers, by Mrs. Wordsworth and her sister Sara Hutchinson: the primroses, daffodils, marsh-marigolds, speedwell, lilies (white and yellow), columbines, stitchwort, vetches, snowdrops, scarlet runners, foxgloves (white and purple), lemon-thyme, and honeysuckle. There was a honeysuckle "round the yew-tree," and another "up the side of the wall." Many of these flowers had been thoughtlessly uprooted and carried away by relic-hunters, merely to wither and die. It is for this reason that others have been put in their place. It is to be hoped that no one will ever introduce plants which the household did not know.

Dove Cottage will soon contain numerous portraits of the members of the Wordsworth household, their friends and visitors, as well as a small library of all the books of the

poet and their successive editions published in his lifetime; also a second larger one containing posthumous editions, essays, critical estimates, etc. Several of Wordsworth's manuscripts, and those of others of his friends, with relics of various kinds, have been given to the cottage and the nation, but are not housed as yet. Among those already hung are: a copy of Lupton's engraving of Haydon's portrait of "Wordsworth upon Helvellyn," the original of which is now the property of Mr. Fisher Wordsworth at Rydal Mount; a reproduction of another of Haydon's pictures, which the poet used to call "the brigand"; a copy of Miss Gillies's profile portrait; one of Nash's, of Wyon's, and of Boxall's; a photograph of the earliest portrait, taken by the unknown artist at Nether Stowey, the original of which is now in the possession of Mrs. St. John at Ithaca, New York; one of the Pickersgill portrait, in St. John's College, Cambridge; one of Dorothy Wordsworth, and of her niece Dora.

The cottage is now a place of honored and reverent pilgrimage to many Americans; and when the other intended gifts are placed within it, it will be still more attractive, as a memorial of England's poetic past.


PARNASSUS GRASS
BY HENRY JOHNSTONE
I sought you, but I found you not,
Where Yarrow, yet a rill,
By many a moist and likely spot
Glides downward from the hill:
It was then only in a dream
I had beheld you there,
Marked your reflected blossom gleam,
And called its paleness fair.
But at a later Lammas-tide,
Beneath the evening star,
It fell that from Loch Lomond side
I crossed to Arrochar:
Then, ere the swiftly gathering gloom
That darkened all around you
Had power to hide your milk-white bloom,
I sought you not, but found you.

THE ALPINE FAY (SCHUMANN'S "MANFRED"). H. Fantin

HENRI FANTIN-LATOUR.

WITH EXAMPLES OF HIS LITHOGRAPHS ON MUSICAL MOTIVES.[1]

BY FREDERICK KEPPEL.

DURING his yearly visits to Paris, it was the good fortune of the writer to be party to a peculiar bargain or stipulation made between himself and the eminent Dutch painter and etcher, the Jonkheer Charles Storm van 's Gravesande. This agreement was that neither of the two should make his first visit to the yearly Salon unless accompanied by the other. To spend a whole day among the new pictures with this Dutch nobleman as guide and mentor might almost be called a liberal education. He is endowed with the faculty (rare among artists) of discerning what is good in the works of his contemporaries, and he has a catholicity of taste which enables him to enjoy good pictures of widely different kinds. During these visits he was always willing to be led here or there, so as to give his opinion on this or that picture; but on one point he was immovable. "First," he would say, "I must see what Fantin-Latour exhibits; after that you may take me where you please."

On the occasion of one of these visits M. Fantin's contribution was his now famous painting entitled "Around the Piano." Some five or six of the great musicians of Paris are seen grouped about a piano. They have not the slightest air of posing for their portraits, but are all intently listening to the music which one of them is playing. Some years ago the authorities of the Paris École des Beaux-Arts organized a memorable Retrospective Exhibition of French Portraits, and there the place of honor was accorded to a large picture by Fantin-Latour. It represents an admirably composed group of eminent persons, mostly artists. In this painting the more distant figures are partly concealed by those in front of them, and in

[1] The original lithographs are from the collection of Mr. Samuel P. Avery.

THE EVOCATION OF ERDA—WOTAN ON THE RIGHT
("SIEGFRIED," ACT III).

the nearest foreground is seen the full-length figure of Mr. Whistler, which dominates the whole picture.

It is strange that so distinguished a painter, pastelist, and designer of lithographs as Fantin-Latour should be still comparatively unknown in the United States, for in Europe he ranks as a master; and it does not often happen that Americans are slow in discerning original work of genuine power. Our early recognition of such painters as Millet and Corot, and such writers as Carlyle and Herbert Spencer, may demonstrate this. Yet, all the world over, the great original artist or writer finds himself at a temporary disadvantage as compared with what may be called the first-rate second-rate man. The obvious cleverness of the latter is understood at once, while the former, bringing his strange and unheard-of message, is likely to be at first totally neglected, then noticed only to be laughed at, later on occasioning violent controversies, and only at "long-last" taking his rightful place among the immortals.

In the case of Fantin-Latour we are, happily, not yet under the necessity of building the sepulcher of a prophet whom our fathers had stoned (and neglect is a very deadly missile to the artist!); for M. Fantin is still hale and hearty at the age of sixty-four, and is now producing work which is at least as good as any he has ever done.

In Paris he has lived and worked quietly, and for long years, in the small Rue des Beaux-Arts, on "the other side" of the river Seine—a locality neither fashionable nor well known, notwithstanding its high-sounding name. He has always avoided taking part in the intrigues of the Paris Salon, and has even declined to act as one of the jury for the selection of the pictures to be there exhibited. This, for a Paris artist, is most unusual. To hear many of these gentlemen talk (and how they *can* talk!) one would suppose that a painter could do nothing good until he had been *médaillé* at the Salon—and nothing bad ever after.

Fantin-Latour is one of the most absorbed of artists and one of the most disinterested of men. Some months ago an agent in Paris was instructed to offer him a commission of such importance that it would have been gladly accepted by almost any artist living; but in response M. Fantin quietly said that, while the proposed order would be both flattering and profitable to him, yet he could not accept it because he was just then at work on a picture, and that for some time to come he could not turn his mind to anything else.

M. Fantin never has exhibited, and never may exhibit, what is called "the picture of the year," and it is probable that he has not the least ambition to do so. His work is eminently reserved and sober, while the picture of the year must, in some way, be of a loud or a sensational character. And yet this quiet man and quiet artist has always had a following. If at first this following was small in number, it never was small in quality; for it was of the kind which *Hamlet* had in mind when, in admonishing the players, he says of "the judicious," whose good opinion is to be coveted, "The censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theater of others."

Thus, the first man who ever spoke to me of Fantin-Latour was Sir Seymour Haden, President of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers. In his earlier days Sir Seymour resided for some time in France and held the post of *prosecteur* at the Military Hospital at Grenoble, and at Grenoble Fantin-Latour was born in the year 1836. Later we find the young French artist residing in London, where he was the intimate friend of the Haden family. Lady Haden (who is a sister of the artist Whistler) relates that M. Fantin was one of the most interesting young men she has ever known. She remembers that in those days he was almost a pessimist in his fastidious rejecting of everything connected with art which was not to him noble, satisfying, and perfect.

If M. Fantin has never sought the official recompenses which are so dear to the heart of the average French artist, these same medals and decorations have sought him. Besides many distinctions received from other countries, the French authorities have honored him signally. In 1870 he won a third-class medal at the Salon, and in 1875 one of the second class. In 1879 he was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor and was constituted *hors concours* at the Salon, and in 1889 at the Exposition Universelle. This last-named high distinction is a most convenient one to an artist, because it entitles him thereafter to exhibit whatever he pleases, without having first to submit his work to the scrutiny of the jury of admission.

Unlike some masters, such as Turner, or Ruskin in his writings, Fantin-Latour seems never to have gone through more or less contradictory "periods" in the course of his career, nor to have been impeded (or

A MELODY OF SCHUMANN.

stampeded) by any of the ephemeral fads of the day. Roger Marx writes of him: "He remains always and inalterably himself." Allowing for the development which time and experience afford to any serious worker, what he was at first he remains to-day—an idealist, an imaginative dreamer; in a word, a poet. Apart from his own art, his lifelong dominating passion has been classical music; and here a very curious detail may be mentioned: it is that Fantin - Latour does not know how to play any instrument. His most poetical pictures have been inspired by the instrumental music of such masters as Schumann, Berlioz, Wagner, and Brahms, and in these pictures he never follows the stage directions of any composer, but idealizes the sound of the music itself into dreamy, beautiful human forms.

PRELUDE TO "LOHENGRIN." *H. Fantin*

While engaged in making portraits in oils or pastel the artist is of necessity tied down to hard actualities. But when Fantin-Latour, saturated with noble music, undertakes a lithograph, the whole poetry of the man's nature has unimpeded liberty. It is for this reason that copies of some of these lithographs (reduced in size) are here presented as specimens of his work, although they by no means exhibit the full scope and range of his genius. In the case of these lithographs M. Fantin's unworldliness is almost provoking. He will create a masterpiece on the lithographic stone, print at the most some twenty proofs from it, and then destroy the original, while this same stone could have printed ten times the number of good proofs. For this reason full collections of the lithographs are very difficult to form. Two of the best collections in existence are those of Mr. Samuel P. Avery of New York and Mr. Charles L. Freer of Detroit.

The whole subject of lithography, as a vehicle for multiplying the autographic design of the creative artist, is now receiving serious attention. In original etching the technical difficulties of the "biting-in" and of printing from the plate are very great; but the lithographic stone faithfully yields back exactly what the artist has drawn upon it. For this reason several distinguished artists, including Mr. Whistler and Mr. Joseph Pennell, have adopted lithography with enthusiasm.[1]

M. Fantin has never achieved a great outside popularity; but neither did that old master in music, Johann Sebastian Bach: yet after the lapse of more than a century Bach still remains the musicians' musician, and similarly, though of course in a lesser degree, few competent authorities will demur if we venture to call Fantin-Latour an artists' artist.

[1] Two important books on the subject have recently appeared: "Some Masters of Lithography," by Atherton Curtis (New York, 1897), and "Lithography and Lithographers," by Joseph Pennell and Elizabeth Robins Pennell (New York, 1898).

WE TWO.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

WE two make home of any place we go;
We two find joy in any kind of weather;
Or if the earth is clothed in bloom or snow,
If summer days invite, or bleak winds blow,
What matters it, if we two are together?
We two, we two, we make our world, our weather.

We two make banquets of the plainest fare;
In every cup we find the thrill of pleasure;
We hide with wreaths the furrowed brow of care,
And win to smiles the set lips of despair.
For us life always moves with lilting measure;
We two, we two, we make our joy, our pleasure.

We two find youth renewed with every dawn;
Each day holds something of an unknown glory.
We waste no thought on grief or pleasure gone;
Tricked out like hope, time leads us on and on,
And thrums upon his harp new song or story.
We two, we two, we find the paths of glory.

We two make heaven here on this little earth;
We do not need to wait for realms eternal.
We know the use of tears, know sorrow's worth,
And pain for us is always love's rebirth.
Our paths lead closely by the paths supernal;
We two, we two, we live in love eternal.

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

CARISBROOKE CASTLE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

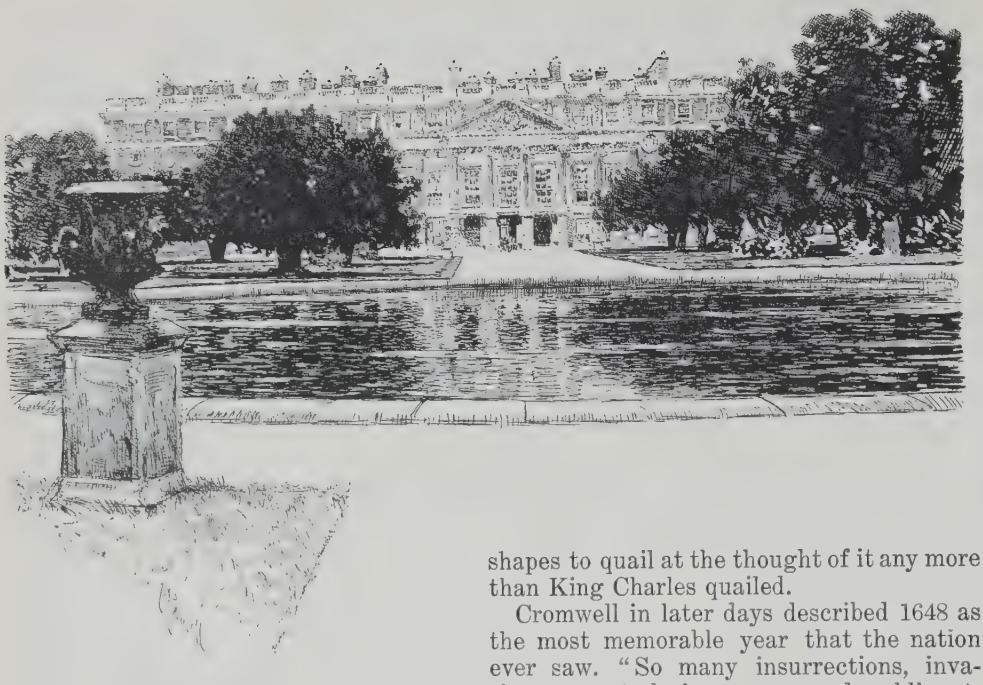
SEVENTH PAPER.

XXI. FLIGHT OF THE KING.

THE strain of things had now become too intense to continue. On the evening of the day when Harrison was declaiming against the man of blood (November 11), the king disappeared from Hampton Court. That his life was in peril from some of the more violent of the soldiers at Putney, half a dozen miles away, there can be no doubt, though circumstantial stories of plots for his assassination do not seem to be proved. Cromwell wrote to Whalley, who had the king under his guard, that rumors were abroad of an attempt upon the king's life, and if any such thing should be done it would be accounted a most horrid act. The story that Cromwell cunningly frightened Charles away, in order to make his own manœuvers run smoother, was long a popular belief, but all the probabilities are decisively against it. Even at that eleventh hour, as we see from his language a few days before the king's flight, Cromwell had no faith that a settlement was possible without the king, little as he could have hoped from any settlement made with him. Whither could it have been for Cromwell's interest that the king should betake himself? Not to London, where a Royalist tide was flowing pretty strongly. Still less toward the Scottish border, where Charles would begin a new civil war in a position most favorable to himself. Flight to France was the only move on the king's part that might have mended Cromwell's situation. He could have done no more effective mischief from France than the queen had done; on the other hand, his flight would have been treated as an abdication, with as convenient results as followed one-and-forty years later from the flight of James II.

We now know that Charles fled from Hampton Court because he had been told by the Scottish envoys, as well as from other quarters, that his life was in danger, but without any more fixed designs than when he had fled from Oxford in April of the previous year. He seems to have arranged to take ship from Southampton Water, but the vessel never came, and he took refuge in Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight (November 14, 1647). As strongly as ever he even now felt that he held winning cards in his hands. "Sir," he had said to Fairfax, when they met a year and a half ago, after his removal from Holmby, "I have as good an interest in the army as you." Nothing had happened since then to shake this conviction, and undoubtedly there was in the army, as there was in Parliament, in the City, and in all other considerable aggregates of the population, a lively and definite hope that royal authority would be restored. Beyond all this, Charles confidently anticipated that he could rely upon the military force of the counter-revolution in Scotland.

Cromwell knew all these favoring chances



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

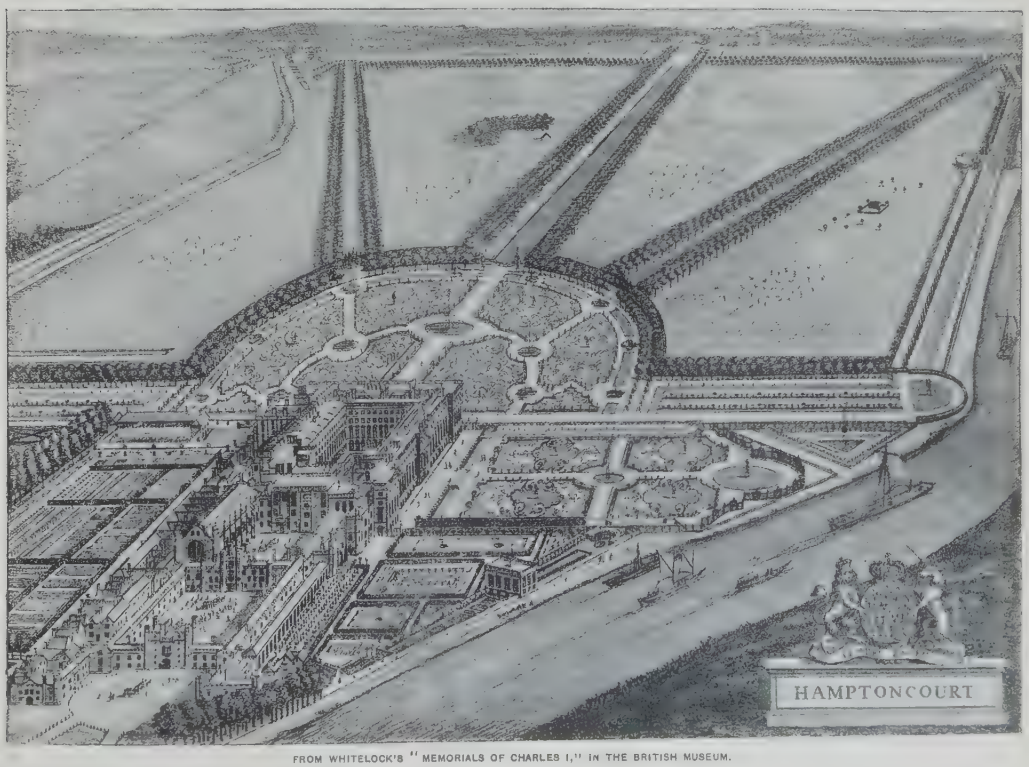
as vividly as the king himself, and he knew better than Charles the terrible perils of jealousy and dissension in the only force upon which the Cause could rely. "For many months," says Fairfax, "all public councils were turned into private juntos, which begot greater emulations and jealousies among them." Cromwell was the object of attack from many sides. He was accused of boldly avowing such noxious principles as these: that every single man is judge of what is just and right as to the good and ill of a kingdom; that the interest of the kingdom is the interest of the honest men in it, and those only are honest men who go with him; that it is lawful to pass through any forms of government for the accomplishment of his ends; that it is lawful to play the knave with a knave. This about the knave was only Cromwell's blunt way of putting the scriptural admonition to be wise as serpents, or Bacon's saying that the wise man must use the good and guard himself against the wicked. He was surrounded by danger. He knew that he was himself in danger of impeachment, and he had heard for the first time of one of those designs for his own assassination of which he was to know so much more in days to come. He had been for five years at too close quarters with death in many dire shapes to quail at the thought of it any more than King Charles quailed.

Cromwell in later days described 1648 as the most memorable year that the nation ever saw. "So many insurrections, invasions, secret designs, open and public attempts, all quashed in so short a time, and this by the very signal appearance of God himself." The first effect, he says, was to prepare for bringing offenders to punishment and for a change of government; but the great thing was "the climax of the treaty with the king, whereby they would have put into his hands all that we had engaged for, and all our security should have been a little piece of paper." Dangers, both seen and unseen, rapidly thickened. The king, while refusing his assent to a new set of propositions tendered to him by the Parliament, had secretly entered into an engagement with commissioners from the Scots (December 26, 1647). Here we have one of the cardinal incidents of the struggle, like the case of the five members, or the closing of the negotiations with Cromwell. By this sinister instrument, the Scots, declaring against the unjust proceedings of the English houses, were to send an army into England for the preservation and establishment of religion, and the restoration of all the rights and revenues of the crown. In return the king was to guarantee Presbytery in England for three years, with liberty to himself to use his own form of divine service; but the opinions and practices of the Independents were to be suppressed. That is, Presbyterian Scot and English Royalist were to join in arms against the Parliament, on the basis of the restoration of the king's

claims, the suppression of sectaries, and the establishment of Presbytery for three years, and no longer, unless the king should agree to an extension of the time. This covenant for kindling afresh the flames of civil war was wrapped up in lead and buried in the garden at Carisbrooke.

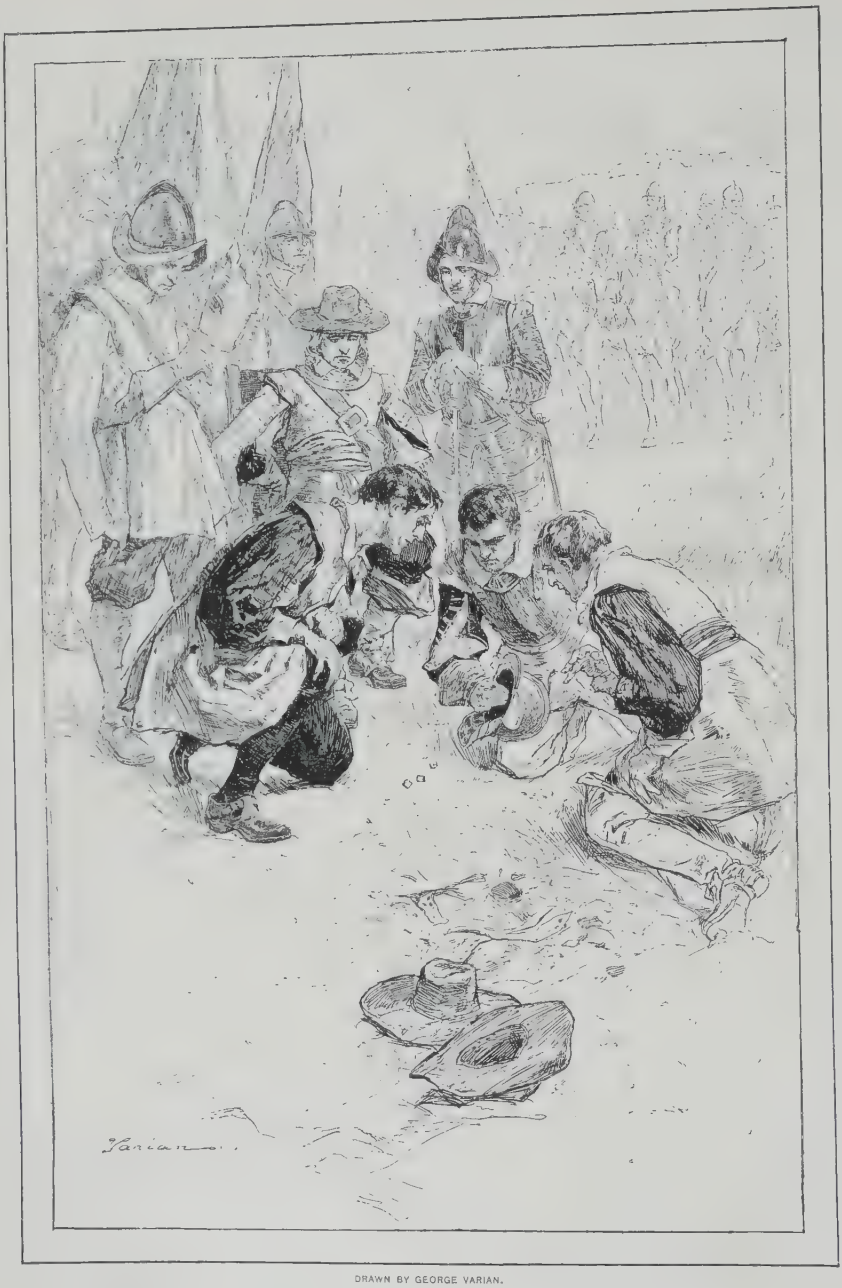
The secret must have been speedily guessed. Little more than a week after the treaty had been signed, a proposal was made in the Commons to impeach the king, and Cromwell supported it (not necessarily intending more than deposition) on the ground that the king, "while he professed with all solemnity that he referred himself wholly to the Parliament, had at the same time secret treaties with the Scots commissioners how he might embroil the nation in a new war and destroy the Parliament." Impeachment was dropped, but a motion was carried against holding further communications with the king (January, 1648), thus in substance, and for the time, openly bringing monarchy to an end. From the end of 1647, and all through 1648, designs for bringing the king to justice, which had long existed among a few of the extreme agitators, extended to the leading officers. The Committee of Both Kingdoms, in which Scots and English had united for executive purposes, was at once dissolved, and the new executive body, now exclusively English, found itself confronted by Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, all in active hostility, and by an England smoldering in various uncertain stages of disaffection. A portion of the fleet was already in revolt, and no one knew how far the mutiny might go. All must depend upon the army, and for the Presbyterian party the success of the army would be the victory of a master and an enemy.

At the moment of the flight to Carisbrooke, Cromwell had sternly stamped out an incipient revolt. At a rendezvous near Ware two regiments appeared on the field without leave, and bearing disorderly ensigns in their hats. Cromwell rode among them, bade them remove the mutinous symbol, arrested the ringleaders of those who refused to obey, and after a drumhead court martial, at which three of the offenders were condemned to death, ordered the three to throw dice for their lives, and he who lost was instantly shot (November 15, 1647). Though not more formidable than a breakdown of military discipline must have proved, the political difficulties were much less simple to deal with. Cromwell had definitely



FROM WHITELOCK'S "MEMORIALS OF CHARLES I," IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HAMPTON COURT.



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

THE REVOLT NEAR WARE—THREE SOLDIERS THROW DICE FOR THEIR LIVES.

given up all hope of coming to terms with the king. On the other hand, he was never a theoretical republican himself, and his sagacity told him that the country would never accept a government founded on what to him were republican chimeras. Every moment the tide of reaction was rising. From Christmas (1647) and all through the spring there were unmistakable signs of popular discontent. Puritan suppression of old merrymakings was growing too hard to bear, for the old Adam was not yet driven out of the free-born Englishman by either law or gospel. None of the sections into which opinion was divided had confidence in the Parliament. The rumors of bringing the king to trial and founding a military republic perturbed many and in-

censed most in every class. Violent riots broke out in the City. In the home counties disorderly crowds shouted for God and King Charles. Royalist risings were planned in half the counties in England, north, west, south, and even east. The Royalist press was active and audacious. In South Wales the royal standard had been unfurled, the population eagerly rallied to it, and the strong places were in Royalist hands. In Scotland Hamilton had got the best of Argyll and the covenanting ultras, in spite of the bitter and tenacious resistance of the clergy to every design for supporting a sovereign who was champion of Episcopacy; and in April the Parliament at Edinburgh had ordered an army to be raised to defend the Covenant and the king. In face of public difficulties so overwhelming, Cromwell was personally weakened by the deep discredit into which he had fallen among the zealots in his own camp, as the result of his barren attempt to bring the king to reason. Of all the dark moments of his life this was perhaps the darkest.

He tried a sociable conference between the two ecclesiastical factions, including laymen and ministers of each, but each went away as stiff and as high as they had come. Then he tried a conference between the leading men of the army and the extreme men of the Commonwealth, and they had a fruitless argument on the hoary theme, dating almost from the birth of the Western world, of the relative merits of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy. Cromwell wisely declined to answer this threadbare riddle, only maintaining that any form of government might be good in itself or for us, "according as Providence should direct us"—the formula of mystic days for modern opportunism. The others replied by passages from the first book of Samuel, from Kings, and Judges. We cannot wonder that Cromwell, thinking of the ruin that he saw hanging imminent in thunder-clouds over Cause and kingdom, at last impatiently ended the idle talk by flinging a cushion at Ludlow's head and running off down the stairs.

What is called the Second Civil War was now inevitable. The curtain was rising for the last, most dubious, most exciting, and most memorable act of the long drama in which Charles had played his leading and ill-starred part. Even in the army men were "in a low, weak, divided, perplexed condition." Some were so depressed by the refusal of the nation to follow their intentions for its good that they even thought of laying down their arms and returning to private life. Thus distracted and cast down, their deep mystic faith drew them to the oracles of prayer, and at Windsor in April they began their solemn office, searching out what iniquities of theirs had provoked the Lord of hosts to bring down such grievous perplexities upon them. Cromwell was among the most fervid, and again and again they all melted in bitter tears. Their sin was borne home to them. They had turned aside from the path of simplicity and stepped, to their hurt, into the paths of policy. The root of the evil was found out in those cursed carnal conferences with the king and his party, to which their own conceited wisdom and want of faith had prompted them the year before. And so, after the meeting had lasted for three whole days, with prayer, exhortations, preaching, seeking, groans, and weeping, they came without a dissenting voice to an agreement that it was the duty of the day to go out and fight against those potent enemies rising on every hand against them, and then it would be their further duty, if ever the Lord should bring them back in peace, to call Charles Stuart, that man of blood, to an account for all the blood that he had shed, and all the mischief he had done against the Lord's cause and people in these poor nations. When this vehement hour of exaltation had passed away, many of the warlike saints, we may be sure, including Oliver himself, admitted back into their minds some of those politic misgivings for which they had just shown such passionate contrition. But to the great majority it was the inspiration of the Windsor meetings, and the directness and simplicity of their conclusion, that gave such fiery energy to the approaching campaign, and kept alive the fierce resolve to exact retribution to the uttermost when the time appointed should bring the arch-delinquent within their grasp.

XXII. SECOND CIVIL WAR. CROMWELL AT PRESTON.

EVEN as the hour of doom drew steadily nearer, the prisoner at Carisbrooke might well believe that the rebels and traitors were hastening to their ruin. The political paradox grew more desperate as the days went on, and to a paradox Charles looked for his deliverance. It is worth examining. The Parliamentary majority hoped for the establishment of Presbytery and the restoration of the king, and so did the Scottish invaders. Yet the English Presbyterians were

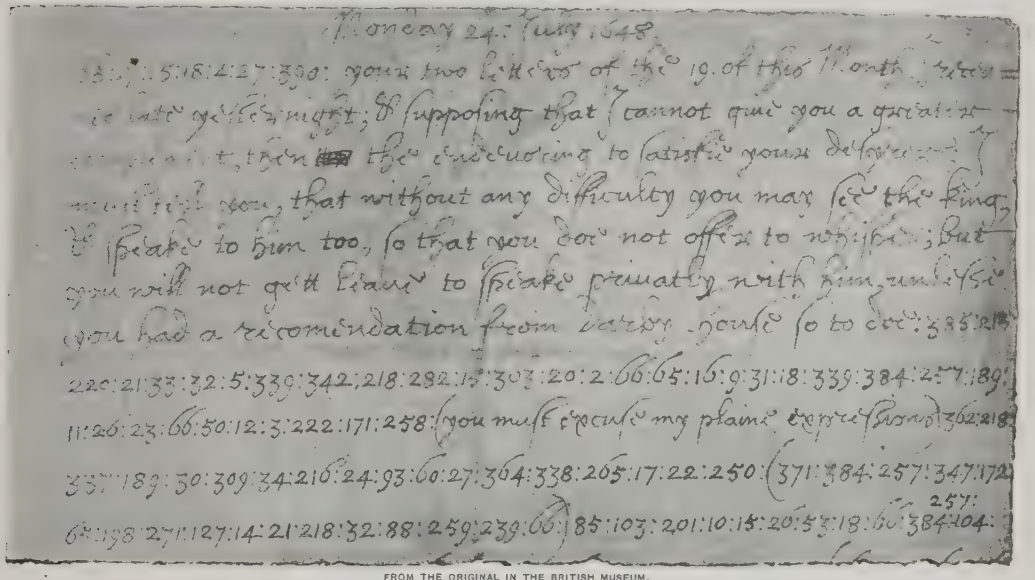
forced into hostility to the invaders, though both were ardent Covenanters, because Scottish victory would mean the defeat of the Parliament. The Scottish Presbyterians were hostile or doubtful, because they found their army in incongruous alliance with English Cavaliers. The Scots, under Hamilton, were to fight for the Covenant; their English confederates, under Langdale, were openly fighting for the antagonistic cause of church and king, and refused point-blank to touch the Covenant. If the Scots invaders should win, they would win with the aid of purely Royalist support in the field, and purely Royalist sympathy in the nation. The day on which they should enter London would be the day of unqualified triumph for the king, of humiliation for the English Parliament, and of final defeat both for the great Cause and the brave men who for nearly twenty years had toiled and bled for it. For whose sake, then, was the Presbyterian Royalist at Westminster to fast and pray? It was the sorest dilemma of his life.

If this was the supreme crisis of the Rebellion, it was the supreme moment for Cromwell. On May 1, 1648, by order of Fairfax and the council of war, he rode off to South Wales to take command of the Parliamentary forces there. He carried in his breast the exalted assurance that he went forth like Moses or like Joshua, the instrument of the purposes of the Most High; but it was not in his temperament to forget that he might peradventure be misreading the divine counsels, and well he knew that if his confidence were not made good he was leaving relentless foes in the Parliament behind him, and that if he failed in the hazardous duty that had been put upon him, destruction, sure and unsparing, awaited both his person and the Cause. While Cromwell thus went west, Fairfax himself conducted a vigorous and decisive campaign in Kent and Essex, and then (June 13) sat down before Colchester, into which a strong body of Royalists had thrown themselves, and where they made a long and stubborn defense. Lambert, with a small force, was despatched north to meet Langdale and the northern Cavaliers, and to check the advance of the Scots. Here (July 11) Hamilton crossed the border at the head of ten thousand men, ill equipped and ill trained, but counting on others to follow, and on the aid of three thousand more under Langdale. On the same day, as it happened, Cromwell's operations in Wales came to a successful end with the capture of Pembroke Castle. He instantly set his face northward, and by the end of the month reached Leicester. The marches were long and severe. Shoes and stockings were worn out, pay was many months in arrear, plunder was sternly forbidden, and not a few of the gallant men tramped barefoot from Wales into Yorkshire. With fire in their hearts, the tattered veterans carried with them the issue of the whole long struggle and the destinies of three kingdoms. The fate of the king, the power of Parliament, the future of constitutions, laws, and churches, were known to hang upon the account which these few thousand men should be able to give of the invaders from over the northern border. If the Parliament had lost Naseby, the war would still have gone on, whereas if Hamilton should now reach London, the king would be master for good.

It was on August 12 that Cromwell joined Lambert on the high fells between Leeds and York, the united force amounting to some eight thousand men. Still uncertain whether his enemy would strike through Yorkshire or follow a western line through Lancashire and Wales, he planted himself here so as to command either course. Scouts brought the intelligence that the Scots and Langdale's force, afterward estimated by Oliver at twenty-one thousand men, were marching southward by way of Lancashire and making for London. As Cromwell knew, to hinder this was life and death, and to engage the enemy to fight was his business at all cost. Marching through the Craven country down the valley of the Ribble, he groped his way until he found himself in touch with the enemy's left flank at Preston. Hamilton was no soldier: his counsels were distracted by jealousy and division, national, political, and religious; his scouting was so ill done that he did not know that any serious force was in his neighborhood; and his line extended over seven leagues from north to south, Preston about the center, and the van toward Wigan, with the Ribble between van and rear. For three days of hard fighting the battles, named from Preston, lasted. That they were the result of a deliberately preconceived flank attack, ingeniously planned from the outset, is no longer believed. Things are hardly ever so in war, the military critics say. As in politics, Oliver in the field watched the progress of events, alert for any chance, and ever ready to strike on the instant when he knew that the blow would tell.

The first encounter at Preston (August 17) was the hardest, when English fell upon

English. For four fierce hours Langdale and his north-country Royalists offered "a very stiff resistance" to the valor and resolution of Cromwell's best troops, and at this point the Cromwellians were superior in numbers. At last the Royalists broke; the survivors scattered north and south, and were no more heard of. Next day it was the turn of Hamilton and his Scots. With difficulty they had got across the river overnight, wet, assed and haggled out in this business that we are not able to do more than walk at an easy pace after them. They are the miserablest party that ever was; I durst engage myself, with five hundred fresh horse and five hundred nimble foot, to destroy them all. My horse are miserably beaten out, and I have ten thousand of them prisoners." Hamilton was presently taken (August 25), and so the first campaign in which Cromwell



FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

LETTER OF CHARLES I, WRITTEN WHILE A PRISONER AT CARISBROOKE.

weary, and hungry, and Oliver's troopers were too weary to follow them. At daybreak the Scots pressed on, the Ironsides at their heels in dogged pursuit, killing and taking prisoners all the way, though they were only fifty-five hundred foot and horse against twice as large a force of Scots. "By night," says Oliver, "we were very dirty and weary, having marched twelve miles of such ground as I never rode in my life, the day being very wet." On the third day (August 19) the contest went fiercely forward. At Winwick the Scots made a resolute stand for many hours, and for a time the English gave way. Then they recovered, and chased the Scots three miles into Warrington. Hamilton lost heart, and directed Baillie to surrender his infantry to Cromwell, while he himself marched on with some three thousand horse over the Cheshire border into Delamere Forest. "If I had a thousand horse," wrote Cromwell, "that could but trot thirty miles, I should not doubt but to give a very good account of them; but, truly, we are so harhad held an independent command-in-chief came to a glorious close. When, next year, Hamilton was put upon the trial that ended in the scaffold, he said of Cromwell that he was so courteous and civil as to perform more than he promised, and that acknowledgment was due for his favor to the poor wounded gentlemen that were left behind, and by him taken care of, and "truly he performed more than he did capitulate for."

The military student counts Preston the finest exploit of the war, and even pronounces it the mark of one of those who are commanders by the grace of God. At least we may say that in the intrepid energy of the commander, the fortitude, stoutness, and discipline of the men, and the momentous political results that hung upon their victory, the three days of Preston are among the most famous achievements of the time. To complete his task,—for he was always full of that instinct of practical thoroughness which abhors the leaving of a ragged edge,—Cromwell again turned northward to clear

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

PEMBROKE CASTLE, SOUTH WALES.

As seen from the field in which Cromwell's guns were placed during the siege.

the border of what had been the rear of Hamilton's force, to recover the two great border strongholds of Berwick and Carlisle, and so to compose affairs in Scotland that the same perilous work should not need to be done over again.

The local risings in England had been stamped out either by the alertness of the Parliamentary authorities on the spot, or by the extraordinary vigor of the Derby House Committee, which was mainly Independent. Fairfax never showed himself a better soldier. The City, as important a factor as the houses themselves, and now leaning to the king upon conditions, threatened trouble from time to time; but opinion wavered, and in the end the City made no effective move. The absence of political agreement among the various elements was reflected in the absence of military concert. The insurrection in England was too early, or else the advance from Scotland was too late. By the time when Cromwell was marching through the midlands to join Lambert in Yorkshire, the deadweight of the majority of the population, who cared more for quiet than for either king or Parliament, had for the time put out the scattered fires. The old international antipathy revived, and even Royalists had seen with secret satisfaction the repulse of the Scots who had sold their king.

Meanwhile, in Parliament the Presbyterians at first had not known what to wish, but they were now at no loss about what they had to fear. The paradox had turned out ill. The invaders had been beaten, but then the invaders were of their own persuasion, and the victors were the hated sectaries, with toleration inscribed upon their banners. The soldier's yoke would be more galling than ever, and the authority of Cromwell, which had been at its lowest when he set out for Wales, would be higher than it had ever been when he should come back from Scotland.

The Lords had become zealous Royalists. They would not even join the Commons in describing the invading Scots as enemies. In both houses the Presbyterians had speedily taken advantage of the absence of some of the chief Independents in the field, and were defiantly flying the old colors. In the days when Oliver was marching with his Ironsides to drive back the invasion that would have destroyed them all, the Lords regaled themselves by a fierce attack made upon the absent Cromwell by one who had been a major of his and enjoyed his confidence. The major's version of the things that Oliver had said would have made a plausible foundation for an impeachment, and at the same moment Holles, his bitterest enemy, came back to Westminster and took the Presbyterian lead. So, in the reckless intensity of party hatred, the Parliament were preparing for the destruction of the only man who could save them from the uncovenanted king. They were as heated as ever against the odious idea of toleration. On the day after the departure of Oliver they passed an ordinance actually punishing with death any one who should hold or publish not only atheism, but Arianism or Socinianism, and even the leading doctrines of Arminians, Baptists, and harmless Quakers were made penal. Death was the punishment for denying any of the mysteries of the Trinity, or that any of the canonical books of Old Testament or New is the Word of God; and a dungeon was the punishment for holding that the baptism of infants is unlawful and void, or that man is bound to believe no more than his reason can comprehend! Our heroic Puritan age is not without atrocious blots.

Nevertheless, the Parliamentary persecutors were well aware that no ordinance of theirs, however savory or drastic, would be of any avail unless new power were added to their right arm, and this power, as things

then stood, they could draw only from alliance with the king. If they could bring him off from the Isle of Wight to London before Oliver and his men could return from the north, they might still have a chance. They assumed that Charles would see that here, too, was a chance for him. They failed to discern that they had no alternative between surrendering on any terms to the king, whose moral authority they could not do without, and yielding to the army, whose military authority was ready to break them. So little insight had they into the heart of the situation that they took a course that exasperated the army, while they persisted in trying to impose such terms upon the king as nobody who knew him could possibly expect him to keep. Political incompetency could go no further, and the same failure inevitably awaited their designs as had befallen Cromwell when, a year before, he had made a similar attempt.

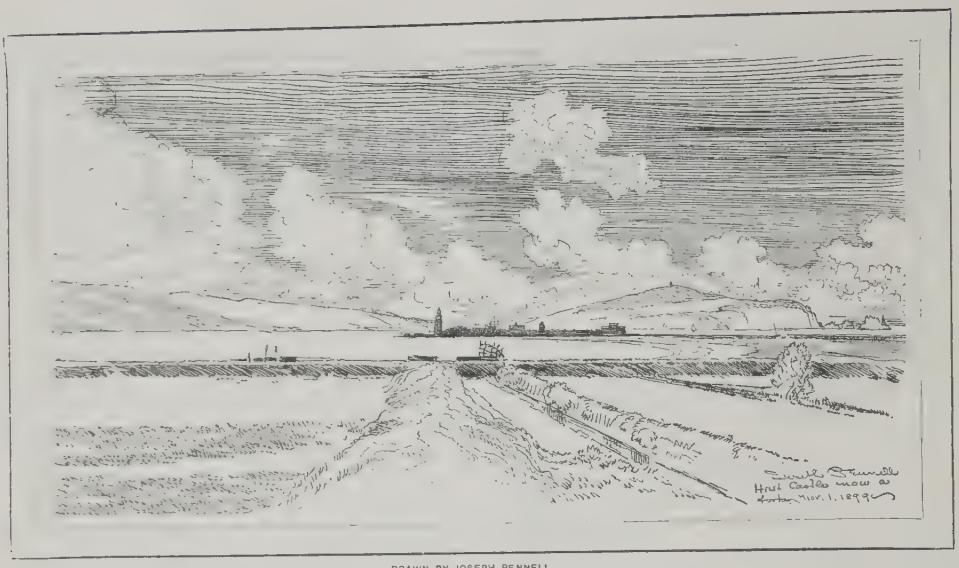
On the day after the news of Oliver's success at Warrington the Parliamentary majority repealed the vote against further addresses to the king, and then hurried on their proposals for a treaty. The negotiations opened at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, at the end of September, and were spun out until near the end of November. "They who had not seen the king," says Clarendon, "for near two years found his countenance extremely altered. From the time that his own servants had been taken from him he would never suffer his hair to be cut, nor cared to have any new clothes, so that his aspect and appearance was very different from what it had used to be; otherwise his health was good, and he was much more cheerful in his discourses toward all men than could have been imagined after such mortification of all kinds. He was not at all dejected in his spirits, but carried himself with the same majesty he had used to do. His hair was all gray, which, making all others very sad, made it thought that he had sorrow in his countenance, which appeared only by that shadow." There he sat at the head of the council-table, the fifteen commissioners of the Parliament, including Vane and Fiennes, the only two men of the Independent wing, seated at a little distance below him.

Charles showed his usual power of acute dialectic, and he conducted the proceedings with all the cheerfulness, ease, and courtly gravity of a fine actor in an ironic play. The old ground of the propositions at Uxbridge, at Newcastle, at Oxford, at Hampton Court, was once more trodden, with one or two new interludes. Charles, even when retreating, fought every inch with a tenacity that was the despair of men who each hour seemed to hear approaching nearer and nearer the clatter of the Cromwellian troopers.

PONTEFRACT CASTLE in the West Riding of YORKSHIRE
Conquerer to HILDEBERT de LASCY. Repaired by QUEEN
to Posterity by the Society of Antiquar

FROM THE EXTRA-ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF CLARENDON'S "HISTORY OF THE REBELLION," IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

PONTEFRACT CASTLE.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

HURST CASTLE, HAMPSHIRE, NOW A FORT (NOVEMBER 1, 1899). THE ISLE OF WIGHT IN THE DISTANCE.
Charles I was brought here from Carisbrooke.

Church government was now, as ever, the rock on which Charles chose that the thing should break off. Day after day he insisted on the partition of the apostolic office between bishops and presbyters, cited the array of texts from the Epistles, and demonstrated that Timothy and Titus were *episcopi pastorum*, bishops over presbyters, and not *episcopi gregis*, shepherds over sheep. In all this Charles was in his element, for he defended tenets that he sincerely counted sacred. At length, after the distracted Parliament had more than once extended the allotted time, the end came (November 27). Charles would agree that Episcopacy should be suspended for three years, and that it might be limited, but he would not assent to its abolition, and he would not assent to an alienation of the fee of the church lands.

A modern student, if he reads the Newport treaty as a settlement upon paper, may think that it falls little short of the justice of the case. Certainly if the parties to it had been acting in good faith, this or almost any of the proposed agreements might have been workable. As it was, any treaty now made at Newport must be the symbol of a new working coalition between Royalist and Presbyterian, and any such coalition was a declaration of war against Independents and army. It was to undo the work of Preston and Colchester, to prepare a third sinister outbreak of violence and confusion, and to put Cromwell and his allies back again upon that sharp and perilous edge from which they had just saved themselves.

It was their own fault, again, if the Parliament did not know that Charles, from the first day of the negotiations to the last, was busily contriving plans for his escape from the island. He seems to have nursed a wild idea that if he could only find his way to Ireland he might, in conjunction with the ships from Holland, under the command of Rupert, place himself at the head of an Irish invasion, with better fortune than had attended the recent invasion of the Scots. "The great concession I have made to-day," he wrote to a secret correspondent, "was merely in order to my escape." While publicly forbidding Ormonde to go on in Ireland, privately he writes to him not to heed any open commands until he has word that the king is free from restraint; Ormonde should pursue the way he is in with all possible vigor, and must not be astonished at any published concessions, for "they would come to nothing."

Watching the proceedings with fierce impatience, at last the army, with startling rapidity, brought the slippery conflict to a crisis. A week before the close of negotiations at Newport, a deputation from Fairfax and his general council of officers came up to the House as bearers of a great remonstrance. Like all that came from the pen of Ireton, it is powerfully argued, and it is also marked by his gift of inordinate length. It fills nearly fifty pages of the parliamen-

tary history, and could not have been read by a clerk at the table in much less than three hours. The points are simple enough. First, it would be stupidity rather than charity to suppose that the king's concessions arose from inward remorse or conviction, and therefore to continue to treat with him was both danger and folly. Second, he had been guilty of moral and civil acts judged capital in his predecessors, and therefore he ought to be brought to trial. Other delinquents besides the king, in both wars, ought to be executed, and the soldiers ought to have their arrears paid. This was the upshot of the document that the body of officers, some of whom had capital sentence executed upon themselves in days to come, now in respectful form presented to the House of Commons.

The majority in the Commons, with a high spirit that was out of all proportion to their power, insisted on postponing the consideration of the demands of "a council of sectaries in arms." In fact, they never would or did consider them, and the giant remonstrance of the army went into the limbo of all the other documents in which those times were so marvelously fertile. As a presentation of the difficulties of the hour it is both just and penetrating; but these, after all, were quite as easy to see as they were hard to overcome. We usually find a good deal of practical reason at the bottom of what passes for political fanaticism. What Harrison and his allies saw was that if king and Parliament agreed, the army would be disbanded: if that happened, its leaders would be destroyed for what they had done already; if not, they would be proclaimed as traitors and hinderers of the public peace.

XXIII. CROMWELL'S SHARE IN THE FINAL CRISIS.

It is one of the mortifications of Cromwell's history that we are unable accurately to trace his share in the events that immediately preceded the trial of the king. It was the most critical act of his history. Yet at nearly every turn in the incidents that prepared it, the diligent inquirer is forced to confess that there is little evidence to settle what was the precise part that Cromwell played. This deep reserve and impenetrable obscurity was undoubtedly one of the elements of his reputation for craft and dissimulation. If we do not read a public man in an open page we are easily tempted to suspect the worst.

When the negotiations were opened at Newport Cromwell was on his march into Scotland. He did not return until the later days of October, when the army and its leaders had grown uncontrollably restive at the slow and tortuous course of the dealings between the king and the commissioners of the Parliament. Cromwell had thus been absent from Westminster for six months, since the time of his first despatch to put down the Royalist rising in Wales. The stress of actual war had only deepened the exasperation with which he had watched the gathering clouds, and which had found expression in the fierce language at the memorable prayer-meeting at Windsor. All this, however, is a long way from the decision that events were hurrying on, and from which more rapid and less apprehensive minds than his had long ceased to shrink. With what eyes he watched the new approaches to the king,

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER. FROM CLARENDON'S "HISTORY," HOPE COLLECTION, BODLEIAN LIBRARY, BY PERMISSION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

EAST VIEW OF HURST CASTLE.

he showed in a letter to the Speaker. After giving his report as a soldier, and showing that affairs in Scotland were in a thriving posture, he advances (October 9) on to other ground, and uses ominous language about "the treachery of some in England, who had endangered the whole state and kingdom of England, and who now had cause to blush," in spite of all the religious pretenses by which they had masked their proceedings. This could only mean his Presbyterian opponents. "But God, who is not to be mocked or deceived, and is very jealous when his name and religion are made use of to carry on impious designs, hath taken vengeance on such profanity, even to astonishment and admiration. And I wish, from the bottom of my heart, it may cause all to tremble and repent who have practised the like, to the blasphemy of his name and the destruction of his people, so that they may never presume to do the like again, and I think it is not unseasonable for me to take the humble boldness to say thus much at this time."

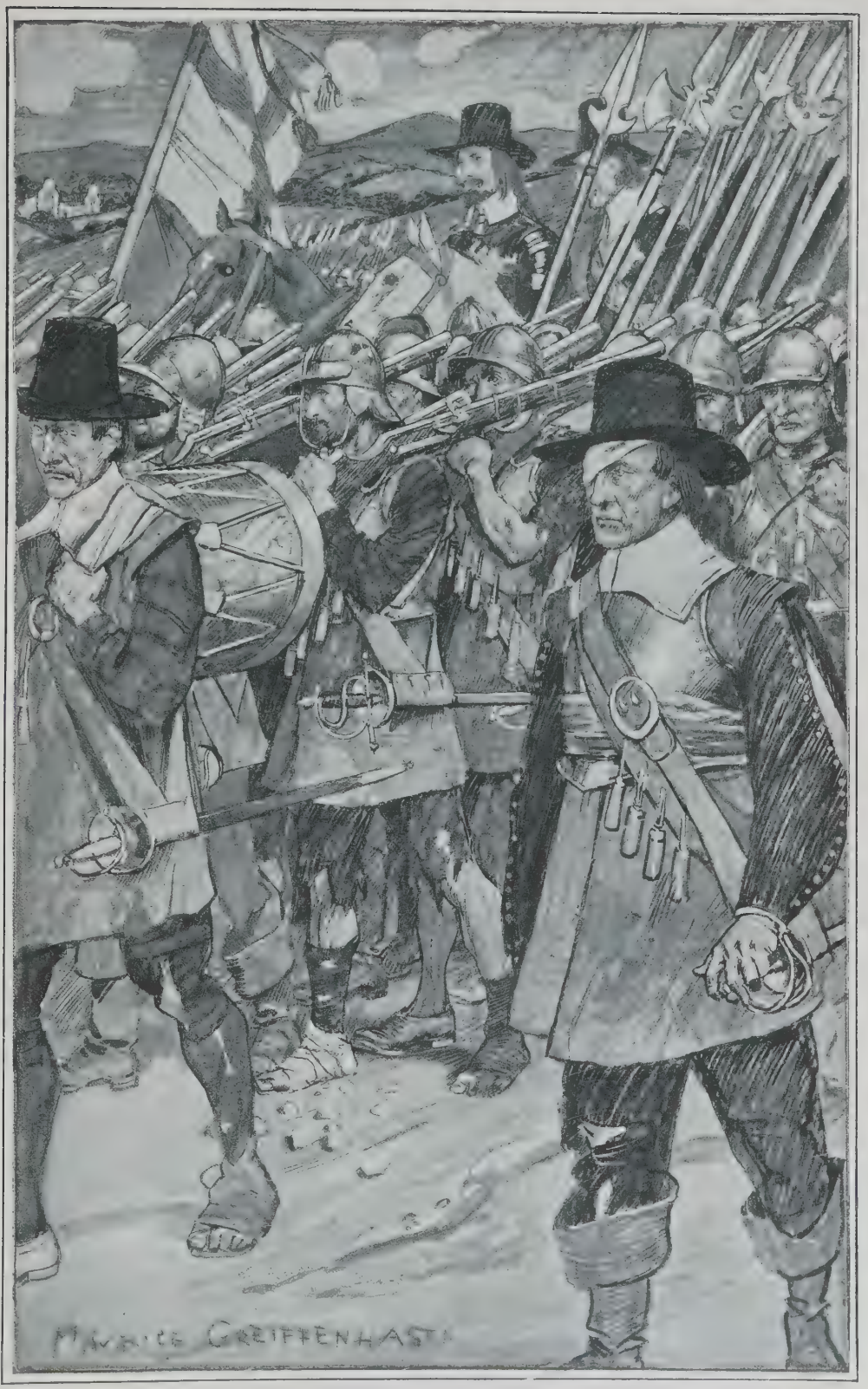
Writing to Colonel Hammond (November 6), the custodian of the king, a month later, from before the frowning walls of Pontefract Castle, Cromwell smiles in good-humored ridicule at the notion that it would be as safe to expect a good peace from a settlement on the base of moderate Episcopacy as of Presbytery. At the same time he vindicates his own Presbyterian settlement in Scotland, throwing out his guiding principle in a parenthesis of characteristic fervor and sincerity. "I profess to thee I desire from my heart, I have prayed for it, I have waited for the day to see union and right understanding between the godly people—Scots, English, Gentiles, Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, and all." Still, if the king could have looked over Hammond's shoulder as he read Cromwell's letter, he would not have seen a single word pointing to the terrible fate that was now so swiftly closing upon him. He would have seen nothing more formidable than a suggestion that the best course might be to break the sitting Parliament and call a new one. To Charles this would have little terror, for he might well believe that no Parliament could possibly be called under which his life would be put in peril.

A few days later Cromwell gave signs of rising anger in a letter to two members of Parliament who inclined to lenient courses toward delinquents. "Did not the House," he asks, "vote every man a traitor who sided with the Scots in their late invasion? And not without very clear justice, this being a more prodigious treason than any that had been perfected in England before, because the former quarrel was that Englishmen might rule over one another, *this to vassalize us to a foreign nation.*" Here was the sting, for we have never to forget that Oliver, like Milton, was ever English of the English. Then follow some ominous hints, though he still rather reports the mind of others than makes plain his own. "Give me leave to tell you, I find a sense among the officers concerning such things as the treatment of these men to amazement, which truly is not so much to see their blood made so cheap as to see such manifest witnessings of God, so terrible and so just, no more reverenced."

To Fairfax on the same day he writes in the same tone that he finds in the officers a very great sense of the sufferings of the kingdom, and a very great zeal to have impartial justice done upon offenders. "And I must confess," he adds, striking for the first time a new and dangerous note of his own, "I do in all from my heart concur with them, and I verily think, and am persuaded, they are things which God puts into our hearts." But he still moves very slowly, and follows rather than leads.

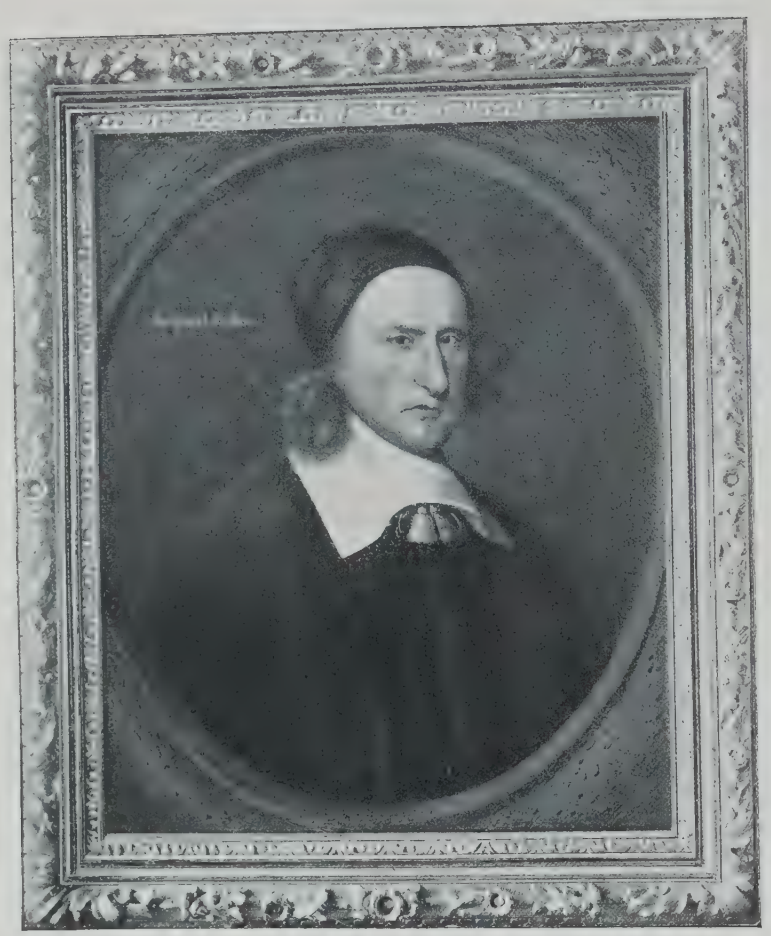
Finally he writes once more to Hammond, on November 25, one of the most remarkable of all the letters he ever wrote. The worthy soldier had groaned under the burdens and misgivings of his position. "Such talk as this," says Cromwell, "such words as heavy, sad, pleasant, easy, are but the snares of fleshly reasonings. Call not your burden sad or heavy; it is laid on you by One from whom comes every good and perfect gift, being for the exercise of faith and patience, whereby in the end we shall be made perfect. Seek rather whether there be not some high and glorious meaning in all that chain of Providence which brought that Person [the king] to thee, and be sure that this purpose can never be the exaltation of the wicked." From this strain of devout stoicism he turns to the policy of the hour.

Hammond was doubtful about the acts and aims of the extreme men as respects both king and Parliament. "It is true, as you say," Cromwell replies, "that authorities and powers are the ordinance of God, and that in England authority and power resides in the Parliament. But these authorities may not do what they like, and still demand our obedience. All agree that there are cases in which it is lawful to resist. Is ours such a case? This, frankly, is the true question."



DRAWN BY MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

CROMWELL'S TATTERED VETERANS ON THE MARCH.



FROM THE PAINTING IN THE COLLECTION OF THE MARQUIS OF LOTHIAN, AT NEWBATTLE ABBEY, DALKEITH.
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, FIRST MARQUIS OF ARGYLL.

Then he produces three considerations, as if he were revolving over again the arguments that were turning his own mind. First, is it sound to stand on safety of the people as the supreme law? Second, will the treaty between king and Parliament secure the safety of the people, or will it not frustrate the whole fruit of the war and bring back all to what it was, and worse? Third, is it not possible that the army, too, may be a lawful power, ordained by God to fight the king on stated grounds, and that the army may resist on the same grounds one name of authority, the Parliament, as well as the other authority, the king?

Then he suddenly is dissatisfied with his three arguments. "Truly," he cries, "this kind of reasoning may be but fleshly, either with or against, only it is good to try what truth may be in them." Cromwell's understanding was far too powerful not to perceive that *salus populi*, and the rest of it, would serve just as well for Strafford or for Charles as it served for Ireton and the army, and that usurpation by troopers must be neither more nor less hard to justify in principle than usurpation by a king. So he falls back on the simpler ground of "providences," always his favorite stronghold. "They hang so together, have been so constant, clear, unclouded." Was it possible that the same Lord who had been with his people in all their victorious actings was not with them in that steady and unmistakable growth of opinion about the present crisis, of which Hammond is so much afraid? "You speak of tempting God. There are two ways of this. Action in presumptuous and carnal confidence is one; action in unbelief through diffidence is the other." Though difficulties confronted them, the more the difficulties the more the faith.

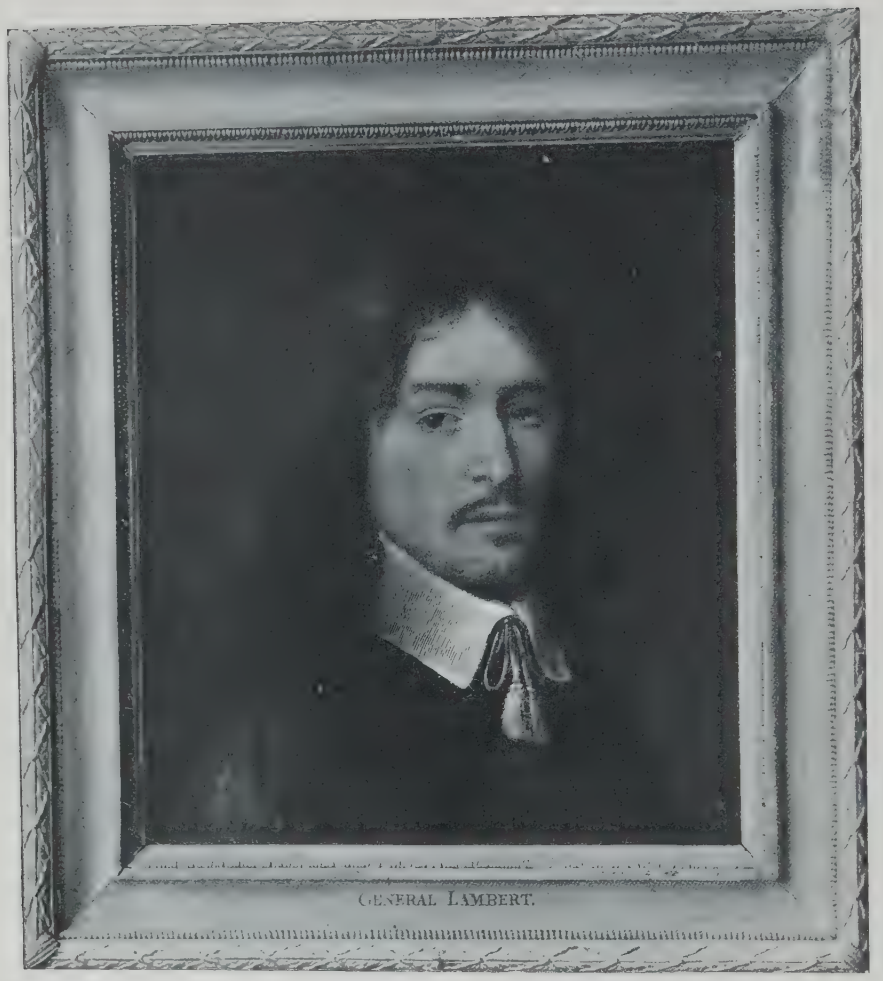
From the point of a modern's carnal reasoning all this has a thoroughly sophistic flavor, and it leaves a doubt of its real weight in Oliver's own mind at the moment. Nor was his mind really made up on independent grounds, for he goes on to say plainly that they in the northern army were in a waiting posture. It was not until the southern army put out its remonstrance that they changed. After that many were shaken. "*We could, perhaps, have wished the stay of it till after the treaty*, yet, seeing it is come out, we trust to rejoice in the will of the Lord, waiting his further pleasure." This can only mean that Ireton and his party were pressing forward of their own will, and without impulse from Cromwell at Pontefract. Yet it is equally evident that he did not disapprove. In concluding the letter he denounces the treaty of Newport as a "ruining, hypocritical agreement," and remonstrates with those of their friends who expect good from Charles—"good by this Man, against whom the Lord hath witnessed, and whom thou knowest!"

A writer of a hostile school has remarked in this memorable letter "its cautious obscurity, shadowy significance; its suavity, tenderness, subtlety; the way in which he alludes to more than he mentions, suggests more than pronounces his own argumentative intention, and opens an indefinite view, all the hard features of which he softly puts aside" (J. B. Mozley). Quite true; but what if this be the real Cromwell, and represents the literal working of his own habit and temper?

FROM THE ORIGINAL AT HAMILTON PALACE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

JAMES, FIRST DUKE OF HAMILTON.

When this letter reached the Isle of Wight Hammond was no longer there. The army had made up their minds to act, and the blow had fallen. The fate of the king was sealed. In this decision there is no evidence that Cromwell had any share. His letter to Hammond is our last glimpse of him, and from that and the rest the sounder conclusion seems to be that even yet he would fain have gone slow, but was forced to go fast. Charles might possibly, even at the eleventh hour, have made his escape, but he



FROM THE ORIGINAL AT CHEQUERS COURT. SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "THE CENTURY" BY PERMISSION OF MRS. FRANKLAND-RUSSELL-ASTLEY.
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

GENERAL LAMBERT.

still nursed the illusion that the army could not crush the Parliament without him. He had, moreover, given his parole. When reminded that he had given it, not to the army, but to the Parliament, his somber pride for once withstood a sophism. At break of the winter day (December 6) a body of officers broke into his chamber, put him into a coach, conducted him to the coast, and then transported him across the Solent to Hurst Castle, a desolate and narrow blockhouse standing at the edge of a shingly spit on the Hampshire shore. In these dreary quarters he remained a fortnight. The last scene was now rapidly approaching of the desperate drama in which every one of the actors—king, Parliament, army, Cromwell—was engaged in a death-struggle with an implacable Necessity.

At Westminster, meanwhile, futile proceedings in the House of Commons had been brought to a rude close. The House resolved by a large majority once more (November 30) not to consider the army remonstrance, and the army promptly replied by marching into London two days later (December 2). Two days after that the House, with a long and very sharp discussion, put upon record a protest against the forcible removal of the king without their knowledge or consent. They then proceeded to debate the king's answers to their commissioners at the Isle of Wight. A motion was made that the answers should be accepted, but the motion finally carried was in the weakened and dilatory form that the answers "were a ground for the House to proceed upon for the settlement of the peace of the kingdom" (Decem-

DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

ARRIVAL OF THE TROOPERS UNDER HARRISON AT HURST CASTLE.

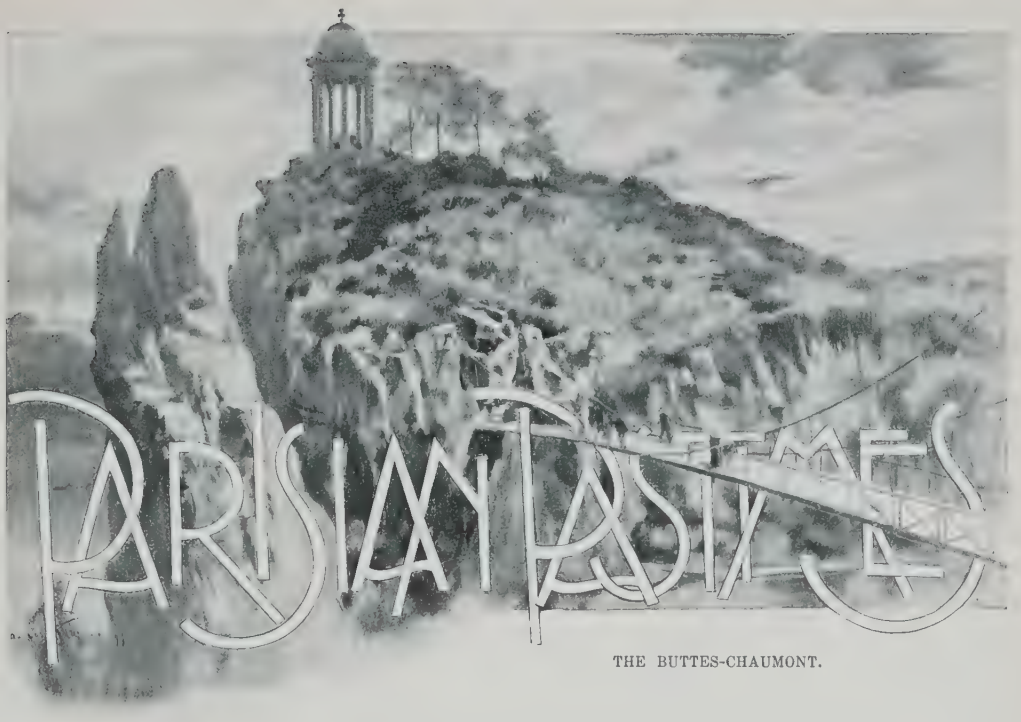
ber 5). This was the final provocation to the soldiers. The same afternoon a full consultation took place between some of the principal officers of the army and a number of members of Parliament. One side were for forcible dissolution, as Cromwell had at one time been; the other were for the less sweeping measure of a partial purge. A committee of three members of the House and three officers of the army was ordered to settle the means for putting a stop to proceedings in Parliament that were nothing less than a forfeiture of its trust. These six agreed that the army should be drawn out next morning, and guards placed in Westminster Hall and the lobby, that "none might be permitted to pass into the House but such as had continued faithful to the public interest." At seven o'clock next morning (December 6) Colonel Pride was at his post in the lobby, and before night one hundred and forty-three members had either been locked up or forcibly turned back from the doors of the House of Commons. The same night Cromwell returned from Yorkshire and lay at Whitehall, where Fairfax already was, I suppose for the first time. "There," says Ludlow, "and at other places, Cromwell declared that he had not been acquainted with this design, yet, since it was done, he was glad of it, and would endeavor to maintain it."

The process was completed next day. A week later (December 15) the council of officers determined that Charles should be brought to Windsor, and Fairfax sent orders accordingly. In the depth of the winter night the king in the desolate keep on the sea-shingle heard the clanking of the drawbridge, and at daybreak he learned that the redoubtable Major Harrison had arrived. Charles well knew how short a space divides the prison of a prince from his grave. He had often revolved in his mind "sad stories of the death of kings,"—of Henry VI, of Edward II, murdered at Berkeley, of Richard II at Pontefract, of his grandmother at Fotheringay,—and he thought that the presence of Harrison must mean that his own hour had now come for a like mysterious doom. Harrison was no man for these midnight deeds, though he was fervid in his belief, and so he told the king, that justice was no respecter of persons, and great and small alike must be submitted to the law. Charles was relieved to find that he was only going "to exchange the worst of his castles for the best," and after a ride of four days (December 19–23) through the New Forest, Winchester, Farnham, Bagshot, he found himself once more at the noblest of the palaces of the English sovereigns. Here for some three weeks he passed infatuated hours in the cheerful confidence that the deadlock was as immovable as ever, that his enemies would find the knot inextricable, that he was still their master, and that the blessed day would soon arrive when he should fit round their necks the avenging halter.

(To be continued.)

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE HOUSE AT NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT, IN WHICH CHARLES I LODGED AND HELD HIS COUNCILS OF PARLIAMENT. NOW THE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL.



THE BUTTES-CHAUMONT.

BY RICHARD WHITEING,

Author of "No. 5 John Street," "The Island," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

THE Parisian is more given to pastimes than to sports. The distinction is, in his view, that pastimes are made for man, whereas man is notoriously made for sports. He carries a sport as far as it may go, for sheer amusement, and stops there. All the rest—that tends to the ideal perfection of the athlete—he counts but labor and sorrow. This is in harmony with his entire outlook on life. He is mainly sociable in his amusements, rather than mainly competitive. To me he never seems less himself than when racing for a prize, by day and by night, on a cycle track that reminds one of some foolish adaptation of the scheme of the praying-wheel. So the best of his recreative life is a day in the country, with only just such amusements as comport with rural ease. Between his setting forth in the morning and his coming back at night, weary with blessedness, he has picnicked in one of the outlying woods of the capital, perhaps with his entire family, including the mother-in-law.

The returning crowds at the stations have not all been to Versailles, St.-Cloud, and St.-Germain. These places are more or less inevitable to the many; but the wiser know where to find the less-known woods and heights, and the scenes that have as yet escaped advertisement. Starting, maybe, from Bougival, they have looked at the site of Josephine's country house, now but a memory, and have thought perhaps what curious inclosures and reinclosures busy man is ever making for himself in space. An old house is but a little setting in the void for scenes from the drama of life. It vanishes; a newer takes its place; and one cubic inclosure in its time witnesses the play of many parts. To think of these scenes in their succession through the ages is to have the very air peopled with ghosts, and to risk the mental distraction of a witches' revel. But to consider so is to consider too curiously in this connection.

The stroll is across corn-fields with woody heights on one side. The painters of Corot's generation used to harbor here, and many of them left pictures for their score at Souvent's restaurant. The more knowing wayfarers, of course, avoid these vanities of anecdote, but everything may be excused to the sight-seer. At the utmost, the others have walked by the river-bank to look at the Machine de Marly, a huge wheel that carries water to the settlements on the height. If they were still for civilization they mounted

by Le Pecq to St.-Germain. If they wanted a change after that, they branched off to Les Loges, and registered vows to return for the annual fair in September, to dance and sup by torch-light according to immemorial custom, and so home. Some, again, have started for Sannois, on the Northern and Western railways, for the panorama seen from the windmill on the height, and have pushed on to Cormeilles, by way of the hills, with the valley and the river at a cozy distance below; or they have tarried at Herblay to play at fishing under the trees.

Innumerable are the ways in which you may tire yourself in these environs on a summer afternoon. The ultra-civilized way is to take train to Enghien, the township of pleasure which has grown up, with the help of capital, as the gaudy framework of a sulphur-spring. Another, and a better, is to make for Montmorency, where Jean Jacques set up his hermitage at the top of the hill, and at a point in time when the place was still most ancient of days, and mellowing in a rich decay of historic associations. Here again, and right on from here to Andilly, it is all fairyland from the heights—Paris in the far distance, picked out in the white of its stonework and the gold of the dome, with verdant belts of flowers and market-gardens midway. At Andilly you are on the verge of the forest of Montmorency, and may go right through to Bethemont, or partly through to St.-Leu for the train. And even by this compromise you may get dusty and tired and parched enough for the mood of rural happiness.

Paris is fringed all about with these woods and forests, anything but primeval, of course, under modern administration, yet still wild enough for provocation to much of the fugitive verse of the time. Fontainebleau, beyond this inner circle of umbrage, is a larger order, and if only you have enough self-control to keep from the château and from Barbison, it is more majestic with its giant oaks and its titanic boulders. Yet the tourist will inevitably go to the one for its association with the painters Millet and Rousseau, and to the other on the gentle compulsion of the guide-books. Michelet, in his study of the insect life of the forest, keeps throughout to the note of its savage charm. Dearer to the elect of these pilgrim crowds is Sceaux, almost due south of the capital, and, in a sense, within a stone's throw of it, as befits a scene of natural beauty that was accessible in the time of Paul de Kock. To readers of that half-forgotten writer it is still haunted by the shadow of the "Jeune Homme Charmant," and of his brotherhood in that larger sense which includes sisterhood as well.

But the glory of Sceaux is that it is a stepping-stone to "Robinson." Robinson is our realized ideal of a cockney paradise. It includes a certain suggestion of savage freedom, with due facilities for the fun of the fair—the wilderness tempered by Coney Island. It is a restaurant, and the subject of its votive title is no other than our old friend Crusoe. The idea is that you leave teeming Paris for this retreat, in which you may meditate on the shows of things, and, between train and train, play at being cut off from civilization. So, in its garden, you find a stately tree where you may lunch or dine in bowers cunningly perched high in the branches. There are two or three of these in tiers, and all of them, especially the topmost, command views of charming scenery. The vogue of Robinson has led to the invention of many fraudulent trade-marks. The village abounds in restaurants dedicated to "Old Robinson," to "Crusoe," and to different variants of the name, including one which boldly starts on a new line by a titular invocation to Man Friday.

But Robinson, pure and simple, is the genuine article. The title illustrates the tendency of the French to grasp at the first thing that comes handy in English names. The surname they generally give up for a bad job, but they clutch at the Tom, Dick, or Harry that precedes it, and hold on for dear life. Even when they have it by the right end, they sometimes contrive to go wrong. Crabb Robinson tells us that, all through a ceremonial dinner in his honor, Mme. Guizot overwhelmed him with compliments on the creation of *ce charmant Vendredi*, in a hazy belief that he was the author of the famous work.

Robinson may serve to illustrate what I mean as to the ordinary Parisian relation to sports and games. The throngs set out, in the first place, for fresh air and landscape; and for diversions they take anything that comes in their way. Sometimes they carry a ball to play with, more often they find their toys in the suburban restaurant. An open-mouthed frog into which they pitch a leaden nicker will amuse them for hours.

Those of nicer taste will perhaps prefer the Port Royal country. This is not so much for the sake of the country as of that ruined memorial of a community of men and women who tried a fall with the Church of Rome, in the interests of the higher spirit-

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

SUNDAY PICNICS IN THE BOIS DE VINCENNES.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

A POPULAR CONCERT IN THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS.

ual life, and got very much the worst of it. The route is by train from Montparnasse to Trappes, beyond Versailles, and thence on foot through Voisins to the old abbey which was the seat of the settlement. For others there is Cernay la Ville, a woodland haunt of artists, exquisite in hill and valley, hamlet and ruin. Or, again, the idler may take train to Le Plessis Belleville, in the northeast, and walk to Ermenonville for more souvenirs of Rousseau.

But why go on? The whole vernal basin, in the center of which Paris lies, is a scene of witching beauty—beauty of hill and dale, beauty of association suited to every taste. So, as we have seen, if you like to flavor the picturesque with literature, there are Ermenonville, Port Royal, Montmorency. If you are for things "paintable," you have Cernay, Fontainebleau, and Gretz. If angling is the excuse, there are Mantes, Marly, Andrésy, Lagny, and Charenton; while for boating you can hardly go wrong at Rueil, Herblay, Bougival, and Nogent on the Marne. In one of their aspects these are sports highly cultivated. In their relation to the ordinary life of the people they are mere incidents of an outing. The ordinary Parisian rowing is but three men in a boat, who, in spite of their being on a river, are still very much at sea. More commonly still, it is but one man with a girl, both happily unaware that they are in peril of their lives. They have not far to go. Their mark is the little restaurant on the island which is the sole aim of the excursion. They have come out not so much to row as to breakfast in rowing toggery, to chatter aquatics and scandal, and to sing chansonettes.

In the same way, the holiday fishing is often very little better than the line and the bent pin, as the foot-ball is only a vindictive punishment of a leaky india-rubber sphere which requires frequent inflation by a united family. So, too, cycling, although the French are capable of carrying it to great perfection on the track, is often, for the purpose of these excursions, a young man giving a young woman a ride in a bicycle gig, in which she courteously affects to sit at ease, while he toils up the rural slope. Some of these contrivances are fearfully and wonderfully made, and include storage for the baby, and for the provisions for the day.

For rowing, as a sport, there are clubs all about Paris and all about France, with a Parisian Club of the Oar as lawmaker. The

laws are made in a congress held annually in the capital, and timed for the match between the eights of the Seine and the Marne, the first event of the rowing year. Asnières was once the great metropolitan center, but avoid it now exactly as you would avoid the plague, for it has guilty relations with the drains of Paris. Everywhere there is difficulty in getting good boats for hire. The supply is naturally adjusted to the demand of the majority, who need tubs in which they may paddle, but may with difficulty drown. One of the great annual races is between the Rowing Club de Paris and the Société Nautique de la Marne. The championship of the Marne is for the early part of September. About a month later comes the fixture for the great race on the Seine for the championship of France. This is in three heats, each of two thousand meters, and it is open to all nations. It is an old institution. At first the English had matters all their own way, but the French submitted with a good grace for the sake of the lesson. Then, gradually learning the management of scull and skiff, they sent men like Armet and

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

CROWDS LEAVING A RAILWAY-STATION AFTER A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Lein to victory on their own course, the latter to the more daring venture at Henley, where, however, he had to lower his colors in the home of the sport.

The Parisians have little to learn from anybody in scientific cycling. Without entering into too technical scrutiny of records, it may be said that they have brought the machine to high perfection as an instrument of sport, and to higher perfection as one of use. They not only cultivate heart-disease on the racing-track with as much assiduity as other people, and hold frequent race meetings, but they use the machine extensively in daily life, on ordinary errands of business or pleasure. This is the true test of any new method of locomotion. They are admirably seconded by the administration of Paris, which gives them good roads everywhere, and sometimes roads all to themselves, as in the approaches to the Bois, which, for all the qualities of a cycling course, is about the best in the world. The revolution, in this land of the motor, is naturally the motor cycle. The rate at which the Parisians charge through the public thoroughfares on this fearful contrivance, I have already mentioned. None but the most nimble can hope to avoid them. The motor is the modern short cut to the survival of the fittest.

They have made many laudable attempts to acclimatize foot-ball, and have taken a beating, at regular intervals, from one of the English visiting teams. If they do not succeed in this as well as they might, it is in part to be imputed to them as merit. As persons of taste, they have a great horror of *brutalité* in sport. "We do not want to turn French lads into English ones," cries M. Ribot, in his important work on educational reform published the other day. "Rough sports do not suit our race, more refined in its *vigueur élégante* than that of the Anglo-Saxon." In the last resort, they usually fail to see why they should suffer for their enjoyments, and they sicken with disgust, rather than with fear, when the dhooli-bearers and the surgeons follow the teams into the foot-ball field.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

A BICYCLE TRAILER.

This is the French note, always the touch of elegance, and this is why a certain association with "fashion" is of the essence of French sport. It does not, like English sport, usually begin among the people retaining something of the primitive wildness of its origin; or, if it does, it is always trying to mount to select circles. Foot-ball will take a long time to reach the French masses. Their instincts know not the stern joy of the scrimmage. For all their combativeness, they regard life as a progression, an orderly development, not as a battle and a march. For this sport, as for most of the others that involve danger, we must wait on the upper classes. They have imported foot-ball and polo and what not, and have done their best to tame them into diversions fit for a man who values a whole skin.

Their chalet of the Racing Club in the Bois de Boulogne is a model of taste in the rustic style. It is all prettiness without and within; and, in the latter, it does not disdain the aid of millinery. The hall is hung in sky-blue and white, and with the diplomas of honor won in the field. To-day the club, with its four hundred and fifty members,

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

A GINGERBREAD FAIR.

NIGHT SCENE IN A FAUBOURG STREET.

claims the lead among French societies of athletic sport. It began in the humblest way, but still among the "directing classes." A few young fellows at the Lycée Condorcet wanted to stretch their legs, and bethought them of foot-racing in the English style. But first they tried it in the French, that is to say, with prettiness as the first end and aim. They ran in satin blouses, in jockeys' breeches, in jockeys' hats, in jockeys' boots, nay, some positively with jockeys' whips in their hands, as though with some covert design of touching themselves up behind. Then gradually they swept all this nonsense away, crossed the Channel for their lesson, and rigged themselves in the style approved to experience. From that time forth they did exceedingly well. They invited English amateurs to compete, and held against them, year by year, the championship in three of the four distances, the shorter ones. Even the mile they won three times out of six; and though their champion, Borel, was beaten in 1891 by an American, he made a good fight for it. They train for their work, though, characteristically, always under the doctor's orders for moderation. In the same way they brought in foot-ball, where they have yet to beat their masters, and they are now introducing it into the playgrounds of the lyceums.

Then they busied themselves with lawn-

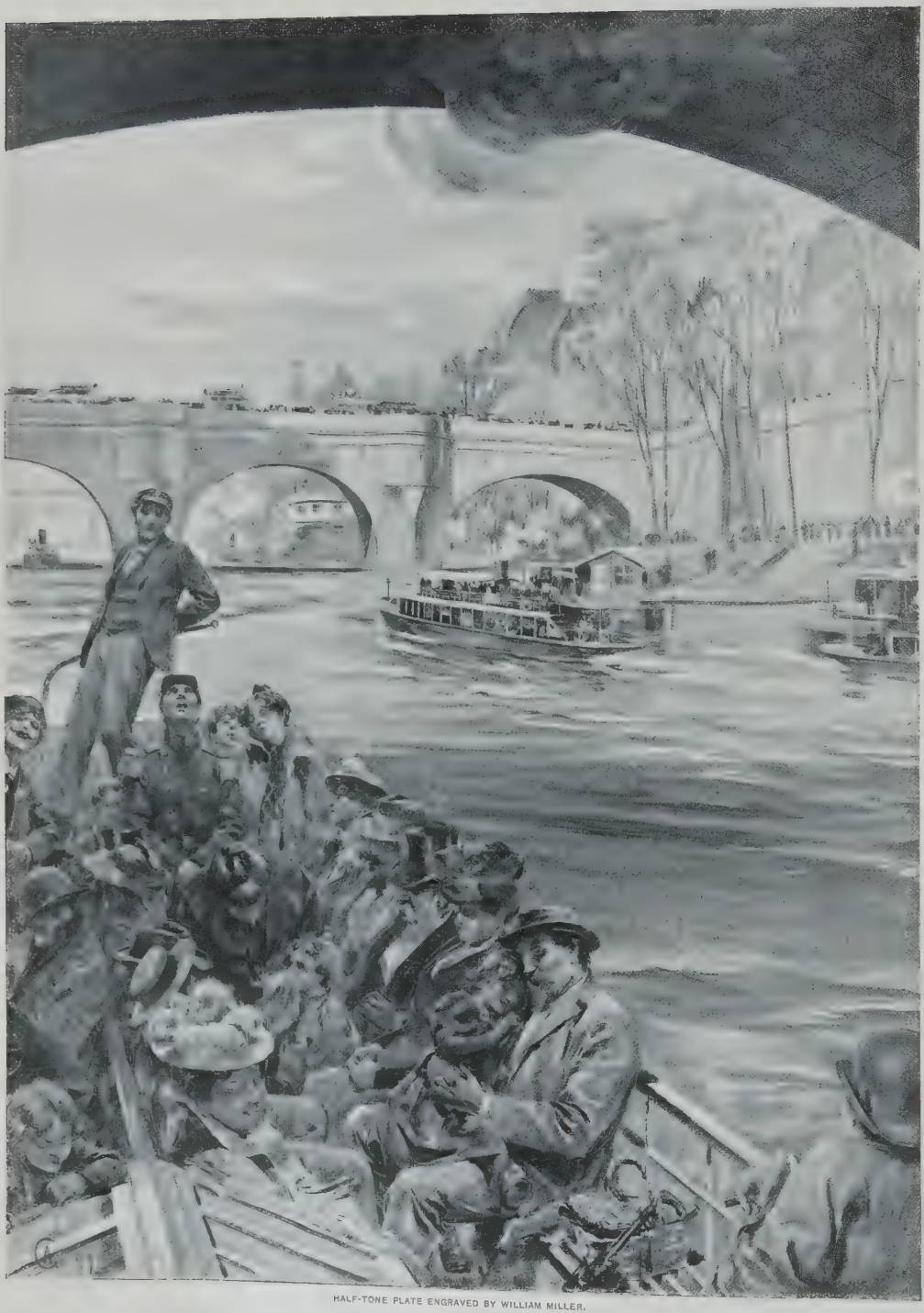
tennis, and with success. For their best in this line we must go to the club of the Île de Puteaux on the Seine, a charming rural retreat lying under the guns of Mont Valérien. There you have about a dozen courts, with great refinement in the domestic service, as well as the rigor of the game. Still toiling, and not in vain, after its English masters, our "high life" has now its Polo Club near Bagatelle, in the Bois. It exacts strict guaranties of respectability. On the ornamental side none are eligible for admission but the mothers, wives, and unmarried sisters and daughters of members. For their benefit there is a regular service of five-o'clock tea, under umbrella tents. It is not only polo, but polo with a background of dwarf forests, of the spires of St.-Cloud, of the meadows of Longchamp.

In like manner the French are acclimatizing golf, especially on the shores of the Mediterranean. At the same time Paris is reviving for its own benefit several of the national games. To see some pretty play of *longue paume*, the old longue paume of the South, go on Tuesdays and Fridays at about five, and on Sundays all day long, to the gardens of the Luxembourg. It is played there with rackets according to the best tradition, not with the hand, the tambourine, or the wicker glove, which are still in vogue in the Pyrenees.

This is a popular game, since it is played both by and before the crowd. The fashionable sports affect seclusion and take great pains to secure it. Most of them had their modest beginnings at the old *tir aux pigeons* in the Bois, until they grew strong enough, as we have seen, to set up housekeeping for themselves. The tir aux pigeons, in its

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

OPEN-AIR DANCES ON THE 14TH OF JULY.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

AN EXCURSION ON THE RIVER.

turn, began as a skating club, where the happy few might enjoy themselves in winter without intrusion from their fellow-creatures. The antiquary may find it worth while to examine the archives of these institutions for traces of English origin. In the old rules of the Paris Gun Club, for instance, he will find: "Il est interdit de tirer les deux coups de fusil à la fois: si le pigeon est tué il est compté 'No Bird.'" "Le tireur en place, et prêt à tirer, doit crier 'Pull.'"

Pistol-shooting is much more nearly indigenous. As duelists, the French naturally have to learn to kill in both kinds. The crack shots are celebrated in luxurious monographs of sport, adorned with their portraits, and doing full justice to their "records." The day of the perfect young man of fashion includes some practice with the pistol at one of the private galleries. Sometimes he has a shooting-gallery in his garden, and fires a few shots on rising as a substitute for morning prayer. Then he usually takes a turn on horseback in the Bois—I speak by the card. After breakfast he fires more shots, at some rendezvous in town. He discusses the day's shooting with his friends, and when this weighty business is over, I am assured, he has cleared his conscience of more than half of its burden of duties. A few visits, the theater, and the club complete the day.

Shooting proper, the sport of the gun in the coverts, is a more serious matter. It is hard to get your covert to yourself in this democratic country. What I wrote years ago on this subject is truer than ever to-day. The most familiar type of sportsman is the small rural proprietor, whose shots, perforce, trespass on his neighbor's field because of the narrow limits of his own. He is abroad on Sundays and on holidays with his solitary dog, picking up the crumbs of sport, and it is dangerous to interfere with him in his own commune, because he is an elector as well as a proprietor, and perhaps his voice counts in the election of M. le Maire. The better kind of sportsmen form small syndicates, or shooting societies, and at the end of the day's shooting they divide the bag in equal portions, drawing lots for the odd pieces, or offering them, as a sop to Cerberus, to the peasants on whose grounds they have trespassed. In many instances, however, they buy the right to pass over certain fields, and this is the main object of their association. The great subdivision of landed property in France tends to confront you with a proprietor at every step, and the peasant often derives no small part of his revenue from the shooting.

But the great cities send the most numerous contingent into the fields, for almost every notary, doctor, and government clerk has his weekly or monthly holiday with the gun. The preserves of the Seine-and-Oise, of the Seine-and-Marne, and of the Oise, in the neighborhood of Paris, probably contain as much game as all the rest of France. The best of these, of course, belong to the great proprietors, the bankers and other millionaires, and the next in value are those that lie near enough to get the stray game from the rich man's field. These adjacent lots are much sought after by the humbler syndicates. The shooting at the châteaux, on the great country estates, presents much the same features as in England—invitations to a large circle and a generous hospitality. The main difference is that the invitations are select only in regard to social standing, not to skill with the gun. The keenness of the French sense of the ridiculous does not extend to failure in sport: you miss, and there is an end of it; and as nobody thinks much the worse of you, you do not think any the worse of yourself. The standard of competence is not a high one, and even shooting is more of a pastime than a sport. Ladies sometimes take the field along with the men, and the Orléans princesses and the Princesse Murat used to stand in the front rank. The finest shooting-estates in France are those of the late Duc d'Aumale and of the Rothschilds.

Sometimes, in the more remote excursions after smaller game, a wild boar crosses the path; so the prudent sportsman takes his hunting-knife or even his revolver with him, as well as his gun. The French list of necessaries for the field is alarmingly large; the stations at Rambouillet and Fontainebleau, on nights when people are going down for the shooting, are encumbered with *matériel de guerre* in a manner that suggests a mobilization of the army. The Revolution saw the last of the grand *battues* of the old school; and then the infuriated people held the gun, and slaughtered without mercy, for food, without a thought of the future. The partridge never fairly recovered from that blow.

Fencing has been democratized like all else. At one time the management of the rapier was confined exclusively to the upper classes. Now there is an excellent fencing-school at the dry-goods store of the Bon Marché. The young men at the counters

take their exercise in that way after working-hours.

As our business is with the people rather than with the dandies, let us now go a-fishing with the loungers of the quays. Their pastime imports no great harm to the fish, because it must not import any great fatigue to the fisherman. The Seine, as it flows in or near Paris, has been fouled by the sewage. Still, as these people preëminently live in their traditions, they fish in the new waters as they fished in the old. No other capital can show so many anglers to the mile of bank. They angle in the suds of the riverine laundries, in the brown waterfalls of the sewers. They crowd the Écluse de la Monnaie at the Pont Neuf, which, in spite of its position in the very heart of Paris, is comparatively calm. This, of course, in its independence of raw result, is the true principle of enjoyment alike in sport and in life. Nor are the results unimportant: with an average of one bite to the thousand baits, great is the joy of fruition for the man who lands his fish, and of expectation for the huge remainder. There is a streak of passivity in the French nature, in needful balance with its known tendency to excitement. The sight of the quays on a summer morning strengthens the probability that one Frenchman wrote the "Imitation," and explains how others founded Port Royal. Those who are not fishing are washing and combing the dog; those who are doing neither are looking on.

The preference of the pastime to the sport accounts for the continued popularity of the Parisian fair. Elsewhere, in all save in its primitive trading uses, the fair is on the decline. As a revel, it is but a memory in London. Greenwich and "Bartelmy" became too much of a good thing. In Ireland they hold that, when a skull comes to ill hap at one of these gatherings, what might otherwise be a verdict of manslaughter becomes a verdict of felo de se. The owner has literally brought it on his own head. The mere fun of the fair, as an industry, flourishes in full luxuriance in France. Families are born into the business, and die out of it—sometimes with large fortunes to their credit, computed in live stock of the desert and freaks of nature, as well as in bank-notes.

They pitch by the calendar in the environs, and even in the capital at Easter. This is for the gingerbread fair, held in the Place de la Nation, better known as the old Place du Trône. At other times they occupy the great avenues which stretch from the barriers to the open country—for instance, the one that runs from the Port Maillot to the river, a good four or five miles of booths, counting the two rows. Throughout the summer season there is not a fête-day without its fair in one or other of the little townships beyond the walls. It is only a short journey by tram or train, and you are at Versailles, St.-Cloud, Meudon, or what not. The motto is, "Every man in his humor," for the trivialities of popular amusement. You may do nothing in ten thousand ways—by gambling for cakes or for pocket-knives, by throwing a ball at rag dolls, by trying your strength at rickety machines which sometimes yield their whole internal economy to one vigorous pull of a plowman, or by having your fortune told. The daughter of Egypt stands on the tail-board of her van, and gives the gaping throng a gratuitous sample of her wares. For this purpose she whispers fates through a long speaking-trumpet, usually directed by judicious preference to the longest ear. In these confidences you may learn that you have wasted your time in the hopeless pursuit of a fair beauty, while another, as yet in the nature of the dark horse, appeals in vain to your fatuous blindness for a glance. The promise of full particulars for fivepence proves an almost irresistible temptation.

When you tire of this, you may go shooting for many varieties of game, on a system which gives you the excitement of the chase in the open without its fatigues, and, in fact, once more reduces sport to its due proportion of pastime. The prey—hares and rabbits, and wild fowl by courtesy so called—form a happy family, and await their doom in a cage with an edifying resignation that is manifestly quite consistent with good appetite. It is supposed to be determined by your success in attaining a bull's-eye just above their heads, with the aid of a rifle supplied by the proprietor. You have only to hit the mark to have your choice among these living prizes, and to dine on fresh game at a merely nominal cost. Needless to say, you never hit that mark, though you may almost touch it with the muzzle of the weapon. The secret perhaps is in the rifling, and it may one day put inventors in gunnery on the track of that art of firing round a corner which is their philosopher's stone. The animals know, by long experience, that the vicissitudes of the day involve no mischance to them, and that they will invariably sleep in their beds at night instead of stewing in the *pot au feu* of the citizen. They gulp and nibble and

chew, therefore, with the full assurance of a natural span of life. Old age and gray hairs overtake them in this honorable service, and the returning traveler may recognize them after long intervals, during which things of moment have happened in the world.

If you are for sport more worthy of the name, though still without the fatigue of personal exertion, you may have even that at the fair. There are the wrestling-booths, where real work is done by brawny champions whose trade is that of the strong man. It is a sight for an impressionist painter—the great dingy tent with its dim lights, the throng of onlookers, open-mouthed, not so much with wonder as with a mocking chaff which is often the perfection of gutter-wit, the snorting pair in the midst pawing each other for the grip. Sometimes fashion takes a turn in this direction, and the smartest sets of our Romans of the decadence drive down after dinner to look on. This supplies a needful contrast. The little Twelfth-cake figures of the dandies, men and women, in their finery, stand out in sharp relief against the laboring champions in the ring, and the ragamuffins of the barrier in the cheap seats. An indescribable repulsion of feeling is the effect of the whole scene. It is due, I think, to a sense of the difference between the ease of the onlooker and the little ease of the performer. When two struggle alone, it is something between the two, and there an end. Each does his best and his worst. When a third comes merely to gaze for his pleasure, our disgust begins. You can hardly watch a cat worrying a mouse without an uneasy feeling that, as one overmuch on the safe side, you are a bit of a coward.

These visits of fashion to the wrestling-booths will, I think, be quoted against us, with the bull-fights of far more serious import, when the time comes to write the history of our decline and fall. I knew a little girl who, once, without seeing the struggle inside the booths, heard the champions announcing outside that they were about to stake their whole fortune on the issue. She waited spellbound for that issue, until presently they returned, and one declared, with heroic composure, that he had lost the savings of a lifetime. She ran home, emptied her money-box, groped her way back to the fair, amid the glimmering lights of closing-time, and laid her hoard on the lap of the ruined man, now quietly smoking his pipe with the champion who was supposed to have reduced him to beggary. The story should have its climax in his tearful refusal to touch a penny of her money, but it has not. He pocketed the offering, led her to the outskirts of the fair, and told her to be a good little girl and run straight home. Still it remains beautiful for all that.

Sometimes, but not often, you may see a bout of French boxing at the fair—the *savate*. It is a sport that hovers between those lower reaches of the street fight, which it somewhat disdains, and the higher one of the duello, to which it is never admitted. It is taught at the gymnasiums as part of the athletic course. It is an art of kicking, and it trains the foot to take the place of the fist in the personal encounters of the plebs, the hand serving mainly to parry. The foot is a terrible substitute; its strokes are murderous, especially when none are barred. One was barred in a late encounter between the leading French professional and a British boxer. But the French, or rather the Belgian, champion delivered it, all the same, when he found that he was getting the worst of the bout. His opponent was supposed to be maimed for life. On the other hand, to judge by the cries of the delighted crowd, Fashoda was avenged.

After Sedan there was a great growth of gymnastic societies in France, just as there was in Germany after Jena. They sprang up in all parts of the country, with the same patriotic ardor for physical training to the end of national regeneration. They were the first and the least offensive form of Déroulède's patriotic labors. But the poor creature could not keep politics out of them, and they languished in due course. The misfortune of the French is that their athletic exercise is still rather a system than a growth. It has not its proper beginning in the playground. The playground pastimes are still anything but what they should be. The larger boys often take no part in them, such as they are, but merely walk to and fro and contract pimples. The others toy aimlessly with a ball or play at "touch." It is formless amusement, in fact, instead of organized sport. There is no time to repair the omission in later life.

There used to be wild dancing at the fairs. There is less of it now, if only because there is less everywhere. Dancing, in the cheap public halls, there still is, all the year round, but it is more or less professional, especially on the part of the men. These are of a pariah race which is still lower than that of their partners. Even the student no longer dances with conviction as he used to do when Mur-

ger's famous book was young. He goes to the prominent café chantants of the worse type, but rather as an observer. The thing is a little too low on gala days, and a little too dull on the others. Many of the old halls are now the sites of stately dwelling-houses in which the citizen enjoys the amenities of a service of water, of gas, and of tradesmen in procession on the back stairs. The old *bal des canotiers*, at the riverside resorts, in its old style, is but a memory, and not a very savory one at that. The Parisians have lost the energy for this amusement, which in its prime was a strong rival to gymnastics. There are many ways of taking exercise, and one is to take leaps and bounds in an atmosphere of foul air and tobacco-smoke. Self-respect now holds the better sort back.

In the remote quarters the washerwomen and the laborers still have their elephantine revels to round the day of toil. In their rude assemblies you meet on a system of free admission, tempered by a sou paid to the master of ceremonies every time you dance. For popular dancing of the old-fashioned sort you must wait for the 14th of July, which marks the fall of the Bastille and the date of the national fête. The complaisant municipality keeps a ring in the open spaces, and puts up stands for the musicians. The passers-by join in, and the thing is real as far as it goes. It is the people dancing, and this is now the rarest of Paris sights. Even at the great *bal de l'opéra* public dancing has long since become a mere industry. Our grandfathers and grandmothers went there to take a part; they now go only to take boxes and to look on. The business circle is peopled by the scum of the boulevard and by the male supers of the Opéra, who positively contract with the management for their attendance and their costumes, and who undertake to forget themselves in corybantic revel at so much an hour.

The parks and gardens of the capital are the country reduced to scale for those who have to take the air on the wrong side of the fortifications. The most perfect miniature of this kind is the Parc de Monceaux, near the Arch, on the side of the wicked old Parc aux Cerfs. There is a little bit of everything, prairie and ruin and flowery slope, and all in a space that might almost be covered by a hat of Brobdingnag. It is about the most exquisite thing of its kind in the world. The Bois de Boulogne is known to everybody. This is the same thing on a larger scale, every bit pretty, every bit created, if only by the judicious treatment of original wild and marsh. It is a keepsake fairyland in which nothing is left to chance, and which has an air of being combed and brushed every morning, not to say perfumed from the scent-bottle. Such as it is, it is the best of its kind, and both in extent and cultivation it leaves the London parks far behind. Its faults are those of its qualities. The French with difficulty apply to a scene of nature the precept implied in the appeal, "Can't you leave it alone?"

Even Fontainebleau is laid out as geometrically as a Paris arrondissement, and though, happily, you cannot see the plan for the trees, it is a sad disenchantment on the map. This people would turn the very Yellowstone into a promenade, dotted all over with chalets for papers, and with kiosks for lemonade. The Buttes-Chaumont, on the northeast side of Paris, has been tamed in the same way. It was an old quarry when Napoleon III took it in hand and reduced it to the ordered wildness of early Italian landscape. The rocky bits are there, but clearly they have been made with hands, and all they seem to want is a saint, praying from a missal, to complete the link with civilization. They reverted to primitive savagery under the Commune; for here the fight was hottest, and there was no quarter given or received.

Paris is well provided with its little oases of verdure and flowers. So is London, but there is this difference: in the French city all the oases are free; in the English most are reserved for the occupants of the squares. The square garden is obtained by the sacrifice of what would otherwise have been the private gardens, and the residents keep it to themselves. In Paris this would be impossible. It would be foreign to the genius of the people, and ridicule would kill the privilege, or finally revolution. Only a few years ago we had whole quarters in London closed to the outer world by gates and gate-keepers. They were solemnly abolished amid rejoicings, but the gardens of the squares still remain private property. One day they will go into the common domain, as the fine garden of Lincoln's Inn Fields has already gone, to the huge benefit of the inhabitants of the adjacent slums. The owners, many of them lawyers who had their offices round about, never missed a pleasance which they never used. But they claimed handsome compensation for all that, and got it, too. When all London follows the same example of compulsory renunciation, with or without damages, the metropolis will be the garden city of the world. It almost is so now, thanks to

the happy idea of laying out the old graveyards as pleasure-grounds. In this matter the English capital, after long lagging behind the French, has now bettered the example. Already we Londoners have music in the parks, though it will take us some time to reproduce all the essential features of a military concert in the gardens of the Luxembourg or of the Palais Royal.

The French have had a century's familiarity with the conception that the first duty of a community, in the distribution of the blessings of life, is to itself as a whole. Everything strengthens this idea in your Parisian, and it governs his beliefs with the automatic action of a truism. He expects the government to do all sorts of things that are rarely regarded as obligations elsewhere. It has not only to fix the date of the national holiday, but to provide the entertainment. The national fête, with its free places at the theaters, free treats to the school-children, free illuminations and fireworks, is a marvel of administrative hospitality. There is no sense of favor in all this on the part of the giver, but there is a strong sense of right on the part of the receiver.

So with the enjoyment of the public galleries. Whatever higher uses they may be intended to serve, the first care of the government is to make them minister to the greatest happiness of the greatest number. All the regulations as to hours and days of opening and general conditions of use are framed to this end. The people like to think that their art treasures at the Louvre or at the Luxembourg—their very own—beat all private collections in the world, and are managed by the best experts, ever on the lookout for new acquisitions. Their sense of personal property in the "Mona Lisa" or the "Belle Jardinière," in the Nike of Samothrace or the Venus of Melos, is deep down in them; and while they might take off their hats to these masterpieces, they would never think of doing so to their own servants who have them in charge. I have seen a milliner's apprentice smiling contemptuously at the waist of the last-named lady, left as it is without the correction of the corset. It was bad taste, no doubt, but still it showed the saving sense of one's right to laugh as one likes at one's own. The English visitor to the National Gallery still finds it hard to divest himself of a sense of personal obligation to the policeman.

THE UNSUCCESSFUL.

BY ELIZABETH C. CARDOZO.

WE met them on the common way;
They passed and gave no sign—
The heroes that had lost the day,
The failures, half divine.

Ranged in a quiet place, we see
Their mighty ranks contain
Figures too great for victory,
Hearts too unspoiled for gain.

Here are earth's splendid failures, come
From glorious foughten fields;
Some bear the wounds of combat, some
Are prone upon their shields.

To us, that still do battle here,
If we in aught prevail,
Grant, God, a triumph not too dear,
Or strength, like theirs, to fail.

DR. NORTH AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL,
Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Characteristics," etc.

PART THREE.

III.

ANNE VINCENT was sure to consider what Vincent said to her, and probably he put his case later with his usual vigor of statement, for that lady was more than commonly thoughtful as to where she took the new favorite, and to whom she presented her. My wife may also have contributed prudent counsels, for although she too was attracted, and inclined to add Sibyl to her collection of what we called her lame ducks, she was less apt than Anne Vincent to insist on their acceptance by those who were less kind and more critical. Mrs. Vincent took Miss Maywood to concerts, now and then to the theater, and saw, personally, a good deal of the girl.

I was sure that the striking face of Sibyl Maywood would at once attract the too attentive eyes of St. Clair. Perfect physical beauty of body or of face excited him strangely. He held himself free to study the new face or form, and to make comments which at times seemed to us outrageous. Then he was given to poetically idealizing the art idol, and imagining for it moral and mental gifts which it might or might not possess. My wife said that St. Clair was never a bore, even when he talked his wildest nonsense, but that sometimes, when he imagined some dull girl to be Minerva because she had the hand of Venus, the faint shadow of the adjective "tiresome" did hover over that sensitive noun, "talk." I said that was true, but elaborate.

"You are ungrateful. Be so good as to say it better."

I admitted my incapacity, and ventured upon a prophetic statement. I said: "If ever St. Clair feels the charm of some unusual temperament, and sees later the beauty of its owner, he will be hopelessly tangled in the net of love. He will never be hard hit in the ordinary way by being caught first by face or form. He is too accustomed, as an artist, to be over-critical, and to look for defects."

My wife admitted that there were several ways of falling in love, but when I laughed because she said some men stumbled into love, she declined to go on, for, indeed, her experience had been large.

Now, all this took the form of comments made at breakfast, when most I like to talk. During my winter of work all day long I examine the witnesses we call nurses or patients, and try with much use of skilled labor to get at the truth. Then come the tired evenings, when I have little left to give. But during the night season (I like that phrase, the night *season:* it implies change) the weary man may unconsciously travel in stranger lands than daylight knows, and return again refreshed and eager, to linger over the earliest meal, and gladly break the fast of the night's silence.

When my wife invited me to say better what she had said, I had to confess that I could not. This challenge came at the close of a half-hour gay with the kind of good talk which no man can or should expect to be able to report fully. When Alice doubted my wisdom as applied to our friend, I added evasively that there might be a better way of describing St. Clair's mental and moral attitude where the beautiful attracted him. I said, "It is absolutely free from the sensual."

"Yes; it appears to be a pure adoration of beauty."

"No, no, it is more complex. If it were unalloyed he would not admit the need to idealize the possessor, and thus to excuse himself. Is it not our tendency to attribute to mere beauty all that is not beauty? Thus man self-excuses his weakness."

"But that is love in its childhood, Owen."

"True; and now at last you are wise. This man has brief love-affairs—oh, surface love-affairs with a hand, a foot, a face, a figure. It has made mischief, my dear Alice, and

will again, but nothing can happen in this way to Clayborne's poor little crippled cousin."

"Oh, my dear, stupid Owen! You forget Clayborne's Eastern sayer of proverbs?"

"What is it, Alice? Hang his proverbs!"

"I forget. I thought I had it."

"Well, I must go. Was it very fine?"

"It was."

When I was in the hall she called me back. "Now I remember it," she said.

"Well?"

"I won't tell you because you won't believe it."

"Nonsense!" said I, and left her. She has never told me.

On his return from the East St. Clair established his studio in an old-fashioned double house in an out-of-the-way locality. It belonged to Clayborne. "I can't let it," said the scholar. "I will not sell my family home. Use it, Victor." St. Clair, who was like a child about gifts, said, "Yes; it will do admirably." A partition was thrown down and a great window broken out of the north wall, and there, living in the upper rooms, St. Clair took up his abode. An old black man became his cook and valet.

Late in November he asked us to take tea with him, and to see the vase he had made for Clayborne's garden—the vase of Keats's poem. I confess to having been curious. It was near dusk when we entered the studio. Vincent was too busy to come. I saw Miss Maywood look about her with quick glances of interest. "Come," I said; "let me show you how statues are born." The clay models, the bits of plaster legs and arms, the tools, the sketches here and there, the costly, carelessly used brocades and Oriental stuffs, caught her eye in turn. She asked many questions. At last she said, "Where is my vase?"

"Your vase?"

"Yes. It was I who told Mr. St. Clair he ought to make it."

"Indeed!" She promised to be as fertile of surprises as our poet.

"Yes; before I saw all of you I knew about Mr. St. Clair. When I made the garden I said to Mr. Clayborne that it would be pretty to have a marble vase like some of his, which are, you know, of clay. He said it would, and so, thinking to please him, I wrote a little letter to Mr. St. Clair. That was how he came to think of it."

"And when you wrote you had not yet seen him?"

"No. Was that wrong? He was a friend of my cousin." She was quick to observe the note of faint criticism in my query.

"Oh, not wrong," I said. "Did he answer?"

"No, he did not. Mr. Clayborne, I saw, liked the idea, and I thought if I could see the vase I should understand how Keats felt when he wrote. But now I feel that it must not stand in the garden. It must be alone somewhere in the wood. There is a spring—don't you think I am right?"

"Good gracious! I do not know. It may be a failure, not fit to be seen or put anywhere."

"Oh, do not say that! That would really grieve me. Let us see it." With these words she walked across the room.

Mrs. Vincent, my wife, and Clayborne were standing near a life-size statue, which was boldly modeled, and still in the clay. St. Clair had thrown off the wet sheet which kept it moist.

"What is it?" said I. "Ah, I see!"

"It is only a crude sketch," said the sculptor, "the model for a monument."

"Lincoln!" said I.

"Yes; the two Lincolns—the complete leader of men and the boy. It has been rejected by the committee."

The sketch was of the utmost vigor. On a rock stood the great President, with his strong, homely, humorous face, a look of loneliness in the eyes. The hands were clasped, palms down. I once saw him standing in this attitude. We were silent a moment.

"When was it?" said Miss Maywood.

My wife looked at her. "When? What do you mean, Sibyl?"

The girl did not seem to hear. She was gazing intensely at the storied visage, so pathetic with the deep lines drawn by multitudinous decisions and fifty years of patient endurance of many things.

St. Clair replied for her. "I thought of him as on the night before his death. He is thinking of his life, of his boyhood, of the past."

Beside the rough rock, at his feet, stood the long, ungainly figure of Lincoln, the boy, in a hunting-shirt, his hand resting on an ax-handle, one foot on a log, a serious figure, in the brief pause from labor, considering with quiet, lineless face the future, as above him the complete man regarded an heroic past.

"How could they reject it?" said my wife.

"Committees are quaint animals," said the

sculptor; "but they cannot deprive me of the pleasure this conception brought me."

"Yes," said my wife; "that must be the best of it. Do you recall the monument at Constantinople they call 'Les Pleureuses'? No committee would have passed that."

"Oh, yes, yes," cried St. Clair; "and I know what you want to say of it."

"Well," said Alice, smiling, "tell us."

"Miss Maywood," he said, turning to the secretary, "it is a large tomb, and on it are eighteen figures of one woman, in every mood of sorrow, from the anguish of recent loss to the calm of attained serenity."

"But," said Mrs. North, "it is one and the same woman, and the tomb is her husband's. It must have taken long to make. She may, she must have seen that the sculptor was telling in marble not only what she herself had been, but also what she would be."

"Do you know the lines about it? I can recall only the first verse:

> What gracious nunnery of grief is here!
> One woman garbed in sorrow's every mood;
> Each fair presentment celled apart in fear,
> Lest that herself upon herself intrude,
> And break some tender dream of sorrow's day
> Here cloistered lonely, set in marble gray."

"Who wrote that?" asked Clayborne.

St. Clair did not reply, but said, "Come, now, and see Keats's vase—my vase."

Leaving Sibyl and the scholar contemplative before his great hero, Lincoln, we followed St. Clair, and saw him take the cover from a marble vase some four feet in height. At a loss for a pedestal, the sculptor had set his vase on a broken-backed kitchen chair. He had strengthened one cracked leg with twine and a splint of wood. The incongruity of the vase and the improvised support struck me at once, but I said nothing. Then I heard Clayborne, who had left Sibyl: "Why did you put it on that hideous stool, Victor? It is very beautiful; but the chair spoils it. It is like putting a beautiful head on a distorted body." As he spoke, Sibyl approached.

Mrs. Vincent looked up at the speaker. She hoped, as she told me later, that Miss Maywood had not heard him. I was so charmed with the loveliness of my friend's realization of the poet's dream that I scarcely took in this tactless criticism. Nor, strange to say, did St. Clair apprehend the awkward force of Clayborne's words. He looked annoyed, but this was because he loved all praise and deeply felt all blame. Above everything he liked praise from Clayborne, who now called to Sibyl as she came nearer.

"Look at this, Sibyl. The pedestal ruins the vase. Is not that so?"

He had not turned as he spoke. She made no reply. Mrs. Vincent said afterward that the girl heard it all, and that she flushed and slipped away at once. My wife spoke quickly a whispered word to Anne Vincent, and then said aloud: "I think Sibyl has gone into the outer room, Mr. Clayborne. I will see about the tea and send her back."

In a few minutes she herself returned, saying that we must all come and take tea; Sibyl would have it ready in a few minutes. St. Clair had arranged the remaining apartment on the ground floor as his dining-room. Thanks to Mrs. Vincent, it was simply furnished. When we entered, Miss Maywood was bending over the silver samovar which St. Clair had brought from Russia. I saw Clayborne looking at her with unusual attention.

"Why did you run away? What is the matter, child?" he said, with the absolute directness which characterized the man. I saw that her eyes were red. Mrs. Vincent touched his arm as she passed. "But I must know," he said.

"The child has a headache," said my wife, quick to help. "Here is your tea, lemon, and three lumps of sugar."

"Let her alone," whispered Mrs. Vincent to Clayborne, and apropos of the vase, began to abuse him roundly because of his incapacity to care for the best verse. This lack of imagination was why the critics declared that his historical portraits had no life in them. The giant took up the glove, and was soon deep in a contest as to what history should be.

We talked gaily over our tea, and at last went away.

Clayborne took my wife home, and I, having an errand elsewhere, went with Mrs. Vincent.

"That girl is very interesting," I said, "but not quite easy to comprehend."

"And you who are supposed to understand women! You really are exasperating sometimes."

"This is a woman, not women." I was rather proud of knowledge born of many years of varied contact with the sex.

"Sick women you may know," she added, "but not the rest."

"I did not say I understood Miss Maywood. I do not. What was the matter? She looked at the vase and at once slipped away. When we joined you she had been in tears. Am I indiscreet in asking why?"

"No; I will tell you, but any one could see

why. When Clayborne saw that really beautiful thing set on an old broken-backed kitchen chair, he said, with his terrible bluntness, 'Why did you set that noble vase on a broken-backed, deformed chair?' You heard the rest. Could he have chosen a more stupid thing to say?"

"No. But really it seems a quite natural criticism."

"Yes, natural, and tactless like many natural comments. Tact consists in the suppression of the natural."

"I see," said I. "She too is like that, a lovely head set on a maimed body. I was dull, but I scarcely heard him. You must never tell him. He is as tender as she, but he has no tentacula. He is like a crab; all his hardness is outside. To know he hurt her would grieve him deeply. He is very sensitive as to this girl, and has grown to love the poor child with a strong, parental, protective affection."

"And she is worth it, Owen North."

It was a curious little catastrophe, and told me far too much of what Sibyl would suffer, unless with education there should develop a larger self-control and capacity to strengthen, under the inevitable trials her deformity must bring.

For a time neither of us spoke. Then Mrs. Vincent said abruptly: "I wish St. Clair would keep away from her. It is the old story. He was at Holmwood all last week. He reads to her, sings with her, and now he wants to make a rilievo of her head. Mr. Clayborne, for once, had a crumb of sense, and said no, upon which St. Clair went into a rage, and said Clayborne had no right to deprive an artist of his natural privilege to study the beautiful."

"His rages do not last long, and what nonsense!"

"Yes; but you see—you understand me, I am sure."

"Yes, only too well; but what can I do? He is—well, who can help seeing his personal beauty? The girl will fall in love. He is so fatally attractive, and she, poor little maid!—"

"Could you not speak to him?"

"Hardly," said I. I remembered one too painful occasion when I had spoken out all of my mind to St. Clair.

"Then I must speak to her. I do so plainly foresee trouble. Yes, I shall wait. I will do nothing hastily. Ah, here we are at home. Bring Alice to dine to-morrow. Good night. Don't fail me."

I well knew that Mrs. Vincent would not at once fulfil her intention. Indeed, she might never do so. Knowing St. Clair as we did, it was not an unreasonable intention, but I felt that it was rather premature. After all, Anne Vincent's second thoughts were the wise bases of her life, and if she had always acted on her declarations as to what she thought and said was advisable she would have been a difficult wife and a nearly impossible friend. I am myself liable to fits of dullness of apprehension, and also at times to failure to see what is obvious to others. I may add that I am now and then surprised at the insight I have as to what folks are or will do. On this occasion I had to be enlightened by Anne Vincent and my wife, who, as I soon learned, shared her friend's opinion that there might already be mischief brewing. I found it hard to believe, but after a little talk we were finally at one as to the present value of silence.

IV.

ONE afternoon all of us chanced to be together at Holmwood for afternoon tea, in the delightful time of autumn. St. Clair was late, and before he came our host wished to show us the lily-pond, to make which he had turned aside the waters of the creek. He meant it to become a part of his wild garden, and desired to fill and surround it with our native aquatic plants. After seeing what he had done, we came back to the house, and soon began to talk about St. Clair's sermon, which all of us had liked. Mrs. Vincent had to own that St. Clair had dealt fairly with a text we all thought hard to handle.

"Try us with another," said I.

"No," she said; "I dislike making a kind of game of it."

"That depends, Anne," said my wife, "on how you take it—in what spirit. I am sure that no one could have dealt more reverently with the text than our friend did."

"Yes, dear, you are right. Only I wish I thought he was in earnest."

"I am sure," said Sibyl, "that I, for one, did get new and useful thoughts out of Mr. St. Clair's sermon. It may have needed a note of appeal at the close."

"Ah, my dear," said Mrs. Vincent, "that is so difficult. I heard a delightful gentleman, who was a clergyman, say that when at the close of a sermon he came to apply a truth to the people before him, he always felt as if he were taking a liberty."

"With young preachers one feels that, but

I liked this sermon," said I, "because it did leave to the intelligence of those who heard it the inference of appeal, the beautiful moral."

"We are perhaps an unusual congregation," said Clayborne, "and yet I do not see the personal appeal so apparent to you."

"He knows too much already," laughed St. Clair, who had just come in. "Let us leave it untold to punish him for always knowing so much more than we."

Clayborne protested amid continued merriment, and at last retired into the recesses of his own mind to search for the needed appeal or the missing moral.

As my wife still insisted on her wish for that text on which no man could with relevancy preach, Mrs. Vincent said: "Well, my dear Alice, if you really want to have a competition in preaching, I will present you with a text. I fancy that no one has ever used it, or ever will use it. It may serve to put an end to your ambitions."

"And this impossible text," said St. Clair, "is—"

"Oh," cried Mrs. Vincent, "it is—but you are out of it."

"Good! I am *hors concours*."

"Yes; we agree to that," said I.

"My text is, 'So Pilate, willing to content the people, released Barabbas unto them.'"

"I am very well out of it," cried St. Clair; "I see no interest in your text. The man was a thief, and was set at liberty. That is all."

My wife laughed. "The absence of imagination renders some minds very unproductive."

It much amused us to hear St. Clair thus rated. He, too, enjoyed it.

"Oh, go on, my imagination goes on frolics, gets drunk, goes mad, but is always about, and has the sense to know when its key will not unlock things."

"It is from want of knowledge this time," said Clayborne. "As you quote it, the text is barren; but not when one considers the laws of the Romans. You will find in—"

"Please, please!" cried Anne Vincent. "Do not help them with the sermon. I protest."

"But I see so clearly. It is a lack of charity to fail to contribute essential knowledge."

Mrs. Vincent looked up, amused at this cumbrous statement. "Then do not contribute your clearer view to our lesser insight or outsight; is there such a word?"

"No need for it, and, dear Mrs. Vincent, I am dumb."

"Who will do it?" said she.

No one claimed this doubtful privilege.

"Alas!" cried my wife, "are we so bankrupt of wit?"

"You should have accepted Clayborne's charity," said St. Clair.

"Charity?" said Clayborne. "Another cup, Mrs. Vincent. Charity; perhaps I misapplied the word."

I saw the twinkle of self-amused mischief in St. Clair's face as he said, "I know a nice little story about charity out of your favorite sayer of sooths, El-Din-Attar."

"Well," said Clayborne, "go on. It is not very long, I trust."

"No," laughed St. Clair; "I shall never compete with you as to quantity; as to quality, that is another affair."

"Oh, go on," said Clayborne.

"It is a story," cried Mrs. Vincent, drawing nearer.

"Harun-al-Rashid was again of a mind to play beggar. He betook himself to the gate of the palace, where, even after dark, many went in and out. Presently came forth the court poet, Mustapha, and with him the court fool. The calif made himself small as they approached, and said: 'Alms to the starving. The calif, men say, hath made you both rich to-day. Give as it was given.'

"'That were to want respect,' said Mustapha, 'to abandon so soon what his mightiness the protector of the poor has given. In the words of a wise poet of the infidel, "Sing a song of sixpence," which is to say, write a great poem like mine, and collect of lovers of song, such as Harun the Magnificent, thy proportioned pay, as I have done.'"

"What stuff!" said Clayborne.

"Said the calif, 'I understand sixpence to be a very modest sum; that must be the usual pay of infidel poets. Thou art not generous, but thou hast given me to-night the coin of reflection. The poor of soul are the poor of pocket.'

"'To give the coin of reflection,' said the poet, 'is my business and my delight. Thou art welcome to all that I have.'

"'Alas!' cried the beggar; 'but will it buy me cabobs or so much as the tail of a fish?'

"Upon this he turned to the poet's companion, and said: 'O Fool, thou too art rich to-day. Let me have a penny; I am hungry.'

"'I must justify the proverb,' cried the fool, '"A fool and his money—"' and gave him a handful of gold sequins.

"'I shall pray for you at morning,' said Harun. 'And now, I have emptied the head of wisdom and the purse of folly.'

"'True,' said the fool; 'I have not a penny for supper; I gave you all. Give me alms, a trifle, I pray you.'

"'Not I,' cried the beggar; 'that were to show disrespect to the proverb you so wisely quoted. I, at least, am no fool.'

"'You rascal!' cried the poet, laughing, 'give me back a little of my wisdom.'

"'I have given to both of you,' returned Harun, 'and ye know it not.'

"'By Allah!' said the fool, 'the man must be a poet. Let us go to the tavern and drink of the wisdom called wine.'

"Thus saying, they went away. The next day, in the divan, Harun said to Mustapha, 'Did a beggar ask alms of thee last night?'

"'Yes, Sustainer of the universe, Prop of the stars. It is as thou hast said.'

"'And you gave not! You also asked alms of him.'

"'I did, O Inventor of wisdom.'

"'What did the beggar give?'

"The poet shook in his sandals. 'O Calif, he said he had given; I knew not what he meant.'

"'A pretty poet!' cried Harun. 'I too am a sufi poet. I will interpret. He gave you both the noble alms which Allah gives to all men, the alms called opportunity. Henceforth thou, O Poet, art my court Fool. And thou, O Fool, be thou my Poet. Abide now in the shadow of reflection, and find me a rhyme for opportunity.'

"'Immunity!' cried the fool, laughing; 'forgive my brother!'

"'Thy brother?' asked the calif.

"'Yes, my foster-brother. We were both fed from the breast of folly; all poets are.'"

"How do you do it?" asked Miss Maywood.

Even Clayborne was amused, and called it wisdom, and so we strayed into other chat.

A few days later our friends dined with us. Clayborne and I played chess after dinner, and the rest were talking, when the servant brought me a large envelop marked "Immediate." I said, "Pardon me, Clayborne," and opened it. I looked around, and said: "Who wrote this? It is a sermon,—hardly that,—a something on Mrs. Vincent's text. Who wrote it?"

St. Clair and Clayborne denied any share in it; I certainly had none.

"Was it—is it yours, Miss Maywood?"

She said: "No, indeed. Read it; then we can guess."

"Let me see it," said Alice. "It is typewritten and mailed to you, Owen. Let us hear it."

"By all means," said Clayborne.

Upon this we settled ourselves to listen, and I read. It began with the text, "So Pilate, willing to content the people, released Barabbas unto them." "In four places this man, who says no word of or for himself, is spoken of. He, it is probable, was, like our Saviour, known by the commonly used name Jesus, Jesus Barabbas. The Jews desired his release, as Pilate knew. He is mentioned variously as a notable prisoner, a robber, a murderer during insurrection, a leader of sedition. It seems fair to infer that, if a Jew, he may have been one who, during unsuccessful revolt, had committed what the Roman rule regarded as murder. If so, the Jews would naturally have been inclined to think other than ill of him. He may not have been a murderer, or even a bad man. Before the Roman procurator, Pilate, in the hall of judgment, stood this Jesus Barabbas, the man set free, and that other Jesus, the Christ, in his white Syrian robe. 'So Pilate released Barabbas unto them.' What thoughts were in the mind of Christ as he looked on the man in whose place he was to die? In this tragic hour we seem hardly aware of any one but the silent Christ, who had said his say, and would speak no more to man. The released criminal, who may have been innocent of anything but hatred of the oppressors of his race, has for me a share in the historic interest of that memorable hour. He was free. Astonished and relieved, he too must surely have looked in turn at the unmoved figure before Pilate. He must have heard of him, and no doubt shared the disbelief in his message held by all in that judgment-hall. He could not have been human and remained without some thought of the strange situation which gave him back to hope and life. Then he turned and went out, glad of the fresh air of freedom. How can we fail to imagine the rest? Did his interest cease here? I cannot so believe. Among the many who stood to see the Christ go past to die, stood Barabbas by the wayside. As the Christ went past he set his eyes on the man Barabbas. I think they said, 'Follow thou me,' and the man arose and went after him. When the night was deepening around the mournful group below the cross, afar off sat the malefactor. Above hung the tortured body of the dead Christ. He too was released by a greater than Pilate—Death.

Then one touched the shoulder of the man Barabbas. He turned in alarm. 'Have no fear; thou art the first for whom he died, and he died for many. Go, and sin no more.' Upon this Barabbas arose and girded his loins, and went forth into the desert, and was seen no more of those who had known him."

"Is that all?" said Alice.

"Yes, all," said I. "It is hardly to be called a sermon."

"I do not think he was a robber," said Mrs. Vincent. "I like to believe that he was not."

"If," said Clayborne, "he were, as he might have been, only a rebel against Roman rule, he may have fallen in the great siege of Jerusalem, a leader of his ruined race."

"Or through life have followed forever those sad eyes. Who can say?" It was St. Clair who spoke.

"And who wrote it?" said I.

No one could or would say. We talked it over for a while, making vain guesses.

When, later, St. Clair had risen and was about to take his leave, he said: "I was stupid as to that text; but why did the writer end his sermon just when it had brought him to the point where the story, with an ever-enlarging moral, takes in so much of life? A lost chance, a lost chance!"

"What do you mean?" said we. "Go on."

"No," he said; "not I. Good night"; and that unstated wisdom never became ours.

Clayborne and I went back to our unfinished game, leaving the women still earnestly guessing at what St. Clair meant. Vincent watched us in silence. I won at last.

Said Vincent, "You went wrong with that knight, Clayborne."

"I did."

"I find it hard not to criticize openly a game when I am looking on," said Vincent.

"That reminds me," said I, "of what General Sheridan told me. I had asked him about the Franco-Prussian war. He said that, being with King William, he saw, and could not fail to anticipate, more or less of Moltke's plans and the results. He said he was like an expert watching a game of chess; that the failure to see how to use cavalry was remarkable on both sides, and that he sometimes found it hard to keep quiet."

"I am sure he did," said Vincent, "though he could be as silent as Grant."

"That is saying a good deal. Dr. B—— told me that in two years of constant intercourse with Grant he only once heard him express an opinion of any officer on either side."

"And that once?" queried Clayborne.

"It was at Donaldson. Dr. B—— complained that his hospitals were so near the Confederate lines that a sally would certainly put them in peril. General Grant said: 'Be easy. I know the generals in command. They are thinking far more as to how they shall stay inside than how they shall get out.' And yet," continued I, "Grant liked to talk. But that was after the war. Another game?"

"No; we must go."

When we were alone, we three, my wife, my cigar, and this writer, I said to Alice, "You wrote that little poetic commentary. It is not a sermon."

"Yes; I thought you would know. I want you to like it."

"I liked it very much."

Although Alice found it agreeable to relate her thought on paper, she had no ambition to be seen in print. When I said that I liked what she modestly described as a shred of a possible sermon, she was pleased. She often complained that to express herself in speech was never satisfactory, but that when she wrote she felt assured of power to state her thought. This is also my own case. She said, "You will not tell?" I said no, but that the slow mechanism of Clayborne's mind would be sure to grind out the truth, and, in fact, this proved to be as I predicted.

V.

We were again together after dinner, but this time it was in the Vincents' drawing-room. Miss Maywood was not with us.

"Tell us some new thing, Owen North," said Mrs. Vincent, turning round on the piano-stool. She had been singing capriciously, as birds sing, bits of songs.

"Some new thing? That is desirable," said Clayborne, "or not."

"What a challenge! Some new thing! I cannot. I was just now thinking over St. Clair's sermon. It took me back to my remembrance of a sermon I once heard. It was during the third year of the war. I was with Phillips Brooks on the coast of Maine. We went to a Methodist meeting-house on Sunday morning. I have been trying to recall the text."

"Can you recall the sermon?" said my wife.

"Yes; after a fashion."

"Then tell it, and let us find the text to fit it."

"Ah," said Mrs. Vincent, "given the sermon, to find the text. That might often be difficult."

"What the preacher desired was to make clear that we should always do our duty without regard to consequences. He assured his hearers that very often they would find it easier than to shirk it. He said: 'There is a ship ashore, we will say; got to get her men off. It 's right risky. Well, so is shipwreck of a man's soul. You 've got to choose.' He had many illustrations. He described the battle between the Israelites and the Amalekites. He said that Moses considered the fight through a telescope. This nearly upset even the technical gravity of the famous preacher, my companion. The fishermen and sailors were undisturbed. What more natural to them than a telescope? 'Do your duty,' he said, 'and you 'll often find the Lord lettin' you off easy. I was chaplain last year to a Maine regiment. Our time was out. We were asked to stay on and volunteer for a fight next day. I told the boys, and some said no—only a few, mostly married men. The rest stayed right on. Next day at dawn I said a few strengthenin' words, and then we went on. It was a little out-lyin' fort, south of Petersburg. Well, we rushed it. My friends, the Rebs had left. There was n't no one there. We did n't lose a man, and we saved our souls alive. This is how God is good to a man that does his duty. Alive or dead, that man is safe. That 's so whenever a man 's got to take risks on land or sea. Just you think of that, my friends, when life is stormy, and your soul 's on a lee shore. The right-doin'-man has always got two strings to his bow. You may get out and be none the worse, or you may die and never come to any shore but where the black waves of death break on the golden sands of heaven; and the hand that will be stretched out to you, there ain't need to tell you whose it will be.' This is all I can recall."

"That old proverb," said Vincent, "of the bowstrings, which comes down from the bowmen of Cressy or Agincourt, has had a long life. I found another in one of Queen Bess's letters. She says: 'He who seeketh two strings to one bowe may shute strong, but never strait.' There is a small literature of proverbs about the bow. I find your sermon much to my mind."

"And," said Clayborne, "you did not make it up?"

"No; I have tried to render it fairly. That it is verbally accurate I cannot say. Find me his text. That I have lost."

We discussed this want in vain. All that we could be sure of was that the text must have suggested the sermon. At last Vincent said to his wife, "You expect Le Clerc to-night, Anne?"

I knew that she did, as she had previously spoken to me of it, and was, as usual with her, greatly excited by the expectation of any quite novel experience. I had looked, as I entered, to see what fresh dramatic setting there would be, and had observed, as Vincent came in after our arrival, a look of mirth on his telltale face. Her habit of slightly changing her drawing-room to suit her sense of the fitness of things was well known to all of us. It was purely to satisfy herself, and was without the least affectation. I understood at a glance. Le Clerc was to talk about things mystical. The *mise en scène* was at times elaborate, as I had once had occasion to observe, and have elsewhere stated. To-night it was simple.

Years before St. Clair had sent from Japan two historically famous balls of crystal. These were well known in Japan as the Rock of Remembrance and the Rock of Reflection. They were fully ten inches in diameter. One was of smoky quartz; the other was a crystal sphere of delicate rose-color. When these reached Clayborne with a parlous bill, he paid with a groan, and sent them to Anne Vincent.

And now the Rock of Reflection lay to the left of the blazing hearth, on a cushion of fawn-tinted velvet, and was glowing like a glorious, ruddy moon, mysteriously beautiful. Midway in the room stood a small, round Chippendale table of dark mahogany. It was an unusual bit of furniture, because the rim was a narrow edge of silver. This table commonly held the roses Anne Vincent loved so well. On this occasion there was a shallow dish of pearl-gray china, and afloat in it half a dozen water-lilies. These were wide open, as they had no natural business to be at night, but, as St. Clair once remarked, flowers and people did for Anne Vincent what they never did for any one else. Beside this dish was a slim Greek vase, in which stood a few grotesque orchids, rich in color and as strange as gargoyles.

When, as I stood admiring this suggestive and, for Anne Vincent, quite moderate setting, she herself, replying to her husband's question, said:

"Yes; I think I hear Mr. Le Clerc's voice

in the hall. What a queer falsetto! He has promised, if Fred does not object, that I shall see a famous medium—oh, not now, of course."

"I think it all very silly," said Clayborne.

"At least it may amuse you," she said.

"It will not, my dear lady. But it may have other values."

The gentleman who entered was a tall man, slightly bent, a professor of physics, and well known in the world of science. He spoke to us in turn quietly, in a sharp voice of unpleasing tones. He apologized for being late, and added that he had only a few minutes' time, but had come to place himself at Mrs. Vincent's command.

Upon this we fell to talking about spiritualism, mind-reading, and the like. At last Vincent said: "Le Clerc, you have seen a good deal of these matters. Is there any one thing among them of which you are sure?"

He replied with evident caution: "I think I have seen a man read cards which he could not see. Thus, if you chose a card from a new pack, and held it up so that he saw only the back of your hand, and you the face of the card, he was often successful in naming the card. I cannot see how he could have tricked me, and in justice I should add that I have done it myself, but not nearly so well as he. He professed to be able to name also any card I had in mind. In this he was less fortunate."

"Let me say something, Mr. Le Clerc," said I. "This is an exhibition of so-called telepathy in its simplest form. Suppose we admit its truth. What one man can do must represent a power possessed in some degree by all men. It may be small in most men, or in abeyance. It must be in the mass of men a quality, a capacity, on the way to fuller development. All our abilities, all sensual perceptivity, must have gone through endless ranges of acuteness, and always, in their evolution, certain persons must have had this or that sense in a larger degree than the less-developed mass of his fellows."

"If we accept the fact as stated, that seems reasonable," said Clayborne, "but in the cases you mention the organ of sense existed. It was recognizable. What is the mechanism in this present case? Where or what is the new sense thus used? For it is through the senses alone that we get news from without."

"Who can guess?" said Le Clerc. "There are many parts of the brain to which we assign no function. I am not sufficiently sure of the facts to go further."

"Do you know," said Vincent, "how you do this thing?"

"I do not. I am rarely fortunate; at times I fail entirely. This makes it hard to condition, and thus unlike the facts of outside nature. I have given up its study for this reason, and, too, because it affects me disagreeably."

"Can you," said my wife, "tell us how you seemed to do it? It cannot be chance."

"No," said Clayborne, decisively.

"I seemed to see the card," Le Clerc said. "It looked larger than the real card. Once I stated the number, but was unable to tell the color. It requires a certain amount of time. I cannot succeed if the person who holds the card does not know the card and does not think of it. In fact, most of the larger pretensions as to this matter break down under severe tests, and I am still in doubt."

"I have," said I, "at times suspected myself of having a certain amount of capacity to know what people are thinking. It may have been that I was mistaken."

"For my part," said St. Clair, "I hope it will remain an undeveloped capacity. To read at will the minds even of those we love would be disastrous to happiness."

"Or at times quite the reverse," said my wife.

"But," returned St. Clair, "imagine a world from which speech was gone, and where this power had become universal. To lie would be impossible. The whole fabric of civilization would crumble; war would be impossible, love a farce."

"Even nonsense may suggest thought," said Clayborne, who was apt to take St. Clair literally. "Individual capacity to conceal thought is an essential of civilized life. The savage conceals nothing. This would be retrogression. The barbarian is willingly open-minded. We should be self-revealed unwillingly."

"Perhaps," said Vincent, "this power, if it be one, is, as we assume to have it, an abnormal thing, like those excessive attributes of the senses acquired in disease."

"But," said Clayborne, "this other could not be any excess of a sense known to us. It must be a radically different sense."

"Yes," returned Vincent, "you are right. Nor have I any, even the dimmest, consciousness of any unused power to apprehend another's thought. Owen North may have. He said so."

"Oh," cried my wife, "but I do not think Owen is in the least abnormal."

At this we laughed, Le Clerc also declining to be thus classed.

"At all events," said Clayborne, "no possible good can come of these investigations. If taken seriously, their study should be in hands which are competent for the work. Few are. The mere man of science, the physicist,—horrid word,—has been endlessly fooled by the trickery of so-called spiritualists. As Le Clerc has said,—I think you said that,—one cannot condition the facts."

"Hysterical and hypnotic telepathy," said I, "has repeatedly taken in some of the ablest of my profession. The study may some day be more fortunate. Now men in general get no good, and often harm, out of attempts along these lines of too vague phenomena."

"And yet," said Mrs. Vincent, "such small facts as we have just now heard do give one a sense of the possibility of mind directly communicating with mind, and so of the possibility of our minds being affected by those who, being dead, speak no more the ordinary tongue of man."

"No," said Clayborne, "that by no means follows. You infer too much."

"Let us then wholesomely stop here," said I; "I quite decline a plunge into the idiotic chaos of spiritualism."

"He," said Clayborne, "who needs that help to faith must strangely want the power to read aright his own nature and the great world."

This was gravely said by Clayborne, and was one of the frank statements of his calmly held beliefs which we rarely witnessed.

Said Le Clerc: "I busied myself once with many of these phenomena. Some I thought at one time honest facts; others mere obvious trickery. I gave it all up, and came to see that some, even of the ablest and most honest of the men given over to these pursuits, got at last into a condition of utter incapacity to disbelieve things which were clearly absurd, such as the so-called materialization of spirits."

"If," said I, "it be full of pitfalls for men of intellect, it is a slough of mental disaster for feebler minds. I have seen in the followers of these ways much sad disorder of mind."

"I have a very mild desire," said Clayborne, "to see once a spiritual display—séance, they call it, I think."

"Listen, Fred," cried Mrs. Vincent; "even Mr. Clayborne shares my curiosity."

"I am sorry for him, Anne. I shall not stand in your way, but let it be once, and only once."

"I could arrange for it," said Le Clerc. "I gave up all personal interest in this matter long ago, but I know many of these people."

"I should like," said my wife, "that we should be unknown to the medium."

"That is easily managed," said Le Clerc.

Like Vincent, I rather strongly objected to this folly. I agreed, however, that we would be present, and predicted that one sitting would satisfy all concerned. The famous Seybert commission was enough for me. Its report is as amusing as a volume of "Punch," and more instructive.

"I will see about it," said Le Clerc, "and now I must go. I called merely to know what Mrs. Vincent wanted."

As we too were about to leave, I said to Vincent: "I have had a visit from Xerxes Crofter, my Western railway brigand. You will grieve to hear that he is still entirely well. After a noble career of destruction in the West he moved to New York. He is here just now, to my amusement, to see Clayborne, who, as you know, owns a coal-mine in Ohio, and a little branch road, which is a feeder of Xerxes's great railway system. Clayborne thinks the rates on the main line excessive, and threatens a big fight. When Xerxes heard that Clayborne was my friend, he came hither to have a talk with him. Both are rather cross, and Clayborne happy over the imminence of a row."

"I should like to see that robber," said Vincent, "but not in my own house. Probably Clayborne will ask me to be present at their conference. One would like, Owen, to talk frankly with a man who has stolen fifty millions."

"It may be possible with Crofter. He is a man with no end of bad qualities, and an underlying stratum of something better."

"That of course," returned Vincent. "The giants of criminal finance are rarely without some fractional capacity to imitate their betters. That is no real gain. Men wholly bad are less dangerous."

"Well, you will be interested. That I promise. The man has learned many things since I first saw him. I think I said that Clayborne has asked him to dinner."

"Yes, it does not surprise me. He would ask a murderer if he wanted to study him. He has none of our feeling as to the social sacredness of the act of feeding. After it he will be as remorseless in his dealings with this potential scamp as if he had never given him of his salt. Your wife is waiting. By-by!"

(To be continued.)

THE MAHARAJA'S WATER CARNIVAL.

BY R. D. MACKENZIE.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

BENARES is an everlasting garden of festivals. She unfolds them from day to day with all the freshness and beauty of new-blown blossoms, the petals of which are being constantly scattered in wreaths of color about the feet of her shrines, and gently floated away in winding chains of withered leaves on the surface of the broad Ganges. But from the midst of these numerous fêtes the maharajas of Benares have selected one, making of it a royal water carnival, and attracting many thousands even from great distances.

The little circle of Europeans resident in Benares received gilded cards of invitation to the "Burra Mungal Mēla," as it is called, which begins on Tuesday evening and lasts for three days and nights. It was for the third or last night that the invitations were issued. But fearing select and formal functions and their unnatural impressions, I decided to wander away with the multitude into the bright sunshine, seek my old studio, the house-boat, and resume my driftings on the bosom of the "Mother of Eternity," whose ceaseless flood transports the ashes of her beloved worshipers to everlasting peace.

"Does the sahib know that this is the week of the great Tuesday festival, and will the protector of the poor bestow upon his humble slave the accustomed bakshish?" This is the beseeching voice of my boatman, who does not realize how near paradise he is.

The "protector of the poor" is as clay in the hands of the potter; but the force of Oriental eloquence nearly awakened him from the dream of past ages, into which he was drifting.

What is this? I rub my eyes to dispel the nineteenth-century haze that clouds the view. Yes, it is a most tangible reality, and in the clear morning light I see from the top of the boat, which has drifted lazily back to its moorings, a small group on the stone steps near the water's edge, within twenty feet of where I sit—a Brahman priest, two pilgrims, a man and woman, and a cow, which is busy eating a handful of yellow flowers that the priest has just thrown down on the wet red sandstone steps, while he is earnestly trying to persuade the woman to accept a similar bunch mixed with grass, which he holds with the end of the cow's tail in his outstretched hand. She hesitates, and looks appealingly to her husband, who gazes helplessly at her. Seeing this, the priest becomes more vehement, and combines threat with entreaty, until the man at last slowly unrolls a corner of his waist-cloth and extracts a few coppers, which he hands to the priest. At this juncture the wife takes the end of the cow's tail with the flowers, and holds them tightly between her hands. The priest begins to chant, and at intervals he asks for more money. Seeing the old man hesitate and his wife trembling, he threatens to cease his prayers and deny them all the blessings of his priestly power. The poor old pilgrim falls a victim to the crafty Brahman, and slowly and painfully unrolls another hard-saved coin, which brings this part of the sacred ceremony to a close; the priest pats him affectionately on the shoulder, smilingly turns to the wife, and sprinkles some water from an earthen dish over her hands. Now she lets go of the animal's tail, and puts the flowers into the dish which the priest holds out to her. He then tells her to place them on the steps, which is done with much ceremony, and while the cow slowly consumes the dainty morsel, the priest, assisted by another brother of the sacred thread, escorts his two victims away to the shadow of their big umbrella, where they are further dazed and fleeced with a multitude of mystic forms and signs, which alone can completely free the weary pilgrim's soul from sin.

This little incident of the "City of the Gate of Paradise" passed before my eyes and vanished, without so much as attracting a glance from a passer-by.

As the boat drifted slowly along my atten-

THE BRAHMAN PRIEST AND HIS VICTIMS.

tion was attracted to a ceremony which proved to be a funeral—the funeral of a man who had lived the most perfect life possible to the Hindu. He was a yogi; yes, even a sanyasi, a man who, by asceticism, rigid self-denial, and abstract meditation, had incorporated his spirit with that of the "Supreme Essence." His life perhaps had made as little impression upon the world in which he had lived as did the bundle of tan-colored cloth, his only garment and worldly possession, as it swung from a stick borne between two of his spiritual brothers down to the water's edge. That this rag could possibly contain the remains of a human being was a matter of conjecture only; there was no procession, no crowd, no mourners, nothing to suggest death, except, indeed, the spasmodic blasts from a conch-shell blown by one of the bearers. Nothing could have been more simple. The bundle of faded cloth was placed at the edge of the water; a portion of it was opened and the face turned toward the sun, while the body was held in a sitting posture and water was liberally thrown over it. The blasts from the conch-shell became more frequent and hollow; the body was placed in a boat and taken out to the middle of the stream, to be let down into the water with large earthen jars attached to it, which slowly filled and disappeared. The privilege of being bodily submerged in the sacred river is reserved for incarnations of the Holy Spirit, so the yogi did not require purifying by cremation. To those who were taking an active part in the ceremony it seemed an occasion for mirth; the event appeared to afford them the greatest pleasure.

A desire to penetrate into the midst of the fifteen hundred temples and shrines that hide themselves from the curious gaze of the worldly and unbelieving eye caused me to leave the boat and follow in the footsteps of the dripping, straggling multitude that rose from the river, and mysteriously disappeared into the endless fissures or passages which curiously open out, when sought for, between remarkably separate sandstone structures, leading in all directions at once. No better strategy could have been devised than this labyrinth to confuse and baffle the intruder. Only he who has gained the right by constant devotion can obtain a knowledge of the key which gives the privilege of entrance.

I penetrated about one hundred yards

THE MUNSHI PALACE.

from the river, and in doing so alternately faced all the points of the compass. Every foot of the way was paved with flat stone slabs with spaces between some of them, through which not altogether agreeable odors arose; but I had not come with the expectation of finding Parisian boulevards or any form of Western sanitation. I was jammed in among men, women, and children of all shades of color and social caste, representing as many individual pursuits, each wrapped in its little group of personal desires; but at the moment they were all actuated by one supreme idea—to perform their morning pujah. First having bathed in the river and meditated on its banks in the warm glow of the rising sun, they were returning with their little lotas, and other numerous graceful urns and baskets, all of brightly shining brass, laden with sacred water and little garlands of white-and-yellow jasmine, grains of rice, and other cereals, all to be scattered in precious drops and seeds in front of every shrine on their way—shrines as numerous as the turns in their ever-twisting path. These shrines are often only bits of rough stone, made into a niche or corner in the wall, and dashed with red, while again they assume the rudest mythological shapes. Very rarely indeed is there any artistic skill exhibited in the form of an idol, except those in brass found in the temples.

I went on and on through passages of shops, the doors of which appeared like low-shuttered windows, and were literally festooned with bolts, bars, and padlocks of most unique patterns and gigantic proportions. Although it was near ten o'clock, the shops were not yet open, as the people were all attending to their religious duties. The passages seemed to grow a little wider between high stone walls with projecting bits of tattered awnings, like bats' wings, spread against the narrow strips of clear blue sky above. These tiny streets on every side were teeming with people in barefooted, noiseless procession. One single ray of sunlight seemed to have slipped by chance down between the flat-roofed houses, filling the moist atmosphere with light, and threading the edge of every figure with a radiant halo. It was all so quiet that at the jangling sound of steel I quickly turned to see a group of fakirs (or sadhs), with a ghostly covering of ashes over their naked, originally black bodies. Horizontal white stripes across the forehead, arms, and breast showed them to be dis-

PUNDIT EXPOUNDING THE SACRED WRITINGS.

ciples of that dreadful god Siva, with hair coiled in ropy masses, or hanging down about their faces in long matted strings which have never known a comb. They passed with a bold, consequential swagger, their iron tridents clanging on the pavement, like perfect incarnations of the devil.

On every side were fawning, grimacing

THE MANIKARANIKA GHAT.

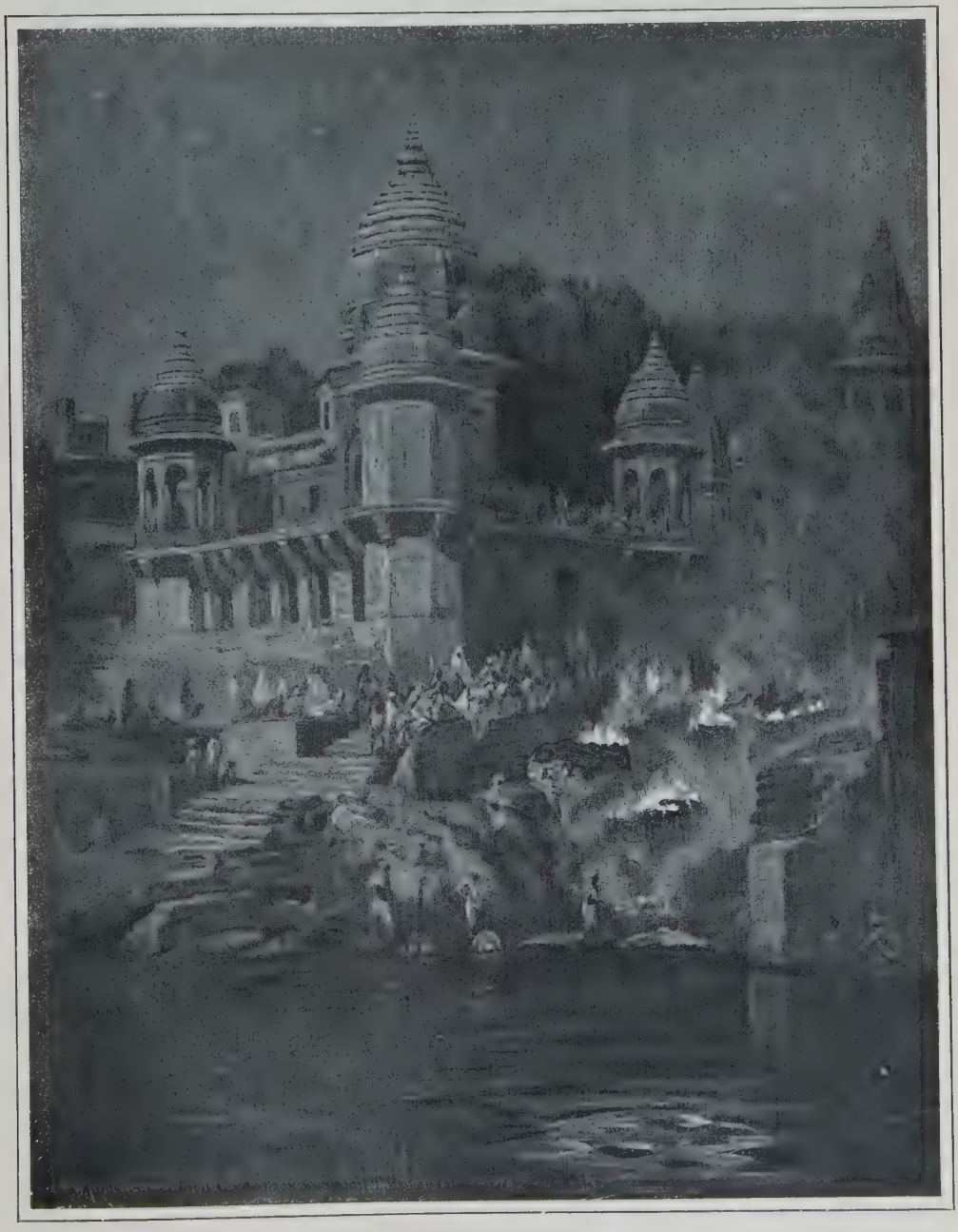
beggars and huddled bundles of rags, disclosing the most miserable of all creatures, the leper. Then came a creature distinct from all the rest, with head and face clean-shaven; he bore a marked resemblance to an old Roman senator. In color he was a much lighter brown than the average native of that part of India. He wore a tan-colored cloth peculiar to his order; his forehead was marked with three vertical white lines, joined at the bottom in the form of a trident, the sign of a disciple of Vishnu, "the spiritual, the preserver." He came along apparently not observing any one, with eyes fixed in meditation, carrying in one hand his gourd of sacred water, and in the other the sanyasi's bamboo wand, which is never allowed to touch the ground.

A shimmer of gold shone through the branches of a pipul-tree that had forced its top above the gray, chilly masonry into the warm, sunny atmosphere. It was the golden temple, the house of Siva, the holy of holies. This mighty power is supposed to sit in eternal majesty on a mountain in the Himalayas. He is the god of the passions, the giver and destroyer of life. He is "endless time," and when the shadow of his terrible trident sweeps the face of the world, his necklace of skulls rattles in grinning chorus, while the light from his lunar diadem casts ghostly shadows before his dancing skeleton attendants. He is death.

The brass door of the temple was open, in front of which sat some flower-sellers, half submerged in mounds of marigold and jasmine. The passage there was about five feet wide and was full of people, who were good enough to allow me sufficient space to see into the temple, which Hindus alone are permitted to enter; but I was not long left in possession before a sacred bull insisted upon getting me out of the way. However, I regained my post shortly, where with difficulty I watched the mysterious proceedings over the heads of the ever-changing kaleidoscope of men, women, and cattle. The god himself was represented by a large conical black stone, placed under one of the gilded domes of the temple, in front of which were suspended a number of large bells, and in several corners were to be seen various small brass images, the mythological figures of the court of Siva. About these were burning

dim, smoky flames, and everywhere the silent movements of the worshipers, disturbed only by the single toll of a bell at varying intervals, as each person paid his sacred tribute. On leaving the temple, as on entering it, the devotees sprinkled with water and grain the figure of Ganesh,—the god with the elephant's head,—and threw a few flowers on it, for his favor meant success in all worldly undertakings. What remains of the offerings is generally bestowed with mystic signs upon the sacred cattle, that jostle about among the crowd with an air of self-possession and grave importance quite in keeping with their exalted position.

Behind the temple is the "well of knowledge," from which the most humble can drink if he has sufficient faith—and money.



THE BURNING GHAT.

THE MAHARAJA OF BENARES.

From the photograph presented to the author by the maharaja, whose autograph appears in the upper left-hand corner.

Next to it is a monolith of a bull, which is seven feet high, painted red, and sprinkled with flowers, the offerings of the devout.

Up the narrow lane from the golden temple, I should have passed a little opening in the wall had I not almost stumbled over a group of beggars clustered about the pavement and walls like so many fungi. It was the entrance to the Annapurna, or corn temple. Looking in, I saw an open quadrangular court, in the center of which rose a temple of numerous stone pillars elaborately chiseled. The sandstone is almost black, and polished by two centuries of contact with animal life. The scene was a busy and a noisy one. Annapurna is the goddess of plenty, and her mission is to feed the world; but she evidently has her hands full with the cows and beggars that fill her temple. Round

the corner of the lane is the temple of Sak-hi Vinayak, the witness-bearer, where pilgrims, on completion of their visits of devotion, receive the crowning verification, and depart certain of entire cleansing and future bliss.

On my way back to the boat I stumbled into the brass bazaar, and got out again as soon as possible, for it is no longer a place where one can find graceful pieces of exquisite workmanship. This is one of the examples of the deterioration brought about by the opening up of Eastern markets to Western commerce. The former have arrived at the conclusion that the latter cannot appreciate a piece of good work, or if so, will not pay for it. The same must be said of those princely brocades known as kincob. From the days of Solomon to Jahangir it was in Benares that this royal cloth was loomed, but to-day only the most tawdry tinsel is spun and more tawdry patterns are woven. I am indebted to the maharaja for his kindness in permitting me to see the wardrobe of his ancestors. Then I saw the real Benares kincob, poems of color and design worth their weight in gold.

The palaces that rise from the ghats and form part of them, and give such picturesque views of river-front, are the property of rajas or wealthy Hindu gentlemen from all parts of India. They or their aged relatives come here to pass the remainder of their days, and peacefully await the privilege they will have of passing away from this world at the very gates of heaven.

Against the walls of the palaces and on the steps of the ghats in the gray, hot sunlight, hundreds of interesting groups were to be seen, all sorts and conditions of people, and every variety of complexion, from the darkest brown or black to a most delicate tea-rose, their forms revealed in classic lines of clinging white draperies, relieved with many passages of fluttering pinks, yellows, and greens. There were black coolies climbing the steep, sandy bank, carrying wood and stone from the barges, the men almost naked, the women draped in sunburnt reds and yellows of coarse cotton, while their ears, noses, necks, arms, and ankles were laden with silver ornaments—their pride and fortune—black with age and constant wear, dangling in the dust. There was the corpulent shopkeeper, banker, or clerk, proud of his rotundity, loosely and sparingly draped in white muslin, his only head-covering a luxuriant growth of short black hair. Beside him might be seen a group of tiny female forms, a single piece of thin white cotton cloth, six yards long, enveloping each completely, and forming her sole garment, under which an occasional band of gold could be seen.

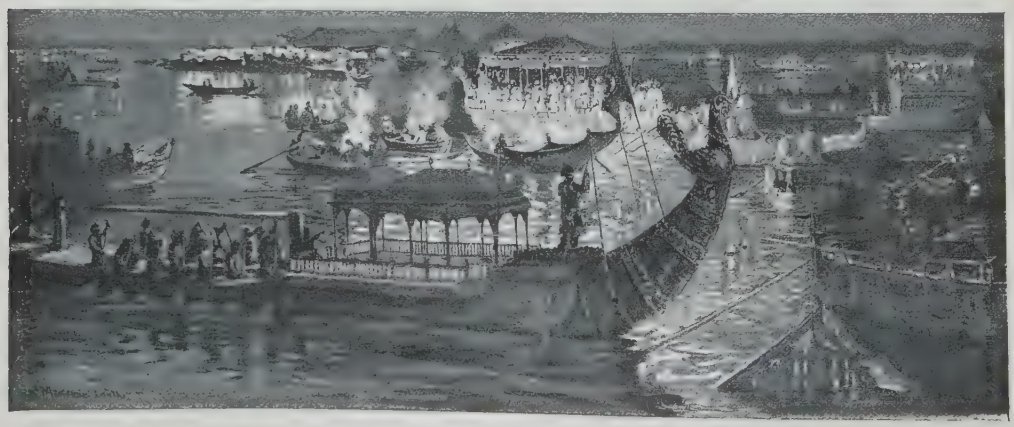
They had stopped in the shade of one of the thousand straw umbrellas that spring from the sand and stones of the ghats, like so many gigantic mushrooms, under each of which one or two Brahmans sit busily plying their priestly profession, which includes little dabs of pigment on the foreheads of all those who have completed their ablutions, and serves as one of the distinguishing marks of caste or creed. There at the mouth of a dark, cavern-like opening under a wall, dripping with water, and moldy with the smell of decaying flowers, crouched a group of old women, who had brought offerings of spring blossoms to be placed on a large black stone that could scarcely be seen in the depths of the dark hole, its temple. A few steps farther on were seen little congregations, almost entirely of women, all clustered in bunches, looking not unlike a gardener's bed of crocuses, so bright and varied were the colors of their garments, and so conventional the order in which they sat on rugs spread upon the sand or stone steps, listening to the sacred writings as read and expounded to them from quaint old manuscripts by Brahman pundits. A couple of fakirs ambled by; their shaggy, matted heads of sun-scorched hair, like a dangling mass of unraveled rope-ends, revealed occasional glimpses of half-buried, glistening eyes from the gray setting of ash-besmeared flesh, which is their only covering, winter or summer; a coil of rope round the loins, a gourd, and a rod of iron completing their outfit, their air of supercilious contempt for the whole world accentuated by their absolute indifference to money. Then came a bevy of nautch-girls to the accompaniment of tinkling anklets, the ample breadth of swaying skirts badly concealed beneath long saris, and the wearers still yawning from last night's dissipation. An army of peddlers of sweets, flowers, and fruits, and the open-mouthed, wonder-seeing pilgrim followed, all carrying their birthright of caste and country clearly marked in every line of cloth they wear, from the twist of a turban down.

To describe the background of palaces that rise or tumble along the sandy bank would in itself require a volume. An elegant bit of modern architecture, called the Munshi Palace, rises grandly from the ghat on massive stone pilasters. Midway is

THE MAHARAJA'S BOAT.

a graceful balcony formed of their capitals, and above a continuous horizontal line of exquisite little chambers and beautifully carved Saracenic arches as white as snow, making a striking contrast to the remainder of the massive sandstone building of which it forms the summit.

In passing along the ghats one wonders at the sight of magnificent structures twisted into colossal heaps of ruin, side by side with monuments in a perfect state of preservation. The ruins are not all crumbling masses of decay, but many are tumbled lumps of cleanly chiseled masonry, deserted by the builders, rent asunder, and slowly sinking into the sand and the river, a testimony to some superstitious prejudice and to the Hindu's belief in predestination. He will



THE WATER CARNIVAL.

not raise a hand to repair or prevent decay.

Manikaranika Ghat, with its group of beautifully massed temples, is undoubtedly the most picturesque spot, as well as the most famous of all the bathing-places, on the river-bank. One may hover about here for hours, instinctively attracted to the place, whether or not one has had previous knowledge of its identity and its legends. Next to Manikaranika is the Burning Ghat, which of all the scenes in this wonderful theater of human emotion possesses the greatest fascination. Here at last is the very gate itself through which all must pass to enter the great unknown. Here the last of a human form becomes a handful of gray ashes. The complete absence of artificiality precludes the possibility of theatrical effect. A red- or white-robed form rigidly bound between two bamboos is left for a few minutes at the edge of the water while the funeral pyre is being built. It is then placed upon the fagots, the torch is applied, and while the flames fiercely battle for possession, the bereaved huddle in a group a few feet away and sadly mourn. Few are the places in this world where death is wooed, but here, for hundreds of yards on each side of this burning pit, may always be seen long, irregular lines of miserable creatures calmly waiting and praying for that eternal rest.

On the morning of the water carnival a distinct ripple of mirth passed along the river during the preparations. The last Oriental splashes of red, white, blue, and green were daubed on the little Noah's arks and peacock boats that floated in gay clusters over their reflections, moored along the banks of the river. Pennants of crimson and gold fluttered from floats in various stages of construction. Midway across the broad stream was a gigantic tent, which had risen with the dawn, like a magic bubble, a floating fairy palace, awaiting the coming of the prince of the carnival.

The cool breeze gradually died in the sultry heat of noonday. The last Hindu wealthy enough to procure a boat sufficiently large and suitable in construction to carry him and his family to the carnival had arrived at an understanding with the astute boatman, and was guarding his prize until he saw it safely anchored in front of his own house. Then all Benares retired within itself to rest and dream, while gold and silver keys were busily plied by trusted maids, who brought from hiding the glittering ornaments of uncut clustering gems, and garments, gauzy fabrics of spun gold and silver, threaded into brocades of poetry, such as *dup-chan* (sunshine and shade), *chand-tara* (moon and stars), and *bulbul-chaan* (nightingale's eyes), with which the lady of quality is clad.

The hot afternoon slowly sank into evening, the river being like a sheet of glass; one almost gasped for air. The templed bank was slowly shrouded in the gray veil of evening, and something like disappointment hung in the sultry atmosphere, when suddenly the boatmen cried, "Here they come!" With difficulty I could make out some small gray spots about two miles up the river, just coming into view round the bend from Ramnagar Fort, the residence of the maharaja. Slowly they approached, until at last they were close upon us. The air seemed to grow cooler, and the heat was forgotten. All attention was fixed upon two lovely visions, —one could not call them boats,—the foremost a pair of dappled gray horses rising completely out of the water, supporting a canopy of red silk on silver poles, under which were seated, on the long boat of painted lotus-flowers, the maharaja and his princes, dressed in the most delicate harmonies of Oriental color, silver and gold, in the midst of which were a few dashes of scarlet. The crew, with pink-bladed oars, dipped into the liquid crystal of the river. The second float represented a gigantic peacock, carrying on its long, distended back a triple canopy of kincob, strawberry and gold, under which sat the maharaja's son and heir, the ministers and other state officials. Close on every side were numerous small craft hovering in their wake like dancing water-beetles.

Meanwhile my boat was lying anchored in the dim obscurity of the templed ghats, and not until the water pageant was almost lost to view did I realize that my boatmen were nervous to follow. The royal procession was soon overtaken, and as the last glow of light was fading away, the little Noah's arks that so mysteriously disappeared in the morning came quietly stealing out in clusters from their hiding, until, by the time the temples were reached,—which it was the purpose of the procession to visit,—the river was a chaotic mass of moving color, over which the curtain of night was rapidly falling. Without the least warning, a torch flamed up in the midst, and for an instant blotted out the whole spectacle in inky blackness. But gradually the eye became accustomed to the

change, the torch burned slowly down, and in its place a crimson, a green, and a yellow flare of artificial fire burst forth with spasmodic sputterings, illuminating one boat in green, another in crimson, while another passed in sable shadow. The deep-purple reflection from the semi-luminous sky alternated with the crimson and green as the maharaja's boats attempted to lead through the haphazard mass back past the temples, and out to the floating tents in mid-stream—a carnival indeed, and full of that picturesque accident which is seen to such perfection in the unconventionality of an Oriental gathering.

One by one the boats and barges attached themselves to the floating tents until the mass assumed enormous proportions; they were variously illuminated with lanterns and crystal chandeliers, of which the native of India is very proud. The tents were crowded to their utmost limit; the weird, thin voices of the nautch-girls were heard on the still night air, with the perpetual accompaniment of their bell anklets, stringed instruments, and tom-toms. One of the most unique features was the bazaar of sweetmeat-sellers. Not to be done out of their business because the fête was isolated in the middle of the Ganges, they took their entire shops afloat, and the pyramids of light-brown lumps of sugared cream seemed to afford a continual source of comfort to the festive.

Had I quietly withdrawn ten minutes earlier I should have enjoyed the perfect illusion of having lived an evening in the sixteenth century; but alas! the incongruous nineteenth-century note so prevalent in the Orient was heard in a crash of rawhide and brass, and a blizzard of metallic discord out of which I was able to pick up fragments of "We won't go home till morning." I besought the boatmen, who seemed enchanted, to hurry me away into the blackness of the night.

On Thursday evening the maharaja sent carriages for all the European guests. We were soon winding our way through the smoky bazaar to Assi Ghat, the appointed rendezvous, where we were met by his private secretary and escorted to the long line of brightly illuminated barges that were in waiting. It was a floating banquet. Tables were set the entire length of each boat, laden with European delicacies, including a plentiful supply of whisky and soda-water, champagne, and—the Anglo-Indian's elixir of life—tobacco. In the Indian climate ladies become accustomed to the odor of tobacco, and the sterner sex take advantage of the indulgence.

Ladies in pretty evening toilets and gentlemen in the customary black and white do not give just the note of introduction that one would expect for a water carnival in the Orient. Little boats filled with all sorts of rockets and candles were being diligently set off. The most ingenious is a sort of water-rocket, which, being lighted and dropped into the river, dives down into the depths, and rises and dances along the surface, darting off like a fiery serpent, to be lost in the distant darkness.

Our boats began to move out in procession toward the middle of the stream; all sorts of mysterious propelling powers were at work, from the oar to the tread-wheel. We were gradually approaching a large floating tent. On our arrival the maharaja, assisted by his son, received and welcomed each guest in a most cordial manner. We were escorted to reserved seats, arranged in formal order to the right and left of the center, where the maharaja took his seat. While the ladies were casting covetous glances at the exquisite jewels and delicate-colored Oriental silks, the tent filled with all the gentlemen of the court. In the midst of all was a group of about twenty nautch-girls, who struck the only gaudy note in the assembly. One or two were pretty, but alas! they were all wearing European stockings or socks. The women of India, as they appear in public, are models of feminine modesty, and even the nautch-girl has no need to resort to such extravagance as stockings. One wondered why they had not put on gloves also.

The tent was a blaze of light from the numerous chandeliers hung to the ceiling. The nautch began, and as the atmosphere grew heated we were treated to zephyrs raised by the maharaja's beautiful fans, waved by his servants. From a Western point of view the nautch is not a very exciting dance, although when skilfully performed it is not without a certain fascinating grace and rhythm. One or two distorted attempts at English songs proved amusing. The nautch being over, the maharaja bestowed a graceful souvenir on each lady and gentleman present—a garland of pink roses. Soon after this the British commissioner, the most prominent guest present, rose from his seat beside the maharaja, and together they led the way back to the boats, followed by all the guests, each taking formal leave of their host as they embarked.

SIGNIFICANT IGNORANCE ABOUT THE BIBLE.

AS SHOWN AMONG COLLEGE STUDENTS OF BOTH SEXES.

BY THE REV. CHARLES F. THWING, D.D., LL.D.,
President of Western Reserve University.

I SOMETIMES ask myself whether the American people are really aware how far the Bible has ceased to be a force in both their literature and their theology. The Bible might continue to be a great force in theology and cease to be a great force in literature; or one can easily think that the Bible might maintain a high place in literature and yet lose its primacy in theology. The critic is causing it to lose its theological value, and, apparently, among the people it is ceasing to be known as a classic should be known.

Such sentiments regarding the popular ignorance of the Bible are common, and such interpretations of current phenomena are frequently made; but exact evidence for such conclusions has been hard to find. In order to learn what might be their knowledge respecting the Bible, I have, on two occasions, made a certain examination of nearly a hundred college students.

In the early part of the college year of 1894–95, as the first exercise in a course of study in the Bible, I set for the members of the freshman class an examination-paper composed of extracts from Tennyson, each of which contained a biblical allusion. These extracts were as follows:

1. "Supposed Confessions":
   My sin was as a thorn
   Among the thorns that girt Thy brow.
2. As manna on my wilderness.
3. That God would move
   And strike the hard, hard rock, and thence,
   Sweet in their utmost bitterness,
   Would issue tears of penitence.
4. "To ——":
   Like that strange angel which of old,
   Until the breaking of the light,
   Wrestled with wandering Israel.
5. "Will Waterproof" [first version]:
   Like Hezekiah's, backward runs
   The shadow of my days.
6. "Locksley Hall":
   Joshua's moon in Ajalon.
7. "Godiva":
   A heart as rough as Esau's hand.
8. "Aylmer's Field":
   Gash thyself, priest, and honour thy brute Baäl.
9. Ruth among the fields of corn.
10. Pharaoh's darkness.
11. "The Princess":
    A Jonah's gourd,
    Up in one night and due to sudden sun.
12. Stiff as Lot's wife.
13. "The Holy Grail":
    Arimathæan Joseph.
14. "The Last Tournament":
    For I have flung thee pearls and find thee swine.
15. "The Holy Grail":
    Perhaps, like him of Cana in Holy Writ,
    Our Arthur kept his best until the last.
16. "Queen Mary":
    And marked me even as Cain.
17. The Church on Peter's rock.
18. "Becket":
    Let her eat it like the serpent, and be driven out of her paradise.
19. A whole Peter's sheet.
20. "The Flight":
    The godless Jephtha vows his child . . .
    To one cast of the dice.
21. "Early Spring":
    A Jacob's ladder falls.
22. "Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After":
    Follow Light, and do the Right—for man can half-control his doom—
    Till you find the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb.

It is to be noticed that the allusions contained in these extracts are not at all recondite. One might, indeed, have chosen selections which do contain recondite allusions. For instance, one might have

asked the class to explain this line [edition of 1833], taken from "The Palace of Art":

> One was the Tishbite whom the ravens fed.

Or one might have taken these lines from "A Dream of Fair Women":

> Moreover it is written that my race
> Hewed Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aroer
> On Arnon unto Minneth.

But the allusions that were selected are of the more common sort.

And now let me ask, who and what were the men who were asked to explain these allusions? They were thirty-four in number, young men of about twenty years of age, born in the northern part of Ohio, in that part of the State known as the "Western Reserve," always distinguished for the intelligence of its people, or in the central part of New York State, or in western Pennsylvania. Every one was born in this country, except one, who was born in London. They were the sons of lawyers, preachers, teachers, merchants, and farmers. Every one, except one, expressed himself as having certain ecclesiastical affiliations, and more than half were associated with two churches which are supposed to represent an intelligent knowledge of the Bible. Of the number, nine were Congregationalists, nine Presbyterians, five Methodists, and three Baptists, two were of the Reformed Church, two were Jews, and one each belonged to the Free Baptist, the Unitarian, and the Roman Catholic Church, while one, as has been said, indicated no ecclesiastical relation.

And what did the men thus born and bred and trained know of the scriptural scenes and truths expressed in these verses of Tennyson? I venture to give the record just as it stands.[1] Nine failed to understand the quotation,

> My sin was as a thorn
> Among the thorns that girt Thy brow.

Eleven failed to apprehend the "manna on my wilderness." Sixteen were likewise ignorant of the significance of striking the rock. Sixteen, also, knew nothing about the wrestling of Jacob and the angel. No fewer than thirty-two had never heard of the shadow turning back on the dial for Hezekiah's lengthening life. Twenty-six, even, were ignorant of "Joshua's moon." Nineteen failed to indicate the peculiar condition of Esau's hand. Twenty-two were unable to explain the allusion to Baal. Nineteen had apparently never read the idyl of Ruth and Boaz. Eighteen failed to indicate the meaning of "Pharaoh's darkness." Twenty-eight were laid low by the question about Jonah's gourd. Nine, and nine only, had knowledge enough to explain the allusion to Lot's wife. Twenty-three did not understand who "Arimathæan Joseph" was. Twenty-two, also, had not read the words of Christ sufficiently to explain, "For I have flung thee pearls and find thee swine." Twenty-four had apparently not so read the account of Christ's first miracle as to be able to explain the reference. Eleven did not understand the mark which Cain bore. Twenty-five were as ignorant as a heathen of the foundations of the church on Peter. Twelve, and twelve only, had gathered up knowledge sufficient to indicate certain truths about the serpent in Eden. No fewer than twenty-seven were paralyzed by the allusion, "A whole Peter's sheet." Twenty-four were unable to write anything as to Jephtha's vow. Eleven only, however, were struck dumb by the allusion to Jacob's ladder. Only sixteen were able to write a proper explanation of "the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb." In a word, to each of these thirty-four men twenty-two questions were put, which would demand seven hundred and forty-eight answers. The record shows that out of a possible seven hundred and forty-eight correct answers only three hundred and twenty-eight were given.

Some of these answers were of great interest. To the question of explaining the line, "For I have flung thee pearls and find thee swine," one said: "Good opportunities given but not improved." Another replied: "The devil was adjured into swine." A third brought forth the ethical truth, "Do not expect too much"; and a fourth found an explanation in the counsel "not to expect to find gold in a haystack." The allusion to Jonah's gourd produced a bewildering variety of literary, ethical, and hygienic illusiveness: "uncertainty of the length of life"; "the occasion of Jonah's being preserved by the whale"; "an allusion to the emesis of Jonah by the whale"; and also "the swallowing of Jonah by the whale"; and further, "things grand, but not worthy of worship because they are perishable." One student said, in allusion to Baal, "Christians were put to death by the priest Baal." Another affirmed that Hezekiah stopped the sun. "Arimathæan Joseph" is transmuted into "Joseph, the son of Jacob," and also

[1] Certain paragraphs were printed in the "Independent" in 1894.

"Joseph, the son of Mary." One said that the keeping of the best wine till the last means, "waiting until the last moment to be baptized." Another affirmed that the mark on Cain is explained by saying that Cain was a farmer and had to work hard.

So much for the first test. Five years later I made a like test of college girls. The questions were identical, with a single exception: in the later paper, "For I have flung thee pearls and find thee swine" is omitted, and its place is taken by the allusion, "Not red like Iscariot's."

The request to explain these references was made to fifty-one members of the freshman class of a college for women. These students had the following ecclesiastical relations: thirteen were Presbyterians, ten Methodists, nine Congregationalists, five Baptists, four Episcopalians, three Catholics, two Christians (Disciple), and one each belonged to the Unitarian, Jewish, Universalist, Lutheran, and Friends churches. It may also be said that their residence was in one of the States which is regarded as one of the most civilized and intelligent of the Union.

It is fitting to add a word regarding the social or other condition of these students as embodied in the employments of their fathers. Therefore let me say that of twelve the fathers are deceased. Of the other fathers five are merchants, four ministers, four doctors, three retired, three manufacturers, three treasurers or cashiers of companies, two farmers, two teachers, two bookkeepers, two traveling salesmen, two railroad agents, and one each is employed as chief grain-inspector, express company division superintendent, steel-maker, builder, lawyer, watchman, and contractor.

Of all these questions every one was answered correctly by just one girl, and, what is rather more remarkable, her knowledge was so exact that to her replies to a good many of the questions she added the book of the Bible in which the reference is to be found. Another girl omitted the reply to the reference to Hezekiah, and gave incorrect answer to the one about the miracle at Cana of Galilee. Another omitted the references to Hezekiah and to Peter's sheet, and answered incorrectly the question of Pharaoh's darkness.

The poorest paper was that of a girl who gave replies only to the questions referring to Joseph of Arimathæa and Jephtha's daughter, both replies, however, being correct. Another answered only the references to Christ's crown of thorns, Lot's wife, and the condemnation to eat dust as a serpent. Fifty-one students were in the class, and therefore, with the twenty-two questions, there was a possibility of eleven hundred and twenty-two correct answers. The following tabulation shows, however, that only five hundred and fifty-two correct answers were received, or less than one half of the possible number.

	Correct.	Incorrect.	Not Answered.
1	38	4	7
2	39	2	8
3	35	2	12
4	32	1	16
5	6	4	39
6	15	1	33
7	25	7	17
8	23	3	23
9	30	5	14
10	21	12	16
11	11	19	19
12	46	1	2
13	26	10	13
14	9	12	28
15	26	13	10
16	21	4	24
17	21	9	19
18	39	3	7
19	15	1	33
20	19	3	27
21	31	1	17
22	24	7	18

As may be seen, nearly all who felt ignorant or doubtful of the proper answer allowed the question to pass unanswered rather than to hazard a guess. It is also evident to one who reads the papers that many of the answers that are tabulated as incorrect are guesses at an answer, based many times on catchwords. In the reference to "Arimathæan Joseph," for instance, many students caught at the word "Joseph," and attempted to cover their answer by some reference to his many brothers or his coat of many colors. The mistakes in replying to the reference to Jonah's gourd indicate that while all know more or less about his experience with the whale, few are acquainted with the gourd incident. Lot's wife is well known.

These papers present, also, quite a number of queer or unexpected replies. One girl, for instance, replying to the reference to Hezekiah, stated that "Hezekiah's shadow always ran backward." This is evidently a guess. Another, referring to this same reference, attributed the quotation to David, with the remark that "David said this when bewailing the death of his son Absalom." Another girl evidently confused it with another incident, for she said, "Hezekiah commanded

the sun to stand still in its course until the battle was finished."

"Ruth among the fields of corn" was interpreted in an unexpected manner by one student, who made it refer to "Ruth grieving for her children," while another added even to this by referring it to "Ruth mourning for her children in the corn-field"!

"Pharaoh's darkness," said one, means that "Egypt was in deep darkness in respect to the teachings of Christ"; and another stated that it "refers to the passage of the Red Sea when the sea was closed upon Pharaoh." In making the event one of the plagues, the answers were varied in respect to their number, some giving three, others seven, and others ten.

"Arimathæan Joseph," replied several, "refers to Joseph's coat of many colors." One made the astounding statement that "Arimathæan Joseph was Christ's father," and another said, "Joseph was called Arimathæan because he had a coat of many colors before being sold by his brothers." Three of the correct replies, instead of stating that Joseph of Arimathæa cared for the body of Christ, referred to the Catholic teaching that he held in his possession the Holy Grail. These answers probably came from the three whose ecclesiastical relations are Catholic.

The quotation, "Not red like Iscariot's," brought forth the reply that "Iscariot means the cross on which Christ was crucified."

"The Church on Peter's rock" brought forth the following replies: "Peter built the church on a rock"; "Peter's rock was strong and immovable"; and "Peter fished when his net was full."

Interesting replies might be expected from the reference to Peter's sheet, but, as the table shows, most of the girls failed to venture a reply to it.

"Let her eat it like the serpent, and be driven out of her paradise," said one, "was one of Christ's speeches to unbelievers."

Several, possibly guessing, or perchance thinking of Jairus, said that "Jephtha's daughter was raised from the dead by Christ."

Jacob's ladder was explained by these two statements: "Jacob wished to climb to heaven, but failed"; and "Jacob committed a series of wrong-doings in the hope of obtaining Esau's birthright."

Now, the simple inference to be derived from these statements is that the knowledge of the Bible as literature is exceedingly meager among people whose knowledge is supposed to be most ample. To the Christian this fact is significant, for the Bible is the corner-stone of the Christian system. To the moralist this presentation is significant as evidence that the most important treatise on ethics is not adequately known. To the scholar it is also significant as standing for the failure of the better class of people of scholarly environment to know the most important piece of literature.

Between these two sets of answers, it must be confessed, there is not much to choose, although, on the whole, the advantage does lie with the women. In the first instance, out of a possible seven hundred and forty-eight correct answers three hundred and twenty-eight were given, or forty-three per cent.; in the second instance, out of a possible eleven hundred and twenty-two correct answers five hundred and fifty-two were made, or forty-nine per cent. A gain of six per cent. over forty-three is certainly worth while.

These evidences are exceedingly significant. In a graphic passage in his "Short History of the English People," Green interprets Puritan England as a people of a book, and that book as being the Bible. In his history of American literature Professor Moses Coit Tyler writes of the dominating influence of this same book over the Puritans who came to New England, and over their immediate descendants. In his little book, "A Layman's Study of the English Bible," that Cambridge scholar, the late Professor Bowen, says:

> These books contain a body of history, poetry, and philosophy, the study of which has done more than any other single cause to modify the course and happiness of thinking men on earth, and to color and direct the whole course of modern civilization.

In an editorial article in the New York "Evening Post" it has lately been said:

> It is impossible to overestimate the importance of the Bible as a promotive influence in English literature. Its variety of style, its marvelous felicity of phrase, and its dignity and impressiveness early entered into the very fiber of our literary expression, and long remained there a potent force. Everybody read it from childhood, every one quoted from it, every one's memory was stored with its incidents and its forms of words.

John Ruskin has put on record the greatness of the debt which he owes to the Bible in the formation of his incomparable literary style.

Now all this is changed. The Bible societies may print the book by hundreds of

thousands, but the people do not read it, or if they do read it, they are not impressed by it. Its history, whether received as veracious or as fabulous, is not known. Its heroes are less familiar than Jack the Giant-killer or Jack the House-builder. Its poetry is not appreciated. The majesty and the magnificence of its style, its deftness of phrase and sweetness of allusion, its perfection of literary form, as well as the profound significance of its ethical and religious teachings, are ceasing to be a part of the priceless possession of the community. Explain the condition as best we may, point out the results as one ought, yet the first emotion is one of grief over this impoverishment of humanity.

There is one somewhat unique element of this condition. One not acquainted with French literature is surprised to learn to what a degree the literature of a people which so many are too free to call "godless" is colored and qualified by biblical allusions. But every French scholar knows that no one can properly read the French literature of the seventeenth century without knowing his Bible. Refer to any compendium of this literature, like Professor F. M. Warren's, and one can hardly read a page without finding a reference to an incident or a character of the Bible. The French people are called less religious than the German, but their early literature is far more biblical. As the French scholar cannot know French without knowing Latin, so he is likewise limited if he is ignorant of the Old Testament and the New.

The causes of this general condition are manifold, and most of them are not obscure.

One of the causes is the fact that the world has become a world of books and a world of magazines and a world of newspapers. The world is no longer Puritan England or Puritan Massachusetts Bay Colony—a people of one book. Were there not fifty-five thousand volumes published last year, and about one eighth of them in the United States? Are not the newspapers and magazines printed by the hundreds of thousands? People have a hundred books and five hundred papers to the one book and the one paper of two hundred years and more ago. People read more, far more, but they read the one book less, far less. Green affirms that the Bible in Puritan England was virtually the whole literature which was accessible to the ordinary Englishman. "The mass of picturesque allusion and illustration which we borrow from a thousand books, our fathers were forced to borrow from one." "No history, no romance, no poetry, save the little-known verse of Chaucer, existed for all practical purposes in the English tongue when the Bible was ordered to be set up in churches." What a change! As other books have multiplied, the Bible has ceased to be, in certain relations, unique.

The second cause lies in the decline of family life. Individuality of the members of the family is becoming developed. The interests of individuals are growing; the place of the family as a family is narrowing. Commercial and professional life draw on the domestic forces. Life exterior to the home was not so intense, so competitive, so fascinating, two generations ago as it now is. In the conditions of the old simple family life fathers and mothers read the Bible to the children. Portions of the Bible were memorized. The stories of the Bible were told and listened to. To-day this custom has not entirely passed away, but it has largely ceased. Mr. Ruskin tells us that in his childhood he was required to commit to memory and to repeat passages of the Bible. The list he gives contains the fifteenth and twentieth chapters of Exodus, eight of the Psalms (among them are the Ninetieth and the One Hundred and Nineteenth), the Sermon on the Mount, and others.

It is also to be noted as a characteristic of the family life that family prayers are less common now than formerly. The daily reading of the Bible was a practice followed in the Christian homes of the early part of this century. To-day there is reason to believe that in thousands of homes nominally or really Christian the Bible is not opened oftener than once a week. Family devotions are not a sufficient opportunity for securing a proficient knowledge of the Scriptures; but they are far better than no opportunity at all.

A further cause of the decline in the knowledge of the Bible as literature is that the Sunday-school has not taken the place of the family as a teacher of the facts and truths of the Bible. The Sunday-school is now often called the Bible school. The series of lessons known as the "International" is based on the plan to study every part of the Bible once in seven years. In this period, it is supposed, one should acquaint himself with the varying literature of this book. The supposition does not represent the performance of a large amount of labor. But the supposition is one contrary to what proves to be the reality, for the students who have

been through the Bible in a course of these Sunday-school lessons twice—in other words, have been through the Bible twice—seem still to possess an alarming ignorance of some of its most conspicuous facts. The teaching of the Sunday-school is exceedingly inadequate. The teachers themselves are ignorant of the book which they are set to teach.

Yet another cause may be said to lie in the elimination of the Bible from the public school. Even if the Bible were read in the daily service of devotion of the public school, the knowledge of its contents thus secured would not be large or intimate; but a certain knowledge would be gained by even the most stupid or indifferent. But even this possibility is now, under ordinary conditions, removed.

It is also evident that the decline of the observance of the Sabbath through attendance on the services of the church has naturally tended to increase the ignorance of the Scriptures. A relatively smaller number of people are attending the services of the church. Sunday is becoming, has already become, a holiday, and has so far ceased to be a holy day. The Protestant Church does not hold the unique place in the community which it held two generations ago. The Bible, the book of both the church and of the church's chief day, has therefore suffered.

May it not also be added as a further cause that the religious emphases of our time have been changed from a book to a life and to life itself? Bibliolatry has ceased. Men formerly worshiped the Bible; they no longer worship it. The Bible has come to be regarded as an agent, and not as in itself a purpose. The more intense religious thought of our time has come to center about Christ, who, though he be the one of whom the Old Testament is a prophecy and the one whose deeds the New Testament records, whose words it reports, and whose doctrine it expounds, is still apart from the book itself. Christianity might exist without the Bible, for it did exist without the New Testament for more than a generation; but Christianity cannot exist without Christ. The world now directs its worship to a divine person, and not to a divine book.

And what is to be done toward removing a condition which is generally recognized to be fraught with evils manifold and serious? It is easy enough to suggest means and methods of improvement, such as the reading of the Bible in the family and by each person, the securing of better teaching in the Sunday-school, the preaching of sermons of a more biblical character, and the giving of courses in the Bible in the college; but what if such remedies will not be taken by those for whom they are designed?

It is the purpose of Browning's "The Ring and the Book" to prove that the intellect cannot correct itself, but that it can be corrected, if at all, only through the essential manhood, of which the intellect is only one function or faculty. An adequate understanding of the Bible can be gained, not by superficial corrections, but only through a more adequate appreciation of the literary excellences of the book, through a just understanding of the place which it occupies in the betterment of the nation and of the individual, and through a proper conviction that it bears to humanity, in some peculiar sense, a revelation from God himself. To change our ignorance of the Bible into knowledge, we are to change ourselves. A change so fundamental and so general is to be made only through years, and even through generations.

Yet be it said that the prospect is not so dark as this interpretation might suggest. To know the evil is to the American the first condition for removing it. The evil is known, and known generally. The most hopeful method now employed for this removal lies in the discrimination among the various sorts of literature which compose the Bible, and in the consequent printing of these various sorts of literature in volumes by themselves. The history of the Bible is one type; the poetry of the Bible is another type; the letters of the Bible are a third; the prophecy of the Bible is still another. What book could endure, without loss, such an irrational division into chapters and verses, such a commingling of poetical and prophetical, of biographical and historical narratives, as are found in this one book? By giving to the Bible such a rational treatment of its contents as it deserves to receive, we should aid in its restoration to the intellect as well as to the heart and conscience of man.

TENTS OF A NIGHT.

BY MRS. NEILL ROACH.

WILLA BROUGH was seen to be a school-girl from the pencil, with a care-worn rubber and a feminine sharpening, which ran through her braid. She was seventeen, slim, sallow, and with large, luminous eyes. One young man suspected her potentialities, and claimed her by right of discovery.

Love she had heard described as the kindred vibrations of two souls. The flexibility of soul in its current uses she did not analyze, and love she thought the definition of a primary state; she had not learned that there is love—and love.

The possibility of never marrying had not yet occurred to her. Already her mind was fixed against "a tour of the East" on her wedding-trip, or a black silk gown in her outfit.

Consequently the experience dawned on her naturally. They exchanged vows "for ever and ever." Oh, the brave blindness of youth that believes in the always or never of its joy or despair! They told each other the pretty parable of a soul divided and launched upon the universe, seeking reunion, completion. They trusted in the affinity and fate that compel unerringly the two fragments of a soul each to its elect.

It was all very lyrical and sweet, and it lasted a whole summer, one of those rapid-fire, three-times-a-day affairs.

Then just in the heat and glory of it all she danced too often with Another Man, because he obeyed too literally her instructions for deceiving the gossips. There followed a snow-storm of returned notes and small favors. He spent a tragic night handling his revolver (with great care), and toward morning wrote a sonnet "To Dead Love and Despair," and felt better. She danced more and more with the Other Man, and was dazzlingly vivacious. When they encountered at the end of a couple of weeks, he begged her to call on him "if ever she needed a friend," and she assured him he would "some day find the right girl."

Roused by this experience, she was caught in the sweep of the Other Man's feeling. This lasted six weeks. When they had exhausted the conversational topics of lovers they found nothing else of mutual interest. Like so many young couples, they had, in truth, nothing in common but youth and its warm vitality and a similar social veneer.

"I did n't love *him*," Willa explained to her chum when quiet was restored; "I was simply in the mood yet, and he happened along. It was a sort of transference of the adjective; the *dear* really applied to Dick—and I half knew it at the time. Do you know," she went on meditatively, "I was completely captivated with that Dick." What an impersonal past tense! "Wonder why. Probably it was like in the 'Midsummer-Night's Dream': *Titania* waked, and straightway loved an ass. A typical first affair, I guess." She sighed. There was no bitterness in her spirit; but the quotation was rather neat.

Dora, this chum of hers, was a most satisfactory confidante. Nothing entertained her more than hearing Willa analyze aloud her own psychology. Moreover, Dora delighted in her as a child gloats over fairy-tales for their personal impossibilities. For, so Dora complained, *she* could never be exciting and wicked; she was unfairly handicapped by a Puritan conscience. Lacking not so much the desire as the courage for naughtiness, she got her sins and her sensations second-hand. In Willa's exploits she cherished equally a sense of indirect participation and the remorse it brought.

A slow winter followed. Willa had no resources in herself. She found things tedious indeed unless something was constantly "going on." She could not create her own experiences, nor realize that life is more from within than from without, is less in what you do than in what you think about what you do. While she still submitted to the convention of a dilatory schooling, most of her time was passed in a lounging-robe, cultivating the pale half-moons of her shapely finger-nails and dreaming of empire. Through her restlessness she blossomed out radiantly, and got a knack of saying things that made the men open their eyes and wait for more.

Then summer found her again—summer with its demoralizing moons; and she craved incense. There were several to offer it (from the first there always were several about Willa), but her theory even now did not allow her to love more than one man—at a time.

Her third engagement was the outgrowth on the man's part of a thoroughgoing friendship, on hers of an almost subconscious pique at his imperviousness to her strictly feminine charms. She had none of the mettle of the modern woman clamoring for recognition merely as a human being. With Willa the omission of any expected chivalry plunged her into the depths of self-disgust. She was getting old, ugly, and odious—and so forth. Most often a loud lack of personal esteem is self-love baiting its snares. Yet with Willa was no formulated intent to kill. Her little lures and tricks worked automatically in a masculine atmosphere, and nothing set them going like indifference; for her spirit of conquest never took a dare.

Thus it was inevitable that the "friend" should succumb. It was equally inevitable to the girl's temperament that so complete a surrender should waken in her a flickering response. But now he was not half such comfortable good company, and his adoration lacked the tantalizing individuality of his earlier attitude.

As usual, directly after the benediction, Dora was on hand—Dora, sternly disapproving and highly entertained.

"I was lonely," Willa explained, "and he cared so much. It was just one of those echo-loves. I could n't go on living a mistake, could I? It would be unfair to *him*."

"Don't you think," suggested Dora, "that you might make sure before—"

"Dear me!" Willa cried. "How am I to know whether or not I want to marry a man until I *have* been engaged to him? Besides, if a man thinks he can fill the bill it is n't polite to contradict him without giving him a chance to argue his point."

Dora chuckled.

"I hated awfully to hurt him," Willa went on. "I tried my best to comfort him. I said everything on earth I could think of."

Dora groaned.

"And I miss him dreadfully. He has made himself so necessary." She was growing plaintive. "And it is a big disappointment to me. I did so hope he was to be *the one*."

"You mean the next one." Dora hardened her heart. But a quiver of Willa's chin brought her to her knees.

"I *was* in love," Willa justified herself, tremulously—"a little. I wonder why, now." And she was off in pursuit of her own mental processes, Dora following eagerly through that labyrinth of byways and blind alleys. "I know it is a comic-paper joke: 'Why do you love me, George?' But really it 's a puzzle-question. It is n't anything you do or don't, have or have n't—just what you *are*. You can say, 'I *like* this trait,' but never, '*This* is why I *love* you.' Queer." She was drifting out to sea.

Dora quoted softly, "'"Out of the dark It wrought the heart of man.'"

"How very pretty!" said Willa, and her eyes were thoughtful and sweet.

"Well,"—Dora took up the talk again,—"who is the—a—alternate?"

Willa sighed and shook her head. "I am through with the whole business. I mean to keep out of it myself. I would n't dare marry after seeing other folks' mistakes. There seems to be no way without probable calamity. Marry for love, and, they tell you, you may love your own reflection or you may change. By the way, do those who grow always grow apart—or do they? Marry without love, and you may fall in love with some one else or be bored to death. Life seems a choice of two evils,—to be married or to be unmarried,—and I have concluded that it is better to be lonely than bored. Besides, for a woman, marriage is a life-work. Any life-work ought to be an unmistakable vocation. Marriage is certainly not my vocation. I am going single-file."

She meant it then. Even quarreling and making up had lost its possibilities for her. Eighteen is so sure of itself and of to-morrow!

"I mean to keep out of it myself." And she stood to her word for a year, literally. She kept out of it herself; but few of the men who came within the circle of her influence found themselves immune.

She began by seeking the proverbial safety in numbers, counting popularity by the array of silk hats on her rack, and marking with stars on her calendar those evenings when she danced least, and, near the door of the ball-room, magnetized all the "extra" men to keep them from forming a dado around the wall or from escaping to the smoking-room. That was at the beginning of her first season. Soon she found that fewer shots with better aim did greater execution, and long before Lent she had become a tête-à-tête girl, and was counting her war decorations.

"At least you might spare the unavailables the humiliation of refusal," preached Dora, the mentor.

Willa looked withering. "It is n't modest to know whether you want a man or not till you know you can have him. And it certainly is conceited to suppose that sofa-talk is for you alone."

"Oh, but—"

"My dear infant," she condescended patiently, "when a man has something to say he *will* say it. To hang out a danger-signal only makes him lose his head and brings the crash sooner. There is only one way to head him off. That is by disillusionment. Self-respect forbids anything deliberate in that line. Besides, lost ideals are worse than lost causes, to my thinking."

Still Dora, unmollified by all this subtlety, threatened the poetic justice of an unreturned affection. "You 'll see," she warned. "You 'll pay for it yet." She said herself that she had been brought up on consequences. When, as a child, she begged a second "help" of pie, her mother would say: "If you eat this, it may give you a pain. If you don't, in half an hour you will forget you wanted it." The principle became Dora's philosophy. She never took her pie; but Willa never missed hers even if a pepsin tablet must follow.

Of course Willa's fame as a flirt spread—a reputation not strictly accurate, for her conduct was not so much skill or hypocrisy or cruelty as a variable emotionalism. Her coquetry was more instinct than purpose.

Her popularity was due largely to a sort of mild hypnotism, by suggestion—a tribute accorded, in part, because of her serene consciousness of charm, in part the result of the advertising of eager devotees stimulating the curiosity of a wider circle. Men were ashamed and disappointed to miss recognizing such evident delightfulness. It roused a spirit of wholesome competition.

A reputation eclipses some persons and paralyzes some, but Willa was game. Were they criticizing? So much the better. One day the lips of a girl passing her on the street framed the words, "That is Willa Brough." "Oh, is it?" said the other before they were quite out of earshot. "Do *you* think her *so* pretty?" And Willa knew she had touched fame. For to be discussed, defended, and disparaged are negative proofs of fame, just as fame is to be known over the land by an affectionate front name, or to have the appellation inherited from dignified forefathers twisted into advertising jokes.

Even plain persons blossom under admiration, and the women themselves admitted Willa's charm.

The winter she was twenty there was one man of whom she was half afraid. All the season, with eyes like a St. Bernard dog's, he watched her—watched her across the ball-room, or, sitting with his own face in shadow, listened while she entertained her company. All her meaningless trifling he translated into text of gold, until the girl was bewildered by his expectations and the multiplicity of her fictitious virtues.

Her small brother's pun was that she "knew all the phases of the moon." Certainly so many lovers round her had taught her the signs and seasons of their state. There were certain tactics she had used for strategic reasons. When a partner began picking at her gown in their twilight talks she assumed the grandmotherly air. When it came to the use of the all-suggestive "we," and the omission of any salutation heading notes, she grew more comradely. Kissing her hand for good night made her brutally talkative over bachelor plans for the future. She knew that her attitude was oftenest taken as a pose or a dare; but this time the impulse to flight was sincere, for she was half afraid of the man. He, however, considered her shy and maidenly, and the temporary discouragement only gave his feeling time to assure itself.

One night, as she gave him her hand for good-by, he reached for both and drew her to him, in his eyes a dumb confession and appeal. The glow of the fire was in her mood. She yielded, and he stooped to her lips. Then the cold tremor of his hands startled her, and looking up, she realized the glory in his face. She dared not draw back then. Afterward, the man, nothing doubting, said: "What need was there for words? We both understood."

It is to Willa's credit that Dora never learned how it came about. "He is so good and strong," Willa told her, with a look of solemn elation. "I did not know love was like this. It is so grave and steady. It lacks the blue-and-gold fever of a first emotion, but it is a nobler love."

"A nobler love!" How often that is the brave self-deceit of disappointed hearts when the fires are burned out!

At first the new play went well. She was finely sensitive to the effect of everything she did and said, and the same sense of the dramatic and artistic, that kept her from being a bald flirt, made her plastic to each

man's ideal. But she found herself fagged after an evening spent with him picking her phrases and listening for her cue. The good-by brought no clinging regret.

Her friends began to find her irritable, unaccountably unlike herself.

"Three things," said a joker one night, "I cannot understand: a girl, a married woman, and a widow."

"There 's a fourth class," put in Dora, glaring at Willa, who immediately became preoccupied—"an engaged girl. She 's an inscrutable providence all by herself."

Yet Willa was making the most unselfish effort of her life, and it was at this time that she assured him oftenest in words of her devotion.

Then one afternoon she swept down on Dora and carried her off for a spin at so mad a pace that Dora at last dropped panting from her wheel. But Willa stood, and flung up her arms. "I could n't stand it any longer," she said. Dora woke up. "Think of being perched so high you can't breathe, and are afraid to move for fear of losing your balance and spoiling the effect! I can sympathize now with the Winged Mercury. What a strain! No wonder all the little gods topple from their pedestals." Dora was alive with interest. "What right had he," Willa raged, "to choose to imagine me cut after a little model woman in his idea? I 'm just as good—the real me—" Then she paused. "No; I 'm not, either. And," with deep relief, "I don't want to be."

"One more unfortunate!" groaned Dora.

"Oh, he 'll get over it," Willa assured her from experience. "They all do. And it makes better men of them, you know."

"Do I?" smiled Dora.

"Besides, he says love is not love unless it is mutual."

"Affinity again," commented Dora.

"Affinity? What nursery talk! It means that love is flattered vanity. Without reciprocity it dies. But I tell you," she added, her lips growing frightened again at the remembrance, "it 's an awful thing to see a man lose his—god."

"What did you do?" whispered Dora, feeling deliciously creepy.

"Told the truth," said Willa. "I was n't mean enough to blame him nor pretend a quarrel."

This man proved one of the few who never forgot nor forgave and never stopped loving her; but whether he continued to love the real or the fictitious her would be hard to discover.

Natural reaction turned her to The Boy, a debonair young dare-devil who talked in a way half boastful, half ashamed, of the life he had seen. He was not nearly so bad as he tried to make others (and himself) believe. He went at his wickedness a little gingerly, finding it less entertaining than he felt it ought to seem. But he cherished the youthful fallacy that women most love and admire a rake, and thus their carelessness or curiosity or amusement all contributed to his sense of prestige and the glamour of an adventurous name. However, for feeble fun, it came high in after settlements. His daring, too, he found, must constantly increase to keep up the excitement. It palled. Consequently he discovered that the radiance of a pure woman had shamed him.

To Willa he protested: "If you will love me I 'll straighten up and make a man of myself. If not, what 's the use of my trying to be a decent fellow?" The appeal of this argument to a "womanly nature" he had anticipated as one of the inducements to perseverance in ill-doing.

Willa troubed herself little over the possibilities of such morality. The rôle of mentor was balm to her recently hurt self-esteem. She enjoyed his enthusiasms about everything, herself especially. She relished the freshness of his feelings, for hers were age-withered and custom-staled. His impetuosity almost swept her from her growing boredom.

But The Boy went away. Letters Willa found a poor medium. Her facility was not for words, her art of a kind not reducible to black and white. Besides, it was hard to be true to a distant love, because a memory is less convincing than a presence.

"Fact is," she confided to Dora when the time came for balancing accounts once more with her "latest lamented," "I 'm disgusted with the whole subject. Love is so vulgar. It 's the same disease for you and for your cook."

"Oh, no!"

"Oh, *yes!* You have always hung a rosy veil of silence and evasions and fine fancies between your eyes and the elemental facts of life. But love is simply a habit of the race. They all say the same things, and"—hiding her eyes—"do the same things." Willa still had the grace to get embarrassed sometimes. "I could give them all hints on method. And each one wants me *to meet mother*, who introduces me to some family friend as *Our Willa*, like the heading of an obituary notice."

"I should think it would be shop-worn to you," Dora agreed with emphasis. You always knew when Dora was going to say something dangerous by the quiver at the corner of her mouth—the flash before the report.

"You are shop-worn yourself. If I were you, I would wear a sign for the future, 'Please Do Not Handle.'"

"Pray, don't be coarse," said Miss Brough.

"Is evil," asked Dora, "*only* to him who evil *thinks?*"

To Willa the mood of "the morning after" had become permanent. There weighed on her the tedium that shadows selfishness and satiety, the dreariness of lacking wholesome interests in life. In her listless, dun-colored mornings she thought things over to Dora. "I 'm old," she said. "That I ever had a Santa Claus age seems incredible now. Why, I used to believe in things—fate and affinity, for instance!" Her laugh showed no special amusement. "Fate and affinity! At different times in life you find what you need for the moment in different persons. Even Emerson says, 'Our affections are but tents of a night.' Some fortunate souls find a dozen affinities. I can't care for any one. I never shall."

"Poor burned-out two-and-twenty!" groaned Dora, in elaborate sympathy.

"I 'm not burned out!" flashed Willa. "I never had any emotion—any independent emotion. And the men's protestations always tired me shortly like fireworks. I 'm abnormally cold by nature, it seems."

Dora looked a bit skeptical, but she asked, "Then why don't you really keep out of it?"

"Oh, my dear, I ought to marry sometime. On the average and in the long run married people have the best chance for happiness. And think of *my* being an old maid!"

"You need n't be an old maid nowadays," Dora told her. "There are so many other professions for the unmarried woman."

But Willa shook her head.

"I see," said Dora, "Willa, like nature, abhors a vacuum." And she waited developments.

Often the necessity for action to escape herself came over Willa, and usually even yet a "new man" served as stimulus to her artificial enthusiasms. She had come to take interest only in big game. Rivalry was a necessary zest to her hunts. She no longer loved the sport for its results, only for itself, and for the triumph of the flaunted brush. The old instinct had become conscious purpose.

It was thus, by a magnificently executed plan, that she brought down The Catch of her third season. She dazzled him with her electrical eyes and live gestures, as the matador in the arena uses his *muleta* and juggling passes.

Some say that approbativeness is more frequently developed in woman than in man. Possibly so. From the beginning her power has been gained only through rousing the admiration that tenders privileges. Such, at least, was Willa's conclusion from her philosophy of history. When a mere child, she had learned to consider charm the magic word for acquiring all things. And latterly the "all things" to be thereby acquired had come to sum up in one term, ducats—ducats, which she had always lacked and consequently overvalued; ducats, a sort of collective noun signifying ease, and fine linen (elaborately hem-stitched and embroidered), and the center of an elevated stage from which to radiate.

"Of all flimsy reasons for marrying," she announced to Dora, "*just* that you are in love is the flimsiest."

"Oh, really!" commented Dora, without raising her voice or her eyebrows.

"Because," Willa persisted, "love is merely a matter of the susceptible age and association, urged on by gossip, and brought to a climax by a rival or an objecting papa. There are so many other things to consider—real congeniality, suitability, responsibility, what is most important to your happiness and usefulness in life."

"I never knew any one like you," said Dora, "so clever at adapting—a truth."

They were in Willa's morning-room.

There followed one of those silences, filled with the crunching of chocolates and the slow turning of pages, when each waited for the other to open the way to confidences. Neither knew how to begin. Dora hated to ask, Willa to offer unasked. At last Dora broke through the middle of her thoughts: "You know you don't care for Hardy Chester."

"I thought you had guessed about it," said Willa. "No, I don't. But he is very anxious, and I have no special objection. As I shall *never* care for any one, it will at least be a comfort not to need ask the prices of things. He understands perfectly how I feel, and is still urgent. After all, it is n't such a bad way to begin operations, for with men love is a pursuit, with women a response."

"Ah!" said Dora. She knew that, once started, the talker needed no assistance. She was, as it were, self-feeding.

"It's going to be very satisfactory. We're great chums. To be sure, he is cleverer than I, but then a man's choice of a wife is a matter of taste, not of mind. I can satisfy him, and as for me—"

"You 'll never see it through," said Dora, with conviction.

"But I will."

"Well, I do hope it will be a short engagement. A long one is so trying for your friends."

"October 30." Willa dropped the words carelessly, enjoying the effect from the corner of her eye.

"Six weeks! NO!"

"Yes."

"I certainly sha'n't order my gown until the 25th."

"But I tell you it is going to hold."

Dora may be pardoned her skepticism. However, when the papers announced it, and the shops and dressmakers took all Willa's time, she felt safe in putting herself in the hands of her own modiste.

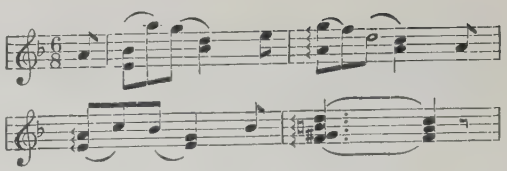
They were examining some laces one morning, when the flash of Willa's ring attracted both girls. Willa paused, and turned it in the light.

"'Know all men by these presents,' is your motto nowadays, eh?" said Dora.

"I 'm not mercenary," Willa answered, "but I take all such things as signs of the proper spirit. If woman's sphere is always to be missionary to man, then her chief duty is to manage him, not only for his good, but for her own."

As she spoke, she felt herself observed, and looked up to meet the eyes of a quiet, blond man farther down the counter. The two regarded each other for a moment as if both were groping for some recollection. Then Willa woke to the conventions, and passed out.

As she turned away, a whiff as of fresh sea air struck her. Her usual morning languor, which the tedium of shopping always made heavier, lifted. She went on buoyantly, wondering to Dora why that snatch of melody from Gustav Lange's "Blumenlied" haunted her that morning.

When, next day, the same rush of salt air struck her just before she turned a corner and encountered again the slight, fair man, she called it vaguely association of ideas, and passed on in a glow, humming softly under her breath:

She felt his eyes following her, and hoped her belts were all properly connected in the back.

All day her mind searched for remembrance of the man, with that tantalizing sense of snatching after a vanishing dream. Finally she played the "Blumenlied" over and over in all sorts of impossible tempos, to drive the insistent refrain from her thoughts. Soon the briskness of the walk left her, and the old shadow drifted down over her eyes.

That night, when Hardy Chester dangled before her a diamond pendant, she put up her hands as if in defense from the gift. "I wish you would n't give me so many things," she said, "when I have nothing to give you. It 's humiliating."

"You are giving me the one thing I want that I could n't get without you, dear," Hardy told her.

And Willa leaned her forehead against his coat-sleeve in silence.

When she encountered her familiar stranger next day, Willa felt distinctly vexed. But at their first glance his puzzled look suddenly expanded. He came directly toward her. The girl stood passive, as if held. Light had flashed on her memory.

"Miss Brough? Your pardon." He was quietly and unmistakably the gentleman. "It has just come to me. An evening at Cape May—some years ago—in the concert-stand at the end of the pier—the wind came in from the sea—and one of the Clovi sisters was playing that little 'Flower-song' of Gustav Lange's—"

"Yes," said Willa's lips, without a sound.

"No one thought then to present me to the little girl in white. But I am George Deland, Mrs. Harry Carruthers's brother—"

"Oh, yes."

"May I ask Grace to bring me to call—with your kind indulgence? May I?"

Willa bowed her head. She felt remote from herself, wondering at her own conduct as at a stranger's.

The pleasure in the man's face blotted out his verbal thanks from her remembrance.

Several days later she was holding forth to Dora and the chocolates.

"It 's a great mistake to care for a man," she announced oracularly, "because then you

can't use your weapons. *You* want to please *him*. Most girls are too eager to please, anyway. And then *you* are always the one to give up, because that is the only way a woman can love. Why is it always the woman who gives up?"

"Is it?" smiled Dora. "I did n't know."

Willa had been fidgeting about the room. Now there came a silence. Then Willa turned sharply. "Well?"

Dora looked at her.

"Some one called me," said Willa.

"I did n't hear it. I have n't spoken for ten minutes."

Willa stood looking at her curiously. Then she turned back to the window. A moment later she spoke in a peculiar dry tone to her mother in an adjoining room. "Mama, there comes Grace Carruthers with —a man. I have too bad a headache to meet strangers."

She flung herself on a couch and drummed her fingers and tossed about until Dora went over to smooth her forehead and sympathize. "Worn out with all this shopping, are n't you?"

"Oh, that 's not the sort of tired that kills," said Willa. "Think of going all your life without caring—*all your life!*" She turned her face from her mystified chum.

The callers gone, Willa went down to dinner. Her unsociable silence at the family board was too long accepted to cause notice.

In the midst of the meal her spoon stumbled on its way to her mouth. "U-m,"—sniffing,—"who has violets?" she asked.

"There has n't been a violet in the house this fall," said her mother.

"That 's queer." Willa sniffed again. But no one else caught any odor.

It was half an hour later that the houseman brought in a florist's box. As the girl raised the lid, the perfume of violets filled the room. There was a general exclamation at the coincidence. But Willa picked up a card, read, "With sympathy," and a name. "Oh, take the things away!" she cried petulantly, tearing the pasteboard to bits. Her people stared. "The odor makes me ill," she explained lamely. But after dinner she slipped down the back stairs and got the box again.

That evening, when Chester stooped for his good-by, Willa drew back. "Not to-night," she said.

"Why, Willa, are you angry?"

"Not at you, Hardy. But please—not to-night."

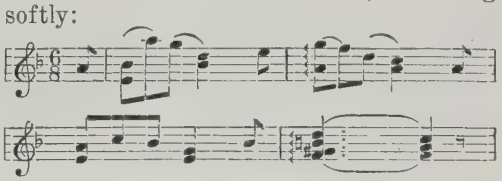
She went up to her room, where Dora was preparing to stay with her, and swept, as in a whirlwind, from desk, dresser, and cabinet, the blood-offerings, rich and trifling, of a long line of worshipers. Early in her career she had recovered from what she called "the childishness of shipping back every little gift after a quarrel."

"What now?" gasped Dora, as, thunderstruck and indignant, she watched their destruction by hand and fire. "This is a rather late funeral sacrifice to your old victims—your living dead. Trying to sweep the place clean even of memories for the future lord and master? What *is* the matter, Willa? Being adored seems to make you destructive as well as conceited."

"It does n't make me conceited to be loved," said Willa. "It makes me ashamed."

Dora sat thoughtful for a while, putting two and two together. "Well, it 's a queer world," she remarked at last. "The idea of your falling in love with the man you marry!"

A sleepless night left the girl with dark circles under melancholy eyes. In the crisp of the fall morning she went out to walk off her heaviness, cutting through side streets to a scant suburb for escape and solitude.

Some one came behind her, whistling softly:

She did not turn her head. He stopped the tune at sight of her. When he caught up, without greeting him, she turned homeward. He walked beside her, and they talked vague and feeble evasions.

Not until they reached her gate did he sweep down her reserves and barriers. "You will not ask how I always know where to find you."

She answered hastily what she would not have said with forethought: "You are trying to hypnotize me."

"*I?* It is *you!* Wherever I go I am conscious of you like a presence. There is a hand on my shoulder that turns me where you are. I saw you at the opera the other night with Mr. Chester. I knew when something he said hurt you, though you smiled. I knew when the music made you shiver. You are part of myself. It has been only two weeks since I—found you, Willa, but I recognized you—what you were to me—at sight. Now I know why all women have been blanks to me, as women. It is *you*."

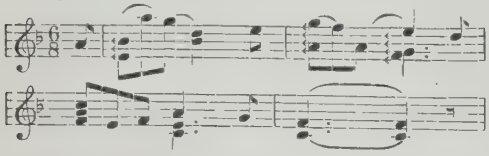
She shrank as if struck, but the blow came from her own memory. "And you say this to me now—*now*," she cried—"now, when my cards went out yesterday, and I am to be married in two weeks?"

"I learned that only this morning." It was his one word of justification. "But it could not have mattered in the end." Indeed, it did not occur to his absorption that there needed any justification for this wooing, this claiming his own, however swift and unconventional.

He leaned toward her. "*Willa!*" That was all; but it rang to her like a call, and drew her look for one flash to his. Then she put up blind hands of defense from his eyes, and ran from him into the house.

"Still a headache?" said her mother. "Why, Willa, I did n't expect you to be so excited over it. And it is telling on you, my dear. You know how unbecoming white is when you are sallow and hollow-eyed. So go to bed early to-night, daughter. Surely Hardy can spare one evening."

Thus Willa, strangely meek, went to her room before it was fully dark.

In the first sweet sleep of night she stood on rocks surrounded by the "swinging, smoking seas." Across a foaming gap *he* appealed to her with his arms. But when she would have leaped, she could not, though nothing held her except a sense of faces pressing before her—faces cold with reminder. Still he appealed with his arms. She gathered her strength and leaped—into a rush of salt air, a thrill of light and music. It swept her up in waves, then receded slowly with her dream-consciousness.

And she realized herself standing in the middle of her room, that was flooded with the early moonlight.

She knew that the dream had revealed her to herself. Making her way to the window, she leaned out.

"Willa!" No answer.

"Why are you asleep so early? It is only ten o'clock."

But Willa did not speak.

"Dr. Redin is expecting us at the rectory. I 'll wait for you here," he said in the same cheerful tone. "And I 'll time you, too," with a little laugh. "Fifteen minutes for the lightning-change artist."

She had no thought of resisting. She was tame to his word.

Dora went gaily the next afternoon to call at the hotel on Mrs. George Deland.

She waited, bubbling with fun and interest. "Ah, madame!" she began elaborately as Willa entered. Then her amusement faltered, for Willa looked taller, with an unusual white pallor and shining eyes.

The old friends looked at each other a moment. Then Dora, flung back on her honest thought, broke out: "Willa! How could you? You have n't known him two weeks."

"I have known him all my life," said Willa, quietly, "only I did n't know it." She did not join Dora's laugh at the bull. "I know him heart and soul." And she believed that, of course. They always do.

Secretly Dora was impressed. Willa's tragic powers were always so satisfactory. Why, Willa had often lain awake a whole night worrying over her lovers! "Well," she said, still attempting her old smile, the appreciative and encouraging smile of the professional interlocutor—"well, you 'll find it harder to strike this tent than any of the others."

There was a pause like a rebuke. Then Willa said slowly: "There never were any others. He is the one I have been groping for all my life. I never knew what—love—was before. I was only trying to find out. But all that belongs to another life." Dora sat helpless. "I wonder," Willa ended, "why so many people laugh at—love. Is it because they are ashamed to admit sentiment, or is it sacred only when it comes into your own experience?" And Dora felt that she had been ill bred and evil-minded.

They talked in circles and at arm's-length. Even when Willa kept her eyes on her guest they seemed to look beyond, and often they wandered.

Dora cut short the call. The young woman let her go with an urgently affectionate invitation to "come down soon for luncheon." It choked Dora. They had never known the need of demonstration before.

Now she saw between them a great gulf fixed. She was familiar with the abstraction of lovers; the shy, troubled sweetness of the young wife's eyes, the reserve in a new life; but she felt herself excluded from Willa, less by ignorance of her new experiences than by too great knowledge of her old ones.

"'All that belongs to another life.' I see," she said to herself, tremulously flippant, "'Our affections are but tents of a night.' Tents of a night. I am struck with the rest."

A DERELICT.

BY ELLEN MACKUBIN.

SINCE the fall of the tower of Babel no more bewildering confusion of tongues has been heard among the children of men than that with which the polyglot crew and deck-passengers of the Yellowstone steamers were wont to clamor. French, German, Swedish, Chinese, and Chippewa so adulterated the English which they attempted to speak that these forms of the most wide-spread of languages would not have been understood by the illustrious professors of its purity at Oxford or Harvard. Almost as varied in color as in speech, the red, white, black, and yellow crowd struggled across the gangways during the final hour of embarkation. There was a climax of noise, in which mingled the shrieking of whistles and the clanging of bells. Then the ropes which had held the *Great Northwest* to her moorings splashed into the muddy river, and she backed pantingly out into the stream.

"The end of civilization, and the beginning of the wilderness," murmured a pleasant voice beside young Gascon, who, leaning upon the rails of the upper deck, had watched the hurly-burly.

He lifted his eyes—a boy's eyes, eager with curiosity and amusement, yet just now a trifle wistful, because of a pang of homesickness both sharp and unexpected.

"Exactly my thought!" he exclaimed, looking at the worn, middle-aged face of his neighbor with an odd sense of mutual comprehension that was very agreeable among these strange surroundings.

"Sufficiently obvious to be visible from widely different points of view," the other said, smiling—a smile somebody had declared to be as remunerative as a fortune in ten per cents.; but that somebody had been an enemy. "No beginning or end more effectual than the splash of those ropes," he continued, "until one comes to the handful of earth upon a coffin, when, if one discovers whether it is an end or a beginning, one keeps the secret."

"Is this your first trip up the Yellowstone?" Gascon asked hurriedly. His new acquaintance's imagination was outstripping his own on a path which he did not desire to follow.

"I 've got beyond first experiences in most things," the stranger answered, still smiling; "and I am known among the oldest inhabitants at Zenith City, which is a precocious infant town of some five years."

"I leave the steamer there also."

"Ah! Fort Fletcher?"

"Why do you guess Fort Fletcher?" Gascon asked, glancing naïvely at his tweed clothes.

"West Point has other hall-marks than brass buttons," the elder man replied, while his eyes dwelt kindly on the erect young figure beside him. "Pretty place, the Point."

This fitted a key to the gates of Gascon's eloquence. Tender regrets and glorious aspirations were stirring his heart too deeply for revelation, even to an old friend instead of a chance traveling-companion. But the Point made a safe outlet for his boyish desire to assert his identity in the midst of an unfamiliar world.

The two did not part until the gong called them to the dining-saloon.

"Your seat, I dare say, is at the captain's table, with the army ladies and others of defined rank," Gascon's acquaintance said unenviously, as they entered. "Mine is at the farther end of the room, among the nobodies, some of whom, however, are right good company."

This description Gascon found inapplicable to his own surroundings. The captain vanished speedily; the army ladies, who had passed even the elastic age of garrison flirtation, were absorbed by nursery interests, and, after a brief greeting, the young lieutenant remained unnoticed until during the cheese and coffee period of the repast. Then he received an admonition from the military matron whom he was supposed to be escorting, though ever since joining her in Chicago he had been irately aware that he himself was being chaperoned.

"You must forgive a warning, because I have boys almost of your age," she began with unappreciated graciousness. "You can-

not be too careful in choosing your associates on these Yellowstone steamers. Dr. Roberts, with whom you were talking, is a gentleman, of course, but he is also one of those exceedingly dangerous persons who are described as being nobody's enemy except their own."

"Thank you very much," Gascon replied, flushing as he rose.

Stiff with West Point decorum and youthful offense, he bowed to each departing lady in turn, and escaped to the deck, a cigar, and his detrimental acquaintance.

Thirty-six hours later the army ladies discussed a subject which temporarily banished their nursery tales. They felt a sincere sense of responsibility for the newly fledged lieutenant until he should reach the protection of their liege lords at Fletcher, and when, to a merely momentary appearance at dinner on the second day, was added his absence at supper, they reported certain rumors to the captain.

That blunt person proved inaccessible to their demand for interference in a matter beyond his jurisdiction.

"If Doc Roberts is with the party, the play will be straight," he declared between final gulps of his third cup of tea, ending, as he scrambled to his feet: "I don't keep a Sunday-school, madam; I run a river steamer—leastways, that is my business, and I come as near doing it as sand-bars and fighting deck-hands and other interferences will allow."

For once rumor did not exaggerate. Poker had begun soon after breakfast, because the deck, under a copper-colored, airless sky, was no place for loafing, and a mild game was suggested as the only possible occupation for the long hours down-stairs. Gascon, influenced by the wholesome vigilance of his home and of West Point, believed that cards held no temptation for him, and joined the players from a rather bored desire for amusement. But there is nothing so infectious as fanaticism, and his companions worshiped in fierce earnest at the shrine of their Juggernaut.

They played in Roberts's cabin, within the tiny space of which the guests were accommodated with camp-stools, while the host sat upon the edge of the berth. When they paused to go to dinner, stakes had risen, likewise the thermometer, and the novice was aware of a new self-importance as he reckoned his winnings. Before the supper-gong sounded, stakes were yet higher, success was evenly balanced, and through the stifling twilight flashed the lurid gleams of a coming tempest.

Supper was voted to be a needless interruption. Somebody ordered more drinks, and the blind-doors leading to the deck were closed against prying eyes. Under conditions of increasing heat and excitement, in the midst of such a pandemonium of noise as a thunder-storm means between the towering bluffs of the Yellowstone, the gambling continued for many hours.

At length, during the interval required for a shuffle, one of the party became aware that the turmoil of the elements had ceased, and that the steamer was wrapped in silence.

"Four o'clock!" he exclaimed, glancing at his watch. "What do you say to bed, gentlemen?"

"I say no!" cried a shrill voice, which, even to Gascon, did not sound his own.

There were haggard circles beneath his eyes. His fresh complexion was patched with pallor. His parched lips quivered as he added vehemently, "I have the right to speak, being the chief loser."

"Suppose we take count of stock," another suggested. "I will open the deck-door, doc, and make this den of yours less like an oven."

Through the doorway the morning appeared,—pure as when, on the first day, God, looking upon his new-created world, declared his content,—and across the serene outer stillness floated the clear voice of a negro deck-hand chanting a hymn which Gascon's mother had sung beside his bed in his childish illnesses.

The boy shut his teeth hard with something dangerously near a sob, and confronted three pairs of observant eyes.

"I 'm solvent so far," he said. "For the next deal I will stand this amount on my pay-account."

He pushed toward Roberts, who was the principal winner, a slip of paper upon which he had scrawled his promise to pay, and his signature.

At this paper Roberts stared dumbly an instant, while a grayness, which might have been merely the effect of intruding daylight on the dull glimmer of the lamp, flitted over his face.

"I believe I am used up," he exclaimed presently, with a laugh. "See how my hand shakes. I shall leave off."

"The winner cannot leave off," Gascon stammered hotly, "if he is a man of honor—"

"I 'll settle him," Roberts interrupted, addressing his other guests in a tone they

considered decisive. "Good night, gentlemen."

With jocular but hurried farewells they departed, while Gascon stood glaring in the helpless rage of defeat.

"So you are another Robert Gascon," his host said coldly. "Bound upon the same devil's highway followed by your—namesake?"

"My father!" Gascon cried, a part of his pain and shame finding utterance. "Understand that I permit no ill spoken of my father."

"Forgive me! I used to be fond of your father," Roberts murmured, while he tore the slip of paper he held into tiny pieces. "Except for this signature I should have continued to think your name Gascoigne."

Then he laid a hand on Gascon's shoulder.

"Let us go outside," he said. "I have something to tell you, and we shall each feel steadier after a breath of cool air."

The lofty beauty of the scene which surrounded them when they stepped upon the deck smote the lad's heart with mingled reproach and soothing. He turned from his companion, and folding his arms on the railings, steeped his soul in its purity, his lungs in its refreshment. From a bench near by, Roberts watched the humiliation and bafflement fade out of Gascon's face, and a wistful serenity replace them.

"Go to bed, my dear fellow!" he exclaimed briskly. "You are dead tired."

Gascon glanced toward him with a start of remembrance.

"I am grateful to you for ending that game just now," he said frankly. "I think it must have been a case of temporary insanity on my part."

Roberts clasped the extended hand limply, and dropped it at once.

"A case of heredity, as of course you know—" he began.

"I know almost nothing of my father," Gascon interrupted. "He went West to make his fortune when I was a baby, and his death there was such a grief to my mother that she cannot speak calmly of him to this day."

"Your father is dead?" Roberts asked after a brief silence, during which Gascon wondered eagerly as to what this stranger would tell him of the father who was merely a name to him.

"He was drowned by the flooding of a mine in Idaho."

"Yes? I recollect. Many lives were lost. Well, I am glad to meet his son under circumstances that enable me to pay a portion of the debt I have owed him for years."

He proceeded to explain that he was indebted to the elder Gascon, or his heirs, for nearly double the sum of the younger man's losses, and he assured his astonished creditor that he should make immediate settlement.

Both explanation and assurance Gascon accepted undoubtingly, and with a thankfulness which overpowered for the time his bodily exhaustion. Swayed by a passion of blended remorse and relief, he was eloquent on themes the sacredness of which would in ordinary moods have rendered him silent. And Roberts listened with an occasional word or smile of sympathy while he talked of his mother, of her sacrifices for his establishment in the somewhat extravagant cavalry regiment to which he had been assigned on leaving West Point—sacrifices which that night's madness had so nearly rendered vain.

A term was put to these confidences by a humiliating faintness, which he strove to deny, but which forced him to lean on Roberts's arm to his cabin door, and left him no recollection of how he got to his berth, where he awoke, half a day later, as the gong clanged for dinner.

NOTHING can be more uncertain than the duration of a trip up the Yellowstone on a steamer in August. Summer droughts develop snags and sand-bars that further impede navigation, always difficult against the mighty current with which the stream rushes to lose itself in a yet greater river. Upon this journey everything occurred which could test the captain's skill or try the patience of his passengers. In the consequently unamiable community neighborly criticism became the chief amusement. The sight of Roberts and Gascon pacing the deck, or loafing contentedly in shady corners, was at first a lament and finally a wonder to such widely separate strata of society as the army ladies and the habitual associates of Roberts. For ten days that impassioned gambler neither touched a card nor vouchsafed an explanation of the phenomenon, while, when Gascon attributed his own resistance of temptation to his friend's abstention, the reply was a self-contemptuous murmur:

"If there is no stronger stuff in you than in Doc Roberts, God help you!"—a reply which wounded Gascon's loyalty, but enabled him to acquiesce with vague relief in Roberts's refusal to talk to him of his father.

The journey of the *Great Northwest* came

finally to an end, and Gascon was surrounded by the gay and busy novelty of life at Fletcher. The fair visitors whom summer brings from far-away civilization were holding a sway which annually transforms the dull frontier garrison into a "court of love and beauty." Just from West Point, adorned with the newest graces in dancing, wise with the latest fads in amateur theatricals, and able to compete brilliantly at target practice and hurdle-races with his prairie-roughened comrades, Gascon became the hero of numerous peaceful victories. But in spite of long absences from home, he had been to an enduring extent home-influenced. Through the midst of his general popularity he craved some special affection, and this affection he persistently sought with Roberts. That person possessed an office in Zenith City, where a sign announced his profession, though his practice was irregular and unprofitable. At Fletcher he was known as a rather discreditable crony of the bluff old post-surgeon, who invariably added him to card-parties, and declared that on medical subjects he had forgotten more than his champion had ever learned. His first appearance, however, at any of the larger social functions was made at a "hop" a month after Gascon's arrival, when he created a small sensation; for, shabby as was his evening dress, he wore it with a careless grace which condoned its lack of fashion.

The object of this début was a presentation to the fair star whose dawn upon the heaven of Gascon's enthusiasm had induced his confidant to resume clothes and manners which, that confidant asserted, were equally prehistoric. The result was a monopoly of Elsa Falconer's much-sought society that surprised even Gascon's appreciation of his friend's attraction. But when, an hour later, the young fellow led her to the broad veranda which adjoins the club-rooms at Fletcher, she accounted for her graciousness to Roberts in a way that divided him between rapture and doubt.

"He is an enthusiast about a subject which interests me also—for the present," she said with a gay laugh.

Nor did Roberts prove less oracular. "The rôle of confidant is to see all and hear all, and reveal nothing," that gentleman declared placidly. "Fortunately, like most benevolent elders, I am well amused by the vagaries of youth."

A couple of days after the dance Gascon rode over to Zenith City.

Roberts was lounging languidly through a belated toilet, yet his attention was at once aroused by his visitor's evident depression.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked sharply. "More poker?"

"No," Gascon replied briefly, while his wistful glance drooped.

Roberts stared at him an instant; then he walked to the bed and threw himself upon it at full length.

"You have received letters from home," he said.

Gascon followed him to the bedside.

"How do you always guess what concerns me? It is marvelous how readily you understand me!" he exclaimed, with the innocent belief of a transparent nature in its own impenetrability.

Roberts turned his face away on the pillow.

"My magic goes further," he said. "Your mother disapproves of our intimacy."

"You must not blame my poor mother. I never knew how much she has suffered until now."

"She has told you your father's story at last?"

"She has told me that his passion for gambling destroyed the finest, tenderest—"

"Cut that!" Roberts gasped thickly. "I remember your father."

"She has written to you also—" Gascon hesitated.

Roberts stretched back his hand for the letter.

My son has written me of the noble way in which you interposed between him and ruin. I am convinced that his father's friend wishes to save him, but I appeal to your knowledge of his father to agree with me that for my boy there is no safety except in avoiding all contact with a temptation which his inherited madness cannot resist. I have considered the living less than the dead. Rather than dim his reverence for his father's memory, I persuaded myself that he had escaped this danger, and I exposed him to it unwarned. Will you help me to save him now, though it is late? Will you stand aside from his affection and surrender him to the wholesome influences which surround him at Fort Fletcher? And will you believe that this entreaty, which may seem an insult, is indeed the proof of my trust in your friendship for my boy, of which he is sure? AGATHA GASCON.

The cheap little clock upon the mantelshelf ticked away the time for which one of those two silent men felt that he had no further use. The logs on the untidy hearth fell together, as with the crumbling of a last burnt-out hope.

"I am the whole world to her; she may

ask anything of me," Gascon exclaimed presently; "but to make such a demand of you, when I promised—when I swore to her—"

"You are the son of Robert Gascon, with whose promises and oaths she was familiar."

"If my poor father had lived—"

"You should thank God for his death!" Roberts cried with a strange rage of scorn. "It was the only boon he ever bestowed upon those whose misery had been to love him. Better the oblivion of utter shipwreck than to drag on existence a—a derelict, worthless, objectless, dangerous. Your mother is right; there are dangers from which courage itself must run away."

"But you have put me on my feet; for my sake you have held aloof from—"

"I lost every cent I possessed or could borrow last night!" Roberts interrupted fiercely. Rising swiftly, he walked to the door and opened it. "Go," he said, "and come back no more. I will never speak to you again."

Gascon grew white.

"You are angry," he murmured. "You have cause to be. I beg your pardon for my mother and for myself; but I obey her—and you."

He paused on the threshold. He was unused to suffering, and the eyes that met Roberts's stolid gaze were full of tears.

"Will you shake hands?" he faltered.

Dumbly Roberts thrust both clenched fists into his pockets, and Gascon went away.

With unsteady steps Roberts crossed the room to a travel-worn trunk, in which, after some search, he found an old portfolio. It held perhaps a dozen letters, from the yellow pages of which words of passionate love, of changeless faith, confronted him, and he placed the letter he had just received among them. Then he laid the package very softly in the lingering fire, watching its slow disappearance with haggard patience, as mourners watch the filling of a grave.

That summer will be long remembered at Fletcher, it was so gay, and it ended so abruptly. After Gascon's break with his friend came a fortnight which, in spite of the young fellow's regret on this subject, seemed to him a road through paradise, where Elsa Falconer's capricious sweetness was daily more enthralling.

During this time he did not meet Roberts again.

Then came a never-to-be-forgotten change at the fort. All day telegrams of increasing menace came pouring in from one post after another along the whole stretch of frontier. Toward afternoon the tale, with supplements, began to be repeated from Washington. The Northwest was ablaze with a revolt, into which long-smoldering Indian discontent had broken forth at widely scattered points, and spread like a prairie fire the path of which has been prepared by a drought. To prevent the union of these various flames, troops were to be collected from far and near. Twenty-four hours must reduce Montana garrisons to numbers barely sufficient for the defense of the posts in case of attack. No precedent for such a possibility existed, however, and no fear for themselves formed part of the women's suspense—those waiting, praying women, whose life during the ensuing weeks would be cruelly harder than that of the men, who, should the worst befall, would

> Flash their souls out with the guns,
> And take their heaven at once.

There was not an idle hand or a quiet foot at Fletcher that evening. Through the midst of this bustle, which was not confusion because each one knew what was expected of him, Gascon, like many another, was haunted by a vision quite unconnected with his duties.

Two tender eyes which made bewildering contradiction to two laughing lips—would those lips laugh now? would those eyes grow yet more tender for farewell?

At length he was able to seek the answer to these questions, and having found that answer, found something which would hallow whatever lay before him, whether of time or eternity.

After a hasty and tardy mess he was rushing back to Elsa, when he met Roberts. Every lamp burned bright on the parade that night, and from the open window, beside which Elsa watched for her lover, a stream of light fell across the faces of the men. Gascon paused eagerly.

"Roberts!" he exclaimed. "Say good-by. We march at dawn."

The only reply was a haughty stare, and the tall figure passed him briskly.

"It is my fault," Gascon said presently to Elsa's astonished resentment of the insult, which she had seen.

"Then go to him, for a moment, and tell him," she began softly, but broke off with sudden tears on her lashes. "No," she whispered; "these are my moments. I cannot spare one even to him, though he is so fond of you."

With which, according to love's exquisite

selfishness, they straightway forgot the rest of the world.

During those busy hours no officer was busier than the surgeon. Looking about the limited resources of Zenith City for the necessary acquisition of an assistant, his choice fell promptly upon Roberts, who, rather to his surprise, accepted as promptly.

"He drinks no more than you or I," he declared to a demur from the colonel at this selection. "Cards? Black Hawk intends to leave us scant leisure for any game but that which he is playing. As for doc's coolness under an emergency, I saw him among those half-burnt wretches when that big fire nearly wiped out the town last year, and you may trust him."

Thus it came to pass, in the early days of the expedition, that the constant confronting of Roberts's estrangement mingled a solitary regret in the joyous excitement which possessed Gascon. A first love must be confident of happiness, a first campaign must be assured of glory, or neither lover nor soldier is worthy of the title he claims.

Though September was on the wane, summer was departing with a final assertion of power. Long marches through blazing sunshine and stifling dust exhausted men and horses, without bringing them into contact with an elusive enemy marvelously subtle at this prairie hide-and-seek. After a week the general divided his forces. The object of the division was to cut off from the main body of Indians another band which was reported to be hastening to the assistance of their allies. Very small was the detachment to whom the general assigned this mission, but, with a command limited by an economical government, he was accustomed to expect audacity and endurance to replace numerical strength. It was partly formed from a battalion of the —— Cavalry, including Gascon's troop, and Roberts accompanied it as surgeon.

On the following morning, after an all-night ride, the column found itself at the entrance of a valley, through which stretched an encampment of the much-desired enemy —an encampment the extent of which trebly exceeded the estimate of negligent or treacherous scouts.

If any heart sank, there was no token of it in the unflinching eyes which stared down at the sudden death-sentence that fair valley revealed to most of them.

A crisis which could not be avoided must be encountered unhesitatingly, the elder officers decided. As for the youngsters, the ancient reproach that Anglo-Saxon youth loves fighting for fighting's sake echoes wondrously of glory.

THE brief autumn afternoon was yet golden when the survivors gathered upon the summit of a low, bare hill. Though worn by rage and grief and fatigue, not a man faltered. The few wagons of their commissary, which had been ordered to this point before the battle, made the basis of a rampart, hurriedly supplemented by the bodies of horses and mules slain for that desperate purpose. If they could hold out thus partly sheltered until nightfall, they hoped that the reinforcements long since besought from the general might arrive in time to prevent the renewal of hostilities, which would be resumed with daylight.

But the Indians, mad with unfamiliar triumph, charged at short intervals almost to the muzzles of the soldiers' rifles, whose deadly work was limited by a failing supply of ammunition, while from the crown of an adjacent hill the more liberally provided savages poured volleys upon the troops, who escaped annihilation only because of heedless marksmanship.

Within the least exposed portion of the defenses, the wounded had been assembled. A pause came at length to Roberts's occupation, and he stood wiping his stained hands, —there was not water enough in the canteens to spare for washing,—when another long, limp figure was laid at his feet.

"I—I heard his voice just now," he muttered, looking down on the ghastly, dust-grimed face of Gascon.

"Yes, sir; them popping fools up there did it by the devil's luck," one of the bearers answered, lingering for the surgeon's verdict.

"Bring me my tools, Brown," Roberts called to a hospital orderly, as he tore open the flannel blouse and bared the blood-drenched neck and shoulder. "It means life or death whether we can stop the hemorrhage in five minutes."

Firm fingers and sure knowledge were busy with the severed artery even while he spoke. But the brief term he had set was not passed, the work was yet half done, when the sibilant whistle of bullets cut the air, and he sank forward across Gascon's inanimate body.

Instantly he rose to his knees again, stretching out two shaking hands.

"Enough left of me to save him," he said, picking up his instrument.

When the artery was safe, the bandages adjusted, he kissed the brow, still so boyishly fair above the sunburnt line to which a jauntily worn cap had sheltered it.

Then he fell back helplessly.

"You must try to carry out the instructions I hope to give you for him—and the others," he murmured, as the orderly bent over him.

"For yourself, sir, what can I do?"

"The whole College of Physicians and Surgeons could n't mend my spine," he said serenely. "You may tie me up a little; I shall look less like a butcher at the end."

Through that night, which brought to those weary soldiers quiet for the present and hope for the future, Roberts, though more and more incapable of movement, from a gradual paralysis, maintained, by clear directions, his charge of the wounded.

Gascon, without fully recovering consciousness, had sunk into a profound slumber of exhaustion. Not until anxious eyes were scanning the dim horizon of dawn for the general's approach did the lad awake.

A phantom world of shadowy stillness surrounded him as he struggled to his elbow, and in the midst of his languid bewilderment he heard the voice of the friend who had vowed never to speak to him again.

"My boy! Can you drag yourself a bit nearer to me? I 'm just going."

"Going? Where?" Gascon faltered, feebly obeying.

"Ah! Where?"

"You are hurt?"

"I am dying. Hush!" Roberts muttered, a sudden vehemence interrupting the calmness of his tone as Gascon broke into helpless sobs. "Stop that! You must get well. The general will be here soon; the Indians know it, for they are decamping. You must go back to your mother, and tell her that I sent you. My Agatha! She will forgive me once more. No, no! Forget that! My mind is wandering."

He ceased abruptly, for Gascon leaned over him with discovery in his startled eyes.

"Lie down," he continued softly. "Take my hand,—I cannot give it to you,—and I 've a fancy for dying with my hand in yours."

"Father!" Gascon murmured, pressing the nerveless hand to his breast. "My father!"

"You have guessed? I never meant you to know!" Roberts exclaimed with momentary force. "But I am glad to hear you call me—that name—as though you liked it—"

"My father, who saved me—" Gascon's voice sank in tears.

"Your father who loved you," Roberts whispered, and passed into the presence of that Fatherhood whose love is all the plea which either saint or sinner can claim.

POPULAR ILLUSIONS ABOUT TRUSTS.

BY ANDREW CARNEGIE.

THE platforms of both parties in the coming Presidential contest are likely to ring with express or implied denunciation of trusts, in order to minister to the popular outcry against them, many of the people having been led to believe that great aggregations of capital must be inimical to the interests of the masses who have little or none. While this policy may be more or less successful for the moment, from a party point of view, it must be ephemeral, because, as the writer hopes to show, trusts cannot permanently thwart the laws of competition, and hence must prove beneficial agencies for the people.

The world does not spin round any faster in our day than it has for ages past, but undoubtedly new ideas in the world come into view and flash past with a rapidity hitherto unknown. It seems as if, in our time, man were chiefly absorbed in obeying the injunction to try all things. Fortunately, we evolutionists know that in the end he must and will hold fast only to that which is good for the organism known as human society. His attitude hitherto toward new things or new ideas has been one of suspicion and hesitation. We see traces of this yet in the older countries and older civilizations; but the bounding, irrepressible, "cock-sure" spirit of Western civilization seems possessed by an entirely different tendency. It grasps everything new with avidity, and is sanguine be-

yond measure of its merits, ever ready to discard the old, and to see in any new thing the golden bow of promise. The American is the modern magician, ever exchanging old lamps for new. Panaceas for all the ills of life are more numerous than the ills. Not one doctor, but a hundred, arise, competent to cure every defect in the body politic, and none is without patients or—may we write?—dupes. We must all have our toys and our fads. It is natural for man to indulge in the delusions of hope.

The day is not far past when the industrial world saw its millennium in the joint-stock idea. Every department of industry was to be captured by it. Shares in every conceivable enterprise were to be distributed among the people en masse, thus insuring the much-needed redistribution of wealth, where every man was no longer a consumer only, but his own manufacturer, his own transporter, clothier, butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker. There was nothing to prevent him being in one sense his own undertaker through shares in the "Burial Company, Limited," or the "Crematorium Company," thus carrying out to his very end the grand joint-stock corporation panacea. Every employee in mill or factory, in railway or steamship service, was soon to become an owner, with a possible future seat on the board.

Though all these over-sanguine expectations have not been realized through the laws establishing corporations, thus encouraging the massing of the innumerable small savings of the public in general, yet few new forms have been productive of so much benefit to the thrifty and aspiring people with small savings, who are the salt of the working millions and of the country, as the corporate idea.

Another highly important step forward in this domain resulted from the authorization of limited partnerships, by which the undoubted advantages of individual over corporate management could be secured without danger of ruin to the members, whose liability is limited to the amount of the capital stock of the partnership. In the great corporation the shares are generally bought and sold upon the stock exchange, and the real owners are unknown. All depends upon salaried officials, who may or may not have a dollar in the enterprise. In the limited partnership, on the contrary, only shareholders can be members; the shares are not sold to outsiders, and thus is insured the eye of the master over all. With proper, but absolutely necessary, provisions, it is possible, under this system, to create owners from among exceptional but poor employees, from whom no capital is required, the partnership agreeing to permit the profits to pay for the interest given, the capitalistic owners reserving the right to discontinue the partnership by a two-thirds vote, or a three-fourths majority vote, should the new partner not prove desirable. By this plan it is possible to provide for the rise of the poor but able employee, thus neutralizing, to some extent, the acknowledged difficulty of men rising to ownership in our day, because of the enormous amount of capital required for successful operations under present, and probably enduring, conditions. The day of small concerns within the means of many able men seems to be over, never to return. The rise to partnership in vast concerns must come chiefly through such means as these permitted by the laws of limited partnership.

To-day we hear little of the joint-stock corporation, which has settled into its proper sphere and escapes notice. It was succeeded by the "syndicate," a combination of corporations which pulled together for a time, and expected to destroy destructive competition. The word has already almost passed out of use, and now the syndicate has given place to the trust.

We see in all these efforts of men the desire to furnish opportunities to mass capital, to concentrate the small savings of the many, and to direct them to one end. The conditions of human society create for this an imperious demand; the concentration of capital is a necessity for meeting the demands of our day, and as such should not be looked at askance, but be encouraged. There is nothing detrimental to human society in it, but much that is, or is bound soon to become, beneficial. It is an evolution from the heterogeneous to the homogeneous, and is clearly another step in the upward path of development.

Abreast of this necessity for massing the wealth of the many in even larger and larger sums for huge enterprises, another law is seen in operation in the invariable tendency from the beginning till now to lower the cost of all articles produced by man. Through the operation of this law the home of the laboring man of our day boasts luxuries which even in the palaces of monarchs as recent as Queen Elizabeth were unknown. It is a trite saying that the comforts of to-day were the luxuries of yesterday, and conveys only a faint impression of the contrast, until one walks through the castles and palaces of older countries, and

learns that two or three centuries ago these had for carpets only rushes, small open spaces for windows, glass being little known, and were without gas or water-supply, or any of what we consider to-day the conveniences of life. As for those chief treasures of life, books, there is scarcely a working-man's family which has not at its command, without money and without price, access to libraries to which the palace was recently a stranger.

If there be in human history one truth clearer and more indisputable than another, it is that the cheapening of articles, whether of luxury or of necessity or of those classed as artistic, insures their more general distribution, and is one of the most potent factors in refining and lifting a people, and in adding to its happiness. In no period of human activity has this great agency been so potent or so wide-spread as in our own. Now, the cheapening of all these good things, whether it be in the metals, in textiles, or in food, or especially in books and prints, is rendered possible only through the operation of the law which may be stated thus: cheapness is in proportion to the scale of production. To make ten tons of steel a day would cost many times as much per ton as to make one hundred tons; to make one hundred tons would cost double as much per ton as a thousand; and to make one thousand tons per day would cost greatly more than to make ten thousand tons. Thus, the larger the scale of operation the cheaper the product. The huge steamship of twenty thousand tons burden carries its ton of freight at less cost, it is stated, than the first steamships carried a pound. It is, fortunately, impossible for man to impede, much less to change, this great and beneficent law, from which flow most of his comforts and luxuries, and also most of the best and most improving forces in his life.

In an age noted for its inventions, we see the same law running through these. Inventions facilitate big operations, and in most instances require to be worked upon a great scale. Indeed, as a rule, the great invention which is beneficent in its operation would be useless unless operated to supply a thousand people where ten were supplied before. Every agency in our day labors to scatter the good things of life, both for mind and body, among the toiling millions. Everywhere we look we see the inexorable law ever producing bigger and bigger things. One of the most notable illustrations of this is seen in the railway freight-car. When the writer entered the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad seven to eight tons were carried upon eight wheels; to-day they carry fifty tons. The locomotive has quadrupled in power. The steamship to-day is ten times bigger, the blast-furnace has seven times more capacity, and the tendency everywhere is still to increase. The contrast between the hand printing-press of old and the elaborate newspaper printing-machine of to-day is even more marked.

We conclude that this overpowering, irresistible tendency toward aggregation of capital and increase of size in every branch of product cannot be arrested or even greatly impeded, and that, instead of attempting to restrict either, we should hail every increase as something gained, not for the few rich, but for the millions of poor, seeing that the law is salutary, working for good and not for evil. Every enlargement is an improvement, step by step, upon what has preceded. It makes for higher civilization, for the enrichment of human life, not for one, but for all classes of men. It tends to bring to the laborer's cottage the luxuries hitherto enjoyed only by the rich, to remove from the most squalid homes much of their squalor, and to foster the growth of human happiness relatively more in the workman's home than in the millionaire's palace. It does not tend to make the rich poorer, but it does tend to make the poor richer in the possession of better things, and greatly lessens the wide and deplorable gulf between the rich and the poor. Superficial politicians may, for a time, deceive the uninformed, but more and more will all this be clearly seen by those who are now led to regard aggregations as injurious.

In all great movements, even of the highest value, there is cause for criticism, and new dangers arising from new conditions, which must be guarded against. There is no nugget free from more or less impurity, and no good cause without its fringe of scoria. The sun itself has spots, but, as has been wisely said, these are rendered visible only by the light it itself sends forth.

The benefits, therefore, which have come to the world through this law of aggregation and increase take several forms, to some of which objection is made.

One form of aggregation is the growth of establishments constantly extending their field of operations, the special form which has been most criticized being the department store. We look back to the time when one petty establishment sold one class of

articles. The subdivision of labor is seen in its fullest development throughout the Eastern world, where many servants are required, each restricted to doing one part of many operations required to produce one whole. Traces of this system still linger among us. In dealing with department stores the first question is, Do they provide articles at less cost for the masses? Upon cheapness, indeed, depends the wider distribution of desirable articles among the people, the enjoyment of which is greatly to be desired as inevitably carrying with it elevation to a higher stage of civilization. Increased comfort means increased refinement, and this means a higher standard of life. No one questions the fact that these great stores do furnish more value for the money than it was possible for small separate-selling agencies to do. The increased scale of operations all under one management insures much cheaper distribution. That they are so generally patronized is the best proof that they are beneficial, and, what should not be lost sight of, they are relatively more advantageous for the general public than for the few rich. In like manner it is the masses of the people, not the few, who are most benefited by the growth of huge and all-embracing establishments in every line of production and distribution. It is inevitable that the introduction of a new system should disturb and finally overthrow the older and less desirable system.

The chief complaint made against the department stores is that, while under the old system of small separate establishments there were secured as valuable citizens to the State a hundred independent owners, the department store may have only five. In the writer's opinion this is a mistake, as experience already demonstrates that the great and successful establishment is dependent upon numerous active members participating directly in the results. It may be accepted as a law that the store which interests the greatest number of assistants, other things being equal, will prove the most successful, and it is a matter of common knowledge even to-day that in these vast establishments it is already the rule for all those in charge of the numerous departments to be directly interested in the profits. In other words, the small, petty master in his little store has given place to the bigger, much more important manager of a department, whose revenues generally exceed those of the petty owner he has supplanted. Nor is this all: the field for the display of exceptional ability is much wider than it could possibly be in the smaller establishment, and will as often win partnership in one of these establishments, or at least an equivalent of partnership, as the owner of the small store achieved success. This bigger system grows bigger men, and it is by the big men that the standard of the race is raised. The race of shopkeepers is bound to be improved, and to become not only better business men, and better men in themselves, but more valuable citizens for the State. Dealing with petty affairs tends to make small men; dealing with larger affairs broadens and strengthens character.

We have taken department stores as the form most under criticism, but what we have said here may be taken as said for all other branches of business, that the larger the scale upon which it can be successfully conducted the better it is for the race as a whole, and in greater degree better for the masses of the race than for the few.

We come now to another phase of aggregation: the consolidation of various works scattered in different parts of the country into one solid company. These consolidations are now classed as trusts.

As far as the consolidation of various plants engaged in one branch of manufacture is concerned, this is only obeying the great law of aggregation, which, we have seen, is beneficial, although the real object of the consolidators may, in some cases, have been the belief that through these consolidations ruinous competition might be ended. Color is given to this belief because it is obvious that the cheapening of product cannot result to so great an extent by combining works in scattered places as when one establishment enlarges itself. On the other hand, something is to be allowed for the claim that each separate work may be utilized to supply the wants of a tributary region, thus saving cost of transportation. The one solid enlarged establishment will, however, probably be able to manufacture its surplus not needed in the region tributary to it at a cost so much less than is possible at the small scattered establishments as to enable it to pay the freight upon what it desires to sell beyond its natural territory. In so far as consolidation of scattered works is intended to save cost of transportation, and thus to produce more cheaply, the consolidation is to be hailed as beneficial for the country; for the foundation upon which we rest is that cheapness of articles leads to their wider distribution among the masses, and is a gain when attained. Reduced cost

of production, under the free play of competition, insures reduced prices to the consumer.

The people are aroused against trusts because they are said to aim at securing monopolies in the manufacture and distribution of their products; but the whole question is, Have they or can they succeed in monopolizing products? Let us consider. That the manufacturer of a patented article can maintain a monopoly goes without saying. Our laws expressly give him a monopoly. That it has been wise for the state to give an inventor this for a time will not be seriously questioned. So beneficial has it proved that the nations of the world are one after the other following our patent laws. Our chief industrial rival, Great Britain, has done so as far as possible, and the chairman of the British Patent Commission expressed to me the regret that it was found impracticable, at present, to go further in the same direction.

There are only two conditions other than patents which render it possible to maintain a monopoly. These are when the parties absolutely control the raw material out of which the article is produced, or control territory into which rivals can enter only with extreme difficulty. Such is virtually the case with the Standard Oil Company, and as long as it can maintain a monopoly of raw materials it goes without saying that it can maintain a monopoly in the product. This is a fact that the public must recognize, but what legislation can do to prevent it is difficult to say. Citizens of the United States have a right to buy anything they choose. This right could scarcely be restricted, nor, upon the whole, would it seem wise to restrict it, since that of the Standard Oil is the only case in which monopoly of an article has been secured. It has been rendered possible only by exceptional ability and in circumstances not likely ever to occur again. The price of its continued success is a line of such able men as its originators. Its second source of strength lies in the fact that through its extensive operations it has been enabled to reduce the price of its product to the consumer. It is a unique organization, for there is nothing like it in the world, and therefore it is not to be classed with the ordinary trusts, which are numerous and are constantly increasing.

Within the last few months a wholly new and surprising development of the trust idea has appeared in the railway world—one which reflects much credit upon the brain which conceived it. This is the purchase by the leading trunk-lines of large amounts of the stock of their less prominent competitors. We now see a vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railway Company sitting on the board of the Baltimore and Ohio. The possible outcome of this movement, if pursued, assumes portentous proportions, far surpassing in their effect any previous phase of the trust, and may lead to an extension of the powers of the Interstate Commission, and perhaps to other legislation at present unthought of. The subject is too far-reaching for more than mere mention in this paper. The country must see its future development, which will be waited with deep concern by the thoughtful student of economic problems.

The genesis of trusts is as follows: Manufacturers of most staple articles (especially of iron and steel) are subject to long periods of serious depression, succeeded by short intervals of high profits. Because during depression no increase is made in capacity, and the world's population and wants are constantly growing, one morning it is discovered that demand has overtaken and outrun supply. But the production of an increased supply is no easy matter. It usually means beginning at the beginning, obtaining the raw materials from mine or soil, passing these through various processes for which the necessary machinery and facilities are wanting, and it is a year or eighteen months, or even two years, before the supply of most articles can be materially increased. Demand becomes imperious and unsatisfied, and prices bound upward. Many new men are induced to build new works. The extensions of the old works supply all demands, and even a shade beyond; then comes the collapse. It is during one of these long periods of depression, when many of the manufacturers are on the verge of bankruptcy, that there arises in the heart a hope, soon crystallized into a belief, that a new way has been found to avoid the natural consequences of the unchanging economic laws. It is soon felt that savage competition should cease between those enduring a common affliction, who should be brother manufacturers, and that the lion and the lamb should lie down together. They forget, in the hour of their misery, that the moralist has expressed the fear lest the one may be found inside the other. First, all kinds of understandings and fair promises are made—alas! only to be broken; and finally the promoter makes his appearance, and our unfortunate manufacturers fall an easy prey. Enormous sums are

offered for antiquated plants which may not have been able to do more than pay their way for years. These are tied together, and the new industrial makes its appearance as a trust, under the delusion that if a dozen or twenty invalids be tied together vitality will be infused thereby into the mass. This is not true of all that are classed as trusts; there are exceptions. I speak only generally.

Should these combinations be made upon the eve of a period of activity, as was the case recently, then there is a triumphant vindication of the new nostrum, the industrial world has found its panacea for all ills, and there is never to be ruinous competition again. The public is alarmed; it hears for a time of the advance of prices in the products of these gigantic concerns which temporarily control the market, and demands legislation against them. Generally speaking, as in the present instance, the advance in prices would have taken place even if no trusts existed, being caused by increased demand. The very name of trust stinks in our nostrils. We believe the public to be needlessly alarmed upon the subject, for the following reasons:

Few trusts have a monopoly through patents or through the supply of raw material or of territory, and what happens is this: For a short time competition is hindered, but rarely, if ever, completely stifled. The profits of the trusts are high, and capital, ever watchful for an opportunity to make unusual gains, seeks its level by a law of its being, and needs only the opportunity to engage in this highly profitable manufacture. A relative of one of the principal officials or one of the chiefs of a department in the trust, knowing its great profits, gets some friend with capital to build new works in coöperation with him, and the result is that we soon see springing up over the country rival works, each of which has the great giant trust more or less at its mercy. A threat to reduce prices, and the trust, to which this may mean millions of dollars of loss, will sooner or later come to an agreement with the little David who threatens to attack the Goliath, and the rival concern is arranged with or purchased. This only whets the appetite of others who see the success of the first innovator, and other works soon spring up. No sooner has the trust purchased one threatened rival than two appear, and the end is disaster. The people may rest assured that neither in one article nor in another is it possible for any trust to exact exorbitant profits without thereby speedily undermining its own foundations. It is not long since trusts first made their appearance, and already many have disappeared. Many still existing are being assailed, the names of which will readily occur to our readers. Only a few survive to-day, and none have secured the coveted monopoly. Most of the metals and many of the staple articles have been formed into trusts, which, although yet living, are rapidly being attacked to their final destruction. The press used to tell every morning of the organization of some trust or other, and even to-day we still hear of proposed additions to the list of these attempted gigantic monopolies, which enjoy a brief ephemeral existence. Upon most of them can already be written the appropriate epitaph:

> If I was so soon to be done for,
> I wonder what I was begun for.

Every attempt to monopolize the manufacture of any staple article carries within its bosom the seeds of failure. Long before we could legislate with much effect against trusts there would be no necessity for legislation. The past proves this, and the future is to confirm it. There should be nothing but encouragement for these vast aggregations of capital for the manufacture of staple articles. As for the result being an increase of price to the consumer beyond a brief period, there need be no fear. On the contrary, the inevitable result of these aggregations is, finally and permanently, to give to the consumer cheaper articles than would have been otherwise possible to obtain; for capital is stimulated by the high profits of the trust, for a season, to embark against it. The result is very soon a capacity of production beyond the wants of the consumer, and as the new works erected are of the most improved pattern, and capable of producing cheaper than the old works, the vulnerable trusts are compelled to buy and capitalize at two or three times their cost. There is thus no danger ahead to the community from trusts, nor any cause for fear.

The great natural laws, being the outgrowth of human nature and human needs, keep on their irresistible course. Competition in all departments of human activity is not to be suppressed. The individual manufacturer who is tempted into the unusually profitable business of the trust will take care of the monopoly question and prevent injury to the nation. The trust, so far as aggregation and enlargement go, is one day to be recognized as a grand step toward cheaper

products for the people than could have been obtained by any other mode than the aggregation of capital and establishments. Already the ghosts of numerous departed trusts which aimed at monopolies have marched across the stage of human affairs, each pointing to its fatal wound, inflicted by that great corrective, competition. Like the ghosts of *Macbeth's* victims, the line promises to stretch longer and longer, and also like those phantoms of the brain, they "come like shadows, so depart."

The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
And these are of them.

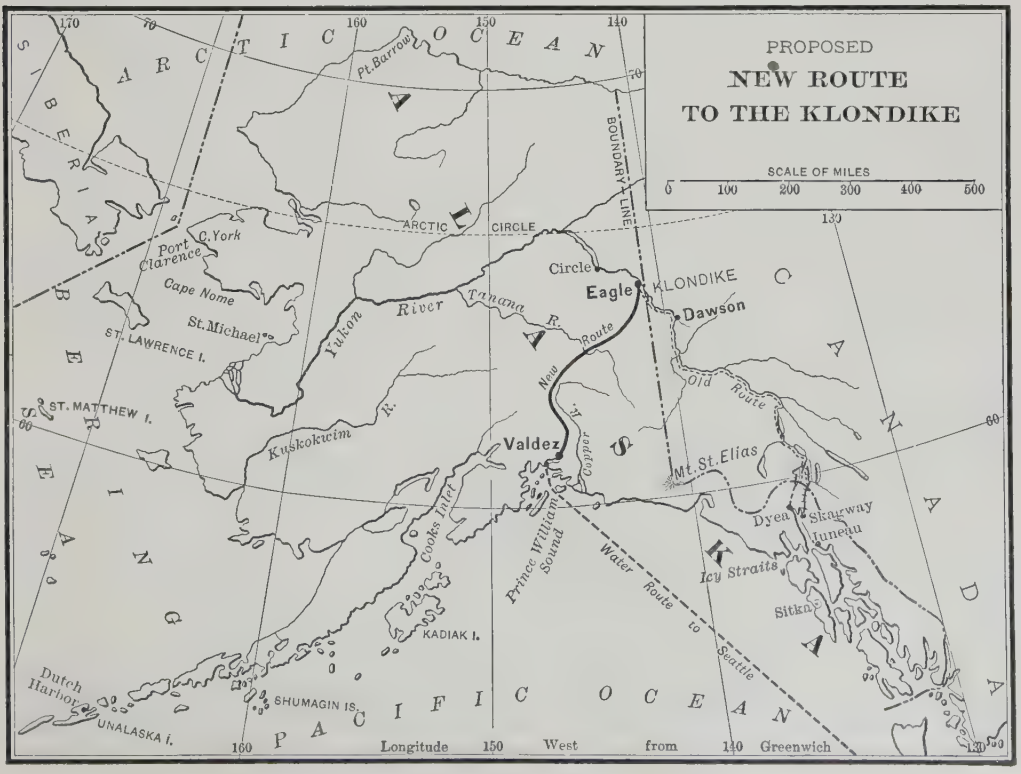
The masses of the people, the toiling millions, are soon to find in this great law of aggregation of capital and of factories another of those beneficent agencies which in their operation tend to bring to the homes of the poor, in greater degree than ever, more and more of the luxuries of the rich, and into their lives more of sweetness and light. The only people who have reason to fear trusts are those who trust them.

THE ALL-AMERICAN ROUTE TO THE KLONDIKE.

BY EDWARD GILLETTE,
Chief Engineer of the Exploring Expedition.

PROBABLY no portion of our country is making history for itself so fast as the Territory of Alaska. It is not surprising that the interior of this country, away from navigable waters, is virtually unknown. The southern coast, from Icy Straits to Cook Inlet and beyond, presents a most forbidding aspect to the explorer. The cañons and valleys of the coast range are filled with ice and snow, or with a dense and almost impenetrable growth of vegetation where the soil is exposed.

During the field season of 1899 I was chief engineer of the exploring expedition sent out by the War Department to determine the most practicable route to



the Klondike region all within United States territory.

The result of former years of exploration pointed to Valdez Bay, at the head of Prince William Sound, as the best harbor on the southern coast, and it was desired, if possible, to locate a railroad route of reasonable cost of construction and maintenance from this port to some point on the Yukon River near Fort Egbert or Eagle City. At the head of Valdez Bay is the small town of Valdez, mainly the residue of a large stampede of prospectors to this region a few years ago. At that time the only route into the interior was that which the Indians were known to have used, by way of Valdez Glacier. The hardship, toil, and suffering, to say nothing of the dangers, endured in traversing the forty miles of this glacier, were something appalling. The country east of Valdez was virtually unknown. A few explorers had climbed to the divide, and on looking down into the valley beyond had mistaken the upper valley of Lowe River, the main stream emptying into the head of Valdez Bay, for a lake. The scant maps of this region were very misleading.

However, the recent discovery of a gorge, since named Keystone Cañon, connecting the upper valley with the coast at Valdez, developed a new route to the interior, which the War Department was not slow in opening up by the construction of a pack-trail. This brought about the immediate abandonment of travel over Valdez Glacier, and opened up a practicable route to the great drainage basin of Copper River, the head waters of the Tanana, a tributary of the Yukon, which gave cheaper and better communication between the Forty Mile Creek mining region and the coast. The glaciers along the coast range of Alaska leave very few possible routes across or through the mountains. Where the larger streams, such as Copper River, empty into the ocean, deltas and shoal waters exist, the result of the depositing of vast quantities of the earthy matter which is always to be found in glacial streams, and fills up any harbors which might otherwise furnish a good port for shipping.

The large streams which cut through the coast range have, in addition to the shoal water at the mouth, for a part of the cañon wall overhanging glaciers which make them impracticable as routes for transportation purposes. It was only after the most thorough search that a good route inland from Valdez was found, and this, in connection with a fine harbor open or free from ice the entire year, furnishes conditions which do not exist elsewhere on the Alaskan coast as far as is known.

The ruling part of the route for a railroad from Valdez to the Yukon River was considered that from the harbor to the divide of the coast range. The interior of the country is undulating, with no great elevation to be overcome, and with much of the line in smooth valleys. The line as located runs from Valdez Bay up to the level valley of Lowe River, for twelve miles with very light work to the mouth of Keystone Cañon, thence with three miles of heavy work through the cañon to the upper valley of the river, thence four miles through this valley to where the climb to the summit begins. The maximum grade for this distance of nineteen miles is one per cent., or fifty-three feet to the mile, and the heavy grade to the summit consists of twelve miles of three per cent., or one hundred and fifty-eight feet per mile. The maximum curvature is ten degrees, and the cost of construction, as a whole, is light for mountain work, being probably thirty thousand dollars per mile. The position of the first part of the line in the valleys away from the slope of the mountains makes it possible to avoid snow-slides, while the climb to the summit is along a succession of benches which so interrupt the slope of the mountain as to render the line equally easy to keep open in this particular.

The pack-trail, including bridges, has been built for a distance of eighty miles from Valdez, the whole distance to Eagle being three hundred and sixty, and it is expected that the entire trail will be completed during 1900. It is probable that this summer droves of cattle will go through to Dawson by this route, which offers an abundance of grass. Already the government has built stations every fifteen miles, which are stocked with provisions, and are permanently manned by two soldiers each, and this policy is to be extended as the route advances.

The route from Thompson Pass, or the divide of the coast range, follows northward down Ptarmigan Creek, named from the great flocks of ptarmigan always found there, thence to Teikhill River, where, in 1898, a large prospectors' camp was burned by forest fires. At the site of this camp, guns, shovels, picks, and other utensils ruined by the fire may still be found. The outfits taken by prospectors into the Copper River country over Valdez Glacier included almost everything from a pin to a sawmill. One party had a boring-machine with which

to sink a hole to bed-rock, and an electric-light apparatus, so that the lamp could be lowered to the bottom of the hole for the purpose of discovering gold. The line extends over the great grassy plains in the Copper River basin, and crosses many streams, such as the Tonsena, Klutena, Tazlina, and Christochina rivers, thence follows up the Slahna River to Mentasta Pass, thus crossing from the Copper River drainage to that of the Yukon.

In the Copper River valley one can see to the eastward of the river many high mountains, including Wrangel, Tillman, Drum, and Sanford, ranging in height from thirteen to seventeen thousand feet. Mount Wrangel is an active volcano nearly surrounded by immense glaciers. It is thought that the eruptions here last year were the center of the earthquakes which shook violently nearly the whole of Alaska. From Mentasta Pass to the Tanana River the distance is sixty miles, and the grade is light. Once the coast range is passed, the elevations to be overcome are comparatively slight. At the crossing of the Tanana River the stream is six hundred feet wide. This river, the main branch of the Yukon, opens up a great country tributary to this route, virtually unexplored, but known to contain an extensive mineral belt. From the Tanana River the line crosses the divide to Forty Mile Creek, where extensive placer-mining is now being carried on, and thence to the Yukon River close to the boundary-line between Alaska and British Columbia.

Copper and gold deposits are being found in the interior, as well as extensive coal-measures, and future explorations will doubtless demonstrate the fact that the building of this railroad line in the near future will be a paying investment. It means much for the permanent development of Alaska, and the route, being entirely in United States territory, will avoid much of the unpleasantness which arises from using a route partly on foreign soil. The Indians living on the Copper River drainage use native copper for their spear- and arrow-heads. It is interesting to listen to these Indians while at work singing "Marching through Georgia," or "There 'll be a hot time in the old town tonight." They all call themselves McKinley men, probably owing to the fact that the big chief of the white man furnished them with food when their supply of salmon ran short. The rapidity with which these natives adopt the white man's food and manner of dress, as well as some of the energy of our prospectors, is astonishing when compared with the slow progress made by our reservation Indians.

The agricultural possibilities of this country do not appear great at present, though I have eaten fine potatoes and other vegetables raised at Valdez. Grass grows luxuriantly over most of the country, and berries and small fruits are much more abundant here than in any other part of the United States. It seems at present that mining and the fish and fur interests of Alaska would be the controlling industries in the future, though it would not be surprising to see the agricultural interests able to supply the home market.

Game in this region is somewhat scarce, a few moose, caribou, and mountain-sheep being found; great sport, however, can always be had here in bear-hunting. Dense undergrowth, great quantities of berries, and numerous streams well stocked with salmon and trout, make this region the ideal home of the bear. These animals attain their greatest size in this country, and are found frequently weighing over two thousand pounds. While making the survey we were continually running across them, and their signs were ever present. I remember measuring a fresh track of one of these animals, and found it to be ten inches broad by sixteen inches long. A little later, one of the members of the survey party saw this bear in the act of knocking a salmon out of a stream. The man's statement that a horse would look small by the side of this beast could readily be credited. On Kadiak Island, just off the coast, bears have been killed weighing as much as twenty-two hundred pounds. A dense growth of alder-brush and the usually savage nature of these brutes make conditions extremely hazardous in hunting them. A sure shot, steady nerves, and good judgment are absolutely requisite in the hunter to cope successfully with them.

As a Northern resort for summer tourists, Prince William Sound bids fair to assume great prominence in the future. With good hotel accommodations and a fast line of steamers from some one of our Western ports, a new and wonderful country would be conveniently opened to the public. The sound, being ninety miles long and equally wide, affords ample room for boating.

The result of the season's work was the construction of the government trail to a point eighty miles back from the coast and crossing some of the main western tributaries of the Copper River. Numerous bridges

were constructed on this route, the main ones being over glacial streams. The survey of the railroad line developed a route over a lower summit, on lighter grades, with less curvature, and at a cheaper cost in construction and maintenance than now exists elsewhere in Alaska. Explorations in the interior, at the head of the Tanana and Copper rivers, gave information which renders it necessary to change completely the maps before made of this region.

A comparison of water routes from points on Puget Sound to Skagway and Valdez, Alaska, is somewhat as follows: The route to Skagway is mainly through the inside passage, and practicable for steamers only, while the route to Valdez by the outside passage is perfectly feasible for sailing-craft as well as for steamers. The inside passage is more hazardous for navigation, on account of the narrows, shoal water, and swift-moving tides. As a result of this, insurance rates are much lower on the outside route. In Seymour Narrows, situated off the east shore of Vancouver Island, the velocity of the tides at times exceeds that of the speed of the fastest steamers on the Western coast. It is therefore necessary to wait for a favorable time in the tides to make the passage. In Wrangel Narrows, the extreme crookedness of the narrow channel makes it too dangerous to navigate at night except with the most experienced pilots, and with the aid of a search-light on the boat to light up the buoys along the channel. In dense fogs, which are frequent along this coast, the usual method of guiding the steamer is to sound the whistle and to listen for the echoes from the neighboring hills. Full speed is generally maintained, as steerageway could not otherwise be obtained in the swift-running tides. It is a high compliment to the pilots that few accidents occur. The inside passage is beautiful and comfortable, but it does not afford a cheap freight route.

Stampedes, such as the one to the Klondike and the coming one to Cape Nome, pay high rates for the time being; but they are like a flash in the pan, soon over, and the country settles down in its development.

If Alaska is to amount to much in the future in the permanent and regular output from her mines, the route by way of Prince William Sound and across the country to the Yukon River will probably command the larger part of the traffic, and will furnish supplies at the minimum price.

Moreover, the United States will not have to make concessions along her coast-line for the privilege of opening up central Alaska through a foreign country, but can have a better and cheaper route entirely within her own borders, which will aid vastly in the development of the interior. The history of Alaska in the future bids fair to be as startling as it has been in the past.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Real Danger in Trusts.

THE trust question has two aspects, one material and the other moral. If we were able to separate these aspects completely, and look at the material side alone, there can be little doubt that we should find the merits of combination of capital far outweighing its evils. It has often been shown—and never more cogently than in Mr. Carnegie's article in our present number—how these combinations are attended at once with economy of toil and increase of production; how the gain which results from this change is not monopolized in a few hands, but is distributed among the masses of the people; how the effort on the part of the promoters of such combinations to keep the gain to themselves, instead of thus distributing it, results in failure; and how, in all probability, the chief loss from trusts falls, not on those who have dealings with them, but on the deluded investors, who suffer from such misjudged efforts.

But there is another side to this whole question. We have to consider not merely the aggregate effect on the comfort of the people, nor the relative effect on the comfort of different classes, but the effect on American ideas and institutions. Our social order is based on the principle that we should try to give every man a fair chance. We strive above all things else to secure independence of thought and action. We should rate very low a community which, in providing its members with comfort, failed to provide them also with public spirit. We are far from realizing all our ideals in actual practice. Yet we have come nearer to their realization than any other people in the world; and we cannot but regard with

grave distrust, from the standpoint of national development, an industrial change which threatens to crowd us away from such realization.

In the recent development of combinations there is undoubtedly such a threat. Even though the actual danger may have been exaggerated, it remains sufficiently great to be a large factor in our judgment of the situation. The present tendency to concentrate control of capital beyond the limits of single factories or individual transportation lines puts into the hands of a few men a power over the industrial life of the country such as they never possessed before. By manipulating the securities of these large corporations they can deprive the small investor of his fair chance of profit. By manipulating the market they can not only exercise those advantages over their small competitors which are given by their superior size, but can enforce a boycott which prevents these competitors from all use of independent methods, however good in themselves. By manipulating our legislatures they can add artificial advantages to the natural ones which they enjoy, and perpetuate for years a power which might otherwise be numbered by weeks.

All these are real dangers, which have been frequently illustrated in the recent history of the United States. The defrauding of investors by what is virtually breach of trust has been so common as to become a byword. The exercise of unfair trade advantages over competitors has been brought to light over and over again in the history of railroad discrimination; while, in the more recent organization of manufacturing industry, the inventor who, working outside of the trust or combination, seeks to utilize a new process or a new product, finds his access to the market blocked by means yet more subtle and wide-spread, and all the more dangerous because unknown. The manipulation of the legislature, it is true, is nowise peculiar to large combinations; but it is a power which, when placed in their hands, becomes an instrument against which it is more hopeless to contend than against the same power when placed in the hands of smaller concerns of an older type. Admitting that much of what is regarded as manipulation of the legislature by the trusts is really blackmail of the trusts by the members of the legislature, the danger to the community is nowise lessened on account of the partial shifting of moral responsibility for its existence.

The truth is that we have witnessed a survival, into an age of combination, of legal and moral ideas which were based on the existence of free competition. As Jevons well said twenty years ago, at the time when these modern ideas were first developing themselves, our social arrangements are based on the assumption that individuals will act as individuals. The traditional law of property protected us fairly well against those evils which would arise under such a system of independent initiative, and our public sentiment with regard to the use of property followed closely the general lines laid down by the law. Neither law nor moral sentiment would tolerate for a moment the spoliation of a ward by his guardian, because that was a case for which competition furnished no corrective. It would, however, tolerate for a moment the spoliation of the consumer by the producer, because that was the surest way to call an independent producer into being. Times have changed in this last respect. In spite of all that is said in Mr. Carnegie's article, the process of evoking a competitive agency to protect men from the abuses of a modern trust is a very slow and uncertain one. To give anything like a fair chance to the weak we must develop a wider conception of the responsibilities of property and of the duties of trusteeship, which shall prevent those abuses that commercial processes are now so slow to correct. We must recognize, in a way that shall be binding on all who would stand well in public opinion, that the rights of the monopolist are less and his duties greater than was the case before he became a monopolist.

Whether this recognition can be secured by public sentiment alone, aided by those requirements with regard to openness and truthfulness in the affairs of corporations which are now generally conceded to be wise, or whether some more concrete legislation will be necessary, it is as yet impossible to say. It is earnestly to be desired that the former may prove sufficient; for an educational process, if it works at all, habitually works better than a repressive one. But in one way or the other the result must surely be achieved, if the democratic ideals of our country are to be preserved. The distribution of mere material comfort among the people, however wide-spread, will not compensate society for this sacrifice of independence. Nay, this very diffusion of wealth may, under certain circumstances, prove to be a loss rather than a gain, so far as it bribes men to let their personal comfort reconcile them to the sacrifice of their liberty of action, and sell their birthright for a mess of pottage.

It will not do to ignore the material prosperity which has been attendant upon combination of capital, and the difficulty of securing this prosperity in any other way. But it is necessary to accentuate the fact that there are other things besides material prosperity to be taken into account, and that the nation which first learns to combine a higher degree of individual independence with the same, or approximately the same, advance in collective wealth will take the lead in the industrial race which the different peoples of the world are now so closely contesting.

"His Accidency the Vice-President."

THERE is probably no other of our governmental officers with the choice of whom the people of the United States have so little to do as with that of the Vice-President. For months in advance of the national conventions the claims of prominent candidates for the Presidency are thoroughly sifted in the newspaper press, in the councils of party leaders, and in every forum of debate from the merchants' exchange to the corner grocery of the cross-roads village. The contestants for

the great political "prize" are discussed from every point of view. For eight months or more the topic of discussion is whether this, that, or the other man will be smart enough to "get it,"—not, be it noted, whether the country will be fortunate enough to get the best service,—and, undue influence aside, the resulting nominations are no doubt a fair outcome of public opinion. Thus in the State conventions, where there is every opportunity for ascertaining the will of the people, the instruction of delegates, or at least the drift of opinion, as to the Presidential candidate is likely to be definite and clear.

With the question of the nominee for the Vice-Presidency, how different! Except a complimentary vote here and there for a "favorite son," there is little or no expression in the State conventions. The choice of the people is not canvassed, and if it were, the result would be "scattering," for usually no one of the first rank in political importance has been prominently mentioned for the place. As soon as the search for a good candidate has become close, he has hastened to decline. Both by such men and by the people the second office in power in the nation is treated as a negligible quantity.

Save in the inner circle of the party (which, if there be one candidate for the Presidency whose chances are predominant, means his intimate advisers), the rank and file of the politicians seem to have little more to do with the matter than the people at large. The overwhelming issues connected with the policy or personality of the Presidential candidate leave little inclination to consider his companion on the ticket. It is thought to be time enough for that when the main choice shall be made. Meantime a few little men, who harken to the beguiling adage that "in the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed are kings," start little booms, which the indifference of the public makes both ridiculous and dangerous.

Two considerations forecast the inner circle's secret selection of the "running mate." The greater the probable strength of the Presidential candidate the less need of ability of a high order in his associate, whose essential points are, first, geographical availability, and, second, financial resources or, more often, cohesive strength, by which is understood the ability to bring to the support of the ticket all the disappointed elements. Usually this man can be picked out only tentatively, for the convention develops unforeseen antagonisms and emergencies, and "slates" are often broken. Moreover, the victorious line becomes weak by its very success, by reason of the resulting need of caution. It must provide not only for the nomination but for the election of its man.

Hence in the convention the interests of the country are usually left to accident or sacrificed to expediency. The moment after the first choice is made is the opportunity of the trading politician. The disaffection of the defeated is exaggerated for commercial purposes. Promises are made by certain of the victors who are assumed to act "by authority." Bargains are consummated with the celerity of the stock exchange. In the excitement of the moment, with chagrin on one side and complaisance on the other, and in the fatigue of a long struggle, the delegates forget that they may be choosing *two* Presidents. When their ticket is announced the country considers itself fortunate if it has been given a chance to choose as Vice-President an honest man of minor prominence.

As a matter of fact, since our national candidates began to be chosen by convention the instances in which two Presidents *have* been chosen have amounted to a very considerable per cent. of the number of Presidents elected, and in general, counting all parties with a possibility of success, there has been a frightful percentage of poor timber. The risks actually incurred are largely outnumbered by the remoter chances blindly taken. The earlier candidates for the two offices, with one notable exception, were men of first-rate ability and character. The later candidates for the Vice-Presidency have been much inferior, and, with a few exceptions, have been men who would not have been selected for the Presidency on their merits. The four who succeeded to that office were not to be mentioned with the others in the point of high initiative and positive progressive strength.

The comparatively recent injection of commercialism into politics ought to be an additional warning against the danger involved in neglecting to choose as Vice-Presidential candidates the ablest men it is possible to procure. In an era when the influence of the greed of gain upon national politics is unblushingly making itself felt, it is to be hoped that in the conventions of all the parties men will be found to stand fast against the degradation of this high office. No man should be considered of whose personal honor, force of character, and statesmanlike qualities the country could not be proud were he to become President.

The Present Need of Shakspere.

THE unusual interest in the theater shown by the American public during the past season, and the calamity which, for a time, has deprived the Comédie Française of its historic house, alike help to emphasize the present need in the United States of a revival of the Shaksperian stage. Only by the cultivation of its classic drama can a people insure the presentation of elevating themes and maintain the traditions of good acting; by no other means can the public taste be held to any standard higher than that of novelty for the sake of distraction, and of whimsicality in the styles of actors and actresses, who, without classic discipline, must depend upon the catching trick and holding power of individual vagaries and physical charm. Such accidental aids have their value, but when they are not ballasted by a confirmed taste they dissipate rather than concentrate the moral and intellectual influences of the stage.

With proper allowance for a difference in the racial point of view and in artistic sense, one may estimate the decline which would have fallen upon

the French stage in the last twenty-five years had it not been for the Comédie Française. That firmly rooted institution, in some respects the most remarkable of the several academies which have made the French paramount in the arts, has tided over a period of sensual appetite and moral decline by dint of compelling the seekers after novelty, and the lawless among the delineators, to strive at least after a certain excellence in form and style.

The Théâtre Français has enabled the larger part of the cultivated public—the part which always prefers to have its amusements based on common sense and animated by an elevated spirit—to renew its youth in a repetition of the inspiring lessons and stimulating emotions of the masterpieces of the French stage; and, better than that, has enabled the new generation of theatergoers, if they would, to get their first impressions of theatrical teaching and sensation amid surroundings of serious striving after excellence and good taste. But we of America have long had the products of modern French stagecraft poured upon us without the bulwark of an active Shaksperian theater to counteract the bad effect.

We are not overlooking the efforts of many writers, artists, and managers to attract the public to new plays of value, and to those of standard excellence; but the intervals are too wide and too indiscriminate to fix the attention of the great mass, which must profit, if it profit at all, through habit and example. With rare exceptions, our actors and actresses have lost the knack of making the Shaksperian drama seem important to a modern audience; and the latter, perhaps from disuse of its higher dramatic senses, would appear to have lost, in a measure, the power of serious attention.

Experience proves that people will flock to the theater whether it is deserving of patronage or not, and it is idle in this day of untrammeled thinking to argue against the elevating and civilizing influence of the stage. The important fact to take note of is the natural appetite of the American people for theatrical amusement. This has been obvious from the time that a population of five millions, near the Atlantic seaboard, lent encouragement to dramatic effort. This craving has more than kept pace with the expansion to seventy-five millions, until, to-day, there is probably as much theatrical activity in the United States as in both those great fields of the drama, France and England.

Unfortunately, at the present time most of the best of the American stage—and there has been no lack of the highest and best—comes to the mind as a matter of history. This is because the delineators of Shakspere are inevitably the ones who are remembered with greatest fondness, both for a brilliancy to which only the votaries of a classic drama may attain, and also for having conferred the greatest benefits on the public.

In an age when the best of every national literature has cosmopolitan vogue, the Shaksperian drama is only one feature of the dramatic life of an English-speaking nation, but surely it is the leading and the essential feature. Weakness in that highest line of effort will betray a general lowering of vitality and taste, qualities for which mere activity and novelty and a high excellence of modern production are poor substitutes. With the finest dramatic heritage of the ages,—which the heirs of Shakspere may fondly claim to possess,—there is great need in the United States of organized effort to keep the Shaksperian word and tradition upon the boards.

France's Open Door to Scholars.

It is good news to American students that the hospitality which France has always given to foreigners in matters of art, science, literature, and education is to be systematized and greatly extended in connection with the Exposition of 1900. In such services France is the creditor of all other nations, and it is matter of congratulation that she is now to present to the world an open door and a facilitated entrance to her vast intellectual resources. This counterpoise to the material side of the Exposition is to be on a scale never before attempted. The program of "The Paris International Assembly," issued by the International Association for the Advancement of Science, Arts, and Education, and to be had of the United States Commissioner of Education at Washington, shows a comprehensive range of congresses, to be increased to over two hundred in all, dealing with a variety of subjects in science, pure and applied, medicine and hygiene, industries, social science, economics, etc., to an extent never before attempted in conjunction with a World's Fair. What is more to the point, the University of Paris, which is, so to speak, the host of all visiting scholars, is making, through the assembly, arrangements whereby any student may be directed in the channels of personal acquaintance best adapted to the continuation of his work. The object is to remove every obstacle to the access to what Paris and the Exposition have to offer of knowledge or research. The coöperation of British and American universities and colleges, which is also being invited by the University of Paris (having accredited, for this purpose, Professor Patrick Geddes, the secretary of the International Association), is likely to induce many English-speaking scholars to avail themselves of this rare opportunity to pursue their specialties in the bright light afforded by the Exposition and the enlightened city in which it is being held.

Dr. Mitchell's Characters: A Note.

In response to inquiries as to whether "Dr. North and his Friends" has any relation to "Characteristics," we are able to say that all of the characters of the latter reappear in "Dr. North," which is a continuation, though in no sense a sequel, of the earlier book.

OPEN LETTERS

Harry Heth's High-strung Horse.

AN ANECDOTE OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

THE late Major-General Harry Heth, formerly of the Confederate army, had the distinction of being the only man in the service whom General Robert E. Lee was ever heard to call by his Christian name; for although the commander-in-chief had two sons serving under him, he invariably addressed both of them as "General." Even officially it was noticed that he called Heth "Harry," and this was all the more remarkable because, while General Lee possessed a kindly heart, yet he was a formal man, who kept most people at a distance, so that probably no human being ever took a liberty with him.

General Lee had known Harry Heth from the latter's earliest youth; both were from the same State, had been educated at West Point, and had served together in the Mexican war as well as in several Indian campaigns. Consequently General Lee had a thorough knowledge of the capabilities of his lieutenant, and showed his faith in Heth on several very critical occasions by placing him in a position of the greatest responsibility. Just before General Heth was struck down by his final illness he recounted to the writer an anecdote illustrative of the manner in which General Lee could administer a stinging rebuke without saying a single unkind word. "In fact," said General Heth, "his words and manner were almost affectionate; but I never slept a wink that night, and for days afterward I ached as though I had been beaten with a club."

It was on the fighting line in front of Petersburg one day that General Lee rode up to General Heth's headquarters, and as the latter emerged from his tent and saluted, said, "Harry, I should like to ride down your line."

Heth expressed pleasure at the proposal, mounted his horse, and as they rode along side by side he called the attention of his superior officer to what he considered the positions of vantage and the points of danger, when suddenly they came upon a space where for several hundred yards no breastworks had been thrown up. Surprised, General Lee turned to Heth, and asked why the defenses were not completed. The latter replied that he had given instructions to the engineers, and until now was under the impression that his orders had been obeyed. "See that the works are completed at once, Harry," said General Lee, and turning his horse, he rode back to his own headquarters.

Two or three days passed, and again he appeared at General Heth's tent, with the same expression of his desire. Delighted, Heth once more accompanied his chief; but when they arrived at the ill-fated spot where General Lee had previously noticed the unfinished fortifications, they found, to Heth's dismay, that nothing had been done since their last inspection. The position was one of great strategic importance, and General Grant was a most vigilant, active, and pugnacious commander, always on the lookout for just such weak spots in his antagonist's lines. General Lee was evidently much annoyed; without uttering a word, however, he rode back to Heth's quarters, and, much to that discomfited officer's astonishment, he dismounted, entered the tent, and sat down. Heth remained standing, silently wondering what his fate would be. At last General Lee said, in the kindest tone of voice:

"Harry, that chestnut horse your wife rides worries me more than I can tell. The other day she passed by my quarters on that plunging brute, and he was as much of the time in the air as he was on the ground. He kicked and at the same time fought the bit until I thought he would either break her delicate wrists or pull her arms out of their sockets. I do wish that you would not let her ride that horse again until he is somewhat toned down."

"But, General," said Heth, feeling much relieved at the turn the conversation had taken, "my wife is a splendid horsewoman, and she is not a bit afraid of the animal."

"Yes," replied General Lee, "but it worries me to see her on the brute, and keeps me anxiously fearing that some dreadful accident is going to happen. Now, Harry, I was once the colonel of a dragoon regiment, and some of the smartest and most knowing horsemen in the command held the opinion that the best way to take the wiry edge off an excitable or nervous horse is to give him plenty of exercise—regular exercise, morning, noon, and night, until he quiets down. For the sake of your wife, as well as for your own, I beg of you to try the experiment; and I know of no better place for you to ride the horse while taming him than just up and down in front of that gap I ordered you to have closed, until a good breastwork has been completed. Good afternoon, sir."

James Morris Morgan.

A Singular Coincidence of the Civil War.

I AM able to make some corrections and additions to the very "singular historical coincidence" mentioned in General Horace Porter's "Campaigning with Grant," regarding the McLean family of Manassas and Appomattox. The facts I have direct from Major McLean, who frequently stated that the war began on him and ended on him. After the death of Major McLean and his wife

I acted as administrator of the McLean estate, and knew all his family personally for many years.

In July, 1861, the McLeans lived at "Yorkshire," on a plantation of fourteen hundred acres, situated on both sides of Bull Run, about half-way between Manassas and Centerville, extending along Mitchell's Ford, Blackburn's Ford, and McLean's Ford, all of these crossings at the time being carefully guarded by detachments of Beauregard's army.

On the morning of July 18 the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia confronted each other for the first time under their respective commanders. McDowell had his headquarters at Centerville, and Beauregard at Manassas, seven miles distant. Early that day McDowell moved Tyler's division directly toward Manassas, and at 10 A. M. Beauregard moved his headquarters to the McLean house on the southwest bank of Bull Run. Soon after, McDowell's batteries opened from the northeast bank, and put a shell through the Yorkshire mansion. This may be considered the first of the compliments passing between the commanders of these two great armies, and the opening of the first pitched battle of the war; for the battle of the 18th of July, called by Northern historians the "battle of Blackburn's Ford," was really preliminary to, and part of, the first battle of Bull Run, which culminated July 21 in the rout of the Union forces.

When Beauregard evacuated Manassas, Major McLean removed his family to Upper Fauquier. During the summer of 1862 the tide of war began again to roll round them, and they made a second removal to Lunenburg County. In 1863 Major McLean appeared to his household, and told them he would move them where the sound of battle could never reach them more, so he took them to Appomattox Court House, where he rented a brick house. Into this house, April 9, 1865, entered Grant and Lee to draw up the articles of surrender. Of course there was fighting in a small way before Bull Run and after Appomattox, but it is nevertheless true to the letter that the dramatic opening of the first great conflict, and the still more dramatic closing of the last great conflict, occurred on properties in the actual occupancy of the McLean family.

A few days since I visited Yorkshire, and near the site of the former mansion I picked up a piece of shell, marked it, "With regards of McDowell to Beauregard," and shall send it to a national museum.

George C. Round.

MANASSAS, VIRGINIA, January 23, 1900.

A Further Glimpse of Mark Twain's Hero.

I WAS much interested in reading recently an article in the November CENTURY by Mark Twain, called "My Début as a Literary Person." In concluding his unique narrative, Mr. Clemens says of the captain of the *Hornet*, by whose superior will and pluck the small boat which put off from the burning vessel was brought to shore: "And I remember him with reverent honor. If he is alive he is eighty-six years old now."

In July, 1876, ten years later than the events referred to by Mr. Clemens, it was my good fortune, while returning from a two years' trip in foreign lands, to meet this remarkable sea-captain in Callao. While I was waiting for the steamer, I presented my letter of introduction to the American consul, through whom I made the acquaintance of Captain James Hall, to whom Dana, in his "Two Years Before the Mast," refers as the "enterprising Yankee from down East." Captain Hall took me by the arm, led me to where sat a most painfully emaciated man, and introduced me to Captain Josiah Mitchell, who also was going home on the steamer, remarking, "This is the Captain Mitchell whom Mark Twain made famous a few years ago in his story told in 'Harper's Magazine.'" In a few moments we went on board.

By Captain Hall's desire I was assigned a stateroom opposite the one occupied by the sick man, Captain Hall having requested me to look out for Captain Mitchell's interests and have a general oversight of his comfort. A malignant disease had already made dire inroads upon the vitality of this once sturdy sailor, and he was fast yielding to its relentless ravages. It was my privilege to wait upon him and minister to his comfort during the trip to New York. In his moments of freedom from pain he delighted in talking to me of his wonderful experiences in the open boat with the two passengers and part of the ship's crew after leaving the *Hornet*. He told me also of his illness in Honolulu, and attributed his present sufferings to the starvation and exposure incident to this experience.

In spite of his agony, a sort of grim humor ran through all his conversation. Once, when he was unable to retain the clam-broth that the steward had prepared for him, he remarked, after the paroxysm of pain had passed: "Strange I can't keep that nice broth down, after eating my boot-tops and digesting them! However, conditions were somewhat different then."

We were delayed over one boat on the Isthmus, and I feared he would not hold out until we could reach the States; but he did.

When on the steamer *Acapulco*, steaming toward home, Captain Mitchell, seeing the anxiety in my eyes for him, for I had learned to love him well, remarked, "Don't worry, doctor; I 'll make it." The firm, square jaw was set, and the glint of an old-time fire shone in his eyes as he added, "I 'll live till I see my Susie." Susie was his wife, and I think it was only this wonderful man's determination to see his wife once more that kept him alive.

The last four days of the trip Captain Mitchell could retain no nourishment or stimulant whatever, and was in constant agony day and night, yet he was never impatient or complaining.

We arrived in New York about the middle of July. I obtained a carriage, took him to the United States Hotel, and telegraphed for Mrs. Mitchell to come immediately. She arrived the next morning, and the reunion was most pathetic. The next day he died.

Again had this intrepid captain, by sheer force of will and indomitable courage, stood Death off until his object had been accomplished. I also say, "I remember him with reverent honor."

B. F. Hawley, M.D.

The "Rabbi with the White Turban."

ORIGINALLY conceived by a purely local society known as the Arti et Amicitiæ, Amsterdam's recent Rembrandt Exhibition has naturally proved of international significance. Owing to the participation of numerous royal, private, and municipal owners, the exhibition was enabled to outrank in completeness and continuity all previous displays of Rembrandt's work. Although the number of canvases brought together in the new Stedelijk Museum was not large,—these were only one hundred and twenty-three in all,—their quality was, without exception, of the very first order.

Chief attention of course centered in the great corporation pictures—"The Sortie of Frans Banning Cocq's Company" (erroneously called "The Night Watch," for the scene is depicted in bright sunlight), and that greatest of Rembrandt's achievements, "The Syndics."

Among the portraits one of the most masterful and striking was the little-known "Rabbi with the White Turban," loaned from the Duke of Devonshire's collection at Chatsworth (see page 11). Though an early work, and hence painted with obvious care for detail, it would be ingenuous to assume that this is the portrait of an authentic rabbi of Amsterdam. Beyond doubt the personage here represented is only another of those reverend graybeards of the *volks* classes whom Rembrandt loved to bedeck in whatever Oriental finery he happened to have at hand. Dr. de Groot's contention that Rembrandt perhaps meant to give this portrait biblical significance is amply sustained by the presence of the brazen serpent on a niche in the background. By thus suggesting Moses it was unquestionably the master's intention to raise the picture out of the province of mere portraiture.

The "Rabbi with the White Turban" presents a combination of the sacred and the secular. Bristling with the indices of a definite personality,—note the shrewd eyes, the vigorous modeling of face and hands,—it is none the less full of Old Testament flavor. It personifies that union of elements real and ideal, individual and typical, which is found in the greatest art.

Christian Brinton.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Moriarty and McSwiggin.[1]

"BEIN' a lawyer by perfession an' requirin' a great deal of rest for me brain, I took a shmall room on the fourt' floor of a tiniment-house raycently, an' I had the pavement privilege o' keepin' a pig, but I did n't avail meself of it. Afther I had been livin' there for about three weeks, I had the pleasure o' makin' the 'quaintance of a gintleman by the name o' Moriarty that was livin' on the back o' the same flure that I was residin' on. He was very well educa'ted an' a man o' a great deal of politie'cal infloo'ence. He was a very wealt'y man. He was a conthractor. He does be drivin' a cyart for the man that 's fillin' them vacant lots round the corner. Some o' youz may know 'im.

"I also had the opportunity o' meetin' a gintleman residin' directly below me, by the name o' McSwiggin. He was a very wealt'y man also'. He was a banker. He does be carryin' a little black bag round for a man that has a bankin' house down in Wall sthreet.

"Well, one mornin' about half-past six,—we was all very early risers in the house on 'count of our healt',—I heerd thim two havin' a kind of deescussion in the hallway about the transmigration o' souls. Now, that 's a subject, ye know, that no man wants to tackle unless he knows all about it. But bein' interested in the subject meself, I went out in the hallway to hear what kind o' an arrgyment they w'u'd use. I heerd Mr. McSwiggin makin' use of an arrgyment to Mr. Moriarty that was calc'la'ted to convince any one that was n't too shtubborn. But there is some people it makes no difference what you tell 'em, they 'd be o' the same opinion shtill. I heerd Mr. Moriarty makin' use o' the arrgyment that he 'd kick a lung out of 'im. Mr. McSwiggin answered this arrgyment by shtatin' to Mr. Moriarty that he 'd hit 'im a puck in the forehead, an' have his hide dryin' on the fence in the mornin'.

"Well, one arrgyment like that led on to another, until finally they got kind o' excited. Mr. McSwiggin went out on the sidewalk, an' says he, 'Moriarty, come out.' Well, Moriarty, like a

[1] The accompanying sketch will be recognized by many of our readers as the text of an amateur recital which has given pleasure to many, on private occasions, in Philadelphia, New York, and other cities. It has been written out by the author at our request, and he desires it to be understood that the nucleus of the story is not entirely original. It may be said, in fact, to have taken shape by evolution. In this connection it might be noted that, extravagant as is the incident, a lawyer of one of our Eastern cities was recently committed to jail as a punishment for his ignorance of the law.—EDITOR.

MORIARTY AND McSWIGGIN.

dum fool, went out to 'im. In about five minutes I helped carry 'im in the house, an' the next mornin' they was down at the coort, an' bein' a lawyer, an' 'quainted with the gintlemin that was implica'ted, I went down to the coort-room. The judge he kind o' half rose up when he seed me comin' in, an' says I to him, says I, 'Yer Honor, I am 'quainted with the prisoner at the bar,' says I, 'an' wid yer kin' permission,' says I, 'I 'd like to shpeak a few words in his behalf.' Well, the judge said I could do it.

"Now, the first thing that any first-class lawyer 'u'd do would be to ketch the jury, an' then you have the whole case right undher your t'umb. So, says I, 'Gintlemin of the jury,' says I, 'I never had the pleasure,' says I, 'of addressin' a more intelligent-lookin' jury in me life,' says I, 'but I observe that there 's a few of those in the jury-box,' says I, 'that don't seem to understhand exactly what I am talkin' about,' says I. 'But,' says I, 'on the other hand,' says I, 'there 's a few very *exthrordinary* intelligent-lookin' men in the jury-box,' says I, 'an' I 'm led to belave by the manner in which they gaze upon me,' says I, 'that they don't understhand what I 'm talkin' about also',' says I, 'an' for that reason,' says I, 'I 'll elucidate'.'

"Well, when I give 'em that word, they give a kind of a le'p, an' they seen the kind a man they had to deal with, an' that I was no slouch, an' that I was well posted. 'Now,' says I, 'gintlemin of the jury,' says I, 'I will give you the law in the case,' says I, 'an' to illisthrate that to you,' says I, 'I'll tell you a little anacdote'' (an anacdote' will go a long way wid a jury). 'I was takin' dinner a Sunday week wid his family,' says I, 'an' I heard him makin' use o' the remark to his wife, "Maryann," says he, "I am a mild-mannered man," says he, "an' I 'd scorn to r'ise my hand to sthrike a woman," says he, "but if you ever have corn-beef an' cabbage ag'in on a Sunday dinner," says he, "I 'll take that chair," says he, "an' I 'll break your back." Now, this anacdote', gintlemin of the jury,' says I, 'will illisthrate to you,' says I, 'that he is a mild-mannered man,' says I, 'an' a man that would think twice before he would do a thing wance,' says I, 'an' he put it to 'im,' says I, 'in a mild-mannered manner, an' he had no right to go out if he did n't want to,' says I, 'an' he has nine p'ints of the law in his favor,' says I, 'an' *you* can't *touch* 'im.' Then I seen that I had the jury completely wid me, an' I could shway them this way or shway them that way, an' that 's the time you dhrop the jury.

"I then turned me attintion to the judge, an' he bein' a man more like meself, of course I would not undertake to give him the law in the case. I says to him merely, says I, 'Yer Honor,' says I, 'this is a simple case,' says I, 'o' habus corpus, fiery fracas.' 'Take your seat,' says the judge.

"I sthruggled on for about tin minutes, an' gave it to 'im very heavy, an' then the judge says to an officer sthandin', 'There, officer,' says he, 'put that man down.' He thought I was tired. The officer laid hold o' me and held me down in a chair.

"D' ye know, the ould judge never give the jury a shot at the case at all? He turned right to the pris'ner, an' says he, 'Prisoner at the bar,' says he, 'I 'll give you twelve years at hard labor, an' if that man there had shpoke another half-minute, be heavens! I 'd 'a' hung you.'"

James Mapes Dodge.

Dat Ol' Mare o' Mine.

WANT to trade me, do you, mistah? Oh, well, now, I reckon not.
W'y, you could n't buy my Sukey fu a thousan' on de spot—

Dat ol' mare o' mine!
Yes, huh coat ah long an' shaggy, an' she ain't
no shakes to see.
Dat 's a ring-bone. Yes, you right, suh, an' she
got a on'ry knee;
But dey ain't no use in talkin', she de only hoss
fu me—
Dat ol' mare o' mine!

Co'se I knows dat Suke 's contra'y, an' she
moughty ap' to vex,
But you got to mek erlowance fu de nature of
huh sex—
Dat ol' mare o' mine!
Ef you pull huh on de lef' han', she plumb
'termined to go right;
A cannon could n't skeer huh, but she boun' to
tek a fright
At a piece o' common paper, er anyt'ing dat 's
white—
Dat ol' mare o' mine!

W'en my eyes commence to fail me, dough, I
trus'es to huh sight,
An' she 'll tote me safe an' hones' on de ve'y
da'kes' night—
Dat ol' mare o' mine!
Ef I whup huh, she 'll jes switch huh tail an'
settle to a walk;
Ef I whup huh mo', she 'll shek huh haid, an' lak
ez not she 'll balk.
But huh sense ain't noways lackin'; she do
evah't'ing but talk—
Dat ol' mare o' mine!

W'y, I knows de times w'en cidah 's kind o'
muddled up my haid,
Ef it had n't been fu Sukey hyeah, I reckon I 'd
been daid—
Dat ol' mare o' mine!
But she got me in de middle o' de road an' tuk
me home,
An' she would n't let me wandah, ner she
would n't let me roam:
Dat 's de kind o' hoss to tie to w'en you 's seed
de cidah's foam—
Dat ol' mare o' mine!

But she 's gentle ez a lady w'en she knows huh
beau kin see,
An' she sholy got mo' gumption any day den you
er me—
Dat ol' mare o' mine!
She 's a leetle slow a-goin', an' she 's moughty
ha'd to sta't;
But we 's gittin' ol' togethah, an' she 's closer to
my hea't,
An' I does n't reckon, mistah, dat she 'd sca'cely
keer to pa't—
Dat ol' mare o' mine!

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

To Myself, at Six Months.

YOUNG rascal, with your bland surprise;
Your corrugated, lofty brow;
The look of marvel in your eyes,
As asking, "*What* is coming *now?*"
I know not if you 're he or she—
Your clothes say naught. No doubt it 's
true
They called you "it." Please speak to
me—
Whose wondrous prodigy are *you?*

They claim that you are I—are I!
I' faith, this portrait bears attest
(A fact that I will not deny)
The first edition is the best.
And was I "cunning," "cute," and "sweet"?
And did I bleat "goo-goo," "goo-wah"?
And kick my tootsies—now but feet?
And thrill with pride my fond ma-ma?

Deep-nestled in your wayward brain,
What thoughts were hid, so none might
know?
Or were your bounds the counterpane,
A rubber ring, a new-found toe?
Did phantoms of another life
You just had left still dwell within?
Or were those movements, meaning-rife,
Aroused by some obtrusive pin?

Did you, impatient, long for day
When you would be as old as eight?
And in your odd, capricious way
The very name of "baby" hate?
Ah, babe, the pity is that here
You did not stay content, I see;
But onward led from year to year,
Behold the thing you grew to be!

Edwin L. Sabin.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.)

ULYSSES DERIDING POLYPHEMUS. PAINTED BY J. M. W. TURNER.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

ORIGINAL IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

TIMOTHY COLE

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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PAINTING RACIAL TYPES.

BY CHARLES DE KAY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AFTER PAINTINGS BY HUBERT VOS.

FOR an artist with a pronounced taste for ethnology pleasanter work can hardly be imagined than to travel through the Orient and the Americas, taking portraits of typical men and women of various races. For a number of years past this has been the employment of Hubert Vos, a Hollander by birth and an American by naturalization. Not his only employment, to be sure; for he has continued his portraits of the ordinary white man of Europe and America as merrily and successfully as in former years when he was settled in London. Likenesses of exotic persons have formed his hobby.

Mr. Vos has approached science from the side of art. As commissioner to the World's Fair from Holland, he had a chance to see a great range of ethnic types, not merely in the Plaisance, but at the Congress of Religions. It was then for the first time borne in on him that we have no really good pictures of the different races of the globe. Photographs there are, and on these everybody relies. But the photograph gives too much and too little: too much of the accidental and unimportant, and often of the ugly; too little of the soul, the selected, the synthetic. As a portrait-painter Mr. Vos believes that a likeness should express ancestry and race and the soul of the individual. Why should he not select the salient features and characteristics of a tribe, a nation, or even a race, and embody them in one synthesis, expressing what is best and worthiest of note in the whole?

Painters before Mr. Vos have made portraits in oils of what may be called the exotic races. George Catlin, and others after him, have painted Indian chiefs of our plains and reservations. Vereschagin has done something for Siberian and Central Asian, Hindu and Tibetan, tribes by making likenesses of individuals. But it was not done with any special purpose or in pursuance of a plan; it was not an attempt to aid science through the art of the portraitist. Then there are Germans like Ratzel, and Englishmen like Prichard, who have published standard works on ethnology, with colored illustrations which leave much to be desired. They are scientists who call a modicum of art to their aid to help their text. Hubert Vos seems bent on accumulating a gallery which would find its most fitting place in some museum like the National at Washington, that of Natural History in New York, or the Ethnological in Berlin.

Mr. Vos's practice has been to seek the aid of native officials in various lands, and submit his pictures to their criticism, asking

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them if they appear to hit the type of their own people. But better than such assistance has been a gentle comrade, his wife, formerly the Princess Kaikilani of Hilo in the Hawaiian Islands. Together they pass in review the various ranks of a given populace, striving to arrive at a face that sums up the chief features of a number of more or less typical countenances.

In the gallery so far collected Mr. Vos has a number of composite portraits, made somewhat on the analogy of the composite photograph, except that the sketches or portraits of the separate individuals are not mechanically superimposed one on the other, but are combined in the painter's brain. None of these is shown in this article. The four portraits selected are of typical individuals: the first, a man of one of the fighting races near Afghanistan, but in the Panjab; the second, a Hawaiian, though not of the royal lines; the third, a native Mohammedan prince of Java; and the fourth, a young Chinese lady belonging to Fu-chau, a city that shares with Su-chau the distinction of having the prettiest women in China. It cannot be pretended that these portraits give more than a suggestion of the artist's plan of campaign.

THE FRONT OF MARS.

A SWASH-BUCKLER from the gates of India must here serve to represent all the varied groups in that world of men, from the high-caste Brahman, proud of his Aryan blood, to the Veddahs of the woods in southern India. A childlike vanity is apt to be a salient characteristic of these men. They belong to those tribes which the British have employed to hold India in awe, finding them, in sooth, ready to their hand, for of old these tribes have used their renown as fighters to keep the populace in subjection to a minority of warriors. Such are the Sikhs of the Panjab. Like them, this warrior belongs to that section of India which has oftenest, and always first, felt the sword of Alexander and other conquerors, his tribes having been subjected, or rather enlisted for the spoils of conquest, by Greek, Persian, Mongol, and Tatar in turn. He stands for the ruling caste of Sindh and Rajputana when that part of India was overrun without pretext or plea and annexed by the East India Company. But he comes from farther up the Indus, near the Afghans and Afridis. It is from these fighting castes that the police of Hongkong is recruited.

India alone might occupy Mr. Vos for the next ten years, so many are the distinct tribal and racial varieties to be found there. Should he decide to devote himself to India, there is no doubt that science would be greatly a gainer thereby. For the Hindus are not of such a rugged conservatism as the Chinese, and even the caste system appears to be giving way. Types and costumes that are still to be discovered there to-day may soon disappear without a record or at most the unsatisfactory record of the photograph and the print in black-and-white. For this work Mr. Vos and his accomplished consort seem the only instruments available.

SOLOMON IN HIS GLORY.

KOLOMONO, as he is termed in the musical tongue of Hawaii, or Solomon, as he was baptized, shows the jovial, pleasure-loving features of his race as he holds the ukulele, a stringed instrument which may or may not be indigenous to the island. He is a civilized native, and the son of one, and his raiment is not like that which Captain Cook found there a century and more ago. He is a minstrel and cab-driver, leader of sports and merriment, one of the "characters" of Honolulu. In his gay, frank smile one divines the reason why it was found easy to oust the poor queen, but one is left still in surprise that it should have been thought necessary to do so with such violence. When selected as the best-looking, yet most typical, Hawaiian by the artist, Solomon was indeed in his glory; he was like a Venetian gondolier who has been chosen as the best oarsman for a regatta, or a Dublin jarvey who has won the prize for the jauntiest jaunting-car. Bubbling over with satisfaction, he could only give vent to his pride by ejaculating, "Why, oh, why was I born so lucky?"

A PRINCE OF PEPPERLAND.

BUEMINOTO, the Javanese with a pretty name, stands against a typical background, clad in kabija and sarong as to his upper and lower frame. He is the brother of the Sultan of Djocjakarta, who, in turn, is under the protectorate of Holland; at least, the guns of a Dutch fort just outside the town in which he reigns command his palace and his people. The grove of bamboo in which the sultan's brother stands, after no unprincely fashion, recalls the marvels that natives of Java and Siam, China and Japan, produce from the stalks and leaves of the

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A KHATTACK, BRITISH INDIA.

quick-growing plant in the way of boxes, writing-materials, caps, decorations, bridges, clothing, and even cutting-tools. Grisly memories and charming ideas are connected with the plant. There is the story of the captive pinned down to the earth above a bud of bamboo striving upward, whose body is pierced overnight by the sharp spur of the sprout, so tremendous is the vigor of its growth—a pleasantly shuddery form of execution! There is the Malay story recorded by Dr. John Leyden of the bamboo-grove which is spontaneously musical—melodious bamboo, near which birds and deer linger enchanted by music from unseen fingers, where envoys on important messages of love and longing find themselves hypnotized and arrested on their way to the abode of the woodland nymph.

When a Javanese is admitted to the pres-

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HAWAIIAN MUSICIAN.

ence of his sultan he is not allowed to wear a kabija; he must appear with his upper torso bare, but plentifully powdered with yellow ocher or gold-dust. The sarong about the prince's legs is not a printed chintz; it is painted by hand with designs not so much gaudy as intricate and of occult meaning. The ornament can be used by men of the blood royal alone. His shoes are for costume, not convenience; he gladly puts them off. His lithe, graceful figure, of no great height, is carried with a spirit truly Javanese, befitting the haughtiness of the royal mind which holds itself in speech, as well as gait, superior to the common herd of Malays. When the likeness was painted, Bueminoto was in disfavor at court because he refused to permit his daughter to become the second wife of her cousin, the sultan's son. The first wife of a Mohammedan carries off the honors and is leader in the household. Perchance the prince's daughter is like Tun Tijaraän Bancal, of whom the Malay annals record not only her beauty, but the excessive cleverness she evinced at opening pepper-pods with her pearly teeth. " In this she was so skilful that she could always separate them into two equal parts without ever tearing them awry.',

But she lived before Albuquerque, the Portuguese pirate, came from Goa, in India, with his ships to mow down the champions, the mantris and hulubalangs, of the Sultan of Malacca with strange missiles "that were round yet killed," issuing from brazen mouths with the sound of thunder. She was the daughter of a bandahara of Pahang, and was betrothed to the local sultan, but allowed herself to be abducted by sea, like Helen of Troy, in order to marry the suzerain of her betrothed, the Sultan of Malacca. Perhaps the heart of Bueminoto's daughter, like that of Tun Tiji of old, is set on a better match.

The upper-class Malays walk with a preciousness that just escapes a swagger, exhibiting in motion the indifference, if not disdain, with which they regard mortals less favored by rank and courage. So must have walked the young aristocrats of Rome when their togas were properly adjusted. Among the Javanese pictures by Vos is a dancing-girl of the royal blood, such as are alone permitted to dance at the sultan's court, a Serimpis, with her gold head-dress and jewels and graceful costume. She is in one of those strange poses, with slim hands bent sharply backward from the wrist, which we saw in the dancing of the Japanese geisha last March, when the Japanese plays were performed in New York. The same vivid gesture is perfectly reproduced by the Java marionettes.

A BEAUTY OF FU-CHAU.

FEW have seen a Chinese lady in China; it is hard to obtain so much as a photograph of one, and very much more difficult to get the honor of a sitting, for the knowledge that she has sat for a portrait to a painter might blight her prospects in marriage. But, thanks to the diplomatic art of his Hawaiian wife, Mr. Vos was enabled to paint the likeness of Miss Ho of Fu-chau, a young lady of eighteen, daughter of a captain in the Chinese navy. Miss Ho came to the sitting in a palanquin, carefully concealed from profane eyes. She crossed the studio floor steadily enough, notwithstanding her crippled feet, but, like other women who have been subjected to this strange and senseless mutilation, she held her arms out on each side to keep her balance. The painter has tried to suggest this balancing movement by the outward lines of her arms. Her entertainers soon found that she was as susceptible to admiration as any Aryan lassie, but her Chinese breeding caused her to depreciate herself and her looks at every twist and turn. The jacket she wore having failed to please the painter, Miss Ho was equal to the emergency. She quickly threw off the jacket, revealing a finer one underneath. Then it appeared that she wore no fewer than four jackets, each more beautiful than the last. Certainly her face does not suggest the type of Chinaman we have with us, nor, indeed, does it resemble that of certain Chinese ladies, wives of ambassadors here and in Europe, who, to be sure, are apt to be of Manchu stock; yet the painter has not failed to choose a face that fills the requirements of the Chinese type of a better sort, as we see when we compare the picture with certain composite portraits of young Chinese of both sexes belonging to the same gallery.

When looking through school-books, or even professed works on ethnology, it is always amusing to reflect on the type chosen to represent the Aryan, or, as we still hear it said, the Caucasian. The face selected may represent the ideal of a portion of one section of an Aryan nation, but when one tries to recall how often that sort of face has presented itself to one's eyes, even within the very limited field selected, one has to confess that it does not at all do what it pretends. We are apt to accept as possible, as well as probable, the picture of the Malay, the Australian black, the Maori, the Madagascan, the Patagonian; but when we are given a vapid profile bearing a remote likeness to the conventional Jupiter of the Greeks, and are asked to consider that the type of the "Caucasian," there is room for protest. We protest because we know it is false; we accept the savages because we have not lived with them and know no better. The color of their skins and the oddity of their trappings make us accept them without criticism. The fact is, we have no true types of the more or less mixed nationalities that history presents to us as the ancestors of the European whiteskins, and Mr. Vos is right in saying that we have no true types of the yellow-, the red-, and the blackskins. All honor to him if he have the endurance and enthusiasm to supply a lack that is felt as well by the layman as by the scientist!

While examining his collection one can scarcely fail to reflect how few are the faces among these Oriental folk which would not pass muster for those of Europeans if they appeared at the Emigrant Bureau in New York, provided their owners were dressed in the ugly clothes of our civilization. The Hawaiian would pass for a Provençal or a

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY HUBERT VOS.

PRINCE BUEMINOTO OF JAVA, IN THE NATIONAL COSTUME.

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CHINESE YOUNG LADY, DAUGHTER OF A CAPTAIN IN THE IMPERIAL NAVY, FU-CHAU.

Neapolitan; the Panjabi for a Turk, an Armenian, or a Gipsy; the Javanese for a man from the Basque provinces; and the Chinese damsel for a jolly Finland girl, a Swede, or a Samoyed, but an uncommonly pretty one.

We are constantly haunted with a vain imagining that Europeans and Americans are possessed of a noble type, vastly superior to that of the dusky races; but are we? Observe how costume and a change of arrangements in the hair of head and face will suffice to make us accept the darkskin as a European, as if the supposed ethnic types from farthest Ind have their representatives among us so far as feature and sometimes even so far as color are concerned.

Why not confess at once that the world is smaller and the mixture of human races is more ancient and complete than our race vanities have permitted us to believe?

THE CONSTANCY OF ELIZABETH

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

BACK under the eaves there was something small and dark and square. Harrington remembered the trunk as being much larger, but when he had dragged it into the light of the small peak-window he saw that it was the same.

The straps were stiff and cracked as he undid them. He believed that they had never been touched since the original owner had bent them through the now corroded buckles. The lock was a clumsy, primitive affair, which his strength overcame, though with some difficulty. Harrington had a curious feeling of returned boyhood, and of doing something surreptitious—something he would have done years before had he dared. His pulse quickened as he lifted the lid. He whipped the dust hastily from his hands.

ELIZABETH.

On the top lay garments—curious faded garments of another century. He had known very little of their owner, his father's uncle,—no, his grandfather's, for he had taken part in the Revolution,—an eccentric old bachelor: Harrington could recall no more than that.

Beneath the clothes were other things—some boots, a pair of leather leggings, a riding-whip with a curious handle. Then there were books—old editions of the poets, for the most part—and a bundle of yellow papers. Harrington was about to examine these when he noticed, down in one corner, a small, square box of some dark, polished wood like mahogany. He lifted the lid, and there came the faint odor of dead tobacco. Within was a small skin pouch, half filled, and a pipe with a cherry stem. Beneath these lay a short, thick little volume and the small ivory miniature of a young girl.

As Harrington looked at this picture there came to him a strong sense of unreality in what he was doing. The features before him were familiar—the slender throat, the poise of the head, the half-parted lips about to speak; he had even seen Bess wear her hair the same, with a rose at the back. He wondered vaguely if this girl, too, had driven men to desperation and gloomy exile in a deserted, rain-sodden old manor. As in a dream he turned the picture in his hand, and read on the other side the single word "Elizabeth."

The young man jammed open the little hooked window and let in the fresh, damp air. There was something about it all that mastered and oppressed like the sleep-waking fancy that ends in nightmare. The wet whiff from the fields brought him back. Presently he took up the little volume and opened it at random. Then he saw it was not a printed book, but filled with close, faded writing—evidently a daily record of events, his uncle's diary. He read through brief entries concerning the weather, the crops, the farm incidents and petty domestic detail of a hundred years before. Then he came to a date, following which there were closely written pages. The first sentence held him.

"November, the eighteenth day, 1798. On this night I have to set down that which, though unknown, it may be, to any other living soul, is of such a nature as to present my past to me in new aspect, and must of a certainty much affect my remaining years. Of these, it is true, there may not be many, for, having turned sixty in August, and passed most of my days in loneliness and lacking that companionship of woman intended for man, I cannot hope, nor do I anticipate, that I may be spared the allotted

scriptural time. Neither do I greatly desire it, for while this that hath come to me is of a nature to glorify my declining days, it must therefore all the more illumine that time which we are assured is still in store for us when the weariness and fevers and mistakes of earth are laid by and forgotten. So will I now set down with fidelity that which hath taken place upon this day.

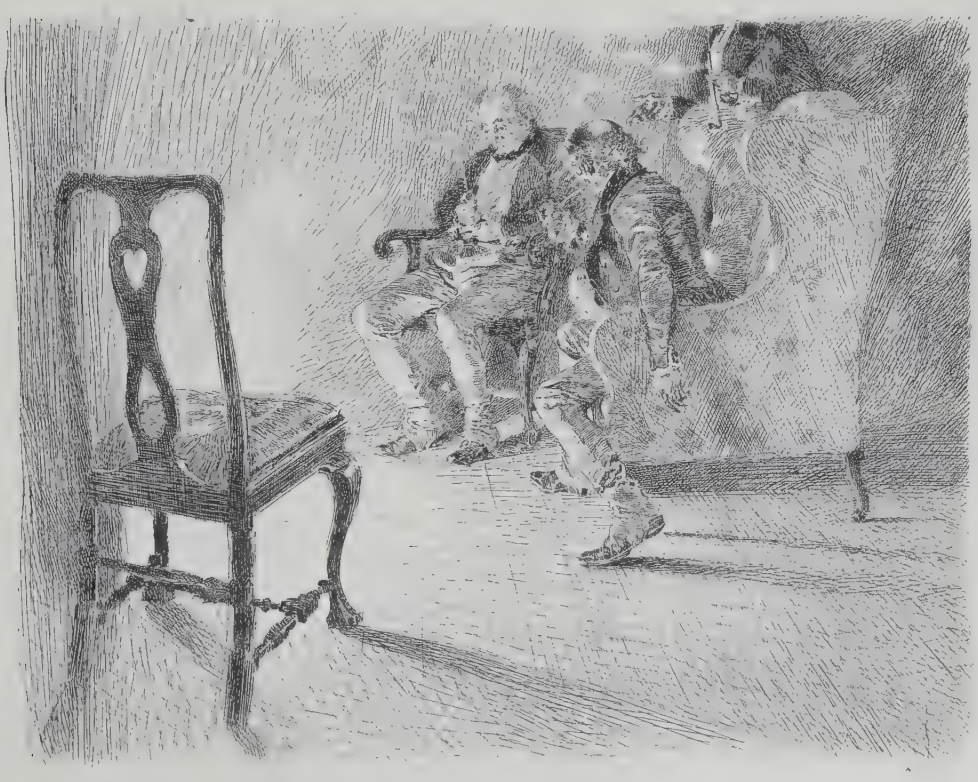
"The morning being most gloomy, and finding but little to engage me in the fields, I returned to the manor somewhat before midday and cast up my accounts to the moment; for, in the uncertainties of life, it may never be known when the true balance of one's affairs shall be required by those who follow him. Having finished with the figures, I ate sparingly of a very excellent cold roast, and drank a small bottle of the claret which I had of the Henslow sale in seventy-nine, and of which there is still some quantity remaining, the same having much improved in flavor through age and proper keeping."

"The old fellow was deliberate enough," mused Harrington. "Still, the wine must have been good. None of it in the cellar now, I suppose."

"After refreshing my body I concerned my mind with the reading of those books which have long been my chief comfort, and found renewed enjoyment in the fine tragedy of 'Romeo and Juliet,' which play I witnessed the publick performance of, in Philadelphia, but a fortnight since, and did marvel then, as now and heretofore, upon the excellence of the composition, as well as upon the rare example of mutual and undying passion therein presented. When I had finished reading, and after some reflection on the joy and sorrowfulness of love, I rose, and taking my pipe, set out for a quiet visit and smoke with Caleb Merrifield, with whom, though he wedded the woman of my choice, I have long been in excellent friendship. For it was not Caleb who wrought my estrangement with Elizabeth, nor did he even meet her, I believe, until somewhat later."

The book rested on Harrington's knee as he looked out over the swimming meadows. Merrifield! The sound of it was familiar. It was in Bess's family, somewhere back; he did not know just where. A slight wound on his thumb, got in forcing the rusty lock, convinced him that he was really awake. Once more he opened the old diary.

"I found Caleb in a mood that hath been



"'DID FIND MYSELF LEANING FORWARD WITH MUCH OF EAGERNESS.'"

much upon him of late, and in truth hath grown upon him greatly since the death of Elizabeth, five years ago. He sat gazing into the fire, and though he welcomed me with cordialness, he had the manner of being more inclined to listen than to be heard; so presently, when Elias Hart joined us, also with his pipe, it became a matter of conversation between Elias and myself, with Caleb listening, somewhat in the character of a respectful and attentive audience.

"I do not rightly remember in what manner we began our speculations upon affairs of love and such matters, though I am of the belief that in the course of our reflections upon the poets I let fall some word of the play which I had but recently seen enacted, and had also, but an hour before, perused in the leisure of my study; and this, it would seem, presently diverted the talk into a somewhat different, though not displeasing, channel. Or it may have been brought about through the presentation made by Elias of some ardent sonnets by the same author, and a surmise as to the object of the poet's passion. However it fell out, we were in no great time discussing most earnestly the famous heart-affairs of history and such notable attachments as have become matter for the poet's pen. From these we came presently to those of a more recent happening, even to those within our immediate knowledge and acquaintance, the talk being, as I have said, between Elias and myself, with Caleb Merrifield listening and considering the fire with much attention.

"Having got fairly set in this direction, it was but natural that we should review the subject of love in general, and it was no very long time before Elias and myself were engaged in a debate in which it was his pleasure to assume—and properly, Elias being married—that wedded life could show the more examples of lifelong devotion and unswerving faith, while I, as seemed fit, held to the contrary, Caleb remaining, for some considerable time, impartial and listening, as I have said.

"I think I had somewhat the best of Elias when we filled our pipes for the second time, for I found it not difficult to make citation of such examples as Petrarch and others, I having found ever a sympathetic interest in lives similar to my own, and a greater need, perhaps, for the consolements of study than Elias, whose marriage has doubtless supplied comfort and occupation sufficient to his requirements. At least, he found it difficult to defend his position successfully, being somewhat lacking not only in the number of instances, but likewise in authorities of acknowledged value and reputation; and I think he was not a little chagrined at my readiness of fact and speech, as well as at the notableness of my incident.

"I was prepared, therefore, to vanquish him completely with the new pipe, when I noticed that Caleb seemed about to speak, and waited with some anxiety for his opinion, which might in some wise indicate as to whether Elias or myself had made out the stronger case. I do not now recall what I expected Caleb to say, but of a certainty it was of a nature in no wise akin to the matter which he presently laid before us, and with apparent relief of spirit, though withal considerable hesitation.

"He began by saying that there seemed to him no great reason for wonderment in any of the several instances of lifelong fidelity, either in marriage or celibacy, as cited by Elias and myself; indeed, that lifelong devotion *with love* seemed no matter of remark in either case. But *if so*, he said, then how much greater marvel in a lifelong devotion and faith *without love!*

"At this both Elias and myself regarded him in silence, seeing and hearing by his voice that he was in some wise moved by his own words. Then said Caleb, continuing: 'I have of my own knowledge known a woman, wedded in her youth to a man other than he of her choice, yet faithful through all, and never by any conscious sign revealing her discontent and the heaviness of her sorrow. It is true that she was beloved of her husband, who knew almost from the first that another was in her heart. He wondered much how it had come about, but seeing that she held it sacred, he left the matter with her own conscience; and she repaid him with unswerving duty. She bore him his children, and with him followed all but one of them to the grave. In sickness and in health she never faltered until the time came when she rested beside her children. She honored but never loved the man she had chosen, yet because of the bond between them she neither complained nor consciously revealed her secret through forty years of wedded martyrdom.'

"At this point Elias was about to find in Caleb's remarks some justification of his own advancements, while I, noting the strange manner of the telling, and connecting matters somewhat, did find myself leaning forward with much of eagerness, though withal

a certain trembling in my expectation of what might follow. As for Caleb, he hesitated but a moment before he proceeded: 'The husband was myself; the woman my faithful and sainted wife, Elizabeth.'

"At first neither Elias nor myself could shape any outward utterance or comment upon this confession, and it must ever be a source of gratification to me that Caleb did not, and perhaps could not, direct his gaze to my features. For if, as is said, the face is the mirror of the heart, he must have seen therein a great gladness that was like to burst my bosom, clouded though it was by the shadow of a mighty regret. For, as by revelation, it was borne upon me that it was I and no other whom Elizabeth had loved through all the years, and that when we parted because I believed her of unstable affection, and she journeyed to Boston, where she met Caleb, she had but married him out of pique. Yet having done so, she was ready to pay, and had paid, the price of unwavering fidelity, while for my misjudgment of her, and hastiness, I had paid also. This, as I have said, flashed upon me like a great light, and in a brief instant my whole existence was, as it were, transformed. But presently Elias was uttering to Caleb some word of comfort and reassurance, in which I was fain perforce to join, and I cannot think that the fervent hand-clasp I gave him at parting was other than sincere. He returned it likewise, and truly in such manner as to make me think that peradventure he knows all the truth, though of this I am by no means certain. So much only do I know —that because of a boyish jealousy and doubts of a teasing maiden, who would have her sport and merriment with me, I laid the deepest sorrowfulness upon us both, though now, at last, as I look from my window into a sky from which the rain and clouds of the day have disappeared, I seem to behold the rare face of my Elizabeth shining down to me from beyond the stars."

HARRINGTON sat quite still for some moments, staring at the last sentence of the faded entry made a hundred years before. Then he picked up the miniature once more and regarded it intently. Suddenly he thrust it, with the book, into his coat, returned the remainder of the things hastily to the little trunk, and strapped it down as before. A moment later he was plunging down a dark, narrow stairway several steps at a time. The old caretaker, who came hastily at his summons, protested.

"It 's full twenty miles, Mr. Harrington, and with these roads, and night coming on at that—"

"Yes, yes; I know! But bring the horse at once—no, never mind; I can do it myself quicker."

"But unless it 's a matter of life and death, sir—"

"That 's just what it is—a matter of life and death; and see, the clouds are breaking—a good sign!" And out of the house to the stable, and out of the stable through the parting mists, a young man, with heart newly wakened, went speeding across the rain-wet world.

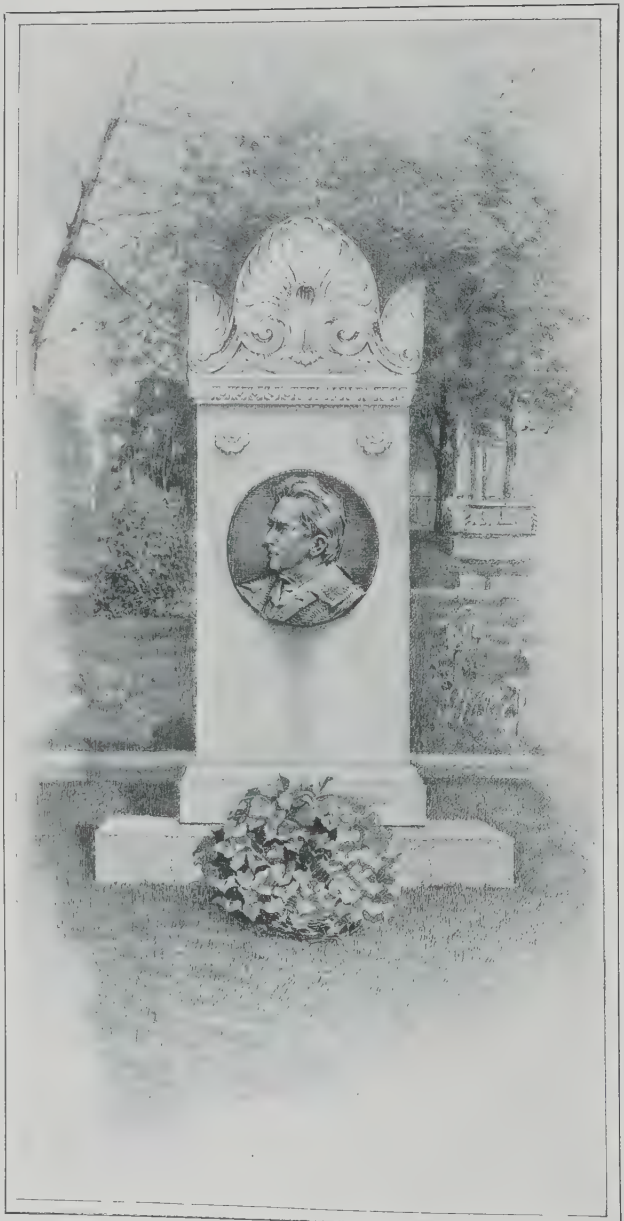
LOVE'S PASSAGE.

BY ELIZABETH BARNETT ESLER.

AS one, in passing through a darkened room,
Should brush the fine-drawn, gold threads of a harp,
And thus, though all unwittingly, should wake
A chord of rich and tender melody—
So your dear love, unconsciously at first,
Found its response within my waiting heart,
Which barred, unseen, your pathway as you went.

THE GRAVE OF EDWIN BOOTH.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.



IN NARROW SPACE, WITH BOOTH, LIE HOUSED IN DEATH
IAGO, HAMLET, SHYLOCK, LEAR, MACBETH.
IF STILL THEY SEEM TO WALK THE PAINTED SCENE,
'T IS BUT THE GHOSTS OF THOSE THAT ONCE HAVE BEEN.

THE PROBLEM OF INCREASING HUMAN ENERGY.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE HARNESSING OF THE SUN'S ENERGY.

BY NIKOLA TESLA.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE WRITER'S ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTS, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

THE ONWARD MOVEMENT OF MAN—THE ENERGY OF THE MOVEMENT—THE THREE WAYS OF INCREASING HUMAN ENERGY.

OF all the endless variety of phenomena which nature presents to our senses, there is none that fills our minds with greater wonder than that inconceivably complex movement which, in its entirety, we designate as human life. Its mysterious origin is veiled in the forever impenetrable mist of the past, its character is rendered incomprehensible by its infinite intricacy, and its destination is hidden in the unfathomable depths of the future. Whence does it come? What is it? Whither does it tend? are the great questions which the sages of all times have endeavored to answer.

Modern science says: The sun is the past, the earth is the present, the moon is the future. From an incandescent mass we have originated, and into a frozen mass we shall turn. Merciless is the law of nature, and rapidly and irresistibly we are drawn to our doom. Lord Kelvin, in his profound meditations, allows us only a short span of life, something like six million years, after which time the sun's bright light will have ceased to shine, and its life-giving heat will have ebbed away, and our own earth will be a lump of ice, hurrying on through the eternal night. But do not let us despair. There will still be left on it a glimmering spark of life, and there will be a chance to kindle a new fire on some distant star. This wonderful possibility seems, indeed, to exist, judging from Professor Dewar's beautiful experiments with liquid air, which show that germs of organic life are not destroyed by cold, no matter how intense; consequently they may be transmitted through the interstellar space. Meanwhile the cheering lights of science and art, ever increasing in intensity, illuminate our path, and the marvels they disclose, and the enjoyments they offer, make us measurably forgetful of the gloomy future.

Though we may never be able to comprehend human life, we know certainly that it is a movement, of whatever nature it be. The existence of a movement unavoidably implies a body which is being moved and a force which is moving it. Hence, wherever there is life, there is a mass moved by a force. All mass possesses inertia, all force tends to persist. Owing to this universal property and condition, a body, be it at rest or in motion, tends to remain in the same state, and a force, manifesting itself anywhere and through whatever cause, produces an equivalent opposing force, and as an absolute necessity of this it follows that every movement in nature must be rhythmical. Long ago this simple truth was clearly pointed out by Herbert Spencer, who arrived at it through a somewhat different process of reasoning. It is borne out in everything we perceive—in the movement of a planet, in the surging and ebbing of the tide, in the reverberations of the air, the swinging of a pendulum, the oscillations of an electric current, and in the infinitely varied phenomena of organic life. Does not the whole of human life attest it? Birth, growth, old age, and death of an individual, family, race, or nation, what is it all but a rhythm? All life-manifestation, then, even in its most intricate form, as exemplified in man, however involved and inscrutable, is only a movement, to which the same general laws of movement which govern throughout the physical universe must be applicable.

When we speak of man, we have a conception of humanity as a whole, and before applying scientific methods to the investigation of his movement, we must accept this as a physical fact. But can any one doubt to-day that all the millions of individuals and all the innumerable types and characters constitute an entity, a unit? Though free to

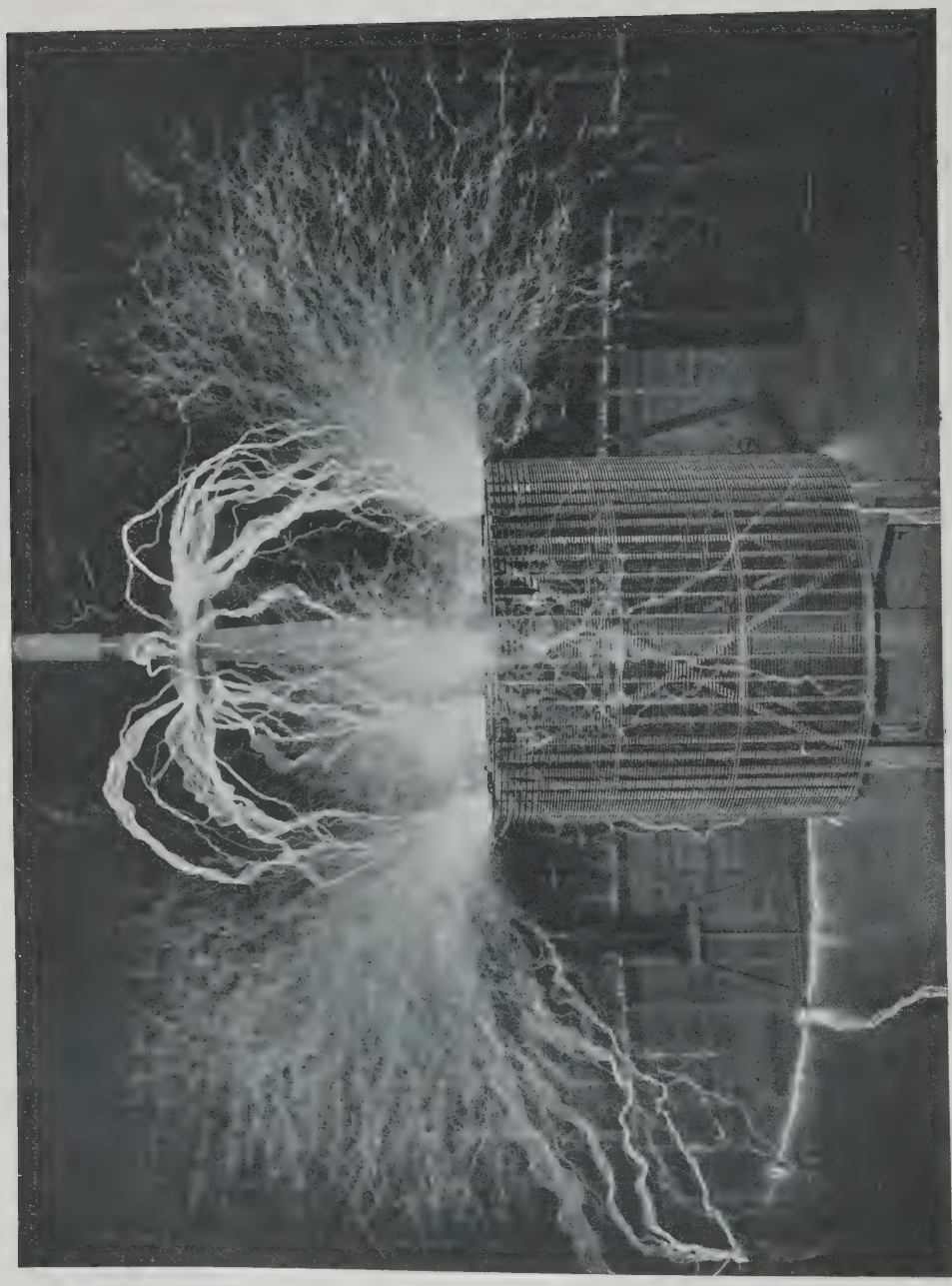


FIG. 1. BURNING THE NITROGEN OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

NOTE TO FIG. 1.—This result is produced by the discharge of an electrical oscillator giving twelve million volts. The electrical pressure, alternating one hundred thousand times per second, excites the normally inert nitrogen, causing it to combine with the oxygen. The flame-like discharge shown in the photograph measures sixty five feet across.

think and act, we are held together, like the stars in the firmament, with ties inseparable. These ties we cannot see, but we can feel them. I cut myself in the finger, and it pains me: this finger is a part of me. I see a friend hurt, and it hurts me, too: my friend and I are one. And now I see stricken down an enemy, a lump of matter which, of all the lumps of matter in the universe, I care least for, and still it grieves me. Does this not prove that each of us is only a part of a whole?

For ages this idea has been proclaimed in the consummately wise teachings of religion, probably not alone as a means of insuring peace and harmony among men, but as a deeply founded truth. The Buddhist expresses it in one way, the Christian in another, but both say the same: We are all one. Metaphysical proofs are, however, not the only ones which we are able to bring forth in support of this idea. Science, too, recognizes this connectedness of separate individuals, though not quite in the same sense as it admits that the suns, planets, and moons of a constellation are one body, and there can be no doubt that it will be experimentally confirmed in times to come, when our means and methods for investigating psychical and other states and phenomena shall have been brought to great perfection. Still more: this one human being lives on and on. The individual is ephemeral, races and nations come and pass away, but man remains. Therein lies the profound difference between the individual and the whole. Therein, too, is to be found the partial explanation of many of those marvelous phenomena of heredity which are the result of countless centuries of feeble but persistent influence.

Conceive, then, man as a mass urged on by a force. Though this movement is not of a translatory character, implying change of place, yet the general laws of mechanical movement are applicable to it, and the energy associated with this mass can be measured, in accordance with well-known principles, by half the product of the mass with the square of a certain velocity. So, for instance, a cannon-ball which is at rest possesses a certain amount of energy in the form of heat, which we measure in a similar way. We imagine the ball to consist of innumerable minute particles, called atoms or molecules, which vibrate or whirl around one another. We determine their masses and velocities, and from them the energy of each of these minute systems, and adding them all together, we get an idea of the total heat-energy contained in the ball, which is only seemingly at rest. In this purely theoretical estimate this energy may then be calculated by multiplying half of the total mass—that is, half of the sum of all the small masses—with the square of a velocity which is determined from the velocities of the separate particles. In like manner we may conceive of human energy being measured by half the human mass multiplied with the square of a velocity which we are not yet able to compute. But our deficiency in this knowledge will not vitiate the truth of the deductions I shall draw, which rest on the firm basis that the same laws of mass and force govern throughout nature.

Man, however, is not an ordinary mass, consisting of spinning atoms and molecules, and containing merely heat-energy. He is a mass possessed of certain higher qualities by reason of the creative principle of life with which he is endowed. His mass, as the water in an ocean wave, is being continuously exchanged, new taking the place of the old. Not only this, but he grows, propagates, and dies, thus altering his mass independently, both in bulk and density. What is most wonderful of all, he is capable of increasing or diminishing his velocity of movement by the mysterious power he possesses of appropriating more or less energy from other substance, and turning it into motive energy. But in any given moment we may ignore these slow changes and assume that human energy is measured by half the product of man's mass with the square of a certain hypothetical velocity. However we may compute this velocity, and whatever we may take as the standard of its measure, we must, in harmony with this conception, come to the conclusion that the great problem of science is, and always will be, to increase the energy thus defined. Many years ago, stimulated by the perusal of that deeply interesting work, Draper's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," depicting so vividly human movement, I recognized that to solve this eternal problem must ever be the chief task of the man of science. Some results of my own efforts to this end I shall endeavor briefly to describe here.

Let, then, in diagram *a*, *M* represent the mass of man. This mass is impelled in one direction by a force *f*, which is resisted by another partly frictional and partly negative force *R*, acting in a direction exactly opposite, and retarding the movement of the mass. Such an antagonistic force is present

in every movement, and must be taken into consideration. The difference between these two forces is the effective force which imparts a velocity V to the mass M in the direction of the arrow on the line representing the force f. In accordance with the preceding, the human energy will then be given by the product $\frac{1}{2} MV^2 = \frac{1}{2} MV \times V$, in which M is the total mass of man in the ordinary interpretation of the term "mass," and V is a certain hypothetical velocity, which, in the present state of science, we are unable exactly to define and determine. To increase the human energy is, therefore, equivalent to increasing this product, and there are, as will readily be seen, only three ways possible to attain this result, which are illustrated in the above diagram. The first way, shown in the top figure, is to increase the mass (as indicated by the dotted circle), leaving the two opposing forces the same. The second way is to reduce the retarding force R to a smaller value r, leaving the mass and the impelling force the same, as diagrammatically shown in the middle figure. The third way, which is illustrated in the last figure, is to increase the impelling force f to a higher value F, while the mass and the retarding force R remain unaltered. Evidently fixed limits exist as regards increase of mass and reduction of retarding force, but the impelling force can be increased indefinitely. Each of these three possible solutions presents a different aspect of the main problem of increasing human energy, which is thus divided into three distinct problems, to be successively considered.

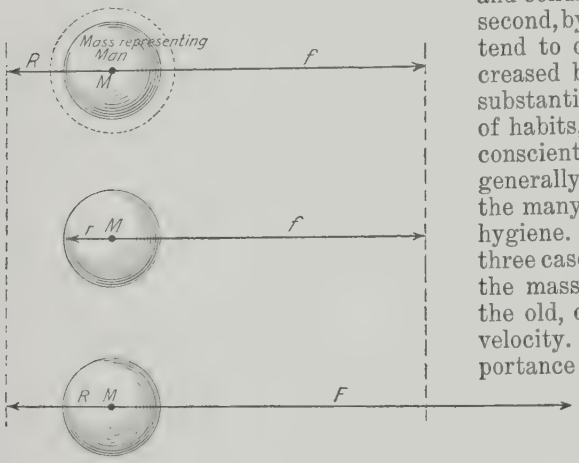


DIAGRAM *a*. THE THREE WAYS OF INCREASING HUMAN ENERGY.

THE FIRST PROBLEM: HOW TO INCREASE THE HUMAN MASS—THE BURNING OF ATMOSPHERIC NITROGEN.

VIEWED generally, there are obviously two ways of increasing the mass of mankind: first, by aiding and maintaining those forces and conditions which tend to increase it; and, second, by opposing and reducing those which tend to diminish it. The mass will be increased by careful attention to health, by substantial food, by moderation, by regularity of habits, by the promotion of marriage, by conscientious attention to the children, and, generally stated, by the observance of all the many precepts and laws of religion and hygiene. But in adding new mass to the old, three cases again present themselves. Either the mass added is of the same velocity as the old, or it is of a smaller or of a higher velocity. To gain an idea of the relative importance of these cases, imagine a train composed of, say, one hundred locomotives running on a track, and suppose that, to increase the energy of the moving mass, four more locomotives are added to the train. If these four move at the same velocity at which the train is going, the total energy will be increased four per cent.; if they are moving at only one half of that velocity, the increase will amount to only one per cent.; if they are moving at twice that velocity, the increase of energy will be sixteen per cent. This simple illustration shows that it is of the greatest importance to add mass of a higher velocity. Stated more to the point, if, for example, the children be of the same degree of enlightenment as the parents,—that is, mass of the "same velocity,"—the energy will simply increase proportionately to the number added. If they are less intelligent or advanced, or mass of "smaller velocity," there will be a very slight gain in the energy; but if they are further advanced, or mass of "higher velocity," then the new generation will add very considerably to the sum total of human energy. Any addition of mass of "smaller velocity," beyond that indispensable amount required by the law expressed in the proverb, "Mens sana in corpore sano," should be strenuously opposed. For instance, the mere development of muscle, as aimed at in some of our colleges, I consider equivalent to adding mass of "smaller velocity," and I would not commend it, although my views were different when I was a student myself. Moderate exercise, insuring the right balance between

mind and body, and the highest efficiency of performance, is, of course, a prime requirement. The above example shows that the most important result to be attained is the education, or the increase of the "velocity," of the mass newly added.

Conversely, it scarcely need be stated that everything that is against the teachings of religion and the laws of hygiene is tending to decrease the mass. Whisky, wine, tea, coffee, tobacco, and other such stimulants are responsible for the shortening of the lives of many, and ought to be used with moderation. But I do not think that rigorous measures of suppression of habits followed through many generations are commendable. It is wiser to preach moderation than abstinence. We have become accustomed to these stimulants, and if such reforms are to be effected, they must be slow and gradual. Those who are devoting their energies to such ends could make themselves far more useful by turning their efforts in other directions, as, for instance, toward providing pure water.

For every person who perishes from the effects of a stimulant, at least a thousand die from the consequences of drinking impure water. This precious fluid, which daily infuses new life into us, is likewise the chief vehicle through which disease and death enter our bodies. The germs of destruction it conveys are enemies all the more terrible as they perform their fatal work unperceived. They seal our doom while we live and enjoy. The majority of people are so ignorant or careless in drinking water, and the consequences of this are so disastrous, that a philanthropist can scarcely use his efforts better than by endeavoring to enlighten those who are thus injuring themselves. By systematic purification and sterilization of the drinking-water the human mass would be very considerably increased. It should be made a rigid rule—which might be enforced by law—to boil or to sterilize otherwise the drinking-water in every household and public place. The mere filtering does not afford sufficient security against infection. All ice for internal uses should be artificially prepared from water thoroughly sterilized. The importance of eliminating germs of disease from the city water is generally recognized, but little is being done to improve the existing conditions, as no satisfactory method of sterilizing great quantities of water has as yet been brought forward. By improved electrical appliances we are now enabled to produce ozone cheaply and in large amounts, and this ideal disinfectant seems to offer a happy solution of the important question.

Gambling, business rush, and excitement, particularly on the exchanges, are causes of much mass-reduction, all the more so because the individuals concerned represent units of higher value. Incapacity of observing the first symptoms of an illness, and careless neglect of the same, are important factors of mortality. In noting carefully every new sign of approaching danger, and making conscientiously every possible effort to avert it, we are not only following wise laws of hygiene in the interest of our well-being and the success of our labors, but we are also complying with a higher moral duty. Every one should consider his body as a priceless gift from one whom he loves above all, as a marvelous work of art, of undescribable beauty and mastery beyond human conception, and so delicate and frail that a word, a breath, a look, nay, a thought, may injure it. Uncleanliness, which breeds disease and death, is not only a self-destructive but a highly immoral habit. In keeping our bodies free from infection, healthful, and pure, we are expressing our reverence for the high principle with which they are endowed. He who follows the precepts of hygiene in this spirit is proving himself, so far, truly religious. Laxity of morals is a terrible evil, which poisons both mind and body, and which is responsible for a great reduction of the human mass in some countries. Many of the present customs and tendencies are productive of similar hurtful results. For example, the society life, modern education and pursuits of women, tending to draw them away from their household duties and make men out of them, must needs detract from the elevating ideal they represent, diminish the artistic creative power, and cause sterility and a general weakening of the race. A thousand other evils might be mentioned, but all put together, in their bearing upon the problem under discussion, they would not equal a single one, the want of food, brought on by poverty, destitution, and famine. Millions of individuals die yearly for want of food, thus keeping down the mass. Even in our enlightened communities, and notwithstanding the many charitable efforts, this is still, in all probability, the chief evil. I do not mean here absolute want of food, but want of healthful nutriment.

How to provide good and plentiful food is, therefore, a most important question of the day. On general principles the raising of cattle as a means of providing food is

objectionable, because, in the sense interpreted above, it must undoubtedly tend to the addition of mass of a "smaller velocity." It is certainly preferable to raise vegetables, and I think, therefore, that vegetarianism is a commendable departure from the established barbarous habit. That we can subsist on plant food and perform our work even to advantage is not a theory, but a well-demonstrated fact. Many races living almost exclusively on vegetables are of superior physique and strength. There is no doubt that some plant food, such as oatmeal, is more economical than meat, and superior to it in regard to both mechanical and mental performance. Such food, moreover, taxes our digestive organs decidedly less, and, in making us more contented and sociable, produces an amount of good difficult to estimate. In view of these facts every effort should be made to stop the wanton and cruel slaughter of animals, which must be destructive to our morals. To free ourselves from animal instincts and appetites, which keep us down, we should begin at the very root from which they spring: we should effect a radical reform in the character of the food.

There seems to be no *philosophical* necessity for food. We can conceive of organized beings living without nourishment, and deriving all the energy they need for the performance of their life-functions from the ambient medium. In a crystal we have the clear evidence of the existence of a formative life-principle, and though we cannot understand the life of a crystal, it is none the less a living being. There may be, besides crystals, other such individualized, material systems of beings, perhaps of gaseous constitution, or composed of substance still more tenuous. In view of this possibility,—nay, probability,—we cannot apodictically deny the existence of organized beings on a planet merely because the conditions on the same are unsuitable for the existence of life as we conceive it. We cannot even, with positive assurance, assert that some of them might not be present here, in this our world, in the very midst of us, for their constitution and life-manifestation may be such that we are unable to perceive them.

The production of artificial food as a means for causing an increase of the human mass naturally suggests itself, but a direct attempt of this kind to provide nourishment does not appear to me rational, at least not for the present. Whether we could thrive on such food is very doubtful. We are the result of ages of continuous adaptation, and we cannot radically change without unforeseen and, in all probability, disastrous consequences. So uncertain an experiment should not be tried. By far the best way, it seems to me, to meet the ravages of the evil, would be to find ways of increasing the productivity of the soil. With this object the preservation of forests is of an importance which cannot be overestimated, and in this connection, also, the utilization of water-power for purposes of electrical transmission, dispensing in many ways with the necessity of burning wood, and tending thereby to forest preservation, is to be strongly advocated. But there are limits in the improvement to be effected in this and similar ways.

To increase materially the productivity of the soil, it must be more effectively fertilized by artificial means. The question of food-production resolves itself, then, into the question how best to fertilize the soil. What it is that made the soil is still a mystery. To explain its origin is probably equivalent to explaining the origin of life itself. The rocks, disintegrated by moisture and heat and wind and weather, were in themselves not capable of maintaining life. Some unexplained condition arose, and some new principle came into effect, and the first layer capable of sustaining low organisms, like mosses, was formed. These, by their life and death, added more of the life-sustaining quality to the soil, and higher organisms could then subsist, and so on and on, until at last highly developed plant and animal life could flourish. But though the theories are, even now, not in agreement as to how fertilization is effected, it is a fact, only too well ascertained, that the soil cannot indefinitely sustain life, and some way must be found to supply it with the substances which have been abstracted from it by the plants. The chief and most valuable among these substances are compounds of nitrogen, and the cheap production of these is, therefore, the key for the solution of the all-important food problem. Our atmosphere contains an inexhaustible amount of nitrogen, and could we but oxidize it and produce these compounds, an incalculable benefit for mankind would follow.

Long ago this idea took a powerful hold on the imagination of scientific men, but an efficient means for accomplishing this result could not be devised. The problem was rendered extremely difficult by the extraordinary inertness of the nitrogen, which refuses to

combine even with oxygen. But here electricity comes to our aid: the dormant affinities of the element are awakened by an electric current of the proper quality. As a lump of coal which has been in contact with oxygen for centuries without burning will combine with it when once ignited, so nitrogen, excited by electricity, will burn. I did not succeed, however, in producing electrical discharges exciting very effectively the atmospheric nitrogen until a comparatively recent date, although I showed, in May, 1891, in a scientific lecture, a novel form of discharge or electrical flame named "St. Elmo's hotfire," which, besides being capable of generating ozone in abundance, also possessed, as I pointed out on that occasion, distinctly the quality of exciting chemical affinities. This discharge or flame was then only three or four inches long, its chemical action was likewise very feeble, and consequently the process of oxidation of the nitrogen was wasteful. How to intensify this action was the question. Evidently electric currents of a peculiar kind had to be produced in order to render the process of nitrogen combustion more efficient.

The first advance was made in ascertaining that the chemical activity of the discharge was very considerably increased by using currents of extremely high frequency or rate of vibration. This was an important improvement, but practical considerations soon set a definite limit to the progress in this direction. Next, the effects of the electrical pressure of the current impulses, of their wave-form and other characteristic features, were investigated. Then the influence of the atmospheric pressure and temperature and of the presence of water and other bodies was studied, and thus the best conditions for causing the most intense chemical action of the discharge and securing the highest efficiency of the process were gradually ascertained. Naturally, the improvements were not quick in coming; still, little by little, I advanced. The flame grew larger and larger, and its oxidizing action more and more intense. From an insignificant brush-discharge a few inches long it developed into a marvelous electrical phenomenon, a roaring blaze, devouring the nitrogen of the atmosphere and measuring sixty or seventy feet across. Thus slowly, almost imperceptibly, possibility became accomplishment. All is not yet done, by any means, but to what a degree my efforts have been rewarded an idea may be gained from an inspection of Fig. 1 (p. 176), which, with its title, is self-explanatory. The flame-like discharge visible is produced by the intense electrical oscillations which pass through the coil shown, and violently agitate the electrified molecules of the air. By this means a strong affinity is created between the two normally indifferent constituents of the atmosphere, and they combine readily, even if no further provision is made for intensifying the chemical action of the discharge. In the manufacture of nitrogen compounds by this method, of course, every possible means bearing upon the intensity of this action and the efficiency of the process will be taken advantage of, and, besides, special arrangements will be provided for the fixation of the compounds formed, as they are generally unstable, the nitrogen becoming again inert after a little lapse of time. Steam is a simple and effective means for fixing permanently the compounds. The result illustrated makes it practicable to oxidize the atmospheric nitrogen in unlimited quantities, merely by the use of cheap mechanical power and simple electrical apparatus. In this manner many compounds of nitrogen may be manufactured all over the world, at a small cost, and in any desired amount, and by means of these compounds the soil can be fertilized and its productiveness indefinitely increased. An abundance of cheap and healthful food, not artificial, but such as we are accustomed to, may thus be obtained. This new and inexhaustible source of food-supply will be of incalculable benefit to mankind, for it will enormously contribute to the increase of the human mass, and thus add immensely to human energy. Soon, I hope, the world will see the beginning of an industry which, in time to come, will, I believe, be in importance next to that of iron.

THE SECOND PROBLEM: HOW TO REDUCE THE FORCE RETARDING THE HUMAN MASS—THE ART OF TELAUTOMATICS.

As before stated, the force which retards the onward movement of man is partly frictional and partly negative. To illustrate this distinction I may name, for example, ignorance, stupidity, and imbecility as some of the purely frictional forces, or resistances devoid of any directive tendency. On the other hand, visionariness, insanity, self-destructive tendency, religious fanaticism, and the like, are all forces of a negative character, acting in definite directions. To reduce or entirely to overcome these dissimilar retarding forces, radically different methods must be employed. One knows, for instance, what

a fanatic may do, and one can take preventive measures, can enlighten, convince, and possibly direct him, turn his vice into virtue; but one does not know, and never can know, what a brute or an imbecile may do, and one must deal with him as with a mass, inert, without mind, let loose by the mad elements. A negative force always implies some quality, not infrequently a high one, though badly directed, which it is possible to turn to good advantage; but a directionless, frictional force involves unavoidable loss. Evidently, then, the first and general answer to the above question is: turn all negative force in the right direction and reduce all frictional force.

There can be no doubt that, of all the frictional resistances, the one that most retards human movement is ignorance. Not without reason said that man of wisdom, Buddha: "Ignorance is the greatest evil in the world." The friction which results from ignorance, and which is greatly increased owing to the numerous languages and nationalities, can be reduced only by the spread of knowledge and the unification of the heterogeneous elements of humanity. No effort could be better spent. But however ignorance may have retarded the onward movement of man in times past, it is certain that, nowadays, negative forces have become of greater importance. Among these there is one of far greater moment than any other. It is called organized warfare. When we consider the millions of individuals, often the ablest in mind and body, the flower of humanity, who are compelled to a life of inactivity and unproductiveness, the immense sums of money daily required for the maintenance of armies and war apparatus, representing ever so much of human energy, all the effort uselessly spent in the production of arms and implements of destruction, the loss of life and the fostering of a barbarous spirit, we are appalled at the inestimable loss to mankind which the existence of these deplorable conditions must involve. What can we do to combat best this great evil?

Law and order absolutely require the maintenance of organized force. No community can exist and prosper without rigid discipline. Every country must be able to defend itself, should the necessity arise. The conditions of to-day are not the result of yesterday, and a radical change cannot be effected to-morrow. If the nations would at once disarm, it is more than likely that a state of things worse than war itself would follow. Universal peace is a beautiful dream, but not at once realizable. We have seen recently that even the noble effort of the man invested with the greatest worldly power has been virtually without effect. And no wonder, for the establishment of universal peace is, for the time being, a physical impossibility. War is a negative force, and cannot be turned in a positive direction without passing through the intermediate phases. It is the problem of making a wheel, rotating one way, turn in the opposite direction without slowing it down, stopping it, and speeding it up again the other way.

It has been argued that the perfection of guns of great destructive power will stop warfare. So I myself thought for a long time, but now I believe this to be a profound mistake. Such developments will greatly modify, but not arrest it. On the contrary, I think that every new arm that is invented, every new departure that is made in this direction, merely invites new talent and skill, engages new effort, offers a new incentive, and so only gives a fresh impetus to further development. Think of the discovery of gunpowder. Can we conceive of any more radical departure than was effected by this innovation? Let us imagine ourselves living in that period: would we not have thought then that warfare was at an end, when the armor of the knight became an object of ridicule, when bodily strength and skill, meaning so much before, became of comparatively little value? Yet gunpowder did not stop warfare; quite the opposite—it acted as a most powerful incentive. Nor do I believe that warfare can ever be arrested by any scientific or ideal development, so long as similar conditions to those now prevailing exist, because war has itself become a science, and because war involves some of the most sacred sentiments of which man is capable. In fact, it is doubtful whether men who would not be ready to fight for a high principle would be good for anything at all. It is not the mind which makes man, nor is it the body; it is mind and body. Our virtues and our failings are inseparable, like force and matter. When they separate, man is no more.

Another argument, which carries considerable force, is frequently made, namely, that war must soon become impossible because the means of defense are outstripping the means of attack. This is only in accordance with a fundamental law which may be expressed by the statement that it is easier to destroy than to build. This law defines human capacities and human conditions.

Were these such that it would be easier to build than to destroy, man would go on unresisted, creating and accumulating without limit. Such conditions are not of this earth. A being which could do this would not be a man; it might be a god. Defense will always have the advantage over attack, but this alone, it seems to me, can never stop war. By the use of new principles of defense we can render harbors impregnable against attack, but we cannot by such means prevent two war-ships meeting in battle on the high sea. And then, if we follow this idea to its ultimate development, we are led to the conclusion that it would be better for mankind if attack and defense were just oppositely related; for if every country, even the smallest, could surround itself with a wall absolutely impenetrable, and could defy the rest of the world, a state of things would surely be brought on which would be extremely unfavorable to human progress. It is by abolishing all the barriers which separate nations and countries that civilization is best furthered.

Again, it is contended by some that the advent of the flying-machine must bring on universal peace. This, too, I believe to be an entirely erroneous view. The flying-machine is certainly coming, and very soon, but the conditions will remain the same as before. In fact, I see no reason why a ruling power, like Great Britain, might not govern the air as well as the sea. Without wishing to put myself on record as a prophet, I do not hesitate to say that the next years will see the establishment of an "air-power," and its center may not be far from New York. But, for all that, men will fight on merrily.

The ideal development of the war principle would ultimately lead to the transformation of the whole energy of war into purely potential, explosive energy, like that of an electrical condenser. In this form the war-energy could be maintained without effort; it would need to be much smaller in amount, while incomparably more effective.

As regards the security of a country against foreign invasion, it is interesting to note that it depends only on the relative, and not on the absolute, number of the individuals or magnitude of the forces, and that, if every country should reduce the war-force in the same ratio, the security would remain unaltered. An international agreement with the object of reducing to a minimum the war-force which, in view of the present still imperfect education of the masses, is absolutely indispensable, would, therefore, seem to be the first rational step to take toward diminishing the force retarding human movement.

Fortunately, the existing conditions cannot continue indefinitely, for a new element is beginning to assert itself. A change for the better is imminent, and I shall now endeavor to show what, according to my ideas, will be the first advance toward the establishment of peaceful relations between nations, and by what means it will eventually be accomplished.

Let us go back to the early beginning, when the law of the stronger was the only law. The light of reason was not yet kindled, and the weak was entirely at the mercy of the strong. The weak individual then began to learn how to defend himself. He made use of a club, stone, spear, sling, or bow and arrow, and in the course of time, instead of physical strength, intelligence became the chief deciding factor in the battle. The wild character was gradually softened by the awakening of noble sentiments, and so, imperceptibly, after ages of continued progress, we have come from the brutal fight of the unreasoning animal to what we call the "civilized warfare" of to-day, in which the combatants shake hands, talk in a friendly way, and smoke cigars in the entr'actes, ready to engage again in deadly conflict at a signal. Let pessimists say what they like, here is an absolute evidence of great and gratifying advance.

But now, what is the next phase in this evolution? Not peace as yet, by any means. The next change which should naturally follow from modern developments should be the continuous diminution of the number of individuals engaged in battle. The apparatus will be one of specifically great power, but only a few individuals will be required to operate it. This evolution will bring more and more into prominence a machine or mechanism with the fewest individuals as an element of warfare, and the absolutely unavoidable consequence of this will be the abandonment of large, clumsy, slowly moving, and unmanageable units. Greatest possible speed and maximum rate of energy-delivery by the war apparatus will be the main object. The loss of life will become smaller and smaller, and finally, the number of the individuals continuously diminishing, merely machines will meet in a contest without bloodshed, the nations being simply interested, ambitious spectators. When this happy condition is realized, peace will be assured. But, no matter to what degree of perfection rapid-

fire guns, high-power cannon, explosive projectiles, torpedo-boats, or other implements of war may be brought, no matter how destructive they may be made, that condition can never be reached through any such development. All such implements require men for their operation; men are indispensable parts of the machinery. Their object is to kill and to destroy. Their power resides in their capacity for doing evil. So long as men meet in battle, there will be bloodshed. Bloodshed will ever keep up barbarous passion. To break this fierce spirit, a radical departure must be made, an entirely new principle must be introduced, something that never existed before in warfare—a principle which will forcibly, unavoidably, turn the battle into a mere spectacle, a play, a contest without loss of blood. To bring on this result men must be dispensed with: machine must fight machine. But how accomplish that which seems impossible? The answer is simple enough: produce a machine capable of acting as though it were part of a human being—no mere mechanical contrivance, comprising levers, screws, wheels, clutches, and nothing more, but a machine embodying a higher principle, which will enable it to perform its duties as though it had intelligence, experience, reason, judgment, a mind! This conclusion is the result of my thoughts and observations which have extended through virtually my whole life, and I shall now briefly describe how I came to accomplish that which at first seemed an unrealizable dream.

A long time ago, when I was a boy, I was afflicted with a singular trouble, which seems to have been due to an extraordinary excitability of the retina. It was the appearance of images which, by their persistence, marred the vision of real objects and interfered with thought. When a word was said to me, the image of the object which it designated would appear vividly before my eyes, and many times it was impossible for me to tell whether the object I saw was real or not. This caused me great discomfort and anxiety, and I tried hard to free myself of the spell. But for a long time I tried in vain, and it was not, as I still clearly recollect, until I was about twelve years old that I succeeded for the first time, by an effort of the will, in banishing an image which presented itself. My happiness will never be as complete as it was then, but, unfortunately (as I thought at that time), the old trouble returned, and with it my anxiety. Here it was that the observations to which I refer began. I noted, namely, that whenever the image of an object appeared before my eyes I had seen something which reminded me of it. In the first instances I thought this to be purely accidental, but soon I convinced myself that it was not so. A visual impression, consciously or unconsciously received, invariably preceded the appearance of the image. Gradually the desire arose in me to find out, every time, what caused the images to appear, and the satisfaction of this desire soon became a necessity. The next observation I made was that, just as these images followed as a result of something I had seen, so also the thoughts which I conceived were suggested in like manner. Again, I experienced the same desire to locate the image which caused the thought, and this search for the original visual impression soon grew to be a second nature. My mind became automatic, as it were, and in the course of years of continued, almost unconscious performance, I acquired the ability of locating every time and, as a rule, instantly the visual impression which started the thought. Nor is this all. It was not long before I was aware that also all my movements were prompted in the same way, and so, searching, observing, and verifying continuously, year after year, I have, by every thought and every act of mine, demonstrated, and do so daily, to my absolute satisfaction, that I am an automaton endowed with power of movement, which merely responds to external stimuli beating upon my sense organs, and thinks and acts and moves accordingly. I remember only one or two cases in all my life in which I was unable to locate the first impression which prompted a movement or a thought, or even a dream.

With these experiences it was only natural that, long ago, I conceived the idea of constructing an automaton which would mechanically represent me, and which would respond, as I do myself, but, of course, in a much more primitive manner, to external influences. Such an automaton evidently had to have motive power, organs for locomotion, directive organs, and one or more sensitive organs so adapted as to be excited by external stimuli. This machine would, I reasoned, perform its movements in the manner of a living being, for it would have all the chief mechanical characteristics or elements of the same. There was still the capacity for growth, propagation, and, above all, the mind which would be wanting to make the model complete. But growth was not necessary in this case, since a machine could be manufactured full-grown, so to

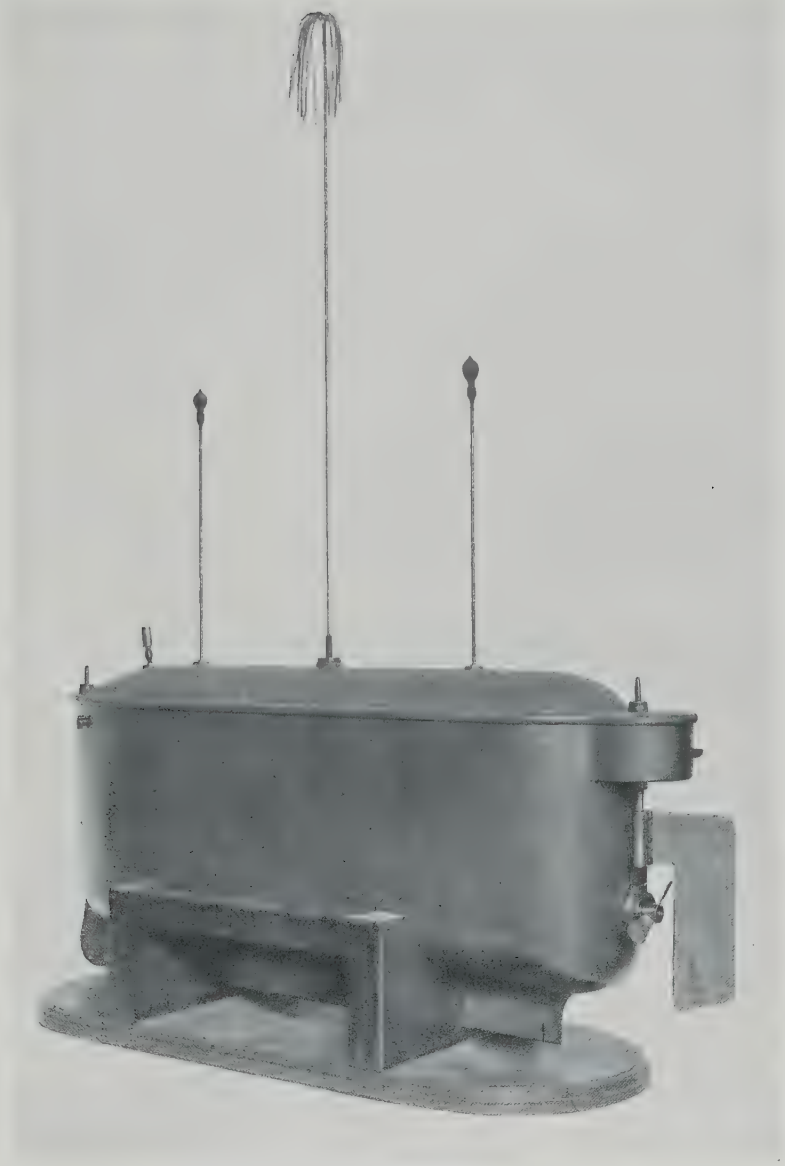


FIG. 2. THE FIRST PRACTICAL TELAUTOMATON.

A machine having all its bodily or translatory movements and the operations of the interior mechanism controlled from a distance without wires. The crewless boat shown in the photograph contains its own motive power, propelling- and steering-machinery, and numerous other accessories, all of which are controlled by transmitting from a distance, without wires, electrical oscillations to a circuit carried by the boat and adjusted to respond only to these oscillations.

speak. As to the capacity for propagation, it could likewise be left out of consideration, for in the mechanical model it merely signified a process of manufacture. Whether the automaton be of flesh and bone, or of wood and steel, it mattered little, provided it could perform all the duties required of it like an intelligent being. To do so, it had to have an element corresponding to the mind, which would effect the control of all its movements and operations, and cause it to act, in any unforeseen case that might present itself, with knowledge, reason, judgment, and experience. But this element I could easily embody in it by conveying to it my own intelligence, my own understanding. So this invention was evolved, and so a new art came into existence, for which the name

FIG. 3. EXPERIMENT TO ILLUSTRATE THE SUPPLYING OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY THROUGH A SINGLE WIRE WITHOUT RETURN.

An ordinary incandescent lamp, connected with one or both of its terminals to the wire forming the upper free end of the coil shown in the photograph, is lighted by electrical vibrations conveyed to it through the coil from an electrical oscillator, which is worked only to one fifth of one per cent. of its full capacity.

"telautomatics" has been suggested, which means the art of controlling the movements and operations of distant automatons.

This principle evidently was applicable to any kind of machine that moves on land or in the water or in the air. In applying it practically for the first time, I selected a boat (see Fig. 2). A storage battery placed within it furnished the motive power. The propeller, driven by a motor, represented the locomotive organs. The rudder, controlled by another motor likewise driven by the battery, took the place of the directive organs. As to the sensitive organ, obviously the first thought was to utilize a device responsive to rays of light, like a selenium cell, to represent the human eye. But upon closer inquiry I found that, owing to experimental and other difficulties, no thoroughly satisfactory control of the automaton could be effected by light, radiant heat, Hertzian radiations, or by rays in general, that is, disturbances which pass in straight lines through space. One of the reasons was that any obstacle coming between the operator and the distant automaton would place it beyond his control. Another reason was that the sensitive device representing the eye would have to be in a definite position with respect to the distant controlling apparatus, and this necessity would impose great limitations in the control. Still another and very important reason was that, in using rays, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to give to the automaton individual features or characteristics distinguishing it from other machines of this kind. Evidently the automaton should respond only to an individual call, as a person responds to a name. Such considerations led me to conclude that the sensitive device of the machine should correspond to the ear rather than to the eye of a human being, for in this case its actions could be controlled irrespective of intervening obstacles, regardless of its position relative to the distant controlling apparatus, and, last, but not least, it would remain deaf and unresponsive, like a faithful servant, to all calls but that of its master. These requirements made it imperative to use, in the control of the automaton, instead of light- or other rays, waves or disturbances which propagate in all directions through space, like sound, or which follow a path of least resistance, however curved. I attained the result aimed at by means of an electric circuit placed within the boat, and adjusted, or "tuned," exactly to electrical vibrations of the proper kind transmitted to it from a

FIG. 4. EXPERIMENT TO ILLUSTRATE THE TRANSMISSION OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY THROUGH THE EARTH WITHOUT WIRE.

The coil shown in the photograph has its lower end or terminal connected to the ground, and is exactly attuned to the vibrations of a distant electrical oscillator. The lamp lighted is in an independent wire loop, energized by induction from the coil excited by the electrical vibrations transmitted to it through the ground from the oscillator, which is worked only to five per cent. of its full capacity.

FIG. 5. PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEW OF COILS RESPONDING TO ELECTRICAL OSCILLATIONS.

The picture shows a number of coils, differently attuned and responding to the vibrations transmitted to them through the earth from an electrical oscillator. The large coil on the right, discharging strongly, is tuned to the fundamental vibration, which is fifty thousand per second; the two larger vertical coils to twice that number; the smaller white wire coil to four times that number, and the remaining small coils to higher tones. The vibrations produced by the oscillator were so intense that they affected perceptibly a small coil tuned to the twenty-sixth higher tone.

distant "electrical oscillator." This circuit, in responding, however feebly, to the transmitted vibrations, affected magnets and other contrivances, through the medium of which were controlled the movements of the propeller and rudder, and also the operations of numerous other appliances.

By the simple means described the knowledge, experience, judgment—the mind, so to speak—of the distant operator were embodied in that machine, which was thus enabled to move and to perform all its operations with reason and intelligence. It behaved just like a blindfolded person obeying directions received through the ear.

The automatons so far constructed had "borrowed minds," so to speak, as each merely formed part of the distant operator who conveyed to it his intelligent orders; but this art is only in the beginning. I purpose to show that, however impossible it may now seem, an automaton may be contrived which will have its "own mind," and by this I mean that it will be able, independent of any operator, left entirely to itself, to perform, in response to external influences affecting its sensitive organs, a great variety of acts and operations as if it had intelligence. It will be able to follow a course laid out or to obey orders given far in advance; it will be capable of distinguishing between what it ought and what it ought not to do, and of making experiences or, otherwise stated, of recording impressions which will definitely affect its subsequent actions. In fact, I have already conceived such a plan.

Although I evolved this invention many years ago and explained it to my visitors very frequently in my laboratory demonstrations, it was not until much later, long after I had perfected it, that it became known, when, naturally enough, it gave rise to much discussion and to sensational reports. But the true significance of this new art was not grasped by the majority, nor was the great force of the underlying principle recognized. As nearly as I could judge from the numerous comments which then appeared, the results I had obtained were considered as entirely impossible. Even the few who were disposed to admit the practicability of the

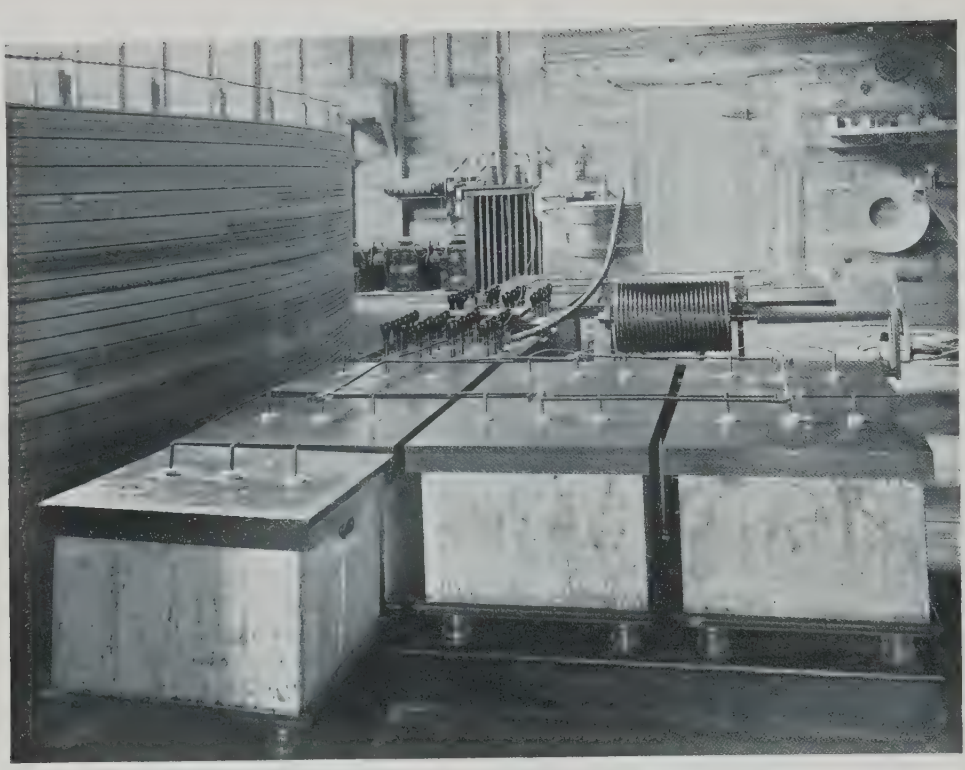


FIG. 6. PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEW OF THE ESSENTIAL PARTS OF THE ELECTRICAL OSCILLATOR USED IN THE EXPERIMENTS DESCRIBED.

invention saw in it merely an automobile torpedo, which was to be used for the purpose of blowing up battle-ships, with doubtful success. The general impression was that I contemplated simply the steering of such a vessel by means of Hertzian or other rays. There are torpedoes steered electrically by wires, and there are means of communicating without wires, and the above was, of course, an obvious inference. Had I accomplished nothing more than this, I should have made a small advance indeed. But the art I have evolved does not contemplate merely the change of direction of a moving vessel; it affords a means of absolutely controlling, in every respect, all the innumerable translatory movements, as well as the operations of all the internal organs, no matter how many, of an individualized automaton. Criticisms to the effect that the control of the automaton could be interfered with were made by people who do not even dream of the wonderful results which can be accomplished by the use of electrical vibrations. The world moves slowly, and new truths are difficult to see. Certainly, by the use of this principle, an arm for attack as well as defense may be provided, of a destructiveness all the greater as the principle is applicable to submarine and aërial vessels. There is virtually no restriction as to the amount of explosive it can carry, or as to the distance at which it can strike, and failure is almost impossible. But the force of this new principle does not wholly reside in its destructiveness. Its advent introduces into warfare an element which never existed before—a fighting-machine without men as a means of attack and defense. The continuous development in this direction must ultimately make war a mere contest of machines without men and without loss of life—a condition which would have been impossible without this new departure, and which, in my opinion, must be reached as preliminary to permanent peace. The future will either bear out or disprove these views. My ideas on this subject have been put forth with deep conviction, but in a humble spirit.

The establishment of permanent peaceful relations between nations would most effectively reduce the force retarding the human mass, and would be the best solution of this great human problem. But will the dream of universal peace ever be realized? Let us hope that it will. When all darkness shall be dissipated by the light of science, when all nations shall be merged into one, and

patriotism shall be identical with religion, when there shall be one language, one country, one end, then the dream will have become reality.

THE THIRD PROBLEM: HOW TO INCREASE THE FORCE ACCELERATING THE HUMAN MASS—THE HARNESSING OF THE SUN'S ENERGY.

Of the three possible solutions of the main problem of increasing human energy, this is by far the most important to consider, not only because of its intrinsic significance, but also because of its intimate bearing on all the many elements and conditions which determine the movement of humanity. In order to proceed systematically, it would be necessary for me to dwell on all those considerations which have guided me from the outset in my efforts to arrive at a solution, and which have led me, step by step, to the results I shall now describe. As a preliminary study of the problem an analytical investigation, such as I have made, of the chief forces which determine the onward movement, would be of advantage, particularly in conveying an idea of that hypothetical "velocity" which, as explained in the beginning, is a measure of human energy; but to deal with this specifically here, as I would desire, would lead me far beyond the scope of the present subject. Suffice it to state that the resultant of all these forces is always in the direction of reason, which, therefore, determines, at any time, the direction of human movement. This is to say that every effort which is scientifically applied, rational, useful, or practical, must be in the direction in which the mass is moving. The practical, rational man, the observer, the man of business, he who reasons, calculates, or determines in advance, carefully applies his effort so that when coming into effect it will be in the direction of the movement, making it thus most efficient, and in this knowledge and ability lies the secret of his success. Every new fact discovered, every new experience or new element added to our knowledge and entering into the domain of reason, affects the same and, therefore, changes

FIG. 7. EXPERIMENT TO ILLUSTRATE AN INDUCTIVE EFFECT OF AN ELECTRICAL OSCILLATOR OF GREAT POWER.

The photograph shows three ordinary incandescent lamps lighted to full candle-power by currents induced in a local loop consisting of a single wire forming a square of fifty feet each side, which includes the lamps, and which is at a distance of one hundred feet from the primary circuit energized by the oscillator. The loop likewise includes an electrical condenser, and is exactly attuned to the vibrations of the oscillator, which is worked at less than five per cent. of its total capacity.

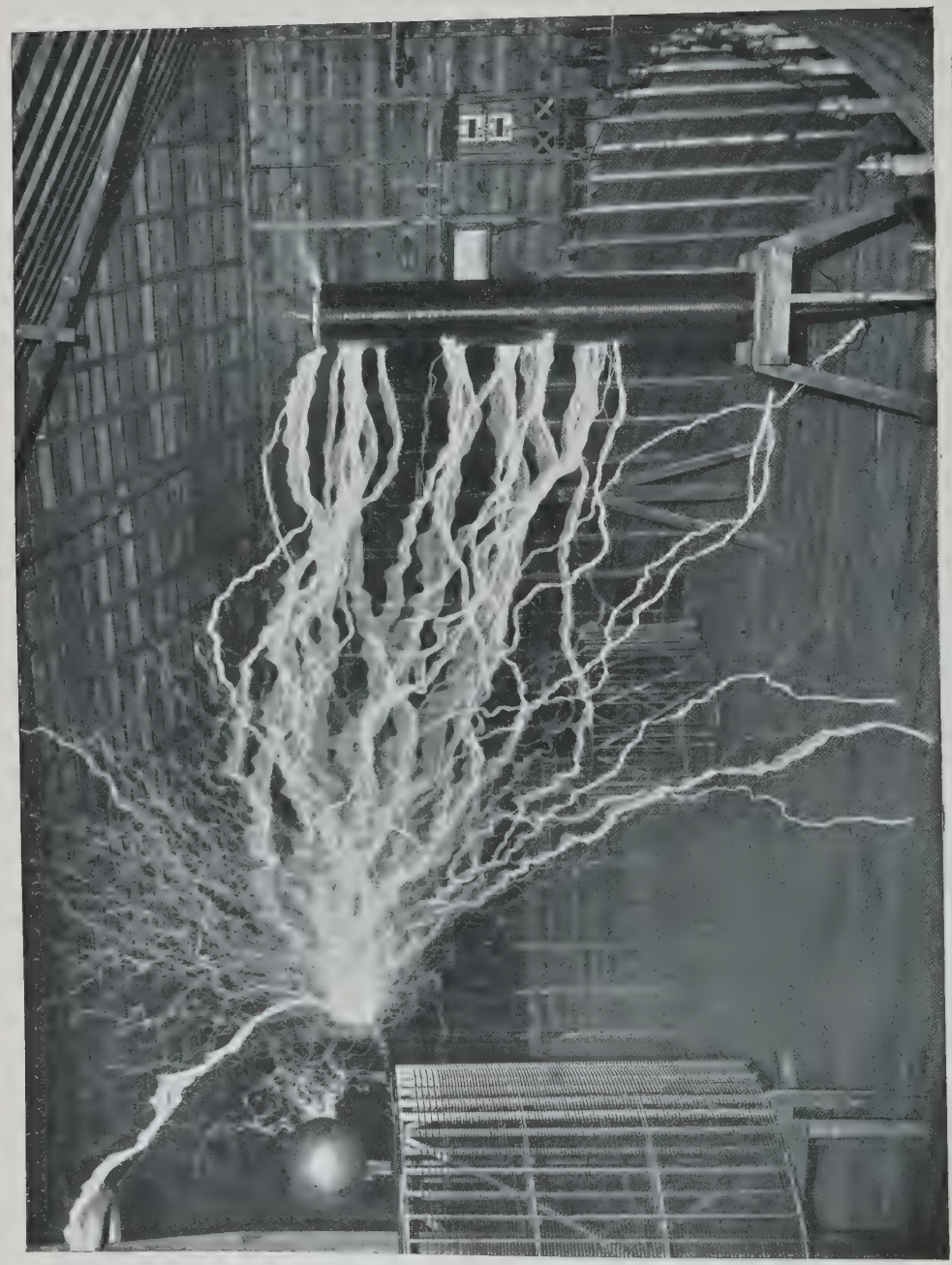


FIG. 8. EXPERIMENT TO ILLUSTRATE THE CAPACITY OF THE OSCILLATOR FOR PRODUCING ELECTRICAL EXPLOSIONS OF GREAT POWER.

NOTE TO FIG. 8.—The coil, partly shown in the photograph, creates an alternative movement of electricity from the earth into a large reservoir and back at the rate of one hundred thousand alternations per second. The adjustments are such that the reservoir is filled full and bursts at each alternation just at the moment when the electrical pressure reaches the maximum. The discharge escapes with a deafening noise, striking an unconnected coil twenty-two feet away, and creating such a commotion of electricity in the earth that sparks an inch long can be drawn from a water-main at a distance of three hundred feet from the laboratory.

FIG. 9. EXPERIMENT TO ILLUSTRATE THE CAPACITY OF THE OSCILLATOR FOR CREATING A GREAT ELECTRICAL MOVEMENT.

The ball shown in the photograph, covered with a polished metallic coating of twenty square feet of surface, represents a large reservoir of electricity, and the inverted tin pan underneath, with a sharp rim, a big opening through which the electricity can escape before filling the reservoir. The quantity of electricity set in movement is so great that, although most of it escapes through the rim of the pan or opening provided, the ball or reservoir is nevertheless alternately emptied and filled to overflowing (as is evident from the discharge escaping on the top of the ball) one hundred and fifty thousand times per second.

the direction of the movement, which, however, must always take place along the resultant of all those efforts which, at that time, we designate as reasonable, that is, self-preserving, useful, profitable, or practical. These efforts concern our daily life, our necessities and comforts, our work and business, and it is these which drive man onward.

But looking at all this busy world about us, on all this complex mass as it daily throbs and moves, what is it but an immense clockwork driven by a spring? In the morning, when we rise, we cannot fail to note that all the objects about us are manufactured by machinery: the water we use is lifted by steam-power; the trains bring our breakfast from distant localities; the elevators in our dwelling and in our office building, the cars that carry us there, are all driven by power; in all our daily errands, and in our very life-pursuit, we depend upon it; all the objects we see tell us of it; and when we return to our machine-made dwelling at night, lest we should forget it, all the material comforts of our home, our cheering stove and lamp, remind us how much we depend on power. And when there is an accidental stoppage of the machinery, when the city is snow-bound, or the life-sustaining movement otherwise temporarily arrested, we are affrighted to realize

FIG. 10. PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEW OF AN EXPERIMENT TO ILLUSTRATE AN EFFECT OF AN ELECTRICAL OSCILLATOR DELIVERING ENERGY AT A RATE OF SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND HORSE-POWER.

The discharge, creating a strong draft owing to the heating of the air, is carried upward through the open roof of the building. The greatest width across is nearly seventy feet. The pressure is over twelve million volts, and the current alternates one hundred and thirty thousand times per second.

how impossible it would be for us to live the life we live without motive power. Motive power means work. To increase the force accelerating human movement means, therefore, to perform more work.

So we find that the three possible solutions of the great problem of increasing human energy are answered by the three words: *food, peace, work.* Many a year I have thought and pondered, lost myself in

speculations and theories, considering man as a mass moved by a force, viewing his inexplicable movement in the light of a mechanical one, and applying the simple principles of mechanics to the analysis of the same until I arrived at these solutions, only to realize that they were taught to me in my early childhood. These three words sound the key-notes of the Christian religion. Their scientific meaning and purpose are now clear to me: food to increase the mass, peace to diminish the retarding force, and work to increase the force accelerating human movement. These are the only three solutions which are possible of that great problem, and all of them have one object, one end, namely, to increase human energy. When we recognize this, we cannot help wondering how profoundly wise and scientific and how immensely practical the Christian religion is, and in what a marked contrast it stands in this respect to other religions. It is unmistakably the result of practical experiment and scientific observation which have extended through ages, while other religions seem to be the outcome of merely abstract reasoning. Work, untiring effort, useful and accumulative, with periods of rest and recuperation aiming at higher efficiency, is its chief and ever-recurring command. Thus we are inspired both by Christianity and Science to do our utmost toward increasing the performance of mankind. This most important of human problems I shall now specifically consider.

THE SOURCE OF HUMAN ENERGY—THE THREE WAYS OF DRAWING ENERGY FROM THE SUN.

FIRST let us ask: Whence comes all the motive power? What is the spring that drives all? We see the ocean rise and fall, the rivers flow, the wind, rain, hail, and snow beat on our windows, the trains and steamers come and go; we hear the rattling noise of carriages, the voices from the street; we feel, smell, and taste; and we think of all this. And all this movement, from the surging of the mighty ocean to that subtle movement concerned in our thought, has but one common cause. All this energy emanates from one single center, one single source—the sun. The sun is the spring that drives all. The sun maintains all human life and supplies all human energy. Another answer we have now found to the above great question: To increase the force accelerating human movement means to turn to the uses of man more of the sun's energy. We honor and revere those great men of bygone times whose names are linked with immortal achievements, who have proved themselves benefactors of humanity—the religious reformer with his wise maxims of life, the philosopher with his deep truths, the mathematician with his formulæ, the physicist with his laws, the discoverer with his principles and secrets wrested from nature, the artist with his forms of the beautiful; but who honors him, the greatest of all,—who can tell the name of him,—who first turned to use the sun's energy to save the effort of a weak fellow-creature? That was man's first act of scientific philanthropy, and its consequences have been incalculable.

From the very beginning three ways of drawing energy from the sun were open to man. The savage, when he warmed his frozen limbs at a fire kindled in some way, availed himself of the energy of the sun stored in the burning material. When he carried a bundle of branches to his cave and burned them there, he made use of the sun's stored energy transported from one to another locality. When he set sail to his canoe, he utilized the energy of the sun supplied to the atmosphere or ambient medium. There can be no doubt that the first is the oldest way. A fire, found accidentally, taught the savage to appreciate its beneficial heat. He then very likely conceived the idea of carrying the glowing embers to his abode. Finally he learned to use the force of a swift current of water or air. It is characteristic of modern development that progress has been effected in the same order. The utilization of the energy stored in wood or coal, or, generally speaking, fuel, led to the steam-engine. Next a great stride in advance was made in energy-transportation by the use of electricity, which permitted the transfer of energy from one locality to another without transporting the material. But as to the utilization of the energy of the ambient medium, no radical step forward has as yet been made known.

The ultimate results of development in these three directions are: first, the burning of coal by a cold process in a battery; second, the efficient utilization of the energy of the ambient medium; and, third, the transmission without wires of electrical energy to any distance. In whatever way these results may be arrived at, their practical application will necessarily involve an extensive use of iron, and this invaluable metal will undoubtedly be an essential element in the further de-

velopment along these three lines. If we succeed in burning coal by a cold process and thus obtaining electrical energy in an efficient and inexpensive manner, we shall require in many practical uses of this energy electric motors—that is, iron. If we are successful in deriving energy from the ambient medium, we shall need, both in the obtainment and utilization of the energy, machinery—again, iron. If we realize the transmission of electrical energy without wires on an industrial scale, we shall be compelled to use extensively electric generators—once more, iron. Whatever we may do, iron will probably be the chief means of accomplishment in the near future, possibly more so than in the past. How long its reign will last is difficult to tell, for even now aluminium is looming up as a threatening competitor. But for the time being, next to providing new resources of energy, it is of the greatest importance to make improvements in the manufacture and utilization of iron. Great advances are possible in these latter directions, which, if brought about, would enormously increase the useful performance of mankind.

GREAT POSSIBILITIES OFFERED BY IRON FOR INCREASING HUMAN PERFORMANCE—ENORMOUS WASTE IN IRON MANUFACTURE.

Iron is by far the most important factor in modern progress. It contributes more than any other industrial product to the force accelerating human movement. So general is the use of this metal, and so intimately is it connected with all that concerns our life, that it has become as indispensable to us as the very air we breathe. Its name is synonymous with usefulness. But, however great the influence of iron may be on the present human development, it does not add to the force urging man onward nearly as much as it might. First of all, its manufacture as now carried on is connected with an appalling waste of fuel—that is, waste of energy. Then, again, only a part of all the iron produced is applied for useful purposes. A good part of it goes to create frictional resistances, while still another large part is the means of developing negative forces greatly retarding human movement. Thus the negative force of war is almost wholly represented in iron. It is impossible to estimate with any degree of accuracy the magnitude of this greatest of all retarding forces, but it is certainly very considerable. If the present positive impelling force due to all useful applications of iron be represented by ten, for instance, I should not think it exaggeration to estimate the negative force of war, with due consideration of all its retarding influences and results, at, say, six. On the basis of this estimate the effective impelling force of iron in the positive direction would be measured by the difference of these two numbers, which is four. But if, through the establishment of universal peace, the manufacture of war machinery should cease, and all struggle for supremacy between nations should be turned into healthful, ever active and productive commercial competition, then the positive impelling force due to iron would be measured by the sum of those two numbers, which is sixteen—that is, this force would have four times its present value. This example is, of course, merely intended to give an idea of the immense increase in the useful performance of mankind which would result from a radical reform of the iron industries supplying the implements of warfare.

A similar inestimable advantage in the saving of energy available to man would be secured by obviating the great waste of coal which is inseparably connected with the present methods of manufacturing iron. In some countries, as in Great Britain, the hurtful effects of this squandering of fuel are beginning to be felt. The price of coal is constantly rising, and the poor are made to suffer more and more. Though we are still far from the dreaded "exhaustion of the coal-fields," philanthropy commands us to invent novel methods of manufacturing iron, which will not involve such barbarous waste of this valuable material from which we derive at present most of our energy. It is our duty to coming generations to leave this store of energy intact for them, or at least not to touch it until we shall have perfected processes for burning coal more efficiently. Those who are to come after us will need fuel more than we do. We should be able to manufacture the iron we require by using the sun's energy, without wasting any coal at all. As an effort to this end the idea of smelting iron ores by electric currents obtained from the energy of falling water has naturally suggested itself to many. I have myself spent much time in endeavoring to evolve such a practical process, which would enable iron to be manufactured at small cost. After a prolonged investigation of the subject, finding that it was unprofitable to use the currents generated directly for smelting the ore, I devised a method which is far more economical.

ECONOMICAL PRODUCTION OF IRON BY A NEW PROCESS.

THE industrial project, as I worked it out six years ago, contemplated the employment of the electric currents derived from the energy of a waterfall, not directly for smelting the ore, but for decomposing water, as a preliminary step. To lessen the cost of the plant, I proposed to generate the currents in exceptionally cheap and simple dynamos, which I designed for this sole purpose. The hydrogen liberated in the electrolytic decomposition was to be burned or recombined with oxygen, not with that from which it was separated, but with that of the atmosphere. Thus very nearly the total electrical energy used up in the decomposition of the water would be recovered in the form of heat resulting from the recombination of the hydrogen. This heat was to be applied to the smelting of the ore. The oxygen gained as a by-product in the decomposition of the water I intended to use for certain other industrial purposes, which would probably yield good financial returns, inasmuch as this is the cheapest way of obtaining this gas in large quantities. In any event, it could be employed to burn all kinds of refuse, cheap hydrocarbon, or coal of the most inferior quality which could not be burned in air or be otherwise utilized to advantage, and thus again a considerable amount of heat would be made available for the smelting of the ore. To increase the economy of the process I contemplated, furthermore, using an arrangement such that the hot metal and the products of combustion, coming out of the furnace, would give up their heat upon the cold ore going into the furnace, so that comparatively little of the heat-energy would be lost in the smelting. I calculated that probably forty thousand pounds of iron could be produced per horse-power per annum by this method. Liberal allowances were made for those losses which are unavoidable, the above quantity being about half of that theoretically obtainable. Relying on this estimate and on practical data with reference to a certain kind of sand ore existing in abundance in the region of the Great Lakes, including cost of transportation and labor, I found that in some localities iron could be manufactured in this manner cheaper than by any of the adopted methods. This result would be attained all the more surely if the oxygen obtained from the water, instead of being used for smelting the ore, as assumed, should be more profitably employed. Any new demand for this gas would secure a higher revenue from the plant, thus cheapening the iron. This project was advanced merely in the interest of industry. Some day, I hope, a beautiful industrial butterfly will come out of the dusty and shriveled chrysalis.

The production of iron from sand ores by a process of magnetic separation is highly commendable in principle, since it involves no waste of coal; but the usefulness of this method is largely reduced by the necessity of melting the iron afterward. As to the crushing of iron ore, I would consider it rational only if done by water-power, or by energy otherwise obtained without consumption of fuel. An electrolytic cold process, which would make it possible to extract iron cheaply, and also to mold it into the required forms without any fuel consumption, would, in my opinion, be a very great advance in iron manufacture. In common with some other metals, iron has so far resisted electrolytic treatment, but there can be no doubt that such a cold process will ultimately replace in metallurgy the present crude method of casting, and thus obviate the enormous waste of fuel necessitated by the repeated heating of metal in the foundries.

Up to a few decades ago the usefulness of iron was based almost wholly on its remarkable mechanical properties, but since the advent of the commercial dynamo and electric motor its value to mankind has been greatly increased by its unique magnetic qualities. As regards the latter, iron has been greatly improved of late. The signal progress began about thirteen years ago, when I discovered that in using soft Bessemer steel instead of wrought iron, as then customary, in an alternating motor, the performance of the machine was doubled. I brought this fact to the attention of Mr. Albert Schmid, to whose untiring efforts and ability is largely due the supremacy of American electrical machinery, and who was then superintendent of an industrial corporation engaged in this field. Following my suggestion, he constructed transformers of steel, and they showed the same marked improvement. The investigation was then systematically continued under Mr. Schmid's guidance, the impurities being gradually eliminated from the "steel" (which was only such in name, for in reality it was pure soft iron), and soon a product resulted which admitted of little further improvement.

THE COMING AGE OF ALUMINIUM—DOOM OF THE COPPER INDUSTRY—THE GREAT CIVILIZING POTENCY OF THE NEW METAL.

With the advances made in iron of late years we have arrived virtually at the limits of improvement. We cannot hope to increase very materially its tensile strength, elasticity, hardness, or malleability, nor can we expect to make it much better as regards its magnetic qualities. More recently a notable gain was secured by the mixture of a small percentage of nickel with the iron, but there is not much room for further advance in this direction. New discoveries may be expected, but they cannot greatly add to the valuable properties of the metal, though they may considerably reduce the cost of manufacture. The immediate future of iron is assured by its cheapness and its unrivaled mechanical and magnetic qualities. These are such that no other product can compete with it now. But there can be no doubt that, at a time not very distant, iron, in many of its now uncontested domains, will have to pass the scepter to another: the coming age will be the age of aluminium. It is only seventy years since this wonderful metal was discovered by Woehler, and the aluminium industry, scarcely forty years old, commands already the attention of the entire world. Such rapid growth has not been recorded in the history of civilization before. Not long ago aluminium was sold at the fanciful price of thirty or forty dollars per pound; to-day it can be had in any desired amount for as many cents. What is more, the time is not far off when this price, too, will be considered fanciful, for great improvements are possible in the methods of its manufacture. Most of the metal is now produced in the electric furnace by a process combining fusion and electrolysis, which offers a number of advantageous features, but involves naturally a great waste of the electrical energy of the current. My estimates show that the price of aluminium could be considerably reduced by adopting in its manufacture a method similar to that proposed by me for the production of iron. A pound of aluminium requires for fusion only about seventy per cent. of the heat needed for melting a pound of iron, and inasmuch as its weight is only about one third of that of the latter, a volume of aluminium four times that of iron could be obtained from a given amount of heat-energy. But a cold electrolytic process of manufacture is the ideal solution, and on this I have placed my hope.

The absolutely unavoidable consequence of the advance of the aluminium industry will be the annihilation of the copper industry. They cannot exist and prosper together, and the latter is doomed beyond any hope of recovery. Even now it is cheaper to convey an electric current through aluminium wires than through copper wires; aluminium castings cost less, and in many domestic and other uses copper has no chance of successfully competing. A further material reduction of the price of aluminium cannot but be fatal to copper. But the progress of the former will not go on unchecked, for, as it ever happens in such cases, the larger industry will absorb the smaller one: the giant copper interests will control the pygmy aluminium interests, and the slow-pacing copper will reduce the lively gait of aluminium. This will only delay, not avoid, the impending catastrophe.

Aluminium, however, will not stop at downing copper. Before many years have passed it will be engaged in a fierce struggle with iron, and in the latter it will find an adversary not easy to conquer. The issue of the contest will largely depend on whether iron shall be indispensable in electric machinery. This the future alone can decide. The magnetism as exhibited in iron is an isolated phenomenon in nature. What it is that makes this metal behave so radically different from all other materials in this respect has not yet been ascertained, though many theories have been suggested. As regards magnetism, the molecules of the various bodies behave like hollow beams partly filled with a heavy fluid and balanced in the middle in the manner of a see-saw. Evidently some disturbing influence exists in nature which causes each molecule, like such a beam, to tilt either one or the other way. If the molecules are tilted one way, the body is magnetic; if they are tilted the other way, the body is non-magnetic; but both positions are stable, as they would be in the case of the hollow beam, owing to the rushing of the fluid to the lower end. Now, the wonderful thing is that the molecules of all known bodies went one way, while those of iron went the other way. This metal, it would seem, has an origin entirely different from that of the rest of the globe. It is highly improbable that we shall discover some other and cheaper material which will equal or surpass iron in magnetic qualities.

Unless we should make a radical departure in the character of the electric currents employed, iron will be indispensable. Yet

the advantages it offers are only apparent. So long as we use feeble magnetic forces it is by far superior to any other material; but if we find ways of producing great magnetic forces, then better results will be obtainable without it. In fact, I have already produced electric transformers in which no iron is employed, and which are capable of performing ten times as much work per pound of weight as those with iron. This result is attained by using electric currents of a very high rate of vibration, produced in novel ways, instead of the ordinary currents now employed in the industries. I have also succeeded in operating electric motors without iron by such rapidly vibrating currents, but the results, so far, have been inferior to those obtained with ordinary motors constructed of iron, although theoretically the former should be capable of performing incomparably more work per unit of weight than the latter. But the seemingly insuperable difficulties which are now in the way may be overcome in the end, and then iron will be done away with, and all electric machinery will be manufactured of aluminium, in all probability, at prices ridiculously low. This would be a severe, if not a fatal, blow to iron. In many other branches of industry, as ship-building, or wherever lightness of structure is required, the progress of the new metal will be much quicker. For such uses it is eminently suitable, and is sure to supersede iron sooner or later. It is highly probable that in the course of time we shall be able to give it many of those qualities which make iron so valuable.

While it is impossible to tell when this industrial revolution will be consummated, there can be no doubt that the future belongs to aluminium, and that in times to come it will be the chief means of increasing human performance. It has in this respect capacities greater by far than those of any other metal. I should estimate its civilizing potency at fully one hundred times that of iron. This estimate, though it may astonish, is not at all exaggerated. First of all, we must remember that there is thirty times as much aluminium as iron in bulk, available for the uses of man. This in itself offers great possibilities. Then, again, the new metal is much more easily workable, which adds to its value. In many of its properties it partakes of the character of a precious metal, which gives it additional worth. Its electric conductivity, which, for a given weight, is greater than that of any other metal, would be alone sufficient to make it one of the most important factors in future human progress. Its extreme lightness makes it far more easy to transport the objects manufactured. By virtue of this property it will revolutionize naval construction, and in facilitating transport and travel it will add enormously to the useful performance of mankind. But its greatest civilizing potency will be, I believe, in aërial travel, which is sure to be brought about by means of it. Telegraphic instruments will slowly enlighten the barbarian. Electric motors and lamps will do it more quickly, but quicker than anything else the flying-machine will do it. By rendering travel ideally easy it will be the best means for unifying the heterogeneous elements of humanity. As the first step toward this realization we should produce a lighter storage-battery or get more energy from coal.

EFFORTS TOWARD OBTAINING MORE ENERGY FROM COAL—THE ELECTRIC TRANSMISSION—THE GAS-ENGINE—THE COLD-COAL BATTERY.

I REMEMBER that at one time I considered the production of electricity by burning coal in a battery as the greatest achievement toward advancing civilization, and I am surprised to find how much the continuous study of these subjects has modified my views. It now seems to me that to burn coal, however efficiently, in a battery would be a mere makeshift, a phase in the evolution toward something much more perfect. After all, in generating electricity in this manner, we should be destroying material, and this would be a barbarous process. We ought to be able to obtain the energy we need without consumption of material. But I am far from underrating the value of such an efficient method of burning fuel. At the present time most motive power comes from coal, and, either directly or by its products, it adds vastly to human energy. Unfortunately, in all the processes now adopted, the larger portion of the energy of the coal is uselessly dissipated. The best steam-engines utilize only a small part of the total energy. Even in gas-engines, in which, particularly of late, better results are obtainable, there is still a barbarous waste going on. In our electric-lighting systems we scarcely utilize one third of one per cent., and in lighting by gas a much smaller fraction, of the total energy of the coal. Considering the various uses of coal throughout the world, we certainly do not utilize more than two per cent. of its energy theoretically available. The man who should stop this senseless waste would be a great

benefactor of humanity, though the solution he would offer could not be a permanent one, since it would ultimately lead to the exhaustion of the store of material. Efforts toward obtaining more energy from coal are now being made chiefly in two directions—by generating electricity and by producing gas for motive-power purposes. In both of these lines notable success has already been achieved.

The advent of the alternating-current system of electric power-transmission marks an epoch in the economy of energy available to man from coal. Evidently all electrical energy obtained from a waterfall, saving so much fuel, is a net gain to mankind, which is all the more effective as it is secured with little expenditure of human effort, and as this most perfect of all known methods of deriving energy from the sun contributes in many ways to the advancement of civilization. But electricity enables us also to get from coal much more energy than was practicable in the old ways. Instead of transporting the coal to distant places of consumption, we burn it near the mine, develop electricity in the dynamos, and transmit the current to remote localities, thus effecting a considerable saving. Instead of driving the machinery in a factory in the old wasteful way by belts and shafting, we generate electricity by steam-power and operate electric motors. In this manner it is not uncommon to obtain two or three times as much effective motive power from the fuel, besides securing many other important advantages. It is in this field as much as in the transmission of energy to great distances that the alternating system, with its ideally simple machinery, is bringing about an industrial revolution. But in many lines this progress has not yet been felt. For example, steamers and trains are still being propelled by the direct application of steam-power to shafts or axles. A much greater percentage of the heat-energy of the fuel could be transformed in motive energy by using, in place of the adopted marine engines and locomotives, dynamos driven by specially designed high-pressure steam- or gas-engines and by utilizing the electricity generated for the propulsion. A gain of fifty to one hundred per cent. in the effective energy derived from the coal could be secured in this manner. It is difficult to understand why a fact so plain and obvious is not receiving more attention from engineers. In ocean steamers such an improvement would be particularly desirable, as it would do away with noise and increase materially the speed and the carrying capacity of the liners.

Still more energy is now being obtained from coal by the latest improved gas-engine, the economy of which is, on the average, probably twice that of the best steam-engine. The introduction of the gas-engine is very much facilitated by the importance of the gas industry. With the increasing use of the electric light more and more of the gas is utilized for heating and motive-power purposes. In many instances gas is manufactured close to the coal-mine and conveyed to distant places of consumption, a considerable saving both in the cost of transportation and in utilization of the energy of the fuel being thus effected. In the present state of the mechanical and electrical arts the most rational way of deriving energy from coal is evidently to manufacture gas close to the coal store, and to utilize it, either on the spot or elsewhere, to generate electricity for industrial uses in dynamos driven by gas-engines. The commercial success of such a plant is largely dependent upon the production of gas-engines of great nominal horse-power, which, judging from the keen activity in this field, will soon be forthcoming. Instead of consuming coal directly, as usual, gas should be manufactured from it and burned to economize energy.

But all such improvements cannot be more than passing phases in the evolution toward something far more perfect, for ultimately we must succeed in obtaining electricity from coal in a more direct way, involving no great loss of its heat-energy. Whether coal can be oxidized by a cold process is still a question. Its combination with oxygen always evolves heat, and whether the energy of the combination of the carbon with another element can be turned directly into electrical energy has not yet been determined. Under certain conditions nitric acid will burn the carbon, generating an electric current, but the solution does not remain cold. Other means of oxidizing coal have been proposed, but they have offered no promise of leading to an efficient process. My own lack of success has been complete, though perhaps not quite so complete as that of some who have "perfected" the cold-coal battery. This problem is essentially one for the chemist to solve. It is not for the physicist, who determines all his results in advance, so that, when the experiment is tried, it cannot fail. Chemistry, though a positive science, does not yet admit of a solution by

such positive methods as those which are available in the treatment of many physical problems. The result, if possible, will be arrived at through patient trying rather than through deduction or calculation. The time will soon come, however, when the chemist will be able to follow a course clearly mapped out beforehand, and when the process of his arriving at a desired result will be purely constructive. The cold-coal battery would give a great impetus to electrical development; it would lead very shortly to a practical flying-machine, and would enormously enhance the introduction of the automobile. But these and many other problems will be better solved, and in a more scientific manner, by a light-storage battery.

ENERGY FROM THE MEDIUM—THE WINDMILL AND THE SOLAR ENGINE—MOTIVE POWER FROM TERRESTRIAL HEAT—ELECTRICITY FROM NATURAL SOURCES.

BESIDES fuel, there is abundant material from which we might eventually derive power. An immense amount of energy is locked up in limestone, for instance, and machines can be driven by liberating the carbonic acid through sulphuric acid or otherwise. I once constructed such an engine, and it operated satisfactorily.

But, whatever our resources of primary energy may be in the future, we must, to be rational, obtain it without consumption of any material. Long ago I came to this conclusion, and to arrive at this result only two ways, as before indicated, appeared possible—either to turn to use the energy of the sun stored in the ambient medium, or to transmit, through the medium, the sun's energy to distant places from some locality where it was obtainable without consumption of material. At that time I at once rejected the latter method as entirely impracticable, and turned to examine the possibilities of the former.

It is difficult to believe, but it is, nevertheless, a fact, that since time immemorial man has had at his disposal a fairly good machine which has enabled him to utilize the energy of the ambient medium. This machine is the windmill. Contrary to popular belief, the power obtainable from wind is very considerable. Many a deluded inventor has spent years of his life in endeavoring to "harness the tides," and some have even proposed to compress air by tide- or wave-power for supplying energy, never understanding the signs of the old windmill on the hill, as it sorrowfully waved its arms about and bade them stop. The fact is that a wave- or tide-motor would have, as a rule, but a small chance of competing commercially with the windmill, which is by far the better machine, allowing a much greater amount of energy to be obtained in a simpler way. Wind-power has been, in old times, of inestimable value to man, if for nothing else but for enabling him to cross the seas, and it is even now a very important factor in travel and transportation. But there are great limitations in this ideally simple method of utilizing the sun's energy. The machines are large for a given output, and the power is intermittent, thus necessitating the storage of energy and increasing the cost of the plant.

A far better way, however, to obtain power would be to avail ourselves of the sun's rays, which beat the earth incessantly and supply energy at a maximum rate of over four million horse-power per square mile. Although the average energy received per square mile in any locality during the year is only a small fraction of that amount, yet an inexhaustible source of power would be opened up by the discovery of some efficient method of utilizing the energy of the rays. The only rational way known to me at the time when I began the study of this subject was to employ some kind of heat- or thermodynamic engine, driven by a volatile fluid evaporated in a boiler by the heat of the rays. But closer investigation of this method, and calculation, showed that, notwithstanding the apparently vast amount of energy received from the sun's rays, only a small fraction of that energy could be actually utilized in this manner. Furthermore, the energy supplied through the sun's radiations is periodical, and the same limitations as in the use of the windmill I found to exist here also. After a long study of this mode of obtaining motive power from the sun, taking into account the necessarily large bulk of the boiler, the low efficiency of the heat-engine, the additional cost of storing the energy, and other drawbacks, I came to the conclusion that the "solar engine," a few instances excepted, could not be industrially exploited with success.

Another way of getting motive power from the medium without consuming any material would be to utilize the heat contained in the earth, the water, or the air for driving an engine. It is a well-known fact that the interior portions of the globe are very hot, the temperature rising, as observa-

tions show, with the approach to the center at the rate of approximately 1° C. for every hundred feet of depth. The difficulties of sinking shafts and placing boilers at depths of, say, twelve thousand feet, corresponding to an increase in temperature of about 120° C., are not insuperable, and we could certainly avail ourselves in this way of the internal heat of the globe. In fact, it would not be necessary to go to any depth at all in order to derive energy from the stored terrestrial heat. The superficial layers of the earth and the air strata close to the same are at a temperature sufficiently high to evaporate some extremely volatile substances, which we might use in our boilers instead of water. There is no doubt that a vessel might be propelled on the ocean by an engine driven by such a volatile fluid, no other energy being used but the heat abstracted from the water. But the amount of power which could be obtained in this manner would be, without further provision, very small.

Electricity produced by natural causes is another source of energy which might be rendered available. Lightning discharges involve great amounts of electrical energy, which we could utilize by transforming and storing it. Some years ago I made known a method of electrical transformation which renders the first part of this task easy, but the storing of the energy of lightning discharges will be difficult to accomplish. It is well known, furthermore, that electric currents circulate constantly through the earth, and that there exists between the earth and any air stratum a difference of electrical pressure, which varies in proportion to the height.

In recent experiments I have discovered two novel facts of importance in this connection. One of these facts is that an electric current is generated in a wire extending from the ground to a great height by the axial, and probably also by the translatory, movement of the earth. No appreciable current, however, will flow continuously in the wire unless the electricity is allowed to leak out into the air. Its escape is greatly facilitated by providing at the elevated end of the wire a conducting terminal of great surface, with many sharp edges or points. We are thus enabled to get a continuous supply of electrical energy by merely supporting a wire at a height, but, unfortunately, the amount of electricity which can be so obtained is small.

The second fact which I have ascertained is that the upper air strata are permanently charged with electricity opposite to that of the earth. So, at least, I have interpreted my observations, from which it appears that the earth, with its adjacent insulating and outer conducting envelop, constitutes a highly charged electrical condenser containing, in all probability, a great amount of electrical energy which might be turned to the uses of man, if it were possible to reach with a wire to great altitudes.

It is possible, and even probable, that there will be, in time, other resources of energy opened up, of which we have no knowledge now. We may even find ways of applying forces such as magnetism or gravity for driving machinery without using any other means. Such realizations, though highly improbable, are not impossible. An example will best convey an idea of what we can hope to attain and what we can never attain. Imagine a disk of some homogeneous material turned perfectly true and arranged to turn in frictionless bearings on a horizontal shaft above the ground. This disk, being under the above conditions perfectly balanced, would rest in any position. Now, it is possible that we may learn how to make such a disk rotate continuously and perform work by the force of gravity without any further effort on our part; but it is perfectly impossible for the disk to turn and to do work without any force from the outside. If it could do so, it would be what is designated scientifically as a "perpetuum mobile," a machine creating its own motive power. To make the disk rotate by the force of gravity we have only to invent a screen against this force. By such a screen we could prevent this force from acting on one half of the disk, and the rotation of the latter would follow. At least, we cannot deny such a possibility until we know exactly the nature of the force of gravity. Suppose that this force were due to a movement comparable to that of a stream of air passing from above toward the center of the earth. The effect of such a stream upon both halves of the disk would be equal, and the latter would not rotate ordinarily; but if one half should be guarded by a plate arresting the movement, then it would turn.

A DEPARTURE FROM KNOWN METHODS—POSSIBILITY OF A "SELF-ACTING" ENGINE OR MACHINE, INANIMATE, YET CAPABLE, LIKE A LIVING BEING, OF DERIVING ENERGY FROM THE MEDIUM—THE IDEAL WAY OF OBTAINING MOTIVE POWER.

When I began the investigation of the subject under consideration, and when the preceding or similar ideas presented themselves

to me for the first time, though I was then unacquainted with a number of the facts mentioned, a survey of the various ways of utilizing the energy of the medium convinced me, nevertheless, that to arrive at a thoroughly satisfactory practical solution a radical departure from the methods then known had to be made. The windmill, the solar engine, the engine driven by terrestrial heat, had their limitations in the amount of power obtainable. Some new way had to be discovered which would enable us to get more energy. There was enough heat-energy in the medium, but only a small part of it was available for the operation of an engine in the ways then known. Besides, the energy was obtainable only at a very slow rate. Clearly, then, the problem was to discover some new method which would make it possible both to utilize more of the heat-energy of the medium and also to draw it away from the same at a more rapid rate.

I was vainly endeavoring to form an idea of how this might be accomplished, when I read some statements from Carnot and Lord Kelvin (then Sir William Thomson) which meant virtually that it is impossible for an inanimate mechanism or self-acting machine to cool a portion of the medium below the temperature of the surrounding, and operate by the heat abstracted. These statements interested me intensely. Evidently a living being could do this very thing, and since the experiences of my early life which I have related had convinced me that a living being is only an automaton, or, otherwise stated, a "self-acting engine," I came to the conclusion that it was possible to construct a machine which would do the same. As the first step toward this realization I conceived the following mechanism. Imagine a thermopile consisting of a number of bars of metal extending from the earth to the outer space beyond the atmosphere. The heat from below, conducted upward along these metal bars, would cool the earth or the sea or the air, according to the location of the lower parts of the bars, and the result, as is well known, would be an electric current circulating in these bars. The two terminals of the thermopile could now be joined through an electric motor, and, theoretically, this motor would run on and on, until the media below would be cooled down to the temperature of the outer space. This would be an inanimate engine which, to all evidence, would be cooling a portion of the medium below the temperature of the surrounding, and operating by the heat abstracted.

But was it not possible to realize a similar condition without necessarily going to a height? Conceive, for the sake of illustration, an inclosure *T*, as illustrated in diagram *b*, such that energy could not be transferred across it except through a channel or path *O*, and that, by some means or other, in this inclosure a medium were maintained which would have little energy, and that on the outer side of the same there would be the ordinary ambient medium with much energy. Under these assumptions the energy would flow through the path *O*, as indicated by the arrow, and might then be converted on its passage into some other form of energy. The question was, Could such a condition be attained? Could we produce artificially such a "sink" for the energy of the ambient medium to flow in? Suppose that an extremely low temperature could be maintained by some process in a given space; the surrounding medium would then be compelled to give off heat, which could be converted into mechanical or other form of energy, and utilized. By realizing such a plan, we should be enabled to get at any point of the globe a continuous supply of energy, day and night. More than this, reasoning in the abstract, it would seem possible to cause a quick circulation of the medium, and thus draw the energy at a very rapid rate.

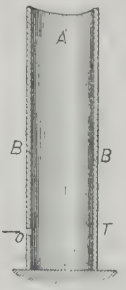


DIAGRAM *b*. OBTAINING ENERGY FROM THE AMBIENT MEDIUM.

A, medium with little energy; *B, B*, ambient medium with much energy; *O*, path of the energy.

Here, then, was an idea which, if realizable, afforded a happy solution of the problem of getting energy from the medium. But was it realizable? I convinced myself that it was so in a number of ways, of which one is the following. As regards heat, we are at a high level, which may be represented by the surface of a mountain lake considerably above the sea, the level of which may mark the absolute zero of temperature existing in the interstellar space. Heat, like water, flows

from high to low level, and, consequently, just as we can let the water of the lake run down to the sea, so we are able to let heat from the earth's surface travel up into the cold region above. Heat, like water, can perform work in flowing down, and if we had any doubt as to whether we could derive energy from the medium by means of a thermopile, as before described, it would be dispelled by this analogue. But can we produce cold in a given portion of the space and cause the heat to flow in continually? To create such a "sink," or "cold hole," as we might say, in the medium, would be equivalent to producing in the lake a space either empty or filled with something much lighter than water. This we could do by placing in the lake a tank, and pumping all the water out of the latter. We know, then, that the water, if allowed to flow back into the tank, would, theoretically, be able to perform exactly the same amount of work which was used in pumping it out, but not a bit more. Consequently nothing could be gained in this double operation of first raising the water and then letting it fall down. This would mean that it is impossible to create such a sink in the medium. But let us reflect a moment. Heat, though following certain general laws of mechanics, like a fluid, is not such; it is energy which may be converted into other forms of energy as it passes from a high to a low level. To make our mechanical analogy complete and true, we must, therefore, assume that the water, in its passage into the tank, is converted into something else, which may be taken out of it without using any, or by using very little, power. For example, if heat be represented in this analogue by the water of the lake, the oxygen and hydrogen composing the water may illustrate other forms of energy into which the heat is transformed in passing from hot to cold. If the process of heat-transformation were absolutely perfect, no heat at all would arrive at the low level, since all of it would be converted into other forms of energy. Corresponding to this ideal case, all the water flowing into the tank would be decomposed into oxygen and hydrogen before reaching the bottom, and the result would be that water would continually flow in, and yet the tank would remain entirely empty, the gases formed escaping. We would thus produce, by expending initially a certain amount of work to create a sink for the heat or, respectively, the water to flow in, a condition enabling us to get any amount of energy without further effort. This would be an ideal way of obtaining motive power. We do not know of any such absolutely perfect process of heat-conversion, and consequently some heat will generally reach the low level, which means to say, in our mechanical analogue, that some water will arrive at the bottom of the tank, and a gradual and slow filling of the latter will take place, necessitating continuous pumping out. But evidently there will be less to pump out than flows in, or, in other words, less energy will be needed to maintain the initial condition than is developed by the fall, and this is to say that some energy will be gained from the medium. What is not converted in flowing down can just be raised up with its own energy, and what is converted is clear gain. Thus the virtue of the principle I have discovered resides wholly in the conversion of the energy on the downward flow.

FIRST EFFORTS TO PRODUCE THE SELF-ACTING ENGINE—THE MECHANICAL OSCILLATOR—WORK OF DEWAR AND LINDE—LIQUID AIR.

HAVING recognized this truth, I began to devise means for carrying out my idea, and, after long thought, I finally conceived a combination of apparatus which should make possible the obtaining of power from the medium by a process of continuous cooling of atmospheric air. This apparatus, by continually transforming heat into mechanical work, tended to become colder and colder, and if it only were practicable to reach a very low temperature in this manner, then a sink for the heat could be produced, and energy could be derived from the medium. This seemed to be contrary to the statements of Carnot and Lord Kelvin before referred to, but I concluded from the theory of the process that such a result could be attained. This conclusion I reached, I think, in the latter part of 1883, when I was in Paris, and it was at a time when my mind was being more and more dominated by an invention which I had evolved during the preceding year, and which has since become known under the name of the "rotating magnetic field." During the few years which followed I elaborated further the plan I had imagined, and studied the working conditions, but made little headway. The commercial introduction in this country of the invention before referred to required most of my energies until 1889, when I again took up the idea of the self-acting machine. A closer in-

vestigation of the principles involved, and calculation, now showed that the result I aimed at could not be reached in a practical manner by ordinary machinery, as I had in the beginning expected. This led me, as a next step, to the study of a type of engine generally designated as "turbine," which at first seemed to offer better chances for a realization of the idea. Soon I found, however, that the turbine, too, was unsuitable. But my conclusions showed that if an engine of a peculiar kind could be brought to a high degree of perfection, the plan I had conceived was realizable, and I resolved to proceed with the development of such an engine, the primary object of which was to secure the greatest economy of transformation of heat into mechanical energy. A characteristic feature of the engine was that the work-performing piston was not connected with anything else, but was perfectly free to vibrate at an enormous rate. The mechanical difficulties encountered in the construction of this engine were greater than I had anticipated, and I made slow progress. This work was continued until early in 1892, when I went to London, where I saw Professor Dewar's admirable experiments with liquefied gases. Others had liquefied gases before, and notably Ozlewski and Pictet had performed creditable early experiments in this line, but there was such a vigor about the work of Dewar that even the old appeared new. His experiments showed, though in a way different from that I had imagined, that it was possible to reach a very low temperature by transforming heat into mechanical work, and I returned, deeply impressed with what I had seen, and more than ever convinced that my plan was practicable. The work temporarily interrupted was taken up anew, and soon I had in a fair state of perfection the engine which I have named "the mechanical oscillator." In this machine I succeeded in doing away with all packings, valves, and lubrication, and in producing so rapid a vibration of the piston that shafts of tough steel, fastened to the same and vibrated longitudinally, were torn asunder. By combining this engine with a dynamo of special design I produced a highly efficient electrical generator, invaluable in measurements and determinations of physical quantities on account of the unvarying rate of oscillation obtainable by its means. I exhibited several types of this machine, named "mechanical and electrical oscillator," before the Electrical Congress at the World's Fair in Chicago during the summer of 1893, in a lecture which, on account of other pressing work, I was unable to prepare for publication. On that occasion I exposed the principles of the mechanical oscillator, but the original purpose of this machine is explained here for the first time.

In the process, as I had primarily conceived it, for the utilization of the energy of the ambient medium, there were five essential elements in combination, and each of these had to be newly designed and perfected, as no such machines existed. The mechanical oscillator was the first element of this combination, and having perfected this, I turned to the next, which was an air-compressor of a design in certain respects resembling that of the mechanical oscillator. Similar difficulties in the construction were again encountered, but the work was pushed vigorously, and at the close of 1894 I had completed these two elements of the combination, and thus produced an apparatus for compressing air, virtually to any desired pressure, incomparably simpler, smaller, and more efficient than the ordinary. I was just beginning work on the third element, which together with the first two would give a refrigerating machine of exceptional efficiency and simplicity, when a misfortune befell me in the burning of my laboratory, which crippled my labors and delayed me. Shortly afterward Dr. Carl Linde announced the liquefaction of air by a self-cooling process, demonstrating that it was practicable to proceed with the cooling until liquefaction of the air took place. This was the only experimental proof which I was still wanting that energy was obtainable from the medium in the manner contemplated by me.

The liquefaction of air by a self-cooling process was not, as popularly believed, an accidental discovery, but a scientific result which could not have been delayed much longer, and which, in all probability, could not have escaped Dewar. This fascinating advance, I believe, is largely due to the powerful work of this great Scotchman. Nevertheless, Linde's is an immortal achievement. The manufacture of liquid air has been carried on for four years in Germany, on a scale much larger than in any other country, and this strange product has been applied for a variety of purposes. Much was expected of it in the beginning, but so far it has been an industrial ignis fatuus. By the use of such machinery as I am perfecting, its cost will probably be greatly lessened, but even then its commercial success will be ques-

tionable. When used as a refrigerant it is uneconomical, as its temperature is unnecessarily low. It is as expensive to maintain a body at a very low temperature as it is to keep it very hot; it takes coal to keep air cold. In oxygen manufacture it cannot yet compete with the electrolytic method. For use as an explosive it is unsuitable, because its low temperature again condemns it to a small efficiency, and for motive-power purposes its cost is still by far too high. It is of interest to note, however, that in driving an engine by liquid air a certain amount of energy may be gained from the engine, or, stated otherwise, from the ambient medium which keeps the engine warm, each two hundred pounds of iron-casting of the latter contributing energy at the rate of about one effective horse-power during one hour. But this gain of the consumer is offset by an equal loss of the producer.

Much of this task on which I have labored so long remains to be done. A number of mechanical details are still to be perfected and some difficulties of a different nature to be mastered, and I cannot hope to produce a self-acting machine deriving energy from the ambient medium for a long time yet, even if all my expectations should materialize. Many circumstances have occurred which have retarded my work of late, but for several reasons the delay was beneficial.

One of these reasons was that I had ample time to consider what the ultimate possibilities of this development might be. I worked for a long time fully convinced that the practical realization of this method of obtaining energy from the sun would be of incalculable industrial value, but the continued study of the subject revealed the fact that while it will be commercially profitable if my expectations are well founded, it will not be so to an extraordinary degree.

DISCOVERY OF UNEXPECTED PROPERTIES OF THE ATMOSPHERE—STRANGE EXPERIMENTS—TRANSMISSION OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY THROUGH ONE WIRE WITHOUT RETURN—TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE EARTH WITHOUT ANY WIRE.

ANOTHER of these reasons was that I was led to recognize the transmission of electrical energy to any distance through the media as by far the best solution of the great problem of harnessing the sun's energy for the uses of man. For a long time I was convinced that such a transmission on an industrial scale could never be realized, but a discovery which I made changed my view. I observed that under certain conditions the atmosphere, which is normally a high insulator, assumes conducting properties, and so becomes capable of conveying any amount of electrical energy. But the difficulties in the way of a practical utilization of this discovery for the purpose of transmitting electrical energy without wires were seemingly insuperable. Electrical pressures of many millions of volts had to be produced and handled; generating apparatus of a novel kind, capable of withstanding the immense electrical stresses, had to be invented and perfected, and a complete safety against the dangers of the high-tension currents had to be attained in the system before its practical introduction could be even thought of. All this could not be done in a few weeks or months, or even years. The work required patience and constant application, but the improvements came, though slowly. Other valuable results were, however, arrived at in the course of this long-continued work, of which I shall endeavor to give a brief account, enumerating the chief advances as they were successively effected.

The discovery of the conducting properties of the air, though unexpected, was only a natural result of experiments in a special field which I had carried on for some years before. It was, I believe, during 1889 that certain possibilities offered by extremely rapid electrical oscillations determined me to design a number of special machines adapted for their investigation. Owing to the peculiar requirements, the construction of these machines was very difficult, and consumed much time and effort; but my work on them was generously rewarded, for I reached by their means several novel and important results. One of the earliest observations I made with these new machines was that electrical oscillations of an extremely high rate act in an extraordinary manner upon the human organism. Thus, for instance, I demonstrated that powerful electrical discharges of several hundred thousand volts, which at that time were considered absolutely deadly, could be passed through the body without inconvenience or hurtful consequences. These oscillations produced other specific physiological effects, which, upon my announcement, were eagerly taken up by skilled physicians and further investigated. This new field has proved itself fruitful beyond expectation, and in the few years which have passed since, it has been

developed to such an extent that it now forms a legitimate and important department of medical science. Many results, thought impossible at that time, are now readily obtainable with these oscillations, and many experiments undreamed of then can now be readily performed by their means. I still remember with pleasure how, nine years ago, I passed the discharge of a powerful induction-coil through my body to demonstrate before a scientific society the comparative harmlessness of very rapidly vibrating electric currents, and I can still recall the astonishment of my audience. I would now undertake, with much less apprehension than I had in that experiment, to transmit through my body with such currents the entire electrical energy of the dynamos now working at Niagara—forty or fifty thousand horsepower. I have produced electrical oscillations which were of such intensity that when circulating through my arms and chest they have melted wires which joined my hands, and still I felt no inconvenience. I have energized with such oscillations a loop of heavy copper wire so powerfully that masses of metal, and even objects of an electrical resistance specifically greater than that of human tissue, brought close to or placed within the loop, were heated to a high temperature and melted, often with the violence of an explosion, and yet into this very space in which this terribly destructive turmoil was going on I have repeatedly thrust my head without feeling anything or experiencing injurious after-effects.

Another observation was that by means of such oscillations light could be produced in a novel and more economical manner, which promised to lead to an ideal system of electric illumination by vacuum-tubes, dispensing with the necessity of renewal of lamps or incandescent filaments, and possibly also with the use of wires in the interior of buildings. The efficiency of this light increases in proportion to the rate of the oscillations, and its commercial success is, therefore, dependent on the economical production of electrical vibrations of transcending rates. In this direction I have met with gratifying success of late, and the practical introduction of this new system of illumination is not far off.

The investigations led to many other valuable observations and results, one of the more important of which was the demonstration of the practicability of supplying electrical energy through one wire without return. At first I was able to transmit in this novel manner only very small amounts of electrical energy, but in this line also my efforts have been rewarded with similar success.

The photograph shown in Fig. 3 (see p. 186) illustrates, as its title explains, an actual transmission of this kind effected with apparatus used in other experiments here described. To what a degree the appliances have been perfected since my first demonstrations early in 1891 before a scientific society, when my apparatus was barely capable of lighting one lamp (which result was considered wonderful), will appear when I state that I have now no difficulty in lighting in this manner four or five hundred lamps, and could light many more. In fact, there is no limit to the amount of energy which may in this way be supplied to operate any kind of electrical device.

After demonstrating the practicability of this method of transmission, the thought naturally occurred to me to use the earth as a conductor, thus dispensing with all wires. Whatever electricity may be, it is a fact that it behaves like an incompressible fluid, and the earth may be looked upon as an immense reservoir of electricity, which, I thought, could be disturbed effectively by a properly designed electrical machine. Accordingly, my next efforts were directed toward perfecting a special apparatus which would be highly effective in creating a disturbance of electricity in the earth. The progress in this new direction was necessarily very slow and the work discouraging, until I finally succeeded in perfecting a novel kind of transformer or induction-coil, particularly suited for this special purpose. That it is practicable, in this manner, not only to transmit minute amounts of electrical energy for operating delicate electrical devices, as I contemplated at first, but also electrical energy in appreciable quantities, will appear from an inspection of Fig. 4 (see p. 186), which illustrates an actual experiment of this kind performed with the same apparatus. The result obtained was all the more remarkable as the top end of the coil was not connected to a wire or plate for magnifying the effect.

"WIRELESS" TELEGRAPHY—THE SECRET OF TUNING—ERRORS IN THE HERTZIAN INVESTIGATIONS—A RECEIVER OF WONDERFUL SENSITIVENESS.

As the first valuable result of my experiments in this latter line a system of telegraphy without wires resulted, which I described in two

scientific lectures in February and March, 1893. It is mechanically illustrated in diagram *c*, the upper part of which shows the electrical arrangement as I described it then, while the lower part illustrates its mechanical analogue. The system is extremely simple in principle. Imagine two tuning-forks *F*, *F*$_1$, one at the sending- and the other at the receiving-station respectively, each having attached to its lower prong a minute piston *p*, fitting in a cylinder. Both the cylinders communicate with a large reservoir *R*, with elastic walls, which is supposed to be closed and filled with a light and incompressible fluid. By striking repeatedly one of the prongs of the tuning-fork *F*, the small piston *p* below would be vibrated, and its vibrations, transmitted through the fluid, would reach the distant fork *F*$_1$, which is "tuned" to the fork *F*, or, stated otherwise, of exactly the same note as the latter. The fork *F*$_1$ would now be set vibrating, and its vibration would be intensified by the continued action of the distant fork *F* until its upper prong, swinging far out, would make an electrical connection with a stationary contact *c*″, starting in this manner some electrical or other appliances which may be used for recording the signals. In this simple way messages could be exchanged between the two stations, a similar contact *c*′ being provided for this purpose, close to the upper prong of the fork *F*, so that the apparatus at each station could be employed in turn as receiver and transmitter.

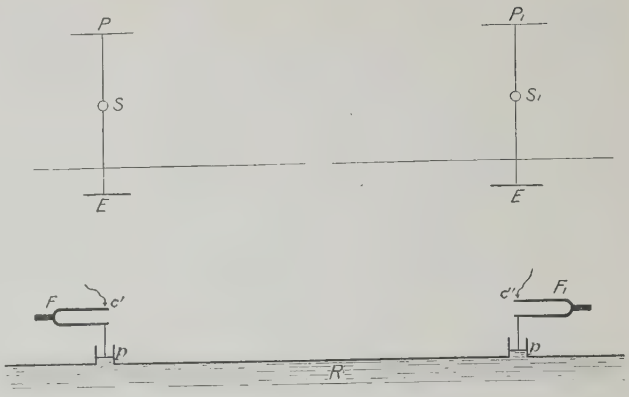


DIAGRAM *c*. "WIRELESS" TELEGRAPHY MECHANICALLY ILLUSTRATED.

The electrical system illustrated in the upper figure of diagram *c* is exactly the same in principle, the two wires or circuits *ESP* and *E*$_1$*S*$_1$*P*$_1$, which extend vertically to a height, representing the two tuning-forks with the pistons attached to them. These circuits are connected with the ground by plates *E*, *E*$_1$, and to two elevated metal sheets *P*, *P*$_1$, which store electricity and thus magnify considerably the effect. The closed reservoir *R*, with elastic walls, is in this case replaced by the earth, and the fluid by electricity. Both of these circuits are "tuned" and operate just like the two tuning-forks. Instead of striking the fork *F* at the sending-station, electrical oscillations are produced in the vertical sending- or transmitting-wire *ESP*, as by the action of a source *S*, included in this wire, which spread through the ground and reach the distant vertical receiving-wire *E*$_1$*S*$_1$*P*$_1$, exciting corresponding electrical oscillations in the same. In the latter wire or circuit is included a sensitive device or receiver *S*$_1$, which is thus set in action and made to operate a relay or other appliance. Each station is, of course, provided both with a source of electrical oscillations *S* and a sensitive receiver *S*$_1$, and a simple provision is made for using each of the two wires alternately to send and to receive the messages.

The exact attunement of the two circuits secures great advantages, and, in fact, it is essential in the practical use of the system. In this respect many popular errors exist, and, as a rule, in the technical reports on this subject circuits and appliances are described as affording these advantages when from their very nature it is evident that this is impossible. In order to attain the best results it is essential that the length of each wire or circuit, from the ground connection to the top, should be equal to one quarter of the wave-length of the electrical vibration in the wire, or else equal to that length multiplied by an odd number. Without the observation of this rule it is virtually impossible to prevent the interference and insure the privacy of messages. Therein lies the secret of tuning. To obtain the most satisfactory results it is, however, necessary to resort to electrical vibrations of low pitch. The Hertzian spark apparatus, used generally by experimenters, which produces oscillations of a very high rate, permits no effective tuning, and slight disturbances are sufficient to render an exchange of messages impracticable. But scientifically designed, efficient appliances allow nearly perfect adjustment. An experiment performed with the improved apparatus repeatedly referred to, and intended to convey an idea of this feature, is

illustrated in Fig. 5 (p. 187), which is sufficiently explained by its note.

Since I described these simple principles of telegraphy without wires I have had frequent occasion to note that the identical features and elements have been used, in the evident belief that the signals are being transmitted to considerable distances by "Hertzian" radiations. This is only one of many misapprehensions to which the investigations of the lamented physicist have given rise. About thirty-three years ago Maxwell, following up a suggestive experiment made by Faraday in 1845, evolved an ideally simple theory which intimately connected light, radiant heat, and electrical phenomena, interpreting them as being all due to vibrations of a hypothetical fluid of inconceivable tenuity, called the ether. No experimental verification was arrived at until Hertz, at the suggestion of Helmholtz, undertook a series of experiments to this effect. Hertz proceeded with extraordinary ingenuity and insight, but devoted little energy to the perfection of his old-fashioned apparatus. The consequence was that he failed to observe the important function which the air played in his experiments, and which I subsequently discovered. Repeating his experiments and reaching different results, I ventured to point out this oversight. The strength of the proofs brought forward by Hertz in support of Maxwell's theory resided in the correct estimate of the rates of vibration of the circuits he used. But I ascertained that he could not have obtained the rates he thought he was getting. The vibrations with identical apparatus he employed are, as a rule, much slower, this being due to the presence of air, which produces a dampening effect upon a rapidly vibrating electric circuit of high pressure, as a fluid does upon a vibrating tuning-fork. I have, however, discovered since that time other causes of error, and I have long ago ceased to look upon his results as being an experimental verification of the poetical conceptions of Maxwell. The work of the great German physicist has acted as an immense stimulus to contemporary electrical research, but it has likewise, in a measure, by its fascination, paralyzed the scientific mind, and thus hampered independent inquiry. Every new phenomenon which was discovered was made to fit the theory, and so very often the truth has been unconsciously distorted.

When I advanced this system of telegraphy, my mind was dominated by the idea of effecting communication to any distance through the earth or environing medium, the practical consummation of which I considered of transcendent importance, chiefly on account of the moral effect which it could not fail to produce universally. As the first effort to this end I proposed, at that time, to employ relay-stations with tuned circuits, in the hope of making thus practicable signaling over vast distances, even with apparatus of very moderate power then at my command. I was confident, however, that with properly designed machinery signals could be transmitted to any point of the globe, no matter what the distance, without the necessity of using such intermediate stations. I gained this conviction through the discovery of a singular electrical phenomenon, which I described early in 1892, in lectures delivered before some scientific societies abroad, and which I have called a "rotating brush." This is a bundle of light which is formed, under certain conditions, in a vacuum-bulb, and which is of a sensitiveness to magnetic and electric influences bordering, so to speak, on the supernatural. This light-bundle is rapidly rotated by the earth's magnetism as many as twenty thousand times per second, the rotation in these parts being opposite to what it would be in the southern hemisphere, while in the region of the magnetic equator it should not rotate at all. In its most sensitive state, which is difficult to attain, it is responsive to electric or magnetic influences to an incredible degree. The mere stiffening of the muscles of the arm and consequent slight electrical change in the body of an observer standing at some distance from it, will perceptibly affect it. When in this highly sensitive state it is capable of indicating the slightest magnetic and electric changes taking place in the earth. The observation of this wonderful phenomenon impressed me strongly that communication at any distance could be easily effected by its means, provided that apparatus could be perfected capable of producing an electric or magnetic change of state, however small, in the terrestrial globe or environing medium.

DEVELOPMENT OF A NEW PRINCIPLE—THE ELECTRICAL OSCILLATOR—PRODUCTION OF IMMENSE ELECTRICAL MOVEMENTS—THE EARTH RESPONDS TO MAN—INTERPLANETARY COMMUNICATION NOW PROBABLE.

I RESOLVED to concentrate my efforts upon this venturesome task, though it involved

great sacrifice, for the difficulties to be mastered were such that I could hope to consummate it only after years of labor. It meant delay of other work to which I would have preferred to devote myself, but I gained the conviction that my energies could not be more usefully employed; for I recognized that an efficient apparatus for the production of powerful electrical oscillations, as was needed for that specific purpose, was the key to the solution of other most important electrical and, in fact, human problems. Not only was communication, to any distance, without wires possible by its means, but, likewise, the transmission of energy in great amounts, the burning of the atmospheric nitrogen, the production of an efficient illuminant, and many other results of inestimable scientific and industrial value. Finally, however, I had the satisfaction of accomplishing the task undertaken by the use of a new principle, the virtue of which is based on the marvelous properties of the electrical condenser. One of these is that it can discharge or explode its stored energy in an inconceivably short time. Owing to this it is unequaled in explosive violence. The explosion of dynamite is only the breath of a consumptive compared with its discharge. It is the means of producing the strongest current, the highest electrical pressure, the greatest commotion in the medium. Another of its properties, equally valuable, is that its discharge may vibrate at any rate desired up to many millions per second.

I had arrived at the limit of rates obtainable in other ways when the happy idea presented itself to me to resort to the condenser. I arranged such an instrument so as to be charged and discharged alternately in rapid succession through a coil with a few turns of stout wire, forming the primary of a transformer or induction-coil. Each time the condenser was discharged the current would quiver in the primary wire and induce corresponding oscillations in the secondary. Thus a transformer or induction-coil on new principles was evolved, which I have called "the electrical oscillator," partaking of those unique qualities which characterize the condenser, and enabling results to be attained impossible by other means. Electrical effects of any desired character and of intensities undreamed of before are now easily producible by perfected apparatus of this kind, to which frequent reference has been made, and the essential parts of which are shown in Fig. 6 (p. 188). For certain purposes a strong inductive effect is required; for others the greatest possible suddenness; for others again, an exceptionally high rate of vibration or extreme pressure; while for certain other objects immense electrical movements are necessary. The photographs in Figs. 7, 8, 9, and 10, of experiments performed with such an oscillator, may serve to illustrate some of these features and convey an idea of the magnitude of the effects actually produced. The completeness of the titles of the figures referred to makes a further description of them unnecessary.

However extraordinary the results shown may appear, they are but trifling compared with those which are attainable by apparatus designed on these same principles. I have produced electrical discharges the actual path of which, from end to end, was probably more than one hundred feet long; but it would not be difficult to reach lengths one hundred times as great. I have produced electrical movements occurring at the rate of approximately one hundred thousand horse-power, but rates of one, five, or ten million horse-power are easily practicable. In these experiments effects were developed incomparably greater than any ever produced by human agencies, and yet these results are but an embryo of what is to be.

That communication without wires to any point of the globe is practicable with such apparatus would need no demonstration, but through a discovery which I made I obtained absolute certitude. Popularly explained, it is exactly this: When we raise the voice and hear an echo in reply, we know that the sound of the voice must have reached a distant wall, or boundary, and must have been reflected from the same. Exactly as the sound, so an electrical wave is reflected, and the same evidence which is afforded by an echo is offered by an electrical phenomenon known as a "stationary" wave—that is, a wave with fixed nodal and ventral regions. Instead of sending sound-vibrations toward a distant wall, I have sent electrical vibrations toward the remote boundaries of the earth, and instead of the wall the earth has replied. In place of an echo I have obtained a stationary electrical wave, a wave reflected from afar.

Stationary waves in the earth mean something more than mere telegraphy without wires to any distance. They will enable us to attain many important specific results impossible otherwise. For instance, by their use we may produce at will, from a sending-station, an electrical effect in any particular

region of the globe; we may determine the relative position or course of a moving object, such as a vessel at sea, the distance traversed by the same, or its speed; or we may send over the earth a wave of electricity traveling at any rate we desire, from the pace of a turtle up to lightning speed.

With these developments we have every reason to anticipate that in a time not very distant most telegraphic messages across the oceans will be transmitted without cables. For short distances we need a "wireless" telephone, which requires no expert operators. The greater the spaces to be bridged, the more rational becomes communication without wires. The cable is not only an easily damaged and costly instrument, but it limits us in the speed of transmission by reason of a certain electrical property inseparable from its construction. A properly designed plant for effecting communication without wires ought to have many times the working capacity of a cable, while it will involve incomparably less expense. Not a long time will pass, I believe, before communication by cable will become obsolete, for not only will signaling by this new method be quicker and cheaper, but also much safer. By using some new means for isolating the messages which I have contrived, an almost perfect privacy can be secured.

I have observed the above effects so far only up to a limited distance of about six hundred miles, but inasmuch as there is virtually no limit to the power of the vibrations producible with such an oscillator, I feel quite confident of the success of such a plant for effecting transoceanic communication. Nor is this all. My measurements and calculations have shown that it is perfectly practicable to produce on our globe, by the use of these principles, an electrical movement of such magnitude that, without the slightest doubt, its effect will be perceptible on some of our nearer planets, as Venus and Mars. Thus from mere possibility interplanetary communication has entered the stage of probability. In fact, that we can produce a distinct effect on one of these planets in this novel manner, namely, by disturbing the electrical condition of the earth, is beyond any doubt. This way of effecting such communication is, however, essentially different from all others which have so far been proposed by scientific men. In all the previous instances only a minute fraction of the total energy reaching the planet—as much as it would be possible to concentrate in a reflector—could be utilized by the supposed observer in his instrument. But by the means I have developed he would be enabled to concentrate the larger portion of the entire energy transmitted to the planet in his instrument, and the chances of affecting the latter are thereby increased many millionfold.

Besides machinery for producing vibrations of the required power, we must have delicate means capable of revealing the effects of feeble influences exerted upon the earth. For such purposes, too, I have perfected new methods. By their use we shall likewise be able, among other things, to detect at considerable distance the presence of an iceberg or other object at sea. By their use, also, I have discovered some terrestrial phenomena still unexplained. That we can send a message to a planet is certain, that we can get an answer is probable: man is not the only being in the Infinite gifted with a mind.

TRANSMISSION OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY TO ANY DISTANCE WITHOUT WIRES—NOW PRACTICABLE—THE BEST MEANS OF INCREASING THE FORCE ACCELERATING THE HUMAN MASS.

THE most valuable observation made in the course of these investigations was the extraordinary behavior of the atmosphere toward electric impulses of excessive electromotive force. The experiments showed that the air at the ordinary pressure became distinctly conducting, and this opened up the wonderful prospect of transmitting large amounts of electrical energy for industrial purposes to great distances without wires, a possibility which, up to that time, was thought of only as a scientific dream. Further investigation revealed the important fact that the conductivity imparted to the air by these electrical impulses of many millions of volts increased very rapidly with the degree of rarefaction, so that air strata at very moderate altitudes, which are easily accessible, offer, to all experimental evidence, a perfect conducting path, better than a copper wire, for currents of this character.

Thus the discovery of these new properties of the atmosphere not only opened up the possibility of transmitting, without wires, energy in large amounts, but, what was still more significant, it afforded the certitude that energy could be transmitted in this manner economically. In this new system it matters little—in fact, almost

nothing—whether the transmission is effected at a distance of a few miles or of a few thousand miles.

While I have not, as yet, actually effected a transmission of a considerable amount of energy, such as would be of industrial importance, to a great distance by this new method, I have operated several model plants under exactly the same conditions which will exist in a large plant of this kind, and the practicability of the system is thoroughly demonstrated. The experiments have shown conclusively that, with two terminals maintained at an elevation of not more than thirty thousand to thirty-five thousand feet above sea-level, and with an electrical pressure of fifteen to twenty million volts, the energy of thousands of horse-power can be transmitted over distances which may be hundreds and, if necessary, thousands of miles. I am hopeful, however, that I may be able to reduce very considerably the elevation of the terminals now required, and with this object I am following up an idea which promises such a realization. There is, of course, a popular prejudice against using an electrical pressure of millions of volts, which may cause sparks to fly at distances of hundreds of feet, but, paradoxical as it may seem, the system, as I have described it in a technical publication, offers greater personal safety than most of the ordinary distribution circuits now used in the cities. This is, in a measure, borne out by the fact that, although I have carried on such experiments for a number of years, no injury has been sustained either by me or any of my assistants.

But to enable a practical introduction of the system, a number of essential requirements are still to be fulfilled. It is not enough to develop appliances by means of which such a transmission can be effected. The machinery must be such as to allow the transformation and transmission of electrical energy under highly economical and practical conditions. Furthermore, an inducement must be offered to those who are engaged in the industrial exploitation of natural sources of power, as waterfalls, by guaranteeing greater returns on the capital invested than they can secure by local development of the property.

From that moment when it was observed that, contrary to the established opinion, low and easily accessible strata of the atmosphere are capable of conducting electricity, the transmission of electrical energy without wires has become a rational task of the engineer, and one surpassing all others in importance. Its practical consummation would mean that energy would be available for the uses of man at any point of the globe, not in small amounts such as might be derived from the ambient medium by suitable machinery, but in quantities virtually unlimited, from waterfalls. Export of power would then become the chief source of income for many happily situated countries, as the United States, Canada, Central and South America, Switzerland, and Sweden. Men could settle down everywhere, fertilize and irrigate the soil with little effort, and convert barren deserts into gardens, and thus the entire globe could be transformed and made a fitter abode for mankind. It is highly probable that if there are intelligent beings on Mars they have long ago realized this very idea, which would explain the changes on its surface noted by astronomers. The atmosphere on that planet, being of considerably smaller density than that of the earth, would make the task much more easy.

It is probable that we shall soon have a self-acting heat-engine capable of deriving moderate amounts of energy from the ambient medium. There is also a possibility—though a small one—that we may obtain electrical energy direct from the sun. This might be the case if the Maxwellian theory is true, according to which electrical vibrations of all rates should emanate from the sun. I am still investigating this subject. Sir William Crookes has shown in his beautiful invention known as the "radiometer" that rays may produce by impact a mechanical effect, and this may lead to some important revelation as to the utilization of the sun's rays in novel ways. Other sources of energy may be opened up, and new methods of deriving energy from the sun discovered, but none of these or similar achievements would equal in importance the transmission of power to any distance through the medium. I can conceive of no technical advance which would tend to unite the various elements of humanity more effectively than this one, or of one which would more add to and more economize human energy. It would be the best means of increasing the force accelerating the human mass. The mere moral influence of such a radical departure would be incalculable. On the other hand, if at any point of the globe energy can be obtained in limited quantities from the ambient medium by means of a self-acting heat-engine or otherwise, the conditions will remain the same as before. Human performance will be increased, but men will remain strangers as they were.

I anticipate that many, unprepared for these results, which, through long familiarity, appear to me simple and obvious, will consider them still far from practical application. Such reserve, and even opposition, of some is as useful a quality and as necessary an element in human progress as the quick receptivity and enthusiasm of others. Thus, a mass which resists the force at first, once set in movement, adds to the energy. The scientific man does not aim at an immediate result. He does not expect that his advanced ideas will be readily taken up. His work is like that of the planter—for the future. His duty is to lay the foundation for those who are to come, and point the way. He lives and labors and hopes with the poet who says:

Schaff', das Tagwerk meiner Hände,
Hohes Glück, dass ich's vollende!
Lass, o lass mich nicht ermatten!
Nein, es sind nicht leere Träume:
Jetzt nur Stangen, diese Bäume
Geben einst noch Frucht und Schatten.[1]

[1] Daily work—my hands' employment,
To complete is pure enjoyment!
Let, oh, let me never falter!
No! there is no empty dreaming:
Lo! these trees, but bare poles seeming,
Yet will yield both fruit and shelter!
Goethe's "Hope,"
Translated by William Gibson, Com. U. S. N.

LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE AMONG REFORMERS.

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

ONE of Miss Mary E. Wilkins's delightful heroines remarks, in speaking of certain would-be leaders of social reform in her village: "I don't know that I think they are so much above us as too far to one side. Sometimes it is longitude and sometimes it is latitude that separates people." This is true, and the philosophy it teaches applies quite as much to those who would reform the politics of a large city, or, for that matter, of the whole country, as to those who would reform the society of a hamlet.

There is always danger of being misunderstood when one writes about such a subject as this, because there are on each side unhealthy extremists who like to take half of any statement and twist it into an argument in favor of themselves or against their opponents. No single sentence or two is sufficient to explain a man's full meaning, any more than in a sentence or two it would be possible to treat the question of the necessity for, and the limitations of, proper party loyalty, with the thoroughness and justice shown, for instance, by Mr. Lecky in his recent queerly named volume, "The Map of Life."

All men in whose character there is not an element of hardened baseness must admit the need in our public life of those qualities which we somewhat vaguely group together when we speak of "reform," and all men of sound mind must also admit the need of efficiency. There are, of course, men of such low moral type, or of such ingrained cynicism, that they do not believe in the possibility of making anything better, or do not care to see things better. There are also men who are slightly disordered mentally, or who are cursed with a moral twist which makes them champion reforms less from a desire to do good to others than as a kind of tribute to their own righteousness, for the sake of emphasizing their own superiority. From neither of these classes can we get any real help in the unending struggle for righteousness. There remains the great body of the people, including the entire body of those through whom the salvation of the people must ultimately be worked out. All these men combine or seek to combine in varying degrees the quality of striving after the ideal, that is, the quality which makes men reformers, and the quality of so striving through practical methods—the quality which makes men efficient. Both qualities are absolutely essential. The absence of either makes the presence of the other worthless or worse.

If there is one tendency of the day which more than any other is unhealthy and undesirable, it is the tendency to deify mere "smartness," unaccompanied by a sense of moral accountability. We shall never make our republic what it should be until as a people we thoroughly understand and put in practice the doctrine that success is abhorrent if attained by the sacrifice of the fundamental principles of morality. The successful man, whether in business or in politics, who has risen by conscienceless swindling of his neighbors, by deceit and chicanery, by

unscrupulous boldness and unscrupulous cunning, stands toward society as a dangerous wild beast. The mean and cringing admiration which such a career commands among those who think crookedly or not at all makes this kind of success perhaps the most dangerous of all the influences that threaten our national life. Our standard of public and private conduct will never be raised to the proper level until we make the scoundrel who succeeds feel the weight of a hostile public opinion even more strongly than the scoundrel who fails.

On the other hand, mere beating the air, mere visionary adherence to a nebulous and possibly highly undesirable ideal, is utterly worthless. The cloistered virtue which timidly shrinks from all contact with the rough world of actual life, and the uneasy, self-conscious vanity which misnames itself virtue, and which declines to coöperate with whatever does not adopt its own fantastic standard, are rather worse than valueless, because they tend to rob the forces of good of elements on which they ought to be able to count in the ceaseless contest with the forces of evil. It is true that the impracticable idealist differs from the hard-working, sincere man who in practical fashion, and by deeds as well as by words, strives in some sort actually to realize his ideal; but the difference lies in the fact that the first is impracticable, not in his having a high ideal, for the ideal of the other may be even higher. At times a man must cut loose from his associates, and stand alone for a great cause; but the necessity for such action is almost as rare as the necessity for a revolution; and to take such ground continually, in season and out of season, is the sign of an unhealthy nature. It is not possible to lay down an inflexible rule as to when compromise is right and when wrong; when it is a sign of the highest statesmanship to temporize, and when it is merely a proof of weakness. Now and then one can stand uncompromisingly for a naked principle and force people up to it. This is always the attractive course; but in certain great crises it may be a very wrong course. Compromise, in the proper sense, merely means agreement; in the proper sense opportunism should merely mean doing the best possible with actual conditions as they exist. A compromise which results in a half-step toward evil is all wrong, just as the opportunist who saves himself for the moment by adopting a policy which is fraught with future disaster is all wrong; but no less wrong is the attitude of those who will not come to an agreement through which, or will not follow the course by which, it is alone possible to accomplish practical results for good.

These two attitudes, the attitude of deifying mere efficiency, mere success, without regard to the moral qualities lying behind it, and the attitude of disregarding efficiency, disregarding practical results, are the Scylla and Charybdis between which every earnest reformer, every politician who desires to make the name of his profession a term of honor instead of shame, must steer. He must avoid both under penalty of wreckage, and it avails him nothing to have avoided one, if he founders on the other. People are apt to speak as if in political life, public life, it ought to be a mere case of striving upward—striving toward a high peak. The simile is inexact. Every man who is striving to do good public work is traveling along a ridge crest, with the gulf of failure on each side—the gulf of inefficiency on the one side, the gulf of unrighteousness on the other. All kinds of forces are continually playing on him, to shove him first into one gulf and then into the other; and even a wise and good man, unless he braces himself with uncommon firmness and foresight, as he is pushed this way and that, will find that his course becomes a pronounced zigzag instead of a straight line; and if it becomes too pronounced he is lost, no matter to which side the zigzag may take him. Nor is he lost only as regards his own career. What is far more serious, his power of doing useful service to the public is at an end. He may still, if a mere politician, have political place, or, if a make-believe reformer, retain that notoriety upon which his vanity feeds. But, in either case, his usefulness to the community has ceased.

The man who sacrifices everything to efficiency needs but a short shrift in a discussion like this. The abler he is, the more dangerous he is to the community. The master and typical representative of a great municipal political organization recently stated under oath that "he was in politics for his pocket every time." This put in its baldest and most cynically offensive shape the doctrine upon which certain public men act. It is not necessary to argue its iniquity with those who have advanced any great distance beyond the brigand theory of political life. Some years ago another public man enunciated much the same doctrine in the phrase, "The Decalogue and the Golden Rule have no part in political life." Such statements,

openly made, imply a belief that the public conscience is dull; and where the men who make them continue to be political leaders, the public has itself to thank for all shortcomings in public life.

The man who is constitutionally incapable of working for practical results ought not to need a much longer shrift. In every community there are little knots of fantastic extremists who loudly proclaim that they are striving for righteousness, and who, in reality, do their feeble best for unrighteousness. Just as the upright politician should hold in peculiar scorn the man who makes the name of politician a reproach and a shame, so the genuine reformer should realize that the cause he champions is especially jeopardized by the mock reformer who does what he can to make reform a laughing-stock among decent men.

A caustic observer once remarked that when Dr. Johnson spoke of patriotism as the last refuge of a scoundrel, "he was ignorant of the infinite possibilities contained in the word 'reform.'" The sneer was discreditable to the man who uttered it, for it is no more possible to justify corruption by railing at those who by their conduct throw scandal upon the cause of reform than it is to justify treason by showing that men of shady character frequently try to cover their misconduct by fervent protestations of love of country. Nevertheless, the fact remains that exactly as true patriots should be especially jealous of any appeal to what is base under the guise of patriotism, so men who strive for honesty, and for the cleansing of what is corrupt in the dark places of our politics, should emphatically disassociate themselves from the men whose antics throw discredit upon the reforms they profess to advocate.

These little knots of extremists are found all over, one type flourishing chiefly in one locality and another type in another. In the particular objects they severally profess to champion they are as far asunder as the poles, for one of their characteristics is that each little group has its own patent recipe for salvation and pays no attention whatever to the other little groups; but in mental and moral habit they are fundamentally alike. They may be socialists of twenty different types, from the followers of Tolstoi down and up, or they may ostensibly champion some cause in itself excellent, such as temperance or municipal reform, or they may merely with comprehensive vagueness announce themselves as the general enemies of what is bad, of corruption, machine politics, and the like. Their policies and principles are usually mutually exclusive; but that does not alter the conviction, which each feels or affects to feel, that his particular group is the real vanguard of the army of reform. Of course, as the particular groups are all marching in different directions, it is not possible for more than one of them to be the vanguard. The others, at best, must be off to one side, and may possibly be marching the wrong way in the rear; and, as a matter of fact, it is only occasionally that any one of them is in the front. There are in each group many entirely sincere and honest men, and because of the presence of these men we are too apt to pay some of their associates the unmerited compliment of speaking of them also as honest but impracticable. As a matter of fact, the typical extremist of this kind differs from the practical reformer, from the public man who strives in practical fashion for decency, not at all in superior morality, but in inferior sense. He is not more virtuous; he is less virtuous. He is merely more foolish. When Wendell Phillips denounced Abraham Lincoln as "the slave-hound of Illinois," he did not show himself more virtuous than Lincoln, but more foolish. Neither did he advance the cause of human freedom. When the contest for the Union and against slavery took on definite shape, then he and his kind were swept aside by the statesmen and soldiers like Lincoln and Seward, Grant and Farragut, who alone were able to ride the storm. Great as is the superiority in efficiency of the men who do things over those who do not, it may be no greater than their superiority in morality. In addition to the simple and sincere men who have a twist in their mental make-up, these knots of enthusiasts contain, especially among their leaders, men of morbid vanity, who thirst for notoriety, men who lack power to accomplish anything if they go in with their fellows to fight for results, and who prefer to sit outside and attract momentary attention by denouncing those who are really forces for good.

In every community in our land there are many hundreds of earnest and sincere men, clergymen and laymen, reformers who strive for reform in the field of politics, in the field of philanthropy, in the field of social life; and we could count on the fingers of one hand the number of times these men have been really aided in their efforts by the men of the type referred to in the preceding para-

graph. The socialist who raves against the existing order is not the man who ever lifts his hand practically to make our social life a little better, to make the conditions that bear upon the unfortunate a little easier; the man who demands the immediate impossible in temperance is not the man who ever aids in an effort to minimize the evils caused by the saloon; and those who work practically for political reform are hampered, so far as they are affected at all, by the strutting vanity of the professional impracticables.

It is not that these little knots of men accomplish much of a positive nature that is objectionable, for their direct influence is inconsiderable; but they do have an undoubted indirect effect for bad, and this of a double kind. They affect for evil a certain number of decent men in one way and a certain number of equally decent men in an entirely different way. Some decent men, following their lead, withdraw themselves from the active work of life, whether social, philanthropic, or political, and by the amount they thus withdraw from the side of the forces of good they strengthen the forces of evil, as, of course, it makes no difference whether we lessen the numerator or increase the denominator. Other decent men are so alienated by such conduct that in their turn they abandon all effort to fight for reform, believing reformers to be either hypocrites or fools. Both of these phenomena are perfectly familiar to every active politician who has striven for decency, and to every man who has studied history in an intelligent way. Few things hurt a good cause more than the excesses of its nominal friends.

Fortunately, most extremists lack the power to commit dangerous excesses. Their action is normally as abortive as that of the queer abolitionist group who, in 1864, nominated a candidate against Abraham Lincoln when he was running for reëlection to the Presidency. The men entering this movement represented all extremes, moral and mental. Nominally they opposed Lincoln because they did not feel that he had gone far enough in what they deemed the right direction,—had not been sufficiently extreme,—and they objected to what they styled his opportunism, his tendency to compromise, his temporizing conduct, and his being a practical politician. In reality, of course, their opposition to Lincoln was conditioned, not upon what Lincoln had done, but upon their own natures. They were incapable of supporting a great constructive statesman in a great crisis; and this, not because they were too virtuous, but because they lacked the necessary common sense and power of subordination of self to enable them to work disinterestedly with others for the common good. Their movement, however, proved utterly abortive, and they had no effect even for evil. The sound, wholesome common sense of the American people fortunately renders such movements, as a rule, innocuous; and this is, in reality, the prime reason why republican government prospers in America, as it does not prosper, for instance, in France. With us these little knots of impracticables have an insignificant effect upon the national life, and no representation to speak of in our governmental assemblies. In France, where the nation has not the habit of self-government, and where the national spirit is more volatile and less sane, each little group grows until it becomes a power for evil, and, taken together, all the little groups give to French political life its curious, and by no means elevating, kaleidoscopic character.

Macaulay's eminently sane and wholesome spirit and his knowledge of practical affairs give him a peculiar value among historians of political thought. In speaking of Scotland at the end of the seventeenth century he writes as follows:

"It is a remarkable circumstance that the same country should have produced in the same age the most wonderful specimens of both extremes of human nature. Even in things indifferent the Scotch Puritan would hear of no compromise; and he was but too ready to consider all who recommended prudence and charity as traitors to the cause of truth. On the other hand, the Scotchmen of that generation who made a figure in Parliament were the most dishonest and unblushing time-servers that the world has ever seen. Perhaps it is natural that the most callous and impudent vice should be found in the near neighborhood of unreasonable and impracticable virtue. Where enthusiasts are ready to destroy or be destroyed for trifles magnified into importance by a squeamish conscience, it is not strange that the very name of conscience should become a byword of contempt to cool and shrewd men of business."

What he says of Scotland in the time of King James and King William is true, word for word, of civic life in New York two centuries later. We see in New York sodden masses of voters manipulated by clever, unscrupulous, and utterly selfish masters of machine politics. Against them we see, it is

true, masses of voters who both know how to, and do, strive for righteousness; but we see also very many others in whom the capacity for self-government seems to have atrophied. They have lost the power to do practical work by ceasing to exercise it, by confining themselves to criticism and theorizing, to intemperate abuse and intemperate championship of what they but imperfectly understand. The analogues of the men whom Macaulay condemns exist in numbers in New York, and work evil in our public life for the very reason that Macaulay gives. They do not do practical work, and the extreme folly of their position makes them not infrequently the allies of scoundrels who cynically practise corruption. Too often, indeed, they actually alienate from the cause of decency keen and honest men, who grow to regard all movements for reform with contemptuous dislike because of the folly and vanity of the men who in the name of righteousness preach unwisdom and practise uncharitableness. These men thus do inestimable damage; for the reform spirit, the spirit of striving after high ideals, is the breath of life in our political institutions; and whatever weakens it by just so much lessens the chance of ultimate success under democratic government.

Discarding the two extremes, the men who deliberately work for evil, and the men who are unwilling or incapable of working for good, there remains the great mass of men who do desire to be efficient, who do desire to make this world a better place to live in, and to do what they can toward achieving cleaner minds and more wholesome bodies. To these, after all, we can only say: Strive manfully for righteousness, and strive so as to make your efforts for good count. You are not to be excused if you fail to try to make things better; and the very phrase "trying to make things better" implies trying in practical fashion. One man's capacity is for one kind of work and another man's capacity for another kind of work. One affects certain methods and another affects entirely different methods. All this is of little concern. What is of really vital importance is that something should be accomplished, and that this something should be worthy of accomplishment. The field is of vast size, and the laborers are always too few. There is not the slightest excuse for one sincere worker looking down upon another because he chooses a different part of the field and different implements. It is inexcusable to refuse to work, to work slackly or perversely, or to mar the work of others.

No man is justified in doing evil on the ground of expediency. He is bound to do all the good possible. Yet he must consider the question of expediency, in order that he may do all the good possible, for otherwise he will do none. As soon as a politician gets to the point of thinking that in order to be "practical" he has got to be base, he has become a noxious member of the body politic. That species of practicability eats into the moral sense of the people like a cancer, and he who practises it can no more be excused than an editor who debauches public decency in order to sell his paper.

We need the worker in the fields of social and civic reform; the man who is keenly interested in some university settlement, some civic club or citizens' association which is striving to elevate the standard of life. We need clean, healthy newspapers, with clean, healthy criticism which shall be fearless and truthful. We need upright politicians, who will take the time and trouble, and who possess the capacity, to manage caucuses, conventions, and public assemblies. We need men who try to be their poorer brothers' keepers to the extent of befriending them and working with them so far as they are willing; men who work in charitable associations, or, what is even better, strive to get into touch with the wage-workers, to understand them, and to champion their cause when it is just. We need the sound and healthy idealist; the theoretic writer, preacher, or teacher; the Emerson or Phillips Brooks, who helps to create the atmosphere of enthusiasm and practical endeavor. In public life we need not only men who are able to work in and through their parties, but also upright, fearless, rational independents, who will deal impartial justice to all men and all parties. We need men who are far-sighted and resolute; men who combine sincerity with sanity. We need scholarly men, too—men who study all the difficult questions of our political life from the standpoint both of practice and of theory; men who thus study trusts, or municipal government, or finance, or taxation, or civil-service reform, as the authors of the "Federalist" studied the problems of federal government.

In closing, let me again dwell upon the point I am seeking to emphasize, so that there shall be no chance of honest misunderstanding of what I say. It is vital that every man who is in politics, as a man ought

to be, with a disinterested purpose to serve the public, should strive steadily for reform; that he should have the highest ideals. He must lead, only he must lead in the right direction, and normally he must be in sight of his followers. Cynicism in public life is a curse, and when a man has lost the power of enthusiasm for righteousness, it will be better for him and the country if he abandons public life.

Above all, the political reformer must not permit himself to be driven from his duty of supporting what is right by any irritation at the men who, while nominally supporting the same objects, and even ridiculing him as a backslider or an "opportunist," yet by their levity or fanaticism do damage to the cause which he really serves, and which they profess to serve. Let him disregard them; for though they are, according to their ability, the foes of decent politics, yet, after all, they are but weaklings, and the real and dangerous enemies of the cause he holds dear are those sinister beings who batten on the evil of our political system, and both profit by its existence, and by their own existence tend to perpetuate and increase it. We must not be diverted from our warfare with these powerful and efficient corruptionists by irritation at the vain prattlers who think they are at the head of the reform forces, whereas they are really wandering in bypaths in the rear.

The professional impracticable, the man who sneers at the sane and honest strivers after good, who sneers at the men who are following, however humbly, in the footsteps of those who worked for and secured practical results in the days of Washington, and again in the days of Lincoln, who denounces them as time-servers and compromisers, is, of course, an ally of corruption. But, after all, he can generally be disregarded, whereas the real and dangerous foe is the corrupt politician, whom we cannot afford to disregard. When one of these professional impracticables denounces the attitude of decent men as "a hodge-podge of the ideal and the practicable," he is amusingly unaware that he is writing his own condemnation, showing his own inability to do good work or to appreciate good work. The Constitutional Convention over which Washington presided, and which made us a nation, represented precisely and exactly this "hodge-podge," and was frantically denounced in its day by the men of the impracticable type. Lincoln's career throughout the Civil War was such a "hodge-podge," and was in its turn denounced in exactly the same way. Lincoln disregarded the jibes of these men, who did their puny best to hurt the great cause for which he battled; and they never, by their pin-pricks, succeeded in diverting him from the real foe. The fanatical antislavery people wished to hurry him into unwise, extreme, and premature action, and denounced him as compromising with the forces of evil, as being a practical politician—which he was, if practicality is held to include wisdom and high purpose. He did not permit himself to be affected by their position. He did not yield to what they advised when it was impracticable, nor did he permit himself to become prejudiced against so much of what they championed as was right and practicable. His ideal was just as high as theirs. He did not lower it. He did not lose his temper at their conduct, or cease to strive for the abolition of slavery and the restoration of the Union; and whereas their conduct foreboded disaster to both causes, his efforts secured the success of both. So, in our turn, we of to-day are bound to try to tread in the footsteps of those great Americans who in the past have held a high ideal and have striven mightily through practical methods to realize that ideal. There must be many compromises; but we cannot compromise with dishonesty, with sin. We must not be misled at any time by the cheap assertion that people get only what they want; that the editor of a degraded newspaper is to be excused because the public want the degradation; that the city officials who inaugurate a "wide-open" policy are to be excused because a portion of the public likes vice; that the men who jeer at philanthropy are to be excused because among philanthropists there are hypocrites, and among unfortunates there are vicious and unworthy people. To pander to depravity inevitably means to increase the depravity. It is a dreadful thing that public sentiment should condone misconduct in a public man; but this is no excuse for the public man, if by his conduct he still further degrades public sentiment. There can be no meddling with the laws of righteousness, of decency, of morality. We are in honor bound to put into practice what we preach; to remember that we are not to be excused if we do not; and that in the last resort no material prosperity, no business acumen, no intellectual development of any kind, can atone in the life of a nation for the lack of the fundamental qualities of courage, honesty, and common sense.

DR. NORTH AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL,
Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Characteristics," etc.

PART FOUR.

VI.

THE next day I saw Xerxes. Three years of the life of what he at first called the "meetropolis," and the vigor of reacquired health, together with another influence, had wrought notable changes in the outer ways, dress, and language of the great railroad-wrecker. He still had the look of animal power. The ursine appearance of awkward strength was still present; the huge hands, the strong, prominent muscles of the jaws, like those of the Bonapartes, the rolling walk of the plantigrade, all were as before. Vincent remarked later that he must always have been a person of varied and unexpectable capabilities, and even of undeveloped tastes. Courageous in action, outspoken rather than frank, lavish rather than generous, at times amazingly impulsive, he was, beneath all, the wild beast of the jungles of finance, strong, adroit, and merciless. "He has also the Christianity of humor," said St. Clair, at a still later date, "and that," observed the poet, "does prevent a man from being consistently inhuman." This queer comment set me to thinking whether the great criminal natures I had met in my time were ever endowed with this quality of humor.

Mr. Xerxes Crofter came into my library at morning, and before accepting a seat, set his huge hands on the table and stood still. I rose and said: "Good morning. Sit down."

Without returning my salutation, he said: "Can't do it, doctor; got to meet some railroad men. I came here to talk with your friend Clayborne. He says I must dine with him to-morrow; afterward he will see about it. That is n't business. I came here to get the better of him about a coal deal." Here he paused.

"Well?" said I.

"Confound it! Where I was born you can't shoot a man in his own cabin. He won't talk business at table, I guess?"

"No, certainly not. Rest at ease about that."

"But after I feed and drink his champagne he will know all about me. When I eat and drink I 'm a rather loose-languaged sort of man. Now he can't judge my hand."

"But you will know him, too."

"Well, maybe. We won't play chess if I know X. Crofter." He laughed as he recalled the incident of our first encounter.

"I am to dine with you," said I; "no one else."

"Good! Then you will take care of this innocent orphan. I forgot his lawyer is to dine with us, too, a man named Vincent. I heard him argue a case once. He talked the gentlest you ever heard, but, Lord! when he was through with that man, and the court rose,—it was in Arkansas; the supreme court, you know,—the fellow followed him out on to the sidewalk. Joe Bristed had killed two or more, and now we all knew he was red-blood-mad. Says he to this Vincent, 'No man can talk that way about me and live,' and with this he drew a Colt, and folks squandered. Well, Vincent he just stood still with his hands at his sides and looked at Joe. All he said was: 'I made it clear that you are a thief. Now I know that you are a coward.' 'Great Scott!' says Joe, 'you are a brave man,' and he put out his hand. This Vincent he just took no kind of notice of him, and walked away as cool as a cucumber. Darned if I know why cucumbers are cool."

"And Joe?"

"Oh, says he, 'Busted, boys,' and gave it up. I want to see that man. Ever tell you that story? No? He did n't? That 's queer. It was in the papers, though, but the editor got punctuated—full stop, you know. Good joke that! Well, I just came in to show myself. I 'm as right as a young grizzly. I

suppose it is white tie and full uniform? Yes? Good-by."

I drove Vincent out next day to this singular dinner-party. On the way we talked over my Western patient.

"He has ruined many better men," said Vincent, "and now he has quit plundering and retired from brigandage with some incredible amount of plunder. He has corrupted courts, bought legislation, bribed men, and caused tears enough to drown him. And his grandchildren may marry yours. Success covers a multitude of sins. And this devil goes to church,—meeting, my wife would say,—and some of the preachers fawn at his feet. I should like to talk frankly with a man like this man."

"It might, it may, be entirely possible. I think I have already said so."

"I cannot see, Owen, how one could do it. I mean talk frankly. How surely our manners protect a man from the shafts of social opinion, and how easily we in America condone or forget the crimes of finance! In England one slip as to money matters will ruin the career of a politician. With us it is strangely passed over and soon forgotten. But let a man with us go notoriously wrong about women, and he is ruined."

"Yes, and, on the other hand, in England that sin does not affect a career."

"Is that due to the vast influence of women in our national life? I do not think they feel as you or I do, that looseness as to money matters is a more influential, a more radical evil in public life. The one form of crime personally appeals to them; the other does not."

"That may be so."

"Here we are. I never before dined with a complete rascal."

"He is sadly incomplete, Vincent."

We were twenty minutes before our time. Clayborne was dressing. We walked into the drawing-room, and at last, as Vincent wanted to look at a book, into the great library. There, to my surprise, was Crofter, standing in front of a replica of Stuart's "Washington." The Western man, too, was before his time. He turned as we entered, and I introduced these two most dissimilar men.

Then, and later, I was surprised to see how much Crofter had changed. He was on his guard, was perfectly well dressed, and, except when he told some wild Western story, used far better English than he had employed in the days of our earlier acquaintance. The gradual alteration puzzled me, until I learned that a well-known and clever widow in New York had undertaken the task of taming and civilizing this sturdy brute. She ended by marrying him, and did really effect such a notable alteration in his dress, language, and manners as is possible only when an intelligent and well-bred lady is resolute to influence an American of Crofter's type. She was a refined woman, and, I should add, was honestly in love with my powerful grizzly.

"That is one of the best replicas I ever saw," he said. "Pity Stuart did not sign his pictures. I make a point of that when I buy a picture. I like it autographed."

"Do you think, Mr. Crofter," said I, "that this portrait gives one any idea of the man Washington?"

"Now, that is just the kind of thing I should like to ask Mr. Vincent," returned Crofter; "he knows men and he knows pictures."

Vincent, too much a man of the world to betray himself, was, I knew well, resenting inwardly this intimate judgment as to his qualities as a student of men and their portraits. But it was scarcely possible not to be interested by Crofter. His mind was vigorous, his opinions bold and freshly original, his mode of expression at times uncommon, but always effective.

Vincent replied: "I think that if we take the man Washington far on in mid-life, as now at last we know him, and were to construct a face to express the man and his life, it would not be the face of such a picture as Stuart drew."

"They ought," said Crofter, "to have hired Reynolds to have come over and painted him; and there is no great painting of Lincoln."

"It is one thing," said I, "to paint a man's face; quite another to paint on it his character. Usually, in these days of concealment and self-control, only a part of a man's nature gets written clearly on his face. That is the interest of the sixteenth-century portraits. The time unmuzzled all passions, all personal qualities. It was fatal to Italy; it was fortunate for the artist."

"I am not sure you are right as to this portrait," said Crofter. "Washington was an out-of-doors man, and I do notice that men who live in the saddle and under the sun don't get their faces wrinkle-written like men that live indoors. You just get a light sketch of the man on his features. He don't draw himself strong. This Washington only looks grave and serious. He don't show for what he went through. And then there 's another thing. His kind of bred men don't scrawl what they are all over their faces.

Ever notice that, Mr. Vincent? Now, your face don't give any clear notion of what you are."

"I do not think I have," said Vincent, shortly. "I was wondering what Washington would have been had he lived to-day."

"Hard question that," returned Crofter. "He certainly was a large man. I don't suppose he had the outfit for our time. But then, no time is the boss of a big man. He was a hard, steady fighter; he never did have quiet horses to ride. Had a hard time from the start. His own State did n't altogether want him. He kept goin' to school all his life. He made himself if ever a man did."

"What you say as to his own State is true," said Clayborne, coming up behind us as we stood before the portrait. "But how did you know that?" The scholar was as much astonished as Vincent. "What the deuce," he said later, "has this fellow to do with history?" I fancy he considered it disrespectful to the historic Muse.

"The planters did not want him," said Crofter, in reply. "Did you ever see 'Meade's Diary,' Mr. Vincent?"

"Never. What of it?"

"I happened on it last year. I 've taken to picking up books about the Revolution. I have time to read now. Novels don't get me. Meade says they wanted Colonel Byrd of Westover, and declares that he was the bigger man of the two."

Vincent, who knew our history rarely well, said, "I never saw the diary."

"Glad to send it to you. It was privately printed. Can't buy it."

"Don't trouble yourself," said Vincent. He had no mind to be under obligations to Crofter.

"It is no trouble. There is another—oh, some autograph letters. I 'll send them all."

I saw Vincent's look of annoyance, and was amused. He had, however, no chance to defend himself further, for at this moment the servant announced dinner.

VII.

I HAVE always had a fancy for the study of character. Novel social contacts offer fresh opportunities for such study. A new situation becomes a laboratory in which one may consider the reactions of one man upon another. If people are diverse, yet positive, the results are the more apt to be distinct and valuable. Here were three very definite people. Each of them was typically peculiar. In the laboratory certain agents which come in contact chemically decline to alter or to be altered, and remain neutrally indifferent. This idea was in my mind as I watched Vincent and Crofter. The Western man was of gladiatorial make. Audacity, endurance, and intelligent power were clearly to be read on the strong-featured face below the wire-like, resolute curls of his abundant hair. He was now, as I said, on guard, attentive. Only once did I note any trace of the crude society out of which he came. When Clayborne gave signs of leaving the table, Crofter, who was listening intently to Vincent, put out a searching paw, in evident pursuit of the boarding-house napkin-ring of youthful days. I was sure of this, because he had automatically folded and rolled up his napkin. He shook it out and cast it on the table as our host rose. In contrast to Crofter was the refinement of Vincent's familiar face, with its look of reserved power, and its suggestion of sternness in mouth and chin. There was a queer look of innocence about the large blue eyes of the man of the financial prize-ring, but Vincent's eyes of lucent gray possessed mysterious influences for those who loved, hated, or respected this sensitive and high-bred gentleman. Would these two prove too socially neutral? It seemed likely to be so. Once or twice I tried to come in as the third reagent, which in a chemist's solution of inactive compounds has the capacity to cause abrupt and interesting interchange of the constituent elements. I had no such luck.

The champagne was evidently to Crofter's liking; he asked if it were not a vintage wine. Clayborne, who to appearance was no more affected by wine than by beer, which was his ordinary drink, set his guest a sad example. Crofter took of the gay vintage, as it seemed to me, in excess. Perhaps this novel society made him forget his usually moderate habits. In fact, I had forbidden him to use stimulants, and he had been singularly obedient. He talked well, and at first listened quietly, but I suspect that the increasing effects of our host's champagne may account in some degree for what happened after dinner.

No word was said as to railroads or money. New York had bored him at first. Yes, he had had to find occupation, and had taken to buying pictures, but only landscapes or, now and then, portraits. Vincent's taste was apparently well known to Crofter, for, with his usual businesslike turn, he had employed his secretary to make a list of notable private collections. Vincent's was not large, but of remarkable interest.

"You have a little Gainsborough I bid on

once," said Crofter. "It was too dear. I waited. When I thought it would have dropped to my notion of value, I found you had bought it. If ever you feel like selling it, I won't stand on price."

I saw Vincent stiffen himself a little. "Thank you," he said. "Mrs. Vincent gave it to me. I, too, thought it rather dear."

"Now," said Crofter, "is n't that just like a woman? You wanted it, and she never thought of the price." The faintest possible flush came out on my friend's cheeks. "How much did she give for it?" added Xerxes.

"I do not know," said Vincent.

"Might guess," said Crofter.

I began to suspect, as I listened, that the wine was already beginning to disturb Crofter's too recently acquired respect for the decencies of social life.

"When can I see your pictures?" he asked.

"I can hardly say," returned Vincent. "I am going to try a case in Pittsburg to-morrow."

"Perhaps Mrs. Vincent will be so kind as to let me see them." My man was, in little as in big things, persistent.

Clayborne, satisfied as long as the talk kept alive, listened, but was quite outside of the game. He was very much attached to Vincent, but never fully understood him.

When Crofter said that perhaps Mrs. Vincent would gratify his wish, Vincent replied, "I will ask Mrs. Vincent."

But now it dawned upon the man that somehow he was, as he would have said, being shunted. His education in feminine hands had progressed far enough to enable him to be dimly conscious of his social mistakes, even when he was unable to understand fully how he had blundered. He said at once: "I won't trouble her, I guess; perhaps sometime I may be more lucky. Come and see my pictures when you have an idle hour in New York."

I read in Vincent's face a danger-signal, but he returned quietly, "I shall hope to have the pleasure. And, by the way, Clayborne," he said, turning to our host, "have you decided where to put the vase?"

After this the talk wandered as we discussed sport, salmon-fishing, and the like. Crofter found the winters in New York rather tedious. "As long as a man can kill things he can get on; but war and gambling are the two things best worth doing for real excitement, and, after all, war is just a big kind of bet. Was in it awhile as a commissary officer."

"Then you saw no fighting?" said I.

"Oh, did n't I? The last year I got into the artillery. The fact is, I like excitement, danger. I guess you do, too, Mr. Vincent."

He did, as I well knew.

"Yes," said Vincent; "I have that folly."

"Thought so. An artillery duel, or poker for large stakes when you have no money, are the two finest things I know—well, the best worth doing."

Vincent smiled, conscious that the guest was, as he himself would have said, on a down grade, and the brakes out of order. I said that I hated war, and then spoke of the wearisome life of the camps, upon which Clayborne remarked that he had never been conscious of the thing for which we have no word, *ennui*.

"Indeed," said Crofter, "is that so? As long as I can gamble I am never bored."

"I myself never could see the charm of uncertainty," said Clayborne, "and for many reasons I dislike gambling."

"Yes," said Crofter; "one is, you 've got to pay up. But what about chess, doctor?" There was a gleam of amusement in the rugged face.

"Hush, hush!" said I, laughing. "That is forbidden ground."

"Ah, I see. All right. Did I ever tell you what came of your advice to teach my big Irishman poker?"

"No," said I, glad to turn the talk, for none of my friends had heard from me of that famous game of chess in which I had won back my railroad stock.

"What was it?" said Vincent, quick to note my slight embarrassment.

"Well, when you told me to go to bed for two months, I did. When you saw me again, you remember, I asked you what on earth I was to do to amuse myself. You see, Mr. Vincent, every night I lost or won at the club a hundred dollars or so, and that was about my entire amusement. In comes the doctor, and says he, 'Teach Mickey Maguire to play poker.' Mickey was my nurse, and a good one, too.

"'What for?' says I.

"'Watermelon-seeds,' says you.

"Well, I did. Mickey was an old army orderly, and he took to poker natural, like a young mule takes to kickin'. After a bit it got monotonous. So then I gave Mickey a thousand dollars to gamble with. This time there was some fun in it. I cleaned out Mickey in a week—money, wages, and all, down to his tooth-brush. When he lost that I lent him fifty dollars. By this time Mickey had got his education. In a month he had

it all back, and three thousand besides. Then Mrs. Mickey sailed in and took it away, and put it in the bank, and there was Mick cleaned out again. Mrs. Mick said if he ever gambled any more she would get a divorce. About this time I was up and well, so I put Mick to work to superintend a mine in Montana."

"Did he do it well?" said Clayborne, much amused.

"Well, I guess so. A man that can play poker like Mickey can do anything. Life 's only a big gamble, gentlemen, and all its insides are little gambles. Marriage is the worst."

On this we rose, laughing, and followed Clayborne into the library. Vincent, lingering behind, whispered: "That fellow's cure must sit heavy on your conscience, Owen. I wish Mrs. Vincent had heard the talk, but I shall never tell her, never. She has no social morals fit to stand up against her curiosity. She would insist on seeing him."

"I think that likely. I suspect, Fred, that our grizzly has begun to feel the large liberty of wine."

"Yes, very clearly. Ah, there is St. Clair."

At all times at home with any of us, and especially with Clayborne, St. Clair might chance to come in on a formal dinner, at bedtime, or at breakfast. He had walked out in the dusk of evening, and now lay at easy length on a lounge. He rose as we entered.

"Mr. Crofter, Mr. St. Clair."

I saw St. Clair shrink and lift one foot a little as the broad paw of Xerxes closed on his hand. The grip was meant to emphasize the satisfaction the Western man felt.

"I am very pleased to see you, Mr. St. Clair. I bought that 'Diana' of yours from Overton."

St. Clair liked all forms of praise.

"I hope she will not move again."

"No, sir; she is one of the family."

"Will you have a cigar?" asked our host, and we fell into chairs about the fire.

"Tell you about Diana. My old aunt came on last week. She nearly fell down when she saw Mrs. Diana in the hall. She gave me a fine rating for indecency. By George! when I came down to breakfast the next day I found she had tied a red flannel petticoat around the lady's waist. 'Most killed my English butler. Never knew him to grin before or since."

"I know of several statues which would be the better for clothes," said St. Clair, laughing gaily.

"It was comical," returned Crofter; "I compromised on a screen while she stayed."

"I should have liked to have seen Diana in petticoats," said I.

St. Clair sat still, smoking like Vesuvius, and unusually silent, both sure signs of rising mischief. I saw that he was vexed as well as amused; but I could not imagine why he was angry. He was now chewing the end of his mustache; that, too, meant a change of weather. I made up my mind that here was the reagent needed to disturb this solution of neutral elements. I was not mistaken. St. Clair, I ought to add, knew very little of Crofter, or of the vastness of the booty which was now safely invested.

"I see," said Clayborne, "that Lawton has bought Millet's 'Sheepfold.' I wanted it, but thirty thousand was more than I could compass."

Now, Lawton was another of the fellows who had thriven on corruption, and was well known by reputation to all of us. St. Clair sat up.

"Damn such people; they have no right to own honest pictures."

Crofter smiled. "Lawton was once a partner of mine," he said in an unconcerned way.

I saw Clayborne look warningly at the poet. It was of small use; St. Clair went on:

"I had heard as much, and I am sorry for you. Perhaps you know how the deuce a fellow like that settles things with his conscience. I do awful things myself, as Clayborne will tell you, but then I have abominable hours of negotiation with a certain changeless, implacable clearing-house."

"Conscience, I suppose," said Crofter, who was now too plainly set free from the finer restraints which govern social intercourse. "What the thunder is conscience?"

Vincent looked at St. Clair and then at me. It was as much as to say: "He is off. Who can stop him?"

"That is a large question," said our host. "What is conscience?"

"It might have varieties," said Crofter.

St. Clair took no notice of this. "How can an honest gentleman comprehend a fellow like Lawton? I wonder if he ever thinks of the misery he causes. I know one good old fellow, yes, and another, hard-working artists. Both lost all their small savings by that man's rascally schemes."

St. Clair was off indeed. Three of us were struck silent for a moment. Crofter, instantly conscious of an awkward situation, was, as always, bold and outspoken. He sat

up, laid his cigar on the edge of the table, and said: "Mr. St. Clair, I don't mind plain talk, and I don't shirk. If Lawton is a bad man, so am I; but just you listen. Railroads get built where there is n't trade to run them. They go to bits. The stock don't pay, the bonds don't pay. Then a man buys the bonds and sells out the road, well, practically to himself. I want to face it square. Oh, you hold on a bit. I know. Maybe he juggles with the bonds in big lots, knocks 'em down, and then comes in. Of course there are other ways."

"And worse," said Vincent, calmly, and to my surprise. "Also there are other modes of saving a bankrupt property. I did not bring on this discussion, and I am far from desiring to annoy you, Mr. Crofter. But the case of innocent people thus ruined does appeal to me. The many suffer. One man, or a syndicate, becomes rich. It seems hard."

"It is. But where does war leave the women and children?"

"At least we pension them," said St. Clair.

I saw Crofter's face set in stern anger. "Then get all the fools pensioned. The men who kill don't pay the bill. Some other million of idiots does that. What you overnice people call conscience never made a great country. It 's men that are like glaciers do that, men that just move and move, sir, and crush whatever comes in their way."

The wine had told at last.

During this astounding statement I saw that St. Clair was becoming more and more moved. He threw away his cigar and stood up before the fire. My social chemistry seemed to me about to result in a disastrous explosion. Clayborne sat sternly silent, not liking it, but not seeing how to interfere; perhaps not caring greatly.

"You are frank," said Vincent, in his most quiet way. "If I do not answer you it is because I cannot, here. If I do not it is not because there is no answer."

"Oh, but I sha'n't mind it."

"Possibly not, but I should."

"There is an answer. The answer," said St. Clair, recklessly, as he rose to his feet, "is that there are men of business who can conduct affairs with honor and justice. The answer is that there are equitable means of restoring wrecked roads. The consequences for such hard-hearted wreckers as Lawton are the contempt and disgust of gentlemen, yes, of every honest man."

Clayborne was also standing. "St. Clair," he said, "you forget you are in my house, and that you are talking to a guest."

"Then why the devil do you insult your house with a man like that? Good night"; and he left the room in angry haste.

"I am sorry," said Clayborne, turning to Crofter.

"Oh, you need not be sorry. I brought it on myself, and I assure you, sir, I don't mind it. It 's all been in the papers dozens of times, the same kind of thing. It does n't disturb me nowadays. I threaten a little loss of advertisement, and down comes Mr. Editor. One kind of man just slavers and excuses. I am not that kind. I like the young man, too. I had a mind to have him try his hand on a bust of me."

"He will no doubt be pleased," said Vincent, with a glance of amusement at me.

Clayborne, delighted to be clear of an unpleasantness, added cautiously, "He is very busy just now."

"Well, I think I can make him see his way to find time."

Upon this Vincent rose, and with a word or two as to the address of St. Clair's studio, which Crofter had asked for, they went out to the carriage. Here Crofter turned back.

"A word with you, Mr. Clayborne," he said.

"Certainly; what is it?"

"Write me what rates you want on your coal. I shall accept them."

Clayborne was not well pleased. He was agreeably considering the delights of a long battle with this devouring octopus.

"I shall be greedy," he said.

"No, you won't. Anyhow, I shall stand by my word; I never broke it in my life."

"Very good; I will write to you."

In the carriage there was silence. At last Crofter said abruptly, "Confound that young fellow! He 's an interesting fool."

"Pardon me, he is my friend," said Vincent.

"Friend! You are lucky. I have n't a friend in the world. There are people who do what I want, and people who won't until they have to."

Vincent remained silent. Then the other added: "You and Clayborne are men of the world. Do you really think as he does, now, honestly?"

"With all my heart," said Vincent.

"Is that so? That young fellow, he is impulsive, kind of half woman; but if—well, darned if I see how you run your business. Oh, here 's the train ahead of time. That 's risky. If he was on the Z. and Q. he 'd hear news to-morrow."

The cars were nearly full, and, to Vincent's relief, they were obliged to separate.

I myself spent the night at Holmwood, and early next day I telegraphed St. Clair that he might expect to see Crofter. I did not mention his errand. The telegram lay a week on the sculptor's table with unanswered invitations and what he called "replicas" of bills. Crofter, who had been hammered into hardened indifference to the opinions of men, appeared at my house about ten the next day.

"Come to say good-by. Come over soon. I want a little advice. I gave the whole business away last night. I knew I 'd do it. You might have heard—"

"No; Mr. Clayborne did express his regrets at—"

"Oh, I did n't mind. I forgot St. Clair's address; let me have it."

I did so, and he left with me curiosity as to a queer encounter.

It seems that he soon after appeared at St. Clair's studio, and found him at work.

"Glad to see you," he said.

"Perhaps," said St. Clair, "I may as well anticipate what I suppose you came here to say. If you have come to get an apology, Mr. Crofter, it is not on hand. If you feel insulted I shall have much pleasure in going with you to Montana. There we can settle it in decent Western style."

"Guess my feelings ain't badly bruised."

"Indeed? I had hoped—"

"Oh, drop that. I came to see you about a bust of me. You may set your own price when you have done the job. Will you do it?"

"Where is it to go?"

"In the big rotunda of the Z. and Q. station."

"Good! I will do it if you can give me time. I shall do it in my friend Stahl's studio in New York. But I must have my own terms, and your word that it shall go where you said."

"It will; and the terms not over two thousand."

"It will be less."

"Well, not much. I don't care for cheap art. I want to say a word. I was a little set up by your friend's wine last night. I might have held my tongue about Lawton; but that is not my way. We both talked out our side of the question. That ends it for me."

"Will next week suit you?" said St. Clair.

"Yes," and Crofter went his way.

When, later, Crofter wrote to me that St. Clair was to make a bust of his massive head, I was as much amazed as my knowledge of St. Clair ever allowed me to be.

When Vincent's wife and mine came to hear of the after-dinner scene at Holmwood, Mrs. Vincent said, "How very interesting! I wish I could have heard it."

Mrs. North considered it disgusting, but that St. Clair was right. "I suppose," she added, "that you call this a self-made man. I am glad that no one ever heard of a self-made woman. And truly, when a man ruins a lot of people and takes their bread, and retires in safety to devour widows' substance, does he really never have a pang? Why, Anne, that would kill me or you."

"Yes, dear; but we are you and I. I do not envy the children of the robbers, Alice."

"No need to; but a million is very explanatory, and I am of opinion that even an indulgent conscience can be self-bought. As to the children of these wretches, do you fancy they ever think of their parent as sinful?"

"Probably not, dear."

(To be continued.)

TO JUNE.

BY WALTER BROOKE.

MONTH of the perfect love,
Month of the perfect leaf—
The mellow-mourning dove
Thine only note of grief—
Oh, let me hide within thy shade a sorrow past relief!

Thou, unto whose employ
All Nature's arts belong—
Fragrance and warmth and joy:
Admit me to thy throng.
Thou canst not dull the pang, but oh! tune every chord to song!

EARLY SPANISH ARCHES IN MEXICO.

BY ARCHIBALD BUTT.

ON the outskirts of the town of Tlalmanalco, Mexico, on the slope of Iztaccihuatl, there are some arches of which the world knows nothing, and which few persons even in Mexico have seen. They are of great interest to the historian, as they represent the purest type of arch to be found on the Western continent.

Tlalmanalco is supposed to be one of the oldest Aztec towns in Mexico, and is built entirely of adobe and blocks of cedar, a combination of material seldom found in the republic. There is only one street in the village, and the arches, and the cathedral which adjoins them, stand at the end of this narrow street, overlooking the quaint Aztec settlement.

The people of Tlalmanalco have built massive walls about the arches to protect them from the washings from the mountain, and, what is still more important, from vandalism, for some of the choicest bits of carving have been stolen, while others have been broken. The date of the erection of these arches can be only approximately estimated, since, unfortunately, every document relating to them was destroyed by fire over fifty years ago, when almost the entire village was consumed.

Of course there are a number of legends connected with them, but few are worthy of consideration. It is claimed, for instance, that the arches were built long before the invasion of the Spaniards, and were the beginning of a mammoth Aztec temple. Unfortunately for this story, the theory cannot face the Christian inscriptions which appear on the spandrels above the arch which forms the chancel. Some portions of the relief-carving on the arches are Castilian in design, and until the coming of the Spaniards the arch was not known in Mexican architecture.

Yet tradition throws some light on these arches, and, pieced together by bits of history from the conquest, a fairly good account can be made of them. When Cortés entered Mexico he pierced the interior between the two great snow-caps. General Sandoval, who accompanied the invader, rounded Iztaccihuatl and captured Tlalmanalco. After having garrisoned it he rejoined Cortés, and proceeded farther into the interior. It is a tradition in Tlalmanalco that the Franciscan monks who followed the invasion took possession of the ancient temples there and set up the cross.

It is undoubtedly true that a band of ecclesiastics did take possession of the town, and at once set about building a Christian cathedral. The arches that remain are evidently the beginning of that work, for there are no ruins about them to show that any more than what is seen at this day was completed. A cathedral on mammoth proportions was evidently contemplated, and the work must have been under the supervision of a superior genius. There can be no doubt that the execution was almost entirely Aztec. Every stone indicates clearly that it was carved by an Aztec, for nearly every one contains either an Indian head or an Aztec idol. Moreover, each stone in each archivolt is complete. The columns are all clustered. The bosses shown in the beginning of the spandrels evidently indicate that there was to be a groined roof and that the groining was to go over to another row of arches.

The great arch, evidently designed to form a recess chancel for the altar, and the archivolts in front, were all that were completed. The masonry was built at a subsequent date, possibly in the seventeenth century.

The carving is very elaborate. There are a few instances to be seen where the workman left the Aztec and reproduced the Spanish type of feature. Other stones in the archivolt present the Indian body nude, but with a Spanish helmet on the head. The majority of the stones, however, represent an ancient Aztec idol, the alligator, the ape, and other native animals. The human head is placed *ad libitum* on the animal trunk, and vice versa.

There are only a few instances of Christian workmanship, and it must be conceded that wherever they appear the execution is poor. These Christian designs appear only in the spandrels over the chancel arch. An image

of the Virgin, of inferior workmanship, surmounts the capstone. To the left, in the center of the spandrel, are several poor pieces of carving. The coat of arms of Spain is distinguishable in one, and the crest of the Franciscan Order in the other. To the right are the ulcers of St. Francis, which at first view might be mistaken for the conventional "bleeding Heart."

But for the few instances of Christian workmanship the arches could easily be imagined as the ruins of an Aztec temple, assuming the possibility, in such a flight of imagination, that the arch was known in Mexico prior to the Spanish invasion.

The exact date of the beginning of the work cannot be ascertained accurately, but it must have been in 1521 or 1522, following immediately upon the invasion. The cathedral, which was begun after the work on the arches was abandoned, was completed in 1571. Work on the arches may have been stopped either because it was discovered that the plan proposed was too extensive to be completed, or else for the reason that the monk whose genius had proceeded thus far died, and there was no one to carry out the design. At any rate, the arches were suddenly abandoned, and the cathedral of Tlalmanalco was begun.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE ARCHES OF TLALMANALCO.

The arches were evidently built from left to right. The stone immediately above the capital of the second column represents the Spanish lion crouching above two Aztec forms, his paws resting on their clasped hands, which are held up in form of protestation. The corresponding stone on the right has in bold relief a representation of the same two Aztecs and the lion, but in this design the lion's mouth is chained, and the Indians are holding him by a ring through the nose.

FROM A CONTEMPORARY ENGRAVING BY HOLLAR, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

WESTMINSTER.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

EIGHTH PAPER.

XXIV. THE DEATH OF THE KING.

THE Commons, duly purged or packed, had named a committee to consider the means of bringing the king to justice, and they passed an ordinance (January 1, 1649) for setting up a high court of justice to try him. In all these transactions it seems to have been Harrison who took the foremost part. After going through its three readings, and backed by a resolution that by the fundamental laws of the kingdom it is treason in the king to levy war against the Parliament and kingdom of England, the ordinance was sent up to the Lords. The Lords, numbering only twelve on this strange occasion, promptly, passionately, and unanimously rejected it. The fifty or sixty members who were now the acting House of Commons retorted with revolutionary energy, and passed their ordinance over again (January 6). Two days later the famous High Court of Justice met for the first time in the Painted Chamber, but out of one hundred and thirty-five persons named in the act no more than fifty-two appeared, Fairfax, Cromwell, and Ireton being among them.

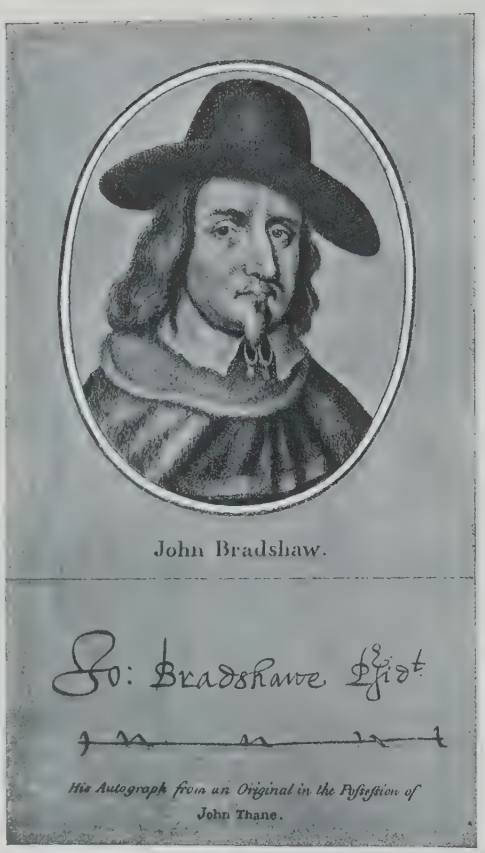
We must pause to consider what was the part that Cromwell played in the tragical unraveling of the plot. For long it had certainly been no leading part. He was not present when the officers decided to order the king to be brought from Hurst Castle to Windsor (December 15). He is known during the week following that event to have been engaged in grave counsel with Speaker Lenthall and two other eminent men of the same legal and cautious temper, as though he were still painfully looking for some lawful door of escape from an impassable dilemma. Then he made a strong attempt to defer the king's trial until after they had tried other important delinquents in the Second Civil War. Finally, there is a shadowy story of new overtures to the king, made with Cromwell's connivance even at the eleventh hour. On close handling the tale crumbles into guesswork; for the difference between a safe and an unsafe guess is not enough to transform a possible into an actual event, and a hunt for conjectural motives for conjectural occurrences is waste of time. The curious delay in his return to London and the center of action is not without significance. He reaches Carlisle on October 14, he does not summon Pontefract until November 9, and he remains before it until the opening of December. It is hard to understand why he should not have left Lambert, a most excellent soldier, in charge of operations at an earlier date, unless he had been wishful to let the manœuvers in Parliament and camp take what course they might. He had no stronger feeling in emergency than a dread of forestalling the Lord's leadings. The cloud that wraps Cromwell about dur-

DRAWN BY F. LUIS MORA.

WATCHING THE KING ON HIS WAY TO WESTMINSTER HALL.

ing the terrible month between his return from Yorkshire and the erection of the High Court is impenetrable, and we have no better guide than our general knowledge of his politic understanding, his caution, his persistence, his freedom from revengeful temper, his habitual slowness in making decisive moves.

We may be sure that all through the month, as "he lay in one of the king's rich beds at Whitehall," where Fairfax and he had taken up their quarters, Cromwell revolved all the perils and sounded all the depths of the abyss to which necessity was hurrying him and his cause. What courses were open? They might by ordinance depose the king, and then either banish him from the realm, or hold him for the rest of his days in the Tower. Or could they try him and condemn him, and then trust to the dark shadow of the ax upon his prison wall to frighten him at last into full surrender? Even if this design prevailed, what sanctity could the king or his successors be expected to attach to constitutional concessions granted under duress so dire? Again, was monarchy the indispensable keystone to lock all the parts of national government into their places? If so, then, the king removed by deposition or by abdication, perhaps one of his younger sons might be set up in his stead, with the army behind him. The Prince of Wales had taken part in the war; but the Duke of York and the Duke of Gloucester were unobnoxious. Some



John Bradshaw.

Jo: Bradshawe Sign^t

His Autograph from an Original in the Possession of John Thane.

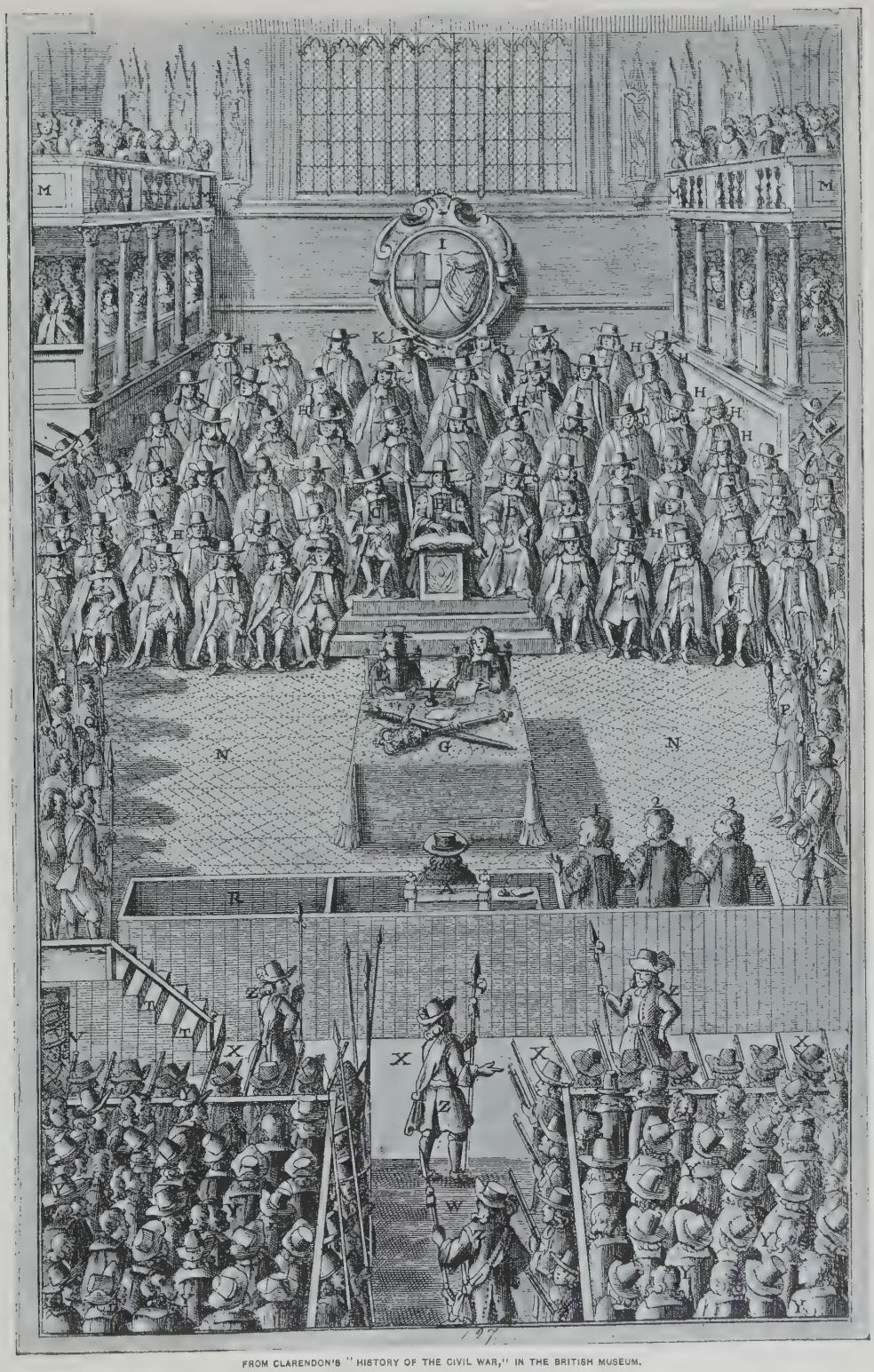
FROM CLARENDON'S "HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR," IN THE HOPE COLLECTION, BODLEIAN LIBRARY, BY PERMISSION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

even thought of the elector palatine as a monarchical figurehead. All these possibilities had floated through men's minds for at least a year before the end came. Was any course of this temporizing kind practicable, even in the very first step of it, apart from other consequences; or was the temper of the army too fierce, the dream of the republican too vivid, the furnace of faction too hot? For we have to recollect that nothing is so intractable as a band of zealots, aware that they are a minority, yet armed by accident with the powers of a majority. Party considerations were not likely to be omitted, and to destroy the king was undoubtedly to strike a potent instrument out of the hands of the Presbyterians. Whatever reaction might follow in the public mind would be to the advantage of Royalism, not of Presbyterianism, and so, indeed, it ultimately proved. Yet, to bring the king to trial and to cut off his head—is it possible to suppose that Cromwell was blind to the endless array of new difficulties that would instantly spring up from that inexpiable act?

After all, violence, though in itself always an evil and always the root of evil, is not the worst of evils so long as it does not mean the obliteration of the sense of righteousness and of duty. And however we may judge the balance of policy to have inclined, men like Cromwell felt to the depth of their hearts that in putting to death the man whose shifty and senseless counsels had

EXPLANATION OF THE LETTERS ON THE PRINT SHOWING THE TRIAL OF CHARLES I. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

A, the king; B, the lord president, Bradshaw; C, John Lisle, D, W. Say, assistants to Bradshaw; E, A. Broughton, F, John Phelps, clerks; G, table with mace and sword; H, benches for the Commoners; I, arms of the Commonwealth, which the usurpers have caused there to be affixed; K, Oliver Cromwell, L, Harry Martin, supporters of the Commonwealth; M, spectators; N, floor of the court, W, O, X, passage from the court; P, Q, guard; R, passage leading to the king's apartment; S, council for the Commonwealth; T, stairs from the body of the hall to the court; V, passage from Sir Robert Cotton's house, where the king was confined, to the hall; Y, spectators; Z, officers of the court.



FROM CLARENDON'S "HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR," IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE TRIAL OF CHARLES I.

plunged the land in bloodshed and confusion they were performing an awful act of sovereign justice and executing the decree of the Supreme. People like Ludlow might feed and fortify themselves on misinterpretations of sanguinary texts from the Old Testament. "I was convinced," says that hard-tempered man, "that an accommodation with the king was unjust and wicked in the nature of it by the express words of God's law; that blood defileth the land, and the land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein but by the blood of him that shed it." Cromwell was as much addicted to an apt text as anybody, but the sternest crisis of his life was not to be settled by a single verse of the Bible. Only one utterance of his at this grave moment survives, and though in the highest degree remarkable, it is opaque rather than transparent. When the ordinance creating the High Court was before the House of Commons, he said this: "If any man whatsoever hath carried on the design of deposing the king and disinheriting his posterity, or if any man had yet such a design, he should be the greatest rebel and traitor in the world; but since the providence of God and Necessity hath cast this upon us, I shall pray God to bless our counsels, though I be not provided on the sudden to give you counsel." Providence and Necessity—that is to say, the purpose of Heaven disclosed in the shape of an invincible problem to which there was only one solution, and that a solution imposed by force of circumstance and not to be defended by mere secular reasoning.

However slow and painful the steps, a decision once taken was to Cromwell irrevocable. No man was ever more free from the vice of looking back, and he now threw himself into the king's trial at its final stages with the same ruthless energy with which he had ridden down the king's men at Marston or Naseby. Some of virtue, courage, and public spirit as eminent as his own stood resolutely aside and would not join him. Algernon Sidney, whose name had been put in among the judges, went into the Painted Chamber with the others, and, after listening to the debate, withstood Cromwell, Bradshaw, and the rest to the face, on the double ground that the king could be tried by no court, and that by such a court as that was no man at all could be tried. Cromwell broke in upon him in hoarse anger. "I tell you we will cut off his head with the crown upon it." "I cannot stop you," Sidney replied, "but I will keep myself clean from having any hand in this business." Vane had been startled even by Pride's Purge, and though he and Oliver were as brothers to each other, he refused either now to take any part in the trial, or ever to approve the execution afterward. Stories are told indicative of Cromwell's rough excitement and ill-timed buffooneries, but they are probably mythic. It is perhaps true that on the first day of the trial, looking forth from the Painted Chamber, he saw the king step from his barge on his way to Westminster Hall, and "with a face as white as the wall" called out to the others that the king was coming, and that they must be ready to answer what was sure to be the king's first question, namely, by what authority they called him before them.

This was indeed the question which the king put, and would not let drop. It had been Sidney's question, and so far as law and constitution went, there was no good answer to it. The authority of the tribunal was founded upon nothing more valid than a mere resolution, called an ordinance, of some fifty members—what was in truth little more than a bare quorum—of a single branch of Parliament, originally composed of nearly ten times as many, and deliberately reduced for the express purpose of such a resolution by the violent exclusion a month before of one hundred and forty-three of its members. If the legal authority was null, the moral authority for the act creating the High Court was not any stronger. It might be well enough to say that the people are the origin of power, but as a matter of fact the handful who erected the High Court of Justice notoriously did not represent the people in any sense of that conjurer's word. They were never chosen by the people to make laws apart from king and Lords, and they were now picked out by the soldiers to do the behest of the soldiers.

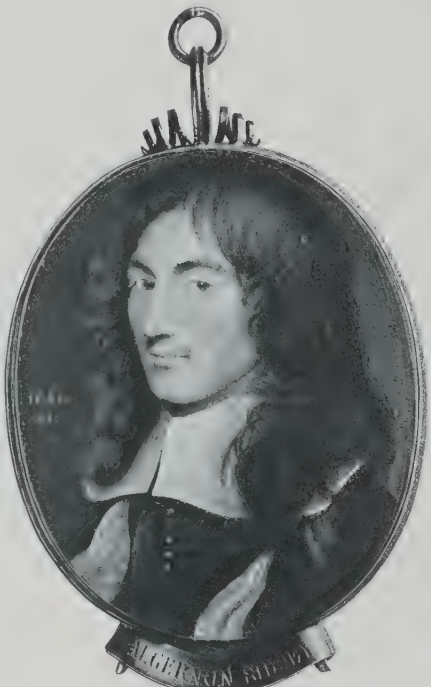
In short, the High Court of Justice was hardly better or worse than a drumhead court martial, and had just as much or just as little legal authority to try King Charles as a board of officers would have had to try him under the orders of Fairfax or Oliver, if they had taken him prisoner on the field of Naseby. Bishop Butler, in his famous sermon in 1741 on the anniversary of the martyrdom of King Charles, takes hypocrisy for his subject, and declares that no age can show an example of hypocrisy parallel to such a profaning of the forms of justice as the arraignment of the king. And it is here, we may note in passing, that he lets fall the somber reflection, so poignant

PAINTED BY VAN DYCK. CARBON PRINT BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., FROM ORIGINAL IN THE LOUVRE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

CHARLES I.

to all who vainly expect too much from the hearts and understandings of mankind, that "the history of all ages and all countries will show what has been really going forward over the face of the earth to be very different from what has been always pretended, and that virtue has been everywhere professed much more than it has been anywhere practised." We may, if we be so minded, accept Butler's general reflection, but it is hardly the best explanation of this particular instance in the tragic scene in Westminster Hall. Self-deception is a truer as well as a kinder word than hypocrisy; the institution of something with the aspect of a court was an act of homage to conscience and to habit of law. Many must have remembered the clause in the Petition of

Right, not yet twenty years old, forbidding martial law. Yet martial law this was, and nothing else, if that be the name for the uncontrolled arbitrament of the man with the sword. Only two sensible things are to be said from this point of view about the trial and execution of Charles I, and they have often been said before. One is that the proceeding was an act of war, and was just as defensible or just as assailable as the war itself. The other remark, thought tolerably conclusive alike by Milton and by Voltaire, is that the regicides treated Charles precisely as Charles, if he had won the game, undoubtedly promised himself, with law or without, that he would treat them. The author of the attempt upon the five members in 1642 was not the man to plead punctilious demurrers to the revolutionary jurisdiction. From the first it had been "my head or thy head," and Charles had lost.



PAINTED BY JOHN HOSKINS, FROM THE ORIGINAL MINIATURE AT MONTAGU HOUSE, BY PERMISSION OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.

ALGERNON SIDNEY.

In outer form, as in interior fact, the trial of the king had much of the rudeness of the camp, little of the solemnity of a judicial tribunal. The pathetic element so strong in human nature, save when grim action inexorably summons; that imaginative sensibility which is the fountain of pity when there is time for tears, and leisure to listen to the heart — these counted for nothing in that fierce and peremptory hour. Such moods are for history or for onlookers in stern scenes, not for the actors. Charles and Cromwell had both of them long stood too close to death in many grisly shapes, had seen too many slaughtered men, to shrink from an encounter without quarter. Westminster Hall was full of soldiery, and resounded with their hoarse shouts for justice and execution. The king, with his hat upon his head, eyed the judges with unaffected scorn, and with unmeaning iteration urged his point that they were no court and that he was there by no law. Bradshaw, the president, retorted with high-handed warnings to his captive that contumacy would be of no avail. Cromwell was present at every sitting, with one doubtful exception. For three days the altercation went on, as fruitless as it was painful, for the court intended that the king should die. He was incredulous to the last. On the fourth and fifth days (January 24–25) the court sat in private in the Painted Chamber, and listened to depositions that could prove nothing not already fully known. The object was less to satisfy the conscience of the court than to leave time for pressure on its more backward members. There is some evidence that Cromwell was among the most fervid in enforcing the point that they could not come at a settlement of the true religion until the king, the arch-obstructor, was put out of the way. On the next day (January 26) the court, numbering sixty-two members, adopted the verdict and sentence that Charles was a tyrant, traitor, and murderer, and public enemy to the good people of the nation, and that he should be put to death by the severing of his head from his body. On the 27th the end came to the proceedings. Charles was for the fourth time brought into the hall, and amid much noise and disorder he attempted to speak. He sought an interview with the Lords and Commons in the Painted Chamber, but this, after deliberation, was refused. The altercations between the king and Bradshaw were renewed, and, after a long harangue from Bradshaw, sentence was pronounced. The king, still endeavoring, in broken sentences, to make himself heard, was hustled away from the hall by his guards. The composure, piety, seclusion, and silence in which he passed the three days of life that were left made a deep impression on the time, and have moved men's "common human-heartedness" ever since. In Charles himself, whether for foe or friend, an Eliot or a Strafford, pity

PAINTED BY ERNEST CROFTS, A.R.A. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

CHARLES I ON HIS WAY TO EXECUTION.

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE BANQUETING-HALL, WHITEHALL.

It was through an opening made in the wall of this building that Charles I was led to execution. The scaffold was in front of one of the windows.

was a grace unknown. On the fatal day (January 30) he was taken to Whitehall, now more like a barrack than a palace. Fairfax, Cromwell, Ireton, and Harrison were probably all in the building when he arrived, though the first of them had held stiffly aloof from all the proceedings of the previous ten days. A story was told afterward that, just before the execution, Cromwell, seated in Ireton's room, when asked for a warrant addressed to the executioner (who was the common hangman), wrote out the order with his own hand, for signature by one of the three officers to whom the High Court had addressed the actual death-warrant. Charles bore himself with unshaken dignity and fortitude to the end. A week later his corpse was conveyed by a little band of devoted friends to Windsor, where, amid falling flakes of snow, they took it into St. George's Chapel. Clarendon stamps upon our memories the mournful coldness, the squalor, and the desolation, like a scene from some gray underworld: "Then they went into the church to make choice of a place for burial, but when they entered into it, which

they had been so well acquainted with, they found it so altered and transformed, all tombs, inscriptions, and those landmarks pulled down by which all men knew every particular place in that church, and such a dismal mutation over the whole that they knew not where they were, nor was there one old officer that had belonged to it, or knew where our princes had used to be interred. At last there was a fellow of the town who undertook to tell them the place where, he said, 'there was a vault in which King Harry the Eighth and Queen Jane Seymour were interred.' As near that place as could conveniently be they caused the grave to be made. There the king's body was laid without any words or other ceremonies than the tears and sighs of the few beholders. Upon the coffin was a plate of silver fixed, with these words only, 'King Charles, 1648.' When the coffin was put in, the black velvet pall that had covered it was thrown over it, and then the earth thrown in, which the governor stayed to see perfectly done, and then took the keys of the church, which was seldom put to any use."

Extravagant things have been said about the execution of the king by illustrious men from Charles Fox to Carlyle. We may doubt, said Fox, whether any other circumstance has served so much to raise the character of the English nation in the opinion of Europe. "This action of the English regicides," says Carlyle, "did in effect strike a damp like death through the heart of Flunkyism universally in this world. Whereof Flunkyism, Cant, Cloth-worship, or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about miserably sick ever since, and is now in these generations very rapidly dying." Cant, alas! is not slain on any such easy terms by a single stroke of the republican headsman's ax. As if, for that matter, force, violence, sword, and ax never conceal a cant and an unveracity of their own, viler and crueler than any other! In fact, the very contrary of Carlyle's proposition as to death and damp might more fairly be upheld; for this, at least, is certain, that the execution of Charles I kindled and nursed for many generations a lasting flame of cant, flunkyism, or whatever else be the right name of spurious and unmanly sentimentalism, that was far more lively than is associated with any other business in the whole national history of England.

Cromwell's own view of this momentous transaction was constant. A year later he speaks to the officers of "the great fruit of the war, to wit, the execution of exemplary justice upon the prime leader of all this quarrel." Many months after this he talks of the turning out of the tyrant in a way

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

WHITEHALL, LOOKING TOWARD WESTMINSTER.

PAINTED BY S. J. SOLOMON, A.R.A. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

THE BURIAL OF CHARLES I, ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

which the Christians in after times will mention with honor, and all tyrants in the world look at with fear; many thousands of saints in England rejoice to think of it; they that have acted in this great business have given a reason of their faith in the action, and are ready, further, to do it against all gainsayers. The execution was an eminent witness of the Lord for blood-guiltiness. In a conversation, again, one evening at Edinburgh, he is said to have succeeded in converting some hostile Presbyterians to the view that the taking away of the king's life was inevitable. There is a story that, while the corpse of the king still lay in the gallery at Whitehall, Cromwell was observed, by unseen watchers, to come muffled in his cloak to the coffin, and raising the lid, and gazing on the face of the king, was heard to murmur several times, "Cruel necessity." The incident is pretty certainly apocryphal. This was not the dialect of Oliver's philosophy of human things.

XXV. THE COMMONWEALTH.

THE death of the king made nothing easier, and changed nothing for the better; it removed no old difficulties, and it added new. Cromwell and his allies must have expected as much, and they confronted the task with all the vigilance and energy of men unalterably convinced of the goodness of their cause, and confidently following the pillar of cloud by day, the pillar of fire by night. The goal was the establishment of a central authority; the unification of the kingdoms; the substitution of a nation for a dynasty as the mainspring of power and the standard of public aims; a settlement of religion; the assertion of marine power. Long, tortuous, and rough must be the road. A small knot of less than a hundred and fifty members represented all that was left of Parliament, and we have a test of the condition to which it was reduced in the fact that during the three months after Pride's Purge the thirteen divisions that took place represented an average attendance of less than sixty. They resolved that the House of Peers was useless and dangerous, and ought to be abolished. They resolved a couple of days later that experience had shown the office of a king, and to have the power of the office in any single person, to be unnecessary, burdensome, and dangerous, and therefore that this also ought to be abolished. In March these resolutions were turned into what were called acts of Parliament. A Council of State was created, to which the executive power was intrusted. It consisted of forty-one persons and was to last a year, three fourths of its members being at the same time members of Parliament. Provision was made for the administration of justice as far as possible by the existing judges, and without change in legal principles or judicial procedure. In May an act was passed proclaiming England to be a free commonwealth, to be governed by the representatives of the people in Parliament, without king or House of Lords.

We can hardly suppose that Cromwell was under any illusion that constitutional resolutions on paper could transmute a revolutionary group, installed by military force and subsisting by it, into a chosen body of representatives of the people administering a free commonwealth. He had striven to come to terms with the king in 1647, and had been reluctantly forced into finally giving him up in 1648. He was now accepting a form of government resting upon the same theoretical propositions that he had stoutly combated in the camp debates two years before, and subject to the same ascendancy of the soldier of which he had then so clearly seen all the fatal mischief. But Cromwell was of the active, not the reflective, temper. What he saw was that the new government had from the first to fight for its life. All the old elements of antagonism remained. The Royalists, outraged in their deepest feelings by the death of their lawful king, had instantly transferred their allegiance with heightened fervor to his lawful successor. The Presbyterians who were also Royalist were exasperated both by the failure of their religious schemes and by the sting of political and party defeat. The peers, though only a few scores in number, yet powerful by territorial influence, were cut to the quick by the suppression of their legislative place. The Episcopal clergy, from the highest ranks in the hierarchy to the lowest, suffered with natural resentment the deprivation of their spiritual authority and their temporal revenues. It was calculated that the friends of the policy of intolerance were no fewer than five sevenths of the people of the country. Yet the Independents, though inferior in numbers, were more important than either Presbyterians or Episcopalians, for their power was concentrated in an omnipotent army. The movement named generically after them comprised a hundred heterogeneous shades, from the grand humanism of Milton down

to the fancies of whimsical mystics who held that it was sin to wear garments, and believed that heaven is only six miles off. The old quarrel about church polity was almost overwhelmed by turbid tides of theological enthusiasm. This enthusiasm enveloped strange theocracies, nihilisms, anarchies, and it soon became one of the most pressing tasks of the new republic, as afterward of Cromwell himself, to grapple with the political danger that overflowed from the heavings of spiritual confusion. A Royalist of the time thus describes the position: "The Independents possess all the forts, towns, navy, and treasure; the Presbyterians yet hold a silent power by means of the divines, and the interest of some nobility and gentry, especially in London and the great towns. His Majesty's party in England is so poor, so disjointed, so severely watched by both factions, that it is impossible for them to do anything on their own score." The other

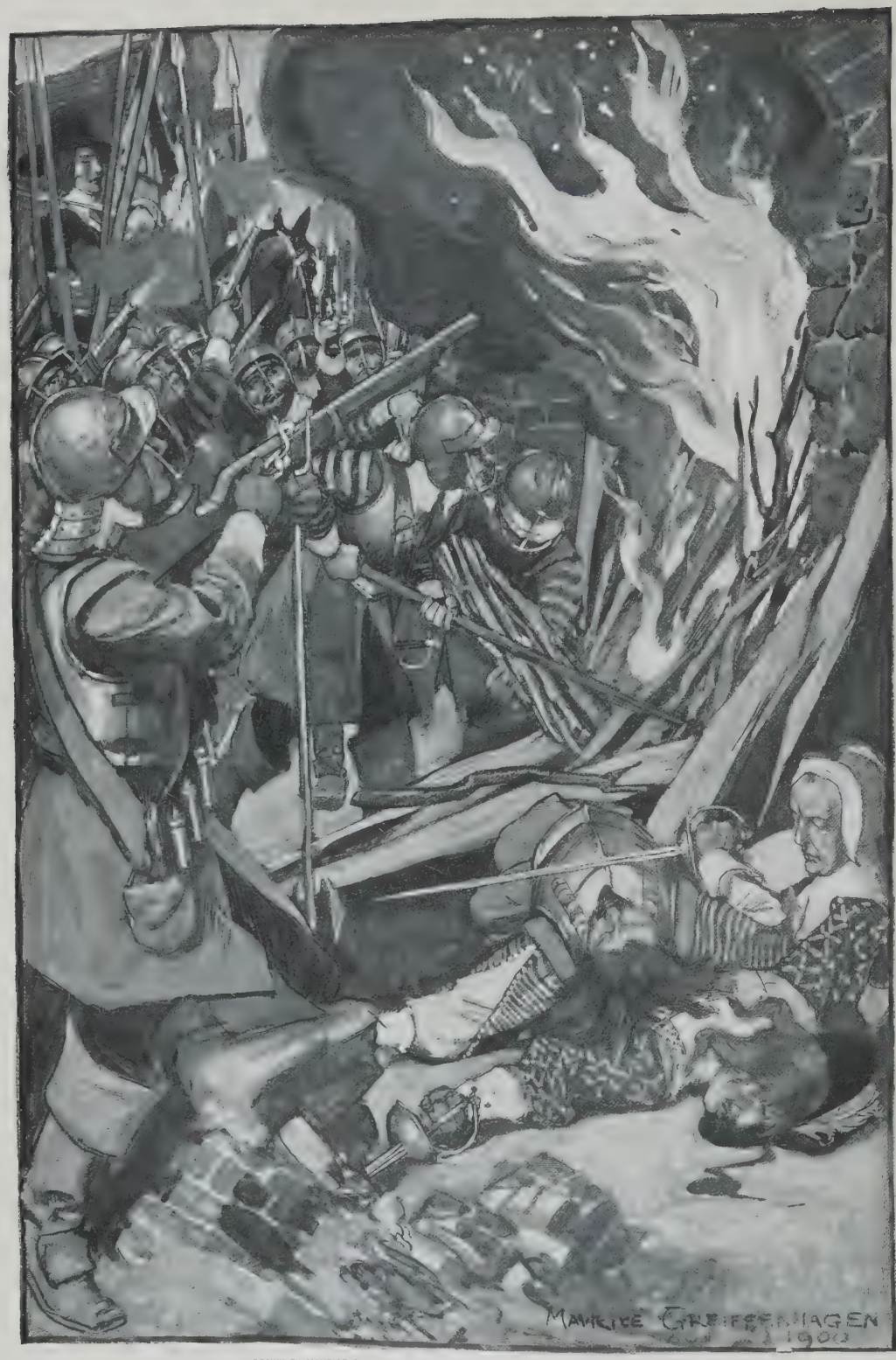
FROM A PASTEL PORTRAIT BY SIR PETER LELY IN THE IRISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, BY PERMISSION OF THE DIRECTOR.

JAMES BUTLER, TWELFTH EARL AND FIRST DUKE OF ORMONDE.

two ancient kingdoms that were joined to the new-born state of England were each of them centers of hostility and peril to the common fabric. On the continent of Europe the new rulers of England had not a friend, for even the Dutch were drawn away from them by a powerful Orange party, which was naturally a Stuart party. It seemed as if an accident might make a hostile foreign combination possible, and almost as if only a miracle could prevent it. Rupert had possessed himself of a small

fleet, the Royalists were masters of the Isle of Man, of Jersey and the Scilly Isles, and English trade was the prey of their piratical enterprises. The Commonwealth had hardly counted its existence by weeks before it was menaced by deadly danger to its very foundations, by signs of an outbreak in the armed host which had destroyed the king, mutilated the Parliament, and fastened its yoke alike upon the parliamentary remnant, the Council of State, and the majority of the inhabitants of the realm. Natural right, law of nature, one he as good as another he, the reign of Christ and his saints in a fifth and final monarchy, all the other political theories that had startled Cromwell in 1647, were found to be just as applicable against a military commonwealth as against a king by divine right. The cry was led by Lilburne, one of the men whom all revolutions are apt to engender—noisy, intractable, narrow, dogmatic, pragmatic, clever hands at syllogism, liberal in uncharitable imputation and malicious construction, honest in their questionable way, animated by a pharisaic love of self-applause which is, in truth, not any more meritorious nor any less unsafe than vain love of the world's applause; in a word, without a trace of the instinct for government or a grain of practical common sense. Such was Lilburne the headstrong, and such the temper in thousands of others with whom Cromwell had painfully to wrestle for the remainder of his life. A reflective Royalist or Presbyterian might well be excused for asking himself whether a party with men of this stamp for its mainspring could ever be made fit for the great art of working institutions and controlling the power of a mighty state. Lilburne's popularity, which was immense, signified not so much any general sympathy with his first principles or his restless politics as aversion to military rule or perhaps, indeed, to any rule. If the mutiny spread and the army broke away, the men at the head of the government knew that all was gone. They acted with celerity and decision. Fairfax and Cromwell handled the mutineers with firmness tempered by clemency, without either vindictiveness or panic. Of the very few who suffered military execution, some became popular martyrs, and this was an indication the more how narrow was the base on which the Commonwealth had been reared. Other dangers came dimly into view. For a moment it seemed as if political revolution was to contain the seeds of social revolution, and Levelers were followed by Diggers. War had wasted the country and impoverished the people, and one day (April, 1650) a small company of poor men were found digging up the ground on St. George's Hill in Surrey, sowing it with carrots and beans, and announcing that they meant to do away with all inclosures. The eternal sorrows of the toiler led them to dream, as in the events of the Reformation peasants had dreamed, that the Bible catchwords had some significance for them too. "At this very day," wrote Winstanley, a neglected figure of those times, "poor people are forced to work for twopence a day, and corn is dear. And the tithing priest stops their mouth, and tells them that 'inward satisfaction of mind' was meant by the declaration: 'The poor shall inherit the earth.' I tell you the Scripture is to be really and materially fulfilled. You jeer at the name Leveler. I tell you Jesus Christ is the head Leveler" (Gooch, 220). Fairfax and the Council wisely made little of the affair, and people awoke to the hard truth that to turn a monarchy into a free commonwealth is not enough to turn the purgatory of our social life into a paradise. Meanwhile the minority possessed of power resorted to the ordinary devices of unpopular rule. A rigorous censorship of the press was established. The most diligent care was enjoined upon the local authorities to prevent troublesome public meetings. The pulpits were watched, that nothing should be said in prejudice of the peace and honor of the government. The old law of treason was stiffened; but so long as trial by jury was left, the hardening of the statute was of little use. The High Court of Justice was therefore set up to deal with offenders for whom no law was strong enough.

Meanwhile the worst difficulties of the government lay beyond the reach of mere rigor of police at home. Both in Ireland and Scotland the regicide Commonwealth found foes. Charles II was in different fashions instantly proclaimed king in both countries, and the only question was from which of the two outlying kingdoms would the new king wage war against the rulers who had slain his father and usurped the powers that were by law and right his own. Ireland had gone through strange vicissitudes during the years of the civil struggle in England. It has been said that no human intellect could make a clear story of the years of triple and fourfold distraction in Ireland from the rebellion of 1641 down to the death of Charles I. Happily it is not necessary for us to attempt the task. Three remarkable figures stand out



DRAWN BY MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

FIRING THE STEEPLE OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH AT DROGHEDA.

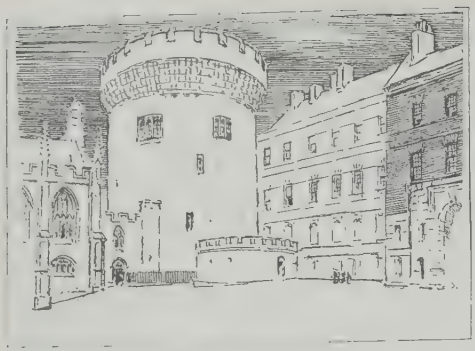
conspicuously in the chaotic scene. Ormonde represented in varied forms the English interest, one of the most admirably steadfast, patient, clear-sighted, and honorable names in the list of British statesmen. Owen Roe O'Neil, a good soldier of valor and character, was the patriotic champion of Catholic Ireland. Rinuccini, the Pope's nuncio,—an able and ambitious man, ultramontane, caring very little for either Irish landlords or Irish Nationalists, and caring not at all for heretical Royalists, but devoted to the interests of his church all over the world,—was in his heart bent upon erecting a papal Ireland, under the protection of some foreign Catholic sovereign. All these types, though with obvious differences on the surface, may easily be traced in Irish affairs down to our own century. The nearest approach to an organ of government was the supreme council of the confederate Catholics at Kilkenny, in which the substantial interest was that of the Catholic English of the Pale. Between them and the nuncio little love was lost, for Ireland has never been ultramontane. A few days before the death of the king (January, 1649), Ormonde made what promised to be a prudent peace with the Catholics at Kilkenny, by which the confederate Irish were reconciled to the king, on the basis of complete toleration for their religion, and freedom for their Parliament. It was a great and lasting misfortune that Puritan bigotry prevented Oliver from pursuing the same policy on behalf of the Commonwealth that Ormonde pursued on behalf of the king. The confederate Catholics, long at bitter feud with the ultramontane nuncio, bade him intermeddle no more with the affairs of that kingdom; and a month after the peace Rinuccini departed.

It was clear that even such small hold as the Parliament still retained upon Ireland was in instant peril. The old dread of an Irish army being landed upon the western shores of England in the Royalist interest, possibly in more or less concert with invaders from Scotland, revived in full force. Cromwell's view of the situation was explained to the Council of State at Whitehall (March 23, 1649). The question was whether he would undertake the Irish command. "If we do not endeavor to make good our interest there," he said, after describing the singular combination that Ormonde was contriving against them, "we shall not only have our interests rooted out there, but they will in a very short time be able to land forces in England. I confess I had rather be overrun with a Cavalierish interest than a Scotch interest; I had rather be overrun with a Scotch interest than an Irish interest; and I think, of all, this is the most dangerous." Stating the same thing differently, he argued that even Englishmen who were for a restoration upon terms ought still to resist the forced imposition of a king upon them either by Ireland or by Scotland. In other words, the contest between the crown and the Parliament had now developed into a contest, first for union among the three kingdoms, and next for the predominance of England within that union. Of such antique date are modern quarrels.

XXVI. CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

It is not enough to describe one who has the work of a statesman to do as "a veritable Heaven's messenger clad in thunder." We must still recognize that the reasoning faculty is still good for something. "I could long for an Oliver without Rhetoric at all," Carlyle exclaims, "I could long for a Mahomet, whose persuasive eloquence, with wild flashing heart and simitar, is: 'Wretched mortal, give up that; or by the Eternal, thy Maker and mine, I will kill thee! Thou blasphemous, scandalous Misbirth of Nature, is not even that the kindest thing I can do for thee, if thou repent not and alter, in the name of Allah?'" Even such sonorous oracles as these do not altogether escape the guilt of rhetoric. As if, after all, there might not be just as much of sham, phantasm, emptiness, and lies in Action as in Rhetoric. Archbishop Laud with his wild flashing simitar slicing off the ears of Prynne, Charles maliciously doing Eliot to death in the Tower, the familiars of the Holy Office, Spaniards exterminating hapless Indians, English Puritans slaying Irishwomen at Naseby, the monarchs of the Spanish Peninsula driving populations of Jews and Moors, wholesale and innocent, to exile and despair—all these would deem themselves entitled to hail their hapless victims as blasphemous misbirths of Nature. What is the test? How can we judge? The Dithyrambic does not help us. It is not a question between Action and Rhetoric, but the far profounder question, alike in word and in deed, between just and unjust, rational and short-sighted, cruel and humane.

The Parliament faced the Irish danger with characteristic energy, nor would Cromwell accept the command without characteristic deliberation. "Whether I go or stay,"



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

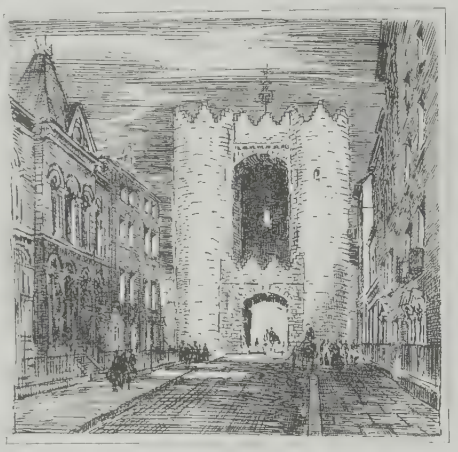
DUBLIN CASTLE.

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

SUNDAY'S GATE-TOWER, DROGHEDA.

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

SUNDAY'S GATE, DROGHEDA.



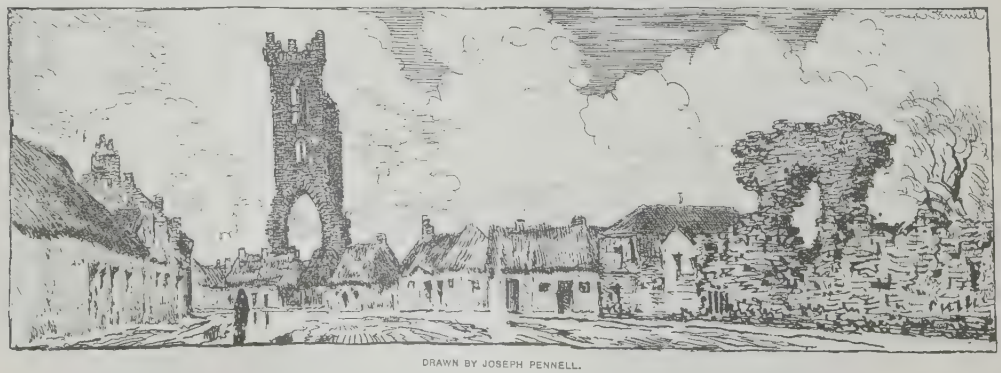
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

ST. LAWRENCE'S GATE, DROGHEDA.

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

WEST GATE, DROGHEDA, WITH RUINS OF THE ABBEY.

he said, "is as God shall incline my heart." And he had no leading of this kind until he had in a practical way made sure that his forces would have adequate provision and a fair settlement of arrears. The departure of Julius Cæsar for Gaul at a moment when Rome was in the throes of civil confusion has sometimes been ascribed to a desire to make the west a drill-ground for his troops, in view of the military struggle that he foresaw approaching in Italy. Motives of a similar sort have been invented to explain Oliver's willingness to absent himself from Westminster at critical hours. The explanation is probably as far-fetched in one case as in the other. The self-interest of the calculating statesman would hardly prompt a distant and dangerous military expedition,



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE WALLS OF DROGHEDA.

for he well knew, as he had known when he started for Preston in 1648, what active enemies he left behind him, some in the ranks of the army, others comprehending the whole of the Presbyterian party, and all embittered by the triumph of the military force to which instrumentally they owed their very existence. The simplest explanation is in Oliver's case the best. A soldier's work was the next to be done, and he might easily suppose that the God of battles meant him to do it.

It was August (1649) before Cromwell embarked, and before sailing "he did expound some places of Scripture excellently well, and pertinent to the occasion." He arrived in Dublin as lord lieutenant and commander of the forces. After a short time for the refreshment of his weather-beaten men, he advanced northward, some ten thousand strong, to Drogheda, and here his Irish career began with an incident of unhappy renown. Modern research adds little in the way either of correction or of amplification to Cromwell's own story. He arrived before Drogheda on September 3, the memorable date of three other decisive days in his history. A week later he summoned the garrison to surrender, and receiving no reply, he opened fire, and breached the wall in two places. The next day, about five in the evening, he began the storm, and after a hot and stiff defense that twice beat back his veterans, on the third assault, with Oliver himself at the head of it, they entered the town and were masters of the Royalist intrenchments. Aston, the general in command, scoured up a steep mound, "a place very strong and of difficult access; being exceedingly high, having a good graft, and strongly palisaded." He had some three hundred men with him, and to storm his position would have cost several hundreds of lives. A parley seems to have taken place, and Aston was persuaded to disarm by a Cromwellian band who had pursued him up the steep. At this point Cromwell ordered that they should all be put to the sword. It was done. Then came another order. "*Being in the heat of action*, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the town; and I think that night they put to the sword about two thousand men; divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the bridge into the other (the northern) part of the town." Eighty of them took refuge in the steeple of St. Peter's Church, and others in the towers at two of the gates. "Whereon I ordered the church steeple to be fired, when one of them was heard to say, 'God damn me, God confound me! I burn, I burn!'" Of the eighty wretches in the steeple, fifty were slain and thirty perished in the flames. Cromwell notes with particular satisfaction what took place at St. Peter's Church. "It is remarkable," he says, "that these people had grown so insolent that the last Lord's day before the storm the Protestants were thrust out of the great church called St. Peter's, and they had public Mass there; and in this very place near one thousand of them were put to the sword, fleeing thither for safety." Of those in one of the towers, when they submitted, "their officers were knocked on the head, and every tenth man of the soldiers killed, and the rest shipped for the Barbados. The soldiers in the other tower were all spared as to their lives only, and shipped likewise for the Barbados." Even when time might have been expected to slake the sanguinary frenzy, officers in hiding were sought out and killed in cold blood. All the friars, says Cromwell, "were knocked on the head promiscuously but two. The enemy were about three thousand strong in the town. I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives." These three thousand were killed, with a loss of only sixty-four to those who killed them.

Such is the unvarnished tale of the Drogheda massacre. Its perpetrator himself felt at the first moment when "the heat of action" had passed that it needed justification. "Such actions," he says, "cannot but work remorse and regret," unless there be satisfactory grounds for them, and the grounds that he alleges are two. One is revenge and the other is policy. "I am persuaded that this is a righteous judgment of God upon those barbarous wretches, who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood; and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood in the future." And then comes a theory of the divine tactics in these operations, which must be counted one of the most singular of all the utterances of Puritan theology. "And now give me leave to say how it comes to pass that this work is wrought. It was set upon some of our hearts that a great thing should be done, not by power or might, but by the Spirit of God. And is it not so, clearly? That which caused your men to storm so courageously, it was the Spirit of God, who gave your men courage and took it away again; and gave the enemy courage and took it away again;

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

WEXFORD. CROMWELL'S FORT ON THE RIGHT.

and gave your men courage again, and therewith this happy success. And therefore it is good that God alone have all the glory."

That Cromwell's ruthless severity may have been justified by the strict letter of the military law of the time is just possible. It may be true, as is contended, that this slaughter was no worse than some of the worst acts of those commanders in the Thirty Years' War whose names have ever since stood out in European history in letters of crimson as bywords of cruelty and savagery. That, after all, is but dubious extenuation. Though he may have had a technical right to give no quarter where a storm had followed the refusal to surrender, in England this right was used by him only once in the whole course of the war, and in his own defense of the massacre it was not upon military right that he chose to stand. The language used by Ludlow about it shows that even in the opinion of that time what was done needed explanation. "The slaughter was continued all that day and the next," he says, "which *extraordinary severity*, I presume, was used to discourage others from making opposition." This, as we have seen, was one of the two explanations given by Oliver himself. The general question, how far in such a case the end warrants the means, is a question of military and Christian ethics which it is not for us to discuss here, beyond reminding the reader that not a few of the most barbarous enormities in human annals have been excused on the same ground, that in the long run gibbet, stake, torch, sword, dagger, and bullet are the truest mercy, sometimes to men's life here, sometimes to their souls hereafter. No less equivocal was Cromwell's second plea. The massacre, he says, was a righteous vengeance upon the wretches who had imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood in Ulster eight years before. Yet he must have known that of the three thousand men who were butchered at Drogheda, of the friars who were knocked on the head promiscuously, and of the officers who were killed in cold blood, not a single victim was likely to have had part or lot in the Ulster atrocities of 1641. More than one contem-

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

WEXFORD CASTLE.

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

NEW ROSS.

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

WATERFORD, FROM CROMWELL'S ROCK.

porary authority (including Ludlow and Clarendon) says the garrison was mostly English, and undoubtedly a contingent was English and Protestant. The better opinion on the whole now seems to be that most of the slain men were Irish and Catholic, but that they came from Kilkenny and other parts of the country far outside of Ulster, and so were "in the highest degree unlikely to have had any hand in the Ulster massacre" of 1641.

Whether, again, the butchery at Drogheda did actually prevent in any marked degree further effusion of blood is doubtful. Cromwell remained in Ireland nine months longer, and the war was not extinguished for two years after his departure. The nine months of his sojourn in the country were a time of unrelaxing effort on one side, and obstinate resistance on the other. From Drogheda he marched south to Wexford. The garrison made a good stand for several days, but at last were compelled to parley. A traitor, during the parley, yielded up the castle, and the Irish on the walls withdrew into the town. "Which our men perceiving, ran violently upon the town with their ladder and stormed it. And when they were come into the market-place, the enemy making a stiff resistance, our forces broke them; and then put all to the sword that came in their way. I believe in all there was lost of the enemy not many less than two thousand, and I believe not twenty of ours from first to last of the siege." The town was sacked, and priests and friars were again knocked on the head, some of them in a Protestant chapel which they had been audacious enough to turn into a mass-house. For all this Cromwell was not directly responsible, as he had been at Drogheda. "Indeed it hath, not without cause, been set upon our hearts, that we, intending better to this place than so great a ruin, hoping the town might be of more use to you and your army, yet God would not have it so; but by an un-

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

WATERFORD, FROM NEAR CROMWELL'S ROCK, ON THE RIGHT, WHERE HIS GUNS WERE PLACED.

expected providence in his righteous justice, brought a just judgment upon them; causing them to become a prey to the soldier, who in their piracies had made preys of so many families, and now with their bloods to answer the cruelties which they had exercised upon the lives of divers poor Protestants."

A heavy hand was laid upon southern Ireland all through Cromwell's stay. Gowran was a strong castle, in command of a Kentish man, a principal actor in the Kentish insurrection of 1648. He returned a resolute refusal to Cromwell's invitation to surrender (March, 1650). The batteries were opened, and after a short parley a treaty was made, the soldiers to have quarter, the officers to be treated as the victors might think fit. The next day the officers were shot and a popish priest was hanged. In passing, we may ask, in face of this hanging of chaplains and promiscuous knocking of friars on the head, what is the significance of Cromwell's challenge to produce "an instance of one man, since my coming to Ireland, not in arms, massacred, destroyed, or banished"?

The effect of the massacre of Drogheda was certainly transient. As we have seen, it did not frighten the commandant at Wexford, and the resistance that Cromwell encountered during the winter at Ross, Duncannon, Waterford, Kilkenny, and Clonmel was just such as might have been looked for if the garrison at Drogheda had been treated like a defeated garrison at Bristol, Taunton, or Reading. At Clonmel, which came last, the resistance was most obdurate of all. The bloody lesson of Drogheda and Wexford had not been learned. "They found in Clonmel the stoutest enemy this army had ever met in Ireland; and there never was seen so hot a storm, of so long continuance, and so gallantly defended, either in England or Ireland." Cromwell lost over two thousand men. The garrison, running short of ammunition, escaped in the night, and the subsequent surrender of the town was only a husk without a kernel.

The campaign made heavy demands upon the vigor of the Parliamentary force. A considerable part of the army was described as fitter for a hospital than the field. Not one officer in forty escaped the dysentery which they called the disease of the country. Cromwell himself suffered a long attack of sickness. These distresses and difficulties much perplexed him, and no wonder. "In the midst of our good successes," he says, "wherein the kindness and mercy of God hath appeared, the Lord, in wisdom and for gracious ends best known to himself, hath interlaced some things which may give us cause of serious consideration what his mind therein may be. . . . You see how God mingles out the cup unto us. Indeed we are at this time a crazy company;—yet we live in his sight, and shall work the time that is appointed us, and shall rest after that in peace."

His general policy is set out by Cromwell in a document of cardinal importance, and it sheds too much light upon his Irish policy to be passed over. The Catholic prelates met at Clonmacnoise, and issued a manifesto that lives in history only for the sake of Cromwell's declaration in reply to it (January, 1649). This has been called by the great transcendental eulogist one of the most remarkable state papers ever published in Ireland since Strongbow or even since St. Patrick. Perhaps it is, for it combines in a unique degree profound ignorance of the Irish past with a profound miscalculation of the Irish future. "I will give you some wormwood to bite upon," says Oliver, and so he does; yet it is easy now to see that the prelates were in fact, from the Irish point of view, hitting the nail upon the head, while Oliver goes to work with a want of insight and knowledge that puts his Irish statesmanship far below either Chichester's or Strafford's. The prelates warned

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ORIGINALS IN THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM, OXFORD, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE DIRECTOR.

SPURS WORN BY CHARLES I.

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

KILKENNY CASTLE.

their flocks that union in their own ranks was the only thing that could frustrate the Parliamentary design to extirpate their religion, to massacre or banish the Catholic inhabitants, and to plant the land with English colonies. This is exactly what Clement Walker, the Puritan historian of Independency, tells us. "The Independents in the Parliament," he says, "insisted openly to have the papists of Ireland rooted out and their lands sold to adventurers." Meanwhile, Oliver flies at them with extraordinary fire and energy of language, blazing with the polemic of the time. After a profuse bestowal of truculent compliments deeply tinged with what in our days is known as the Orange hue, he comes to the practical matter in hand, but not until he has drawn one of the most daring of all the imaginary pictures that English statesmen have ever drawn of Ireland. "Remember, ye hypocrites, Ireland was once united to England. Englishmen had good inheritances which many of them purchased with their money; they and their ancestors from you and your ancestors. They lived peaceably and honestly among you. You had generally equal benefit of the protection of England with them; and equal justice from the laws—saving what was necessary for the state, out of reasons of state, to put upon few people apt to rebel upon the instigation of such as you. You broke this. You, unprovoked, put the English to the most unheard-of and most barbarous massacre that ever the sun beheld."

As if Cromwell had not stood by the side of Pym in his denunciations of Strafford, in all their excess and all their ignorance of Irish conditions, precisely for systematic violation of English law and the spirit of English law all through his long government of Ireland. As if Clare's famous sentence at the Union a hundred and fifty years later about confiscation being the common title, and the English settlement being hemmed in on every side by the old inhabitants brooding over their discontents in sullen indignation, were at any time more true of Ireland than in these halcyon days of Cromwell's imagination. As if what he calls the equal benefit of the protection of England had meant anything but fraud, chicane, plunder, neglect, and oppression, ending in that smoldering rage, misery, and despair which Cromwell so ludicrously describes as the deep peace and union of a tranquil sheepfold, disturbed only by the ravening and greed of the priestly wolves of Rome.

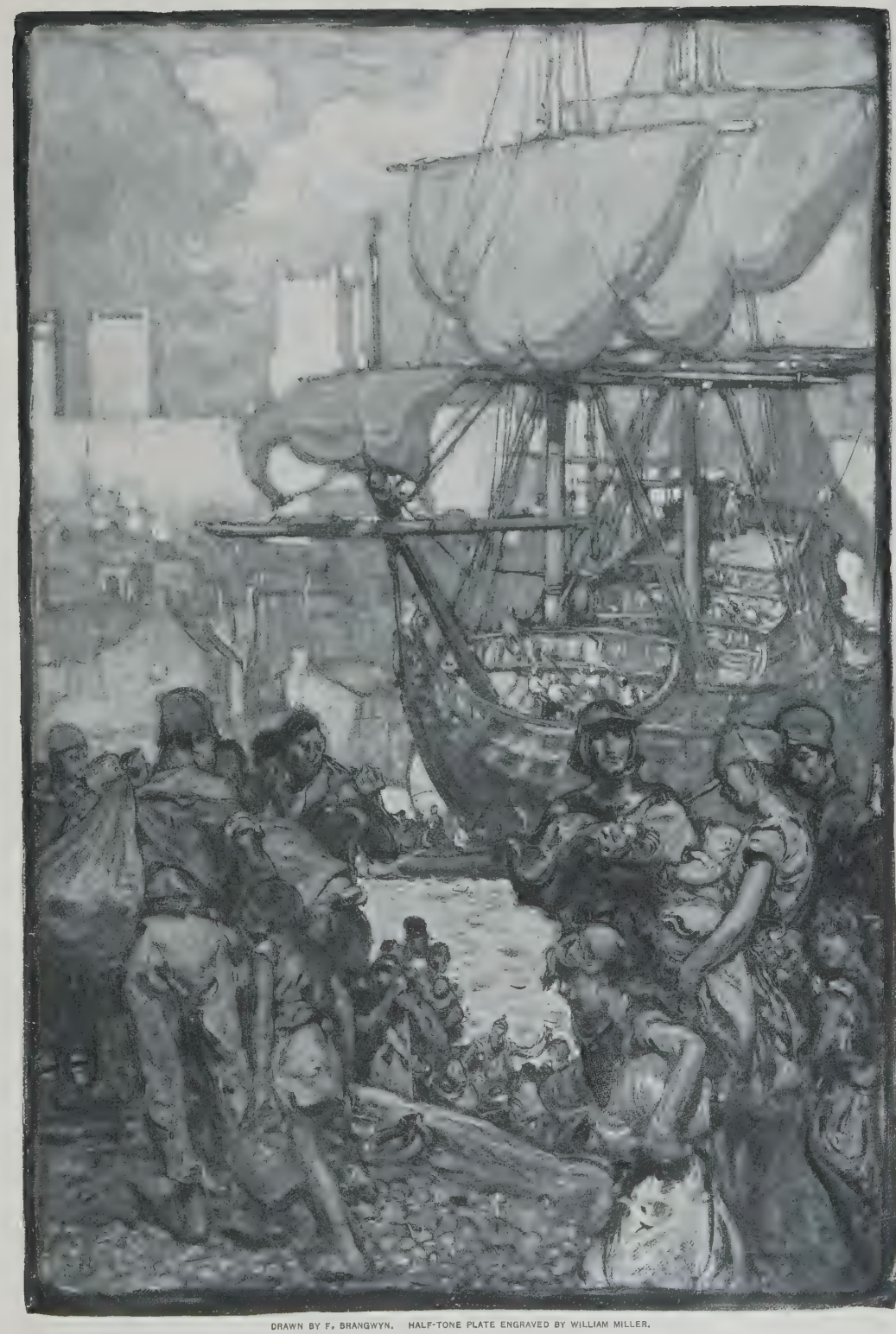
As for religion, after some hot but thin quibbling about the word "extirpate," he lets them know with all plainness what he means to do. "I shall not, where I have power, and the Lord is pleased to bless me, suffer the exercise of the mass. Nor suffer you that are papists, where I can find you seducing the people, or by any overt act violating the laws established. As for the people, what thoughts in the matter of religion [they] have in their own breasts, I cannot reach; but shall think it my duty, if they walk honestly and peaceably, not to cause them in the least to suffer for the same." To pretend that he was not "meddling with any man's conscience" when he prohibited the central rite of the Catholics, and all the ministrations by the clergy on those occasions of life where conscience under awful penalties demanded them, was as idle as if the Catholics had pretended that they did not meddle with conscience if, like the government of Spain, they forbade the possession or use of the Bible, and hunted Protestant preachers out of all the pulpits.

"We come," he proceeds, "by the assis-

tance of God to hold forth and maintain the luster and glory of English liberty in a nation where we have an undoubted right to do it; wherein the people of Ireland (if they listen not to such seducers as you are) may equally participate in all benefits; to use liberty and fortune equally with Englishmen if they keep out of arms." It is true enough that the military conquest of Ireland was an indispensable preliminary to any healing policy. Nor in the prostrate and worn-out condition of Ireland after ten years of such confusion as has not often been seen on our planet, was military conquest, though tedious, difficult. If the words just quoted were to have any meaning, Cromwell's policy, after the necessary subjugation of the country, ought to have been to see that the inhabitants should enjoy both their religion and their lands in peace. If he had been strong enough and enlightened enough to try such a policy as this, there might have been a Cromwellian settlement indeed. As it was, the stern and haughty assurances with which he wound up his declaration "for the Undeceiving of Deluded and Seduced People" were to receive a dreadful interpretation, and in this lies the historic pith of the whole transaction. The Long Parliament deliberately contemplated executions on so merciless a scale that it was not even practicable; still many hundreds were put to death. The same Parliament was originally responsible for the removal of the population, not so wholesale as is sometimes supposed, but still enormous. All this Cromwell sanctioned, if he did not initiate. Confiscation of the land proceeded over a vast area. Immense tracts were handed over to the adventurers who had advanced money to the government for the purposes of the war, and immense tracts to the Cromwellian soldiery in discharge of arrears of pay. The old proprietors were transplanted with every circumstance of misery to the province west of the Shannon, to the wasted and desperate wilds of Connaught. Between thirty and forty thousand of the Irish were permitted to go to foreign countries, where they took service in the armies of Spain, France, Poland. For four years the sugar-merchants of Bristol carried on kidnapping operations in Ireland with all the energy of slave-raiders. When Jamaica was taken from Spain in 1655, Oliver, ardent for its successful plantation, requested Henry Cromwell, then in Ireland, to engage fifteen hundred soldiers to settle, and to send a thousand Irishwomen with them; and a thousand girls, with as many boys, were duly shipped from Galway accordingly. Strange to say, the massacre in the valleys of Piedmont in 1655 increased the bitterness of the Dublin government and of the Protestant generals toward the unhappy Irish. Fleetwood says: "The officers of the army here are very sensible of the horrid cruelties in the massacre of the poor Protestants in the Duke of Savoy's dominions. . . . It was less strange to us when we heard that the insatiable Irish had a hand in that bloodshed." The rigors of transplantation became more severe.

Of all these doings in Cromwell's Irish chapter each of us may say what he will; but to every one it will at least be intelligible how his name came to be fiercely hated in the tenacious heart of Ireland. What is called his settlement aggravated Irish misery to a degree that cannot be measured, and before the end of a single generation the events at Limerick and the Boyne showed how hollow and ineffectual, as well as how mischievous, the Cromwellian settlement had been. In substance, the Parliamentary policy was not different from the policy of Strafford. He too aimed at the incorporation of Ireland with England, at plantation by English colonists, and at religious uniformity within a united realm. But Strafford had a grasp of the complications of social conditions in Ireland to which Cromwell could not pretend. A Puritan armed with a musket and the Old Testament attempting to reconstruct the foundations of a community mainly Catholic, was sure to end in clumsy failure, and to this clumsy failure no appreciation of Oliver's greatness should blind rational men. One partial glimpse into the root of the matter he unmistakably had. "These poor people," he said (December, 1649), "have been accustomed to as much injustice, tyranny, and oppression from their landlords, the great men, and those who should have done them right, as any people in that which we call Christendom. Sir, if justice were freely and impartially administered here, the foregoing darkness and corruption would make it look so much the more glorious and beautiful, and draw more hearts after it." This was Oliver's single glimpse of the main secret of the everlasting Irish question; it came to little, and no other English ruler had so much for many generations afterward.

(To be continued.)



DRAWN BY F. BRANGWYN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

SHIPPING IRISH PRISONERS AS SLAVES FROM BRISTOL.

HAMILTON'S ESTIMATE OF BURR.

THE following letter from Alexander Hamilton, though addressed to John Rutledge, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, was found among the papers of Francis Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. It is here printed from the manuscript. Although a small portion of it has been published before, as a whole it has not appeared.

The inclosed characterization of Burr, it is believed, has not before been published, though in large part it is similar in expression to letters addressed by Hamilton to his contemporaries in opposition to Burr's political aspirations.—EDITOR.

NEW YORK Jan^{y} 4, 1801

Confidential

MY DEAR SIR

My extreme anxiety about the ensuing election of President by the House of Representatives will excuse to you the liberty I take in addressing you concerning it without being consulted by you. Did you know M^{r} *Burr* as well as I do, I should think it unnecessary. With your honest attachment to the Country and correctness of views, it would not then be possible for you to hesitate, *if you now do*, about the course to be taken. You would be clearly of opinion with me that M^{r} Jefferson is to be preferred.

As long as the Fœderal party preserve their high ground of integrity and principle, I shall not despair of the public weal. But if they quit it and descend to be the willing instruments of the Elevation of the most unfit and most dangerous man of the community to the highest station in the Government—I shall no longer see any anchor for the hopes of good men. I shall at once anticipate all the evils that a daring and unprincipled ambition wielding the lever of Jacobinism can bring upon an infatuated Country.

The enclosed paper exhibits a faithful sketch of M^{r} Burr's character as I believe it to exist, with better opportunities than almost any other man of forming a true estimate.

The expectation, I know, is, that if M^{r} Burr shall owe his elevation to the Fœderal party he will judge it his interest to adhere to that party. But it ought to be recollected, that he will owe it in the first instance to the Antifœderal party; that among these, though perhaps not in the House of Representatives, a numerous class prefers him to M^{r} Jefferson as best adapted by the boldness and cunning of his temper to fulfil their mischievous views; and that it will be the interest of his Ambition to preserve and cultivate these friends.

M^{r} Burr will doubtless be governed by his interest as he views it. But *stable* power and wealth being his objects—and there being no prospect that the respectable and sober fœderalists will countenance the projects of an irregular Ambition or prodigal Cupidity, he will not long lean upon them—but selecting from among them men suited to his purpose he will seek with the aid of these and of the most unprincipled of the opposite party to accomplish his ends. At least such ought to be our calculation—From such a man as him, who practices all the maxims of a Catiline, who, while despising, has played the whole game of, democracy, what better is to be looked for. T is not to a Chapter of Accidents, that we ought to trust the Government peace and happiness of our country— T is enough for us to know that M^{r} Burr is one of the most unprincipled men in the U States in order to determine us to decline being responsible for the precarious issues of his calculations of Interest.

Very different ought to be our plan. Under the uncertainty of the Event we ought to seek to obtain from M^{r} Jefferson these assurances 1 That the present Fiscal System will be maintained 2 That the present neutral plan will be adhered to 3 That the Navy will be preserved and gradually increased 4 That Fœderalists now in office, not being heads of the great departments, will be retained. As to the heads of Departments & other matters he ought to be free.

You cannot in my opinion render a greater service to your Country than by exerting

your influence to counteract the *impolitic* and *impure* idea of raising Mr Burr to the Chief Magistracy.

Adieu My Dear Sir Yrs with sincere affecn & regard

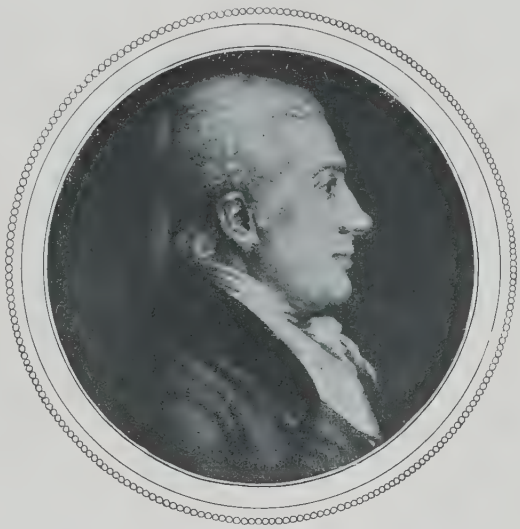
J. Rutlege Esqr A Hamilton

[THE INCLOSURE, ALSO IN HAMILTON'S HANDWRITING.]

Confidential

A Burr

1—He is in every sense a profligate; a voluptuary in the extreme, with uncommon habits of expense; in his profession extortionate to a proverb; suspected on strong grounds of having *corruptly* served the views of the Holland Company, in the capacity of a member of ourlegislature;[1] and understood to have been guilty of several breaches of probity in his pecuniary transactions. His very friends do not insist upon his integrity.



MINIATURE ENGRAVING BY SAINT-MEMIN, IN THE COLLECTION OF ENGRAVINGS OF HIS PORTRAITS MADE BY SAINT-MEMIN AND NOW OWNED BY HAMPTON L. CARSON. THE COLLECTION IS IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

PORTRAIT OF AARON BURR.

2 He is without doubt insolvent for a large *deficit*. All his visible property is deeply mortgaged, and he is known to owe other large debts for which there is no specific security. Of the number of these is a Judgment in favour of Mr Angerstien for a sum which with interest amounts to about 80,000 Dollars

3 The fair emoluments of any station, under our government, will not equal his expenses in that station; still less will they suffice to extricate him from his embarrassments He must therefore from the necessity of his situation have recourse to unworthy expedients. These may be a *bargain* and *sale* with some foreign power, or combinations with public agents in projects of gain by means of the public monies; perhaps and probably, to enlarge the sphere—a *war*.

4 He has no pretensions to the Station from services. He acted in different capacities in the last war finally with the rank of Lt Col in a Regiment, and gave indications of being a good officer; but without having had the opportunity of performing any distinguished action. At a *critical period* of the war, he resigned his commission, assigning for cause ill-health, and went to repose at *Paramus* in the State of New Jersey. If his health was bad he might without difficulty have obtained a furlough and was not obliged to resign. He was afterwards seen in his usual health. The circumstance excited much jealousy of his motives. In civil life, he has never projected nor aided in producing a single measure of important public utility.

5 He has *constantly* sided with the party hostile to *fœderal* measures before and since the present constitution of the U States—In opposing the adoption of this constitution he was engaged covertly and insidiously; because, as he said at the time "it was too strong and too weak" and he has been uniformly the opposer of the Fœderal Administration.

6 No mortal can tell what his political principles are. He has talked *all round the compass. At times* he has dealt in all the jargon of Jacobinism; at other times he has proclaimed decidedly the total insufficiency of the Fœderal Government and the necessity of changes to one far more energetic. The truth seems to be that he has no plan but that of *getting power* by *any* means and *keeping* it by *all* means. It is probable that if he has any theory t is that of a simple despotism. He has intimated that he thinks the present French constitution not a bad one.

7 He is of a temper bold enough to think no enterprise too hazardous and sanguine enough to think none too difficult. He has censured the leaders of the Fœderal party as wanting in vigour and enterprise, for not having established a strong Government when they were in possession of the power and influence.

[1] He cooperated in obtaining a law to permit Aliens to hold & convey lands.

PAINTED BY JAMES SHARPLES. FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF DR. ALLAN McLANE HAMILTON.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON. (SEE NOTE ON PAGE 253.)

8 Discerning men of all parties agree in ascribing to him an irregular and inordinate ambition. Like *Catiline*, he is indefatigable in courting the *young* and the *profligate*. He knows well the weak sides of human nature, and takes care to play in with the passions of all with whom he has intercourse. By natural disposition, the haughtiest of men, he is at the same time the most creeping to answer his purposes. Cold and collected by nature and habit, he never loses sight of his object and scruples no means of accomplishing it. He is artful and intriguing to an inconceivable degree. In short all his conduct indicates that he has in view nothing less than the establishment of Su-

preme Power in his own person. Of this nothing can be a surer index than that having in fact high-toned notions of Government, he has nevertheless constantly opposed the *fœderal* and courted the *popular* party. As he never can effect his wish by the aid of good men, he will court and employ able and daring scoundrels of every party, and by availing himself of their assistance and of all the bad passions of the Society, he will in all likelihood attempt an usurpation.

8 [*sic*] Within the last three weeks at his own Table, he drank these toasts successively 1 The French Republic 2 The Commissioners who negotiated the Convention 3 *Buonaparte* 4 La Fayette: and he countenanced and seconded the positions openly advanced by one of his guests that it was the interest of this country to leave it free to the Belligerent Powers to sell their prizes in our ports and to build and equip ships for their respective uses; a doctrine which evidently aims at turning all the naval resources of the U States into the channel of France; and which by making these states the most pernicious enemy of G Britain would compel her to go to war with us.

9 Though possessing infinite art cunning and address—he is yet to give proofs of great or solid abilities. It is certain that at the Bar he is more remarkable for ingenuity and dexterity, than for sound judgment or good logic. From the character of his understanding and heart it is likely that any innovations which he may effect will be such as to serve the turn of his own power, not such as will issue in establishments favourable to the permanent security and prosperity of the Nation—founded upon the principles of a *strong free* and *regular* Government.

NOTE ON THE PORTRAIT OF HAMILTON.

Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, in response to our request, writes as follows concerning this portrait of Hamilton, which, by his courtesy, we are permitted to reproduce.—EDITOR.

"Most of the portraits of Alexander Hamilton, of which there seem to be many, are inartistic and disagreeable, because of their crudity and ugliness, a large number being the work of the peripatetic painters who flourished during the early part of the century, and up to the discovery of Daguerre. Exceptions, however, are the portraits of Trumbull and Sharples. The work of the former is characterized by its dash and spirit, and an artistic excellence which is generally conceded. The merit of the work of the latter lies chiefly in the fidelity of the likeness. The Trumbull portraits of Hamilton are well known, that belonging to the New York Chamber of Commerce having been often copied and engraved. The Sharples portrait, which is here presented, has never been reproduced.

"James Sharples (or Sharpless), an Englishman, came to the United States in 1796, and won immediate popularity through the novelty and cleverness of his profile pastel portraits. That of Washington was followed by many others of persons identified with the Revolution. This picture of Hamilton is from one of his few portraits in oil, a small cabinet picture measuring eight by ten inches, which was owned by my grandmother, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, who survived her husband fifty-two years, and died in the city of New York in 1856, at the age of ninety-seven years. She bequeathed it to my father, the late Philip Hamilton, who was their youngest son. She always maintained that the Sharples portrait was the only satisfactory likeness she had known. So far as I can learn, it was painted when Hamilton was about thirty-nine years old, and after he had retired from the treasury and had resumed the practice of law in New York."

AN OLD MINIATURE.

BY E. B. FINDLAY.

FOR this plumed and powdered head,
Swords have crossed and hearts have bled,
And for one glance of these eyes
Men turned fools, who once were wise.
Time would pick and steal among
All the charms the bards had sung;
Death drew her aside and kissed her,
So the pilfering fingers missed her,
So she still is young.

THE LIFE OF THE BOULEVARDS

A BOOTH IN THE FLOWER-MARKET OF THE MADELEINE.

BY RICHARD WHITEING,
Author of "No. 5 John Street," "The Island," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

THE very paving-stones of great cities might sometimes cry out, "Let us have peace." Some of them may well complain that the foot of man makes too short work of them, considering the time and trouble it took them to grow. Those of the boulevard are surely entitled to this grievance, as they are ground to premature dust by an army everlastingly on the march. It is a stage army, for it turns on its steps, to repeat the trick of entrance and exit half a dozen times a day. The entrance, I may observe as a stage direction, is by the Rue Royale; the exit very little higher than the Boulevard des Italiens. Beyond that point the long line is simply a place of transit on lawful business, like any other street. The short stretch between the Madeleine and the Rue Richelieu forms the Grand Boulevard ancient of days.

When the New Caledonian of the future seeks his arch of the opera-house to sketch the ruins of the Madeleine, he will not fail to observe that the asphalt here is ground to a finer surface than elsewhere. Its air of fatigue will be as eloquent of a too busy past as the rutted ways of Rome. The custom of ages, since these sites ceased to be open country, or open ditch, just beyond the city wall, has sent the people here for news and gossip every day. Once they came for fresh air as well; and having contracted the habit, they are loath to part with it, though now they are naturally rationed in that commodity like other inhabitants of walled cities. They seldom, however, fail to get a good blow of the winds of the spirit. The boulevard is the source or the distributing center of all the flitting fancies of France. You come here in the daytime for the sensation of the day. You get it of a surety, whatever else you may miss; and while you enjoy it, hot and hot, truth seems but a spoil-sport. The art of life is, after all, but an art of impressions; and this impression, while it lasts, is sure to be to your taste. The boulevard asks no more. There will be something new to-morrow; and what you have is sufficient unto the day.

When the boulevard ends, and the mere boulevards begin, the thing soon rights itself. At Poissonière, if you go so far, you take your sensation for little more than it is worth. By the time you have reached Bonne Nouvelle, you are for crying, "What 's in a name?" Yet these thoroughfares, after all, are in the grand line, and for many of the humbler sort they have something of its subtle charm. The countless boulevards in other quarters have no such relation to the pulsing life of the city. There are boulevards of communication, boulevards of industry, boulevards of silence, meditation, and prayer. Be sure, therefore, to see that you get the right label when you make your choice. Without this, indeed, you may know the boulevard by the composition of its crowds. Their appointed hour is the hour of absinthe, within measurable distance of the time for dinner. They are sleek and stall-fed, and they look forward to their meal with a sure and certain hope. With some, not with many, the whole day has been little more than a preparation for this great act of life. I knew one—still to narrow it down to exceptions that by no means prove the rule—with whom the absinthe was only a final stage of the treatment for appetite. Before that came the douche. When a lusty fellow had pumped on him, as with strokes of a whip of cold water, to urge the sluggish blood into a trot, he was driven to the café for the inward application. Then the green corrosive gnawed him into hunger, and he sought his club to do justice to its cook.

The club, it must be owned, is the enemy of the boulevard, in being the enemy of its cafés and of its restaurants. At the beginning of things it was these institutions or nothing if you wanted to exchange a word with your shopmates in the work of life, or to take bite and sup in their company. This has passed. The club cuisine gives points to the cuisine of the restaurant. The club company is necessarily more select than any café of artists, café of poets, or what not, subject to the intrusion of the outsider. The club, too, has its own town-talk; and since this is but the gossip of the boulevard, with some improvement in the inflections, it gives members all they want. But what the boulevard loses in this way it gains in many another, and its masses of mere human beings make a society of their own.

Yet the Parisian *déjeuner au restaurant* is still an institution. I know of nothing better in the world. In the general competition among nations in the arts of life, France has fixed the form for this repast, if we call it by its proper name of lunch. There are, indeed, midday meals of every variety, all over the planet, for those who are able to get them; but the Parisian déjeuner is the only realized ideal. The breakfasts of the Autocrat were but the ideal; he probably lived on a cracker in the interest of his splendid conversational dreams. The luncheons of the mighty in London society are the nearest English approach to the realization. What there is of light and grace about them is French by origin or by suggestion. The delicate courses succeed one another with ever richer promise to the eye than to the palate, and the *petit verre* seems to close the vista with flowers.

In the Champs-Élysées you may breakfast under the trees, with manufactured surroundings of nature which, for this purpose, are an improvement on the real article. The tame sparrows are probably on the staff of the establishment, but they please. Yet, for profit and pleasure, as for scenery of another kind, the rendezvous may still be the boulevard. The main things are ever the same—lightness and brightness, the former extending from the mode of service to the thing served. There is nothing out of the way in the quality of the viands. The Paris market is ill supplied with fish from the great deep, and the roasts of the Paris kitchen sometimes produce a longing for home that is not purely patriotic. Yet the French cook rarely fails to hold you with the magic of his kickshaws; and if you choose your restaurant with judgment, you will find the fare quite good enough for human nature's daily food. The one thing needful is to approach the table in the right spirit, or all the magic goes for naught. That spirit is the spirit of expectation, of longing, of desire for the good things of the body, and for the good humor which is its natural expression. The doctors say that this lickerishness is an important part of the business of eating, as the mouth that honestly waters for its morsel lightens the labor of the digestive juices.

The Frenchman makes no apology for enjoying his victual, and he knows nothing of the rather artificial humility of our forms of grace before meat. He does not pray that the food may be sanctified to his use and to the most exalted service. It is enough for him to have it agreeable to his palate. So he avoids the hypocrisy exposed in the rebuke of Dr. Johnson's wife: "Where is the use, Mr. Johnson, of returning thanks for a

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

THE GREEN HOUR ("L'HEURE VERTE")—FIVE O'CLOCK AT A BOULEVARD CAFÉ.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

THE NOON MEAL AT A RESTAURANT.

dish which, in another minute, you will declare is unfit for a dog?" He holds, the incorrigible pagan, that the gratifications of sense are as legitimate as all others, and that a filet Châteaubriand is quite as much of an absolute good as the virtue of the Socratic system. Good things to eat, beautiful things to look at, especially women, the quickening appeals of music, oratory, conversation, all these are main parts of his scheme of life. The very scavenger will smack his lips over a glass of wine limed with plaster of Paris, if he can find no better. The moral it carries, as it goes down, is not exactly thankfulness for the kindly fruits of the earth. He feels only that it is good to be alive; or, to put it inside out, that "when one dies, it is for a long time." In rustic wine-shops, here and there, the motto may still be read beneath a faded lithograph

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A BOULEVARD ART-SHOP.

wherein three citizens of the time of Louis Philippe touch glasses in an arbor in spring. They are all as dead now as lithography itself, but, while they had their chance, they made the cannikin clink. It was their national application of the text, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." The compassion of these people for those who devote their entire thought to riches and the toil of ambition might make some of us pause.

This is the French philosophy of the French table—of the breakfast-table especially. I do not criticize, of course; I only try to explain. Its hours are times of truce in the more or less meaningless battle of life, wherein both sides try to find out what it is all about, and to penetrate to the real purpose of Renan's "promenade through the Real." All is in harmony. The very waiters are in keeping with this kindly and tolerant scheme. In their unpretentious jackets and aprons and slippers, in their civility and their readiness to give counsel on the bill of fare, each of them is a humble friend of man. No such character is to be attributed at sight to the creatures of the same species in foreign restaurants, uniformed like undertakers, and obtruding dress-coats on you in

the garish day. Life advances pleasantly, with such aids, in its most serious affairs. Merchants breakfast over bargains, lawyers over cases, lovers over meetings. Blessed are these breakfasters,—while they breakfast,—though they may have to remember, before and after, that they are one of the great sad races of mankind. Joyous is their chatter of irresponsible frivolity, tempered by wit; joyous their brag, untrammeled by the modesty which they appraise as a mean way of seeking condonation for success. All is flowing and gracious as the courtesy of kings. The art of its flow is simply an art of thinking aloud. The dullest of us is always thinking of something, if only of what he ought to think about. Let him but think in spoken words, and he has the wherewithal for the companionship of the table. Their strong point is the generous fullness with which they give themselves away to the adversary by saying just what comes into their heads. But it is less generous than it seems, for they know that no one is in ambush at breakfast-time.

The meal over, there is still the balance of the day, and what is to be done with it? This difficulty is the bane of breakfast for the idler. Let us consider, then, only the few, a very few, in Paris who have no business to resume. The break-up may be for a stroll and a peep at the shops. An art-shop will do to begin with, for this will best keep us in touch with that life of old Rome of which you have the perpetual suggestion in all that passes here. A famous shop for bronzes will do as the highest possible of its kind in our time, since no importations from Athens can now put the native work to shame. Its exquisitely rendered types of the humanity of all the ages keep us true to the mood of the hour. We are on a higher table-land of dream than the one we have just left, amid these nymphs and fauns, troubadours and men-at-arms, who seem to assure us upon their sacred honor that there is nothing like living for the splendid shows of things. They may be right or wrong, but the mastery of art with which they are set before us makes it exceedingly hard to con-

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A FIRST-CLASS FUNERAL.

tradict them. Every form of the nobler animal life lives, breathes, moves, in the still, reposeful metal. The crouching tigers on the spring might win a roar of recognition from the real article, as, according to Haydon, a horse of the Elgin Marbles won a neigh of fraternity from an English thoroughbred. The lions stalking with the stride of Artemis, the sun-affronting eagles, are manifestly lords of earth and air.

The Frenchman's eye for character in form is unfailing, as though he had in him the potentiality of all the moods and passions of animate life. And it is the same with his feeling for nature at large, as you may see when you leave this shop for a picture-dealer's. It is the other part of his intense, sympathetic delight in the whole visible, tangible world, the world of men and women, of plains and trees and flowers. You are as *Prospero's* band, dazzled by the sheer beauty of the brave creatures that have just swum into your ken. The demonstration stops short at their braveries, and is in no wise concerned to weight itself with a moral.

The little gems in oil and water-color are conceivable altar-pieces of a new religion—a religion for men of taste, and that category perhaps includes the largest of the dissenting bodies here. The very bonnets in a neighboring shop have their modest use in the same service. In their present state of unsoiled perfection they look as if they could do no wrong. So of the trailed skirts of the dress-shops; of the exquisite fancies in the windows of the jewelers. And so of the regiment that passes, clarion in front, going now only to its barracks, perhaps in the Place de la République, but beyond that to deeds and to fortunes determinable by the turning of a hair.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

THE PASSING REGIMENT — A SCENE IN THE PLACE DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE.

What a world of the senses, if not exactly what a world of sense! The stately cortège of the *pompes funèbres*, that was for the

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THE BOULEVARD AT MIDNIGHT.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

AN ARCADE.

earlier part of the day, perhaps should have come at this hour to remind us that other things pass besides the regiment and the applauding crowd. But with these invincible sight-seers that would have been only one more of the shows of life. "So may I live as to merit a great public funeral," cried Claretie one day, in a mood of high resolve. Victor Hugo ordained by will a pauper's shell for his remains. He forgot to forbid them to set his catafalque under the Arc de Triomphe, and to call out the horse and foot of the garrison of Paris to carry him to his grave. So they did it—with apologies to his not implacable shade.

The boulevard at night is a very different affair. The later the better. Paris, though the most northerly, is still one of the Latin cities, and the Latin cities sit up late. The farther south the more incorrigible. At Madrid the newsboys find it worth their while to cry the papers till one in the morning. The best of the night hours, for Paris, is the hour after the play. The audiences pour

into the cafés to celebrate with mild refreshment their recovery of the atmosphere. It is the hour of high change for the affairs of the boulevard. A haze of illuminating fire falls on a haze of dust rising from the vexed pavement, and, if one may put it so, on a haze of sound. The huge multitude has come out to see itself. That is the spectacle; just that and nothing more. The settled swarm under the awnings of the cafés—twenty deep, if you carry your eye to the indoor recesses—seem to pass the moving swarm in review. The pavement, in like manner, surveys the cafés on one side, and on the other the busy road It is a promenade of curiosity in which, no matter how often you have seen it, you are sure of your reward. Perhaps the seated crowd has the best of it. The others seem to glide past like so many figures of the new-fashioned scheme for painless locomotion. In this, as you remember, a sidewalk on wheels does all the work, and the wayfarer has only to keep still to find himself at his journey's end. The whole scene is a good deal better than the play the spectators have just left. And there is nothing to grumble at in the price of the seats—a bock or a sherry cobbler not more than three hundred per cent. above cost price.

Many old stagers come here, night after night, as though to stock their imagination with the stuff of which they hope to make their dreams. It at once quickens and soothes, with a sense of Paris as the hub of the universe and the glory of the world. And glory of a kind it is in good faith. The whole broad space between the two sides of the way is filled with life and movement. In the stretch between curb and curb you have hundreds of light ramshackle cabs rolling home with their freight of lovers from the Bois, or their heavier burden of "blouses," packed six deep, and vocal with the message of the music-halls. The "victoria" is the gondola of Paris, with a better title, perhaps, than the hansom has to being the gondola of London. Its long nightly procession to the Cascade, thousands strong, is best seen in the Champs-Élysées, all one side of the road alive with dancing light from the front lamps. As for the occupants, the vehicle is roofless, so that they have nothing between them and the stars. The passing regiment is not wanting, even at this late hour, as the smart municipal guards return to barracks from their service of order at the places of public resort. More rarely, at this time, you may see a stray dragoon passing from late duty at one of the ministries to the palace of the President. But this is only for emergencies. The daytime is the best for these huge military postmen, who fetch and carry as a regular thing between the departments, and whose pouches are sometimes laden with nothing more important than a three-cornered note bidding an opera-dancer to lunch.

But the sidewalk is, after all, the distinctive sight of the boulevard. It is much more than all Paris in its best-known types, and it

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CAFÉ SCAVENGERS.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY JOHN TINKEY.

A CAFÉ CHANTANT IN THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES.

might pass for all France, or, for that matter, all the world. The small shopkeeper, whose person, as a rule, has shrunk to the fit of his premises, has come out with his wife to take the air. Their little "magazine of novelties" in the haberdashery line has so far yielded in its strife with the temple of Janus as to close at eleven o'clock. Their stroll tends to relieve an otherwise intolerable tedium of existence with a sense of the larger movement of life. The flamboyant provincials from Normandy or from the country of Tartarin have just been disgorged by an excursion-train. These, and the soldiers on leave from distant garrisons, have come up for a bath of light in this all-abounding flame. The unhealthy-looking lads, bourgeoning with stray hairs and pimples, have evidently given maternal vigilance the slip. The students from the Quarter have left a like scene on the Boulevard "Mich" for the richer variety of this one. The bloused workmen with their wives, and here and there, even at this late hour, with their children as well, give the note of gravity and purpose, and correct the cruder frivolities of the scene. Yet, in the main, it is quite a "respectable" crowd, and the revelers are still its minority.

The French have so much the sense of character and the sense of spectacle that they are capable, at need, of an entire disinterestedness on the moral side in regard to the shows of things. Our pair from the magazine of novelties take the moral judgment for granted, and come here just for the stimulus of the thought that Paris is a fine feast for the eye. The wife, no doubt, has her thoughts as she sees some of the women in the crowd. But these thoughts permit her to feel that she has her reward in self-respect for the weariness of trying to save for old age on the fractional profits of the sale of ha'p'orths of thread. The little man himself may make the like improving reflections as he catches sight of the gray-headed old lounger who is at his perch in the corner when he ought to be in bed. There was a sort of parting of the ways, perhaps, when our mercer repented of his leadership of the dance at vanished Valentino, and gave security for future good behavior by taking the wife and the shop.

The baser crowd is not edifying. There are the café scavengers, who live by picking up the ends of cigars and cigarettes, to be worked up again into a sort of chop-feed

for the refreshment of poor smokers. Terrible creatures some of these—lean, unwashed, slouching, saturnine, with murder as an occasional alternative to their industries of poverty or shame. The opportunity comes when they meet a drunken carter reeling home at night by one of the bridges. Then the silent knife does its work, and the rifled body is tossed into the water to vanish forever, save for the brief interval of its reappearance at the morgue. There is a more sickening villainy in these lower types of Paris than in the London rough of the same calling. He kills with violence, but without finesse, and he is wicked with his appetites rather than with his reason. He wants his bread and his beer, and he robs or, at need, slays to get them. His French colleague affects the niceties of the band and the password, and lays out his booty in diversions of infamy in which mere tipple has but a small share. Not unfrequently he is quite a philosopher in his way. When Ravachol was not murdering solitary misers for their hoards, or breaking open graves for trinkets, he used to spout at public meetings on the wrongs of the proletariat; and, at the end, as he danced his way to the guillotine, he raised the "Carmagnole" as his death-song, though, it must be owned, in a cracked voice.

The very paralytic who prowls the boulevard with his hand twisted by art or nature into a cup for alms has his social theory. It is in the character of the race. They are constructive artists even in their vices, and they like to feel that what they are doing is a thing that admits of being done with an air. The boulevard is the happy hunting-ground of these castaways, but beyond it each one has a boulevard of his own. Here, on off days, he too sits and sips with his mates, reads his paper, and chucks his forlorn Thais under the chin. In times of trouble they all descend upon the boulevard, and play sad havoc with the furniture of existing constitutions in the brief interval between the scamper of the policemen and the arrival of the guard. During the troubles at "Fort Chabrol," in the summer of 1899, they sacked a church and defiled its altars under the stimulus of a liberal allowance in promotion-money by the factions interested in the proceeding. They work by the job, and the secret agents of the Orleanist Pretender know where they are to be found when the time has come to demonstrate the need of a monarchical savior of society.

The newspaper-hawker is sometimes of their corporation, and he is always an essential figure of the boulevard. This crowd that has come out for the new thing must be fed with it, especially at night, when its mind is most free for impressions. The busy couriers shouting their wares in cavernous head voice are but one sign of the insistence of the demand. The kiosk is, above all things, a Parisian institution, gorged as it is to overflowing with flying sheets and flying fancies from every part of the planet, from every corner of the human mind, even the foulest. Its budgets of papers hang from the pointed roof, obscure the windows, overflow from the narrow ledge of the half-door into supplementary counters outside. They are of all sorts—the academic "Débats," the solid and serious "Temps," the wild "Libre Parole," with its sensational shriek of the hour against the Protestants or against the Jews.

The kiosk is a picture-gallery as well as a library, its whole surface exhibiting a very rash of illustration, occasionally symptomatic of deep-seated disease. Here, in colored lithograph, they murder a woman, and the red stream trickles from the knife driven to the hilt in her breast. The mincing misses of the fashion sheets are close by. The society journals spread themselves in large cartoons of ball and bathing-place. The "almanacs" of the different orders touch every social interest. Add American and English papers, with Russian, German, Spanish, Italian, and Levantine, the latest pamphlets for and against everything in church and state, the time-tables of the railways, the quotations of the Bourse, and you have a hurly-burly of imaginative suggestion amid which the old woman who sits wedged among these explosive forces, with her feet on a brazier, is serviceable as a fixed point.

The midnight boulevard is a sort of first "finish" for most of the pleasures of the town. You come here for the wind-up, if you are for keeping within the limits of discretion. So, among the many roads leading this way, is the Avenue of the Champs-Élysées. These lamp-lit gardens begin to pale their fires as the night wears on. Very pretty they are when the lights are in the fullness of their mellowed blaze, with the screen of foliage to soften them still more into a suggestion of tender mystery. I think those who see them through the screen, that is to say, from the outside, have the best of it. Within, these cafés have the hardness of a cage of performing birds that sing by command. Their songs are brief chronicles of the time, studies of manners, signs of the point of view. Their singers are like such singers

everywhere, never less to be mistaken for their betters than when they are most carefully dressed for the part; but the business of these artists is the humor of the moment, and their tuneful truisms are fresh from the surface of the popular mind. It is not that what they sing to-day Paris does to-morrow. But you may put it the other way: they would not sing it if Paris had not done something of the sort yesterday. So, one of them, figuring as an ex-cabman, tells us in somewhat interminable verse that he has now become the driver of a motor-car. And another—this time a woman—warbles the fascinations of the little work-girl of the capital—her smile, her mocking air.

The newcomer, who appears in the character of the poor workman, is a social satirist. Such, he assures you, is his positive adoration of work that he could sit still a whole day seeing other people do it. This means that the café chantant does not exactly strike the democratic note—at any rate, when the café is in the Champs-Élysées. When it is farther east, this song would never do. Next, perhaps, we have the "Polka of the Englishes," which, of course, is but another shy at the universal Aunt Sally of the Continent. Why the American escapes in Paris I know not, but escape he does. I have seen him from time to time in drama, but never on the music-hall stage. Yet the Americans of this capital, as I should judge at a guess, outnumber the English. Chorus:

> Tra la la la la, la la la la la!
> Voilà les Englishes! Ach, yes! Very well!
> Tra la la la la, la la la la la!
> Plats comm' des sandwiches. Ach, yes! Very well!

The last line is an unkind allusion to the figures of the ladies. The singer goes on to say that when the Englishes have made their millions in Paris, they go back to "eat" them at their ease in London. No wonder, since they receive this hard measure from the Paris bards.

Now it is the turn of the latest idol of the music-halls. He figures as the common soldier, the "pioupiou," with his simple virtues of good humor and fidelity to the flag, and his simple tastes for good eating and drinking and fat nurse-maids—gallantry, gaiety, and courage, the irresistible combination for the French mind. It will be conducive to your comfort if you are not able to understand quite all that he sings. Happily, you will never be able to do it if you have confined your studies of French to the classic models. He and a clever songstress blaze together in the firmament. Her muse is more subtle, and its eccentricities are better composed. But composed they are. The story goes that some art students, foreseeing the possibilities of a new music-hall type, resolved to create a feminine decadent. They searched long for their model, and at length found it in this slender and archaic-looking woman. Then they trained her for tones, gestures, tricks of manner; in a word, for style. She was an apt pupil, and when they had done with her she seemed to have stepped out of some picture of Botticelli as the languidly graceful embodiment of all the wickedness and cynicism of an empty day. She is really an artist, and that is perhaps why she has lasted so long. But let her make hay while the sun shines, remembering a once beautiful and incomparable creature who has fallen from her high estate, and now twinkles in a mere milky way of unmappable stars. Nor is the man who nearly sang France into a revolution, as the Pindar of General Boulanger, now very much to be seen. Yet the historian of the future will have to take account of "En Revenant de la Revue." He must, however, not fail to remark that the song has been altered to suit the times, and that, in place of

> Moi j' faisais qu' admirer
> Notr' brav' Général Boulanger,

we must sing,

> Moi très fort je criais,
> "Vive le Président Loubet!"

As the boulevard is the finish for the Champs-Élysées, so Montmartre is the finish for the boulevard. The whole hillside keeps it up very late; in fact, one of the cafés is open all night. Montmartre by night is a thing that many go to see just to make sure that it is not worth seeing. The cafés of poets are always changing, and always the same. The poets and artists of the Quarter come here for refreshment, spiritual and other; that is the humor of it. They are supposed to come to recite their pieces to one another, or to show their sketches, as they might offer their confidences of genius to the family circle, if they had ever heard of such a thing. Their nearest approach to the conception of family is in their touching filial relation to the landlord of the house—another supposition expressly started for the crowd. He is their father rather than their *limonadier*. He lets them run up scores during the sharp frosts of the Muse. Nay,

he sometimes helps to bring them out, such is the legend. Then, when they win fame and riches,—and they all win these in due course,—they make him free of their palaces in the Avenue de Villiers, and of their chalets at Poissy or at Ecouen.

Alas and alas! it is all moonshine in purest ray serene. The Montmartre poets are mostly an even poorer lot in spirit than they are in purse, and they will never be anything else. The writers and artists of repute know nothing of these cafés, or, at most, see them once and never see them again. Victor Hugo was temperate and a hard worker in his youth—a youth of iron, not a youth of gold. So was Leconte de Lisle. So was Coppée. So was Sully-Prudhomme. De Musset sometimes took more than was good for him, but not in places like these. The new model was started by Verlaine, but one swallow does not make a summer, and it is needless to say you do not exactly imitate his talent by imitating his infirmities.

Montmartre is not so much as the Grub street of Paris, for Grub street was actually productive, and it was at least sincere. Most of these poets and painters are simply the failures of the schools masquerading as the coming man. They are put out of doors as soon as they cease to draw. Their very wickedness is scenic, and it bears a strong family likeness to the potations from the skull in the revels of Newstead Abbey. The contemplative ratepayer looks in, drinks his glass of beer, and goes his way, thanking Heaven he was not born clever. The tourist lays out a few francs in a copy of a song or a copy of a volume, and writes well-meant but misguiding letters to his native papers to say that he has been at supper with the gods.

The Empire, with all its faults, kept a tighter hand on the dissipations of the capital, and, whatever it did on its own account, it knew how to govern in the interests of public order. If follies now enjoy more toleration, it is because they are merely the accidents and the excesses of the freedom that France has won. We must take the good with the bad. The administration is less powerful; people are better able to do as they like for good, and that implies, in rare and exceptional instances, the power of doing as they like for evil.

O LITTLE ROSE, O DARK ROSE.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

O LITTLE rose, O dark rose,
With smoldering petals curled!
I am the wind that comes to you
From the other side of the world.

O little rose, O dark rose,
With your hushed and golden heart!
I am your bee, with burdened wings
Too laden to depart.

O little rose, O dark rose,
Your soul a seed of fire!
I am the dew that dies in you,
In the flame of your desire.

O little rose, O dark rose,
The wonder of your breath!
I am the moth to drain your sweet,
E'en though the dregs be death.

O little rose, O dark rose!
When the garden day is done,
I am the dusk that broods o'er you
Until the morrow's sun.

THE BUSINESS MAN AND THE CONSULAR SERVICE.

BY HARRY A. GARFIELD,
Late President of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce.

IN the spring of 1892 a well-known business house in one of the Middle States learned of the defalcation of a trusted employee. It was the old story, except in one striking respect. The first step, a misappropriation of a small collection intended to be temporarily retained; an unexpected drop in the market; nervous haste to put up more margin out of —no matter whose money; then the final crash—money, honor, hope gone. All this was quite commonplace. The unusual and striking feature was that the unfortunate man left behind him, addressed to his employers, a carefully prepared schedule of amounts appropriated, with the names of those from whom the money had been collected, "so that the firm might not be put to unnecessary trouble." The schedule led to a chase of the culprit across the equator and a thousand miles inland from a South American port. There being no extradition treaty then in existence between the United States and the government whose territory was thus invaded, no official assistance could be looked for from that source. But with the prompt and wisely directed coöperation of certain of our consuls, and especially of one of our ministers, the defaulter was apprehended, and, after many interesting and some thrilling experiences, was set down on board an American ship, safe within the jurisdiction of the United States.

My connection with this case showed me, as I supposed, something of the practical working of our consular system, and it naturally influenced my opinion. The service had been what presumably one had a right to expect, and I assumed that a system which produced results so satisfactory must be praiseworthy. Later, however, I was compelled to change my opinion. The personal representative of the firm referred to, who had followed the defaulter South, stated that during his trip he had met or sought the aid of about twenty consuls and commercial agents,—not to include, of course, the minister, who was a man of ability, always courteous and of great assistance,—and that of this number fully one half were unfit for the position, and some of them disreputable. It had been his good fortune at critical junctures to fall into the hands of the other half, who were efficient, and deserved to be retained in the service.

In 1893, however, all of these capable consuls were ruthlessly turned out of office along with the undeserving. The wholesale removals then made were denounced by the press of the day as a "consular debauch," but the course of the responsible authority was scarcely more reprehensible than that of his predecessors or successors. The civil-service rules blocking side-door entrance to other departments, and the consular service being thus substantially the only resort of broken-down politicians "admittance free," the pressure is inconceivably great upon the President and the State Department. They may perforce yield to the pressure, but they nevertheless heartily deplore the condition, and unite in advocating the remodeling of the system which makes the pressure possible. As early as December 2, 1895, President Cleveland said in his message to Congress:

"In view of the growth of our interests in foreign countries and the encouraging prospects for a general expansion of our commerce, the question of an improvement in the consular service has increased in importance and urgency. Though there is no doubt that the great body of consular officers are rendering valuable services to the trade and industries of the country, the need of some plan of appointment and control which would tend to secure a higher average of efficiency cannot be denied."

Among those who were in 1895 "rendering valuable services to the trade and industries of the country" was Mr. Frank H. Mason, and we may congratulate ourselves that he still continues in the service. He and a few others are always cited by those who undertake the difficult task of defending the present system. But what are a dozen men out of more than eleven hundred? Mr. Mason entered the service near the close of President Hayes's administration, and has been in office continuously to the present time. He began his career as consul at Basel; was transferred to Marseilles in 1884; promoted to be consul-general at Frankfort in 1889; and is now on duty at Berlin in the

same capacity. He is a cultivated gentleman, fitted to deal with commercial affairs, and, what is constantly being underrated as a factor of usefulness, acceptable to the social world in which he moves. His contributions to the "Advance Sheets,"[1] issued by the State Department, are frequent, and display a keen appreciation of the kind of information helpful to home manufacturers and exporters, and a familiarity with the laws, customs, enterprise, and opinions of the Germans. Mr. Mason is an example of what the vast majority of our representatives might be, were a career open to them. Instead, scarcely a dozen are permitted to hold over from one administration to the next; the rest, regardless of merit, are forced out of a service the requirements of which they have just begun fairly to comprehend, and new, untried, untrained, and most often incompetent, men are sent out to fill their places.

One typical case will suffice to illustrate the deplorable results possible under our present system. The reason for the omission of names and the resetting of surroundings will be apparent.

A merchant of considerable importance at home, a man of refined tastes and good education, was called to Europe to conduct personally a negotiation which, if successful, would, he believed, add very largely to his business and yield handsome profits. Being but imperfectly versed in the language of the country, and knowing little of its laws, he asked of the congressman from his district a letter of introduction to our consul in the city to which his business would carry him. Thus armed, the merchant arrived in due season at his destination, and presented himself at the consulate. The consul was absent, exactly where the clerk could not say; when he was to return also was not known. Finally, after considerable persistence, the information was elicited that a letter addressed to the care of certain bankers would reach him. No one else would do, the merchant thought. At any rate, he did not fancy the appearance of shiftlessness of those about the consulate, while the scant courtesy which had been extended to him was irritating. So he telegraphed to the bankers and got the consul's address. Letters passed, but the consul showed no disposition to return; indeed, at last he frankly confessed that he had learned, through press despatches and the letter of an indignant friend, that the new administration at Washington had appointed his successor, and said that under the circumstances he could hardly be expected to sacrifice himself unnecessarily. If the merchant would call on Monsieur T——, an *avocat* of some local reputation, he would find him trustworthy. A month went by. Monsieur T—— appeared to be doing his best, but the negotiations did not bear fruit. At the end of the second month the new consul came, and the merchant made haste to seek his assistance. This official was described as "a large, thick-set man, with the face of a retired bartender and an offensive fashion of chewing tobacco" —if tobacco can be chewed inoffensively. He seemed to be impressed with the importance of his office, and assumed a manner intended to be dignified, but which was, in fact, pompous or insulting as occasion prompted. Unfortunately, he attempted to befriend the merchant, whom he knew by reputation, but thereby only hindered the negotiation. He spoke no foreign language, affected to despise all save his own—and that was quite peculiarly his own. At last, a crisis being reached, and Monsieur T—— being suspected of selling out to the other side, the merchant became desperate, called to his assistance the British consul, and thereby saved himself from a positive misadventure, to say nothing of a complete failure to realize his hopes.

Our former consul was, at least, well informed, and might have become serviceable, but his successor was impossible. He proved to have been a second-rate politician, who, with his backers, had pounded so loudly and persistently at the only door that would open to his kind that at last, probably in sheer desperation, the senator from his State had recommended him, and his nomination had been sent to the Senate.

The incident occurred prior to the executive order issued by President Cleveland in September, 1895, whereby persons selected for appointment should be examined as to fitness. The order still stands, and while the examinations are *pro forma* (the appointments usually being made first and the examinations taken afterward), it is probable that so flagrant a case of unfitness as the one mentioned above might have been excluded; and yet the attainments of some who have since "passed" are scarcely superior to those of the one referred to.

The case is not exceptional. Many others of the kind might be cited, and even worse, such as the imprisonment of a sailor in the

[1] Published daily, except Sundays and holidays, by the Bureau of Foreign Commerce at Washington.

far East by one of our consuls, too ignorant or too criminally careless to distinguish between guilt and imbecility—the wretched sailor being left to languish for months in a foul prison until he was discovered by an official sent out to examine into the condition of the service.

The business man's interest in the consular service dates from the opening of the markets of the world to his products. He perceives that the consul can be of great assistance to him. He is at last coming to understand the true position of the office,—that the consul is an intermediary, not his agent,—and he insists that along with commercial expansion must go a reorganized and more efficient consular service.

Inquiries are now constantly made through the Bureau of Foreign Commerce concerning markets, methods, and manner of doing business, and the "Advance Sheets" are as constantly publishing the replies. Upon the accuracy of this information may depend the success or failure of our export business.

At a time when, as never before, we are ready and able to meet the world in competition, the markets of the East are opening up to us. Like the dawn presaging the coming day, the inspiring light of opportunity begins to illumine the East, and the merchant, manufacturer, and agriculturist, rising in the agile strength and keen ambition of a nation of men just awakening to a full sense of power to do and to be, are starting forth to conquer—or be conquered.

The business man is not much interested in an academic discussion of the question, but he earnestly desires to know how to make the most of his opportunities. Just now it is to him of first importance to understand something, for example, of the character and customs of the Chinese. Until three years ago the exports from America to Hongkong were made up almost exclusively of flour and kerosene. Our exporters made no effort to understand the method of carrying on business peculiar to the East. Now they are seizing eagerly upon every suggestion. They are told that the "chop," or trade-mark, is of far more importance than the quality of the article itself; that failure to settle running accounts by the Chinese New Year affects the credit of the strongest; that the refusal to submit patiently to their manner of doing business is to shut one's self off completely from the Chinese market. Only a few years ago, exporters of tinned goods to Hongkong were seriously annoyed by the rejection of a large proportion of their shipments, the selection apparently being made without reason, an analysis of returned tins revealing no deterioration of the contents. It developed that the invariable rule was to open every case, remove the wrappers, and examine every tin. The least blemish to label was deemed sufficient reason to reject the tin. The rule was absolute. The exporter must either comply or lose his trade, for the Chinese union, or gild, listens to no argument, and is absolutely autocratic in its sway. The importance of full and exact information on such matters is appreciated as it never was before.

It is only necessary to have a slight acquaintance among merchants engaged in foreign trade to hear their general dissatisfaction and specific complaints of the consular service. They are often charged heavy fees for services that should be purely official and should cost them nothing; they find inexperience where experience is necessary to them; they encounter apathy from consuls who do not expect to remain long in service, and who hope for no promotion through merit, since merit was not the basis of their appointment; and they suffer the humiliation of seeing the official representative of their country regarded by the community in which he lives with less consideration than the representatives of other great powers.

In the face of the unanimous protest of business men against the present system, one may well inquire with surprise why there is any delay in remodeling the service. The reason is twofold. In the first place, Congress seldom, if ever, initiates movements of this kind. It must first "hear from the country." Again, until the country speaks with an unmistakable emphasis, the interests immediately affected exercise a potent sway. Every consul has a friend at court—a senator or a representative responsible for his preferment. If the proposition to reorganize the service endangers anybody's position, the political sponsors are instantly advised, and the unwelcome proposition is blue-penciled. Were the criticisms of interested officials heeded, the result would be a bill with a promising title—nothing more. Omitting, however, consideration of the "confidential" letter of protest, it is only fair to mention a line of reasoning apparently honestly advanced in favor of the present system by consuls whose experience ought to have made them wiser. No opposition to the present movement has come from any except consuls, and even these objectors are few. Summed up, the argument is as follows: Our service

is superior to that of other countries because of the lively interest taken by consuls fresh from the home field and in touch with home business. An American journalist or promising young lawyer is vastly superior to the "tea-drinking, tennis-playing" official whose training in the English or German service, for example, has cultivated a proneness to take life easy, who imagines himself too much of a diplomat to descend to vulgar details of business, and too much of a gentleman to "hustle." Yes, but is that the alternative? The enterprising newspaper man and promising lawyer are woefully in the minority, and for the most part find their way to the more prominent but, in many respects, least important posts. Furthermore, neither youth nor enterprise nor experience in home fields is a sufficient guaranty of acceptability,—perhaps sometimes quite the reverse,—as was shown, to our humiliation, several years ago, when an American consul remained seated while a toast to the queen was being drunk, explaining his action by saying that all Americans were princes!

It is only just to say that there are many good consuls in the service to whom the business men of the country are under obligations; but how long will it be before their places are filled by new and inexperienced men? As has often been said, the system, rather then the personnel, is blameworthy.

ORIGIN OF THE LINCOLN RAIL.

AS RELATED BY GOVERNOR OGLESBY.

BY J. McCAN DAVIS.

BEFORE the year 1860 nobody seems to have attached any particular importance to the fact that Abraham Lincoln had been, once upon a time, a rail-splitter.

The month of May of that year marks the advent of the fence-rail as a factor in the politics of that era. This was no accident or spontaneous happening, but was carefully planned, and was executed with an adroitness which made the effect most dramatic and impressive. It is, in a sense, true, as a biographer says, that it "was not planned by politicians." The idea was conceived and the rail movement undertaken by *one* politician, whose only coadjutor was a white-whiskered old Democrat. The politician was young, ardent, and resourceful. He had known Mr. Lincoln for many years; indeed, he was only a youth of sixteen years when he first met him, in 1840. He was even then an outspoken Whig, who instantly won Lincoln's friendship and retained it ever afterward.

This youth's home was at Decatur, only a few miles from the spot on the Sangamon bottom where Lincoln, in 1830, had spent his last year under his father's unpretentious roof. He had been to the spot, and was familiar with the local traditions: how here, in the wilderness, the brawny young Lincoln had wielded an ax and a maul, and felled giant trees, and split thousands of rails, and constructed many rods of fence. It so happened that the young politician possessed a fine dramatic instinct; and when, in the spring of 1860, people began talking of Lincoln as a candidate for the Republican nomination for President, he saw at once the possibilities in the fence-rail.

This man was Richard J. Oglesby, who in 1860 was thirty-five years of age, and had just been nominated by the Republicans of his district for the office of State senator. He was destined to become a soldier of much distinction,—a major-general,—and later United States senator, thrice governor, and the most beloved citizen of his State in the generation immediately following the Civil War.

The fence-rail was the most conspicuous and striking feature of the campaign of 1860. It served much the same purpose as had the log cabin in another campaign twenty years earlier. It appealed to the people almost irresistibly; it told of the candidate's rise from a humble beginning; it was the emblem of his thorough democracy. Nothing else, aside from the great principles for which he stood, contributed so much to his election. Governor Oglesby, a short time

before his death, related the circumstances to the writer.

The movement had its inception a short time before the meeting, in May, 1860, of the Illinois Republican State Convention at Decatur, which was Oglesby's home. The convention was not only to nominate candidates for the various State offices, but, more important, was to select and instruct delegates to the national convention. The availability of Lincoln as a Presidential candidate was then being discussed. At that very time, however, an organized effort was being made to capture the State for Seward. It was conceived by Oglesby that the State convention should not only indorse Lincoln in unequivocal terms, but that it should be made the occasion of a demonstration which would impress the whole country. He had thought of the rails, and believed they would take the convention by storm and captivate the popular fancy. He proceeded circumspectly at first, taking only one man into his confidence. This was John Hanks, an unlettered old man, a relative of Lincoln on the maternal side, who had been a stanch Democrat. Moreover, he and Lincoln had split rails together.

FROM THE OLDROYD LINCOLN COLLECTION, WASHINGTON

A CAMPAIGN CARICATURE: A "RAIL" OLD WESTERN GENTLEMAN.

"I had known John Hanks all my life," said Governor Oglesby to the writer. "He was a Democrat, but a great friend of Lincoln. Years before they had gone together on a flatboating expedition down the Mississippi. He had wanted to vote for Lincoln for United States senator, but he could not do this without voting for the local Republican candidates for the legislature. As soon as he heard that Lincoln might be nominated for President, he was bound to vote for 'old Abe.'

"One day I was talking with John about Abe, and he said that in 1830 they made a clearing twelve miles west of Decatur. There was a patch of timber,—fifteen or twenty acres,—and they had cleared it; they had built a cabin, cut the trees, mauled rails, and put up a fence.

"'John,' said I, 'did you split rails down there with old Abe?'

"'Yes; every day,' he replied.

"'Do you suppose you could find any of them now?'

"'Yes,' he said. 'The last time I was down there, ten years ago, there were plenty of them left.'

"'What are you going to do to-morrow?'

"'Nothing.'

"'Then,' said I, 'come around and get in my buggy, and we will drive down there.'

"So the next day we drove out to the old clearing. We turned in by the timber, and John said:

"'Dick, if I don't find any black-walnut rails, nor any honey-locust rails, I won't claim it 's the fence Abe and I built.'

"Presently John said, 'There 's the fence!'

"'But look at these great trees,' said I.

"'Certainly,' he answered. 'They have all grown up since.'

"John got out. I sat in the buggy. John kneeled down and commenced chipping the rails of the old fence with his knife. Soon he came back with black-walnut shavings and honey-locust shavings.

"'There they are!' said he, triumphantly, holding out the shavings. 'They are the identical rails we made.'

"Then I got out and made an examination of the fence. There were many black-walnut and honey-locust rails.

"'John,' said I, 'where did you cut these rails?'

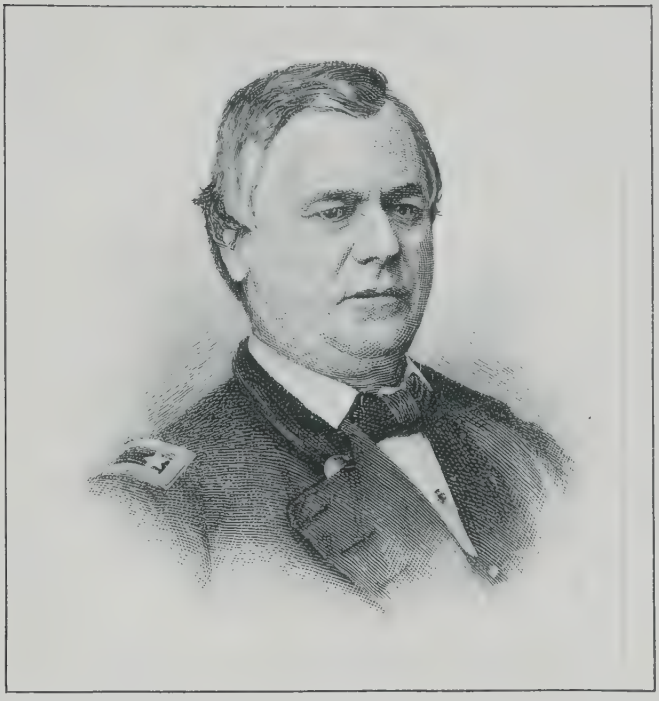
"'I can take you to the stumps,' he answered.

"'We will go down there,' said I.

"We drove about a hundred yards.

"'Now,' said he, 'look! There 's a black-walnut stump; there 's another—another—another. Here 's where we cut the trees down and split the rails. Then we got a horse and wagon, and hauled them in, and built the fence, and also the cabin.'

"We took two of the rails and tied them under the hind axletree of my new buggy, and started for town. People would occasionally pass, and think something had broken. We let them think so, for we did n't wish to tell anybody just what we were doing. We kept right on until we got to my barn.



ENGRAVED BY H. VELTEN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

GOVERNOR RICHARD J. OGLESBY, IN THE UNIFORM OF A MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. V.

There we hid the rails until the day of the convention.

"Before the convention met I talked with several Republicans about my plan, and we fixed it up that old John Hanks should take the rails into the convention. We made a banner, attached to a board across the top of the rails, with the inscription:[1]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Rail Candidate

For President in 1860.

Two rails from a lot of 3000 made in 1830 by John Hanks and Abe Lincoln, whose father was the first pioneer of Macon County.

"After the convention got under way, I arose and announced that an old Democrat desired to make a contribution to the convention. The proceedings stopped, and all was expectancy and excitement. Then in walked old John with the rails. Lincoln was there in a corner, trying to escape observation.[2]

"'How are you, Abe?' said John, familiarly, as he passed.

"'How are you, John?' Lincoln answered with equal familiarity.

"Then the convention cheered and cheered. There were loud and persistent calls for a speech from Lincoln. Abe had not known that the rails were to be brought in. He hardly knew what to say about them.

"'Gentlemen,' he finally said, 'John and I did make some rails down there; and if these are n't the identical rails we made, they certainly look very much like them.'

"From that time forward the rail was ever present in the campaign. There was a great demand for Lincoln rails. John Hanks sold the two that he brought into the convention. A man from Kentucky gave him five dollars for one. The next day he went out and got a

[1] Governor Oglesby recalled only the substance of the inscription. It is reproduced here from the files of the "Illinois State Journal," with the correction of an obvious error—the substitution of "John" for "Thomas" in the name of Hanks. The statement on the banner that Lincoln's father "was the first pioneer of Macon County" was not literally true, for Decatur village was founded a year before Thomas Lincoln settled on the Sangamon.

[2] Accounts do not all agree as to where Lincoln was when the rails were carried in. Some of the biographers say he was on the rostrum; but Oglesby's statement receives confirmation from General John M. Palmer, who introduced the resolution instructing the national convention delegates for Lincoln. In a recent conversation with the writer General Palmer said: "I cannot say precisely where Lincoln was; but I feel certain he was not on the platform, and I should trust Oglesby's recollection on this point."

DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN, FROM A GARDNER PHOTOGRAPH IN THE CIVIL WAR COLLECTION OF ROBERT COSTER.
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

AN UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN.

wagon-load, and put them in my barn. He sold them for a dollar apiece. Then other people went into the business, and the supply seemed inexhaustible."

The unexpected introduction of the rails into the State convention produced a scene quite as dramatic, and was fruitful of results quite as potent and far-reaching as those expected by the astute Oglesby. The Seward delegates were overwhelmed; the convention adopted ringing resolutions instructing the delegation to the national convention to vote as a unit for Abraham Lincoln.

The fame of the rail overspread the country immediately. On the night following the nomination, at ratification meetings in many cities, notably Philadelphia, rails were conspicuously displayed.

Throughout the campaign the rail was everywhere and constantly to be seen. It was carried aloft in parades; flaming banners fluttered from it at rallies; glee-clubs sang its praises; campaign-clubs proudly called themselves "Rail-splitters," "Rail-maulers," and "Rail-splitter Wide-awakes"; lusty men, mounted on huge wagons, split rails as processions moved along; and "Lincoln rails" (of unquestioned authenticity) adorned hundreds of homes.

Cartoonists tried to evolve fun from the rail, and only increased its renown. Punsters playfully tossed the word about. Lincoln was "a rail old gentleman." His eldest son was christened by a facetious correspondent the "Prince of Rails." "Why is Stephen A. Douglas a greater man than Abe Lincoln?" inquired one humorist. "Because the former split a party, while the latter only split rails."

Oglesby's powerful speeches were heard all over the State. The effective use which he made of John Hanks and the rail is illustrated by an incident at the Springfield meeting of August 8—the "monster rally" of the campaign. It was thus described a few days later by the editor of the Alton "Courier":

"The enthusiasm, which all the while had been running high, reached its height when the speaker [Oglesby] called for John Hanks, and drew him from the crowd upon the stage. Cheer after cheer went up as the old man, swarthy and toil-worn by the labors of many years, stood up and showed his honest face to the thousands standing on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of it. The speaker, in his peculiarly loud voice, then addressed him as follows:

"'Now, John Hanks, in the presence of this vast multitude, I ask you, did you not split three thousand rails with Abe Lincoln in Macon County, and navigate one flatboat from near old Salem to New Orleans?'

"'We certainly did,' replied John Hanks.

"Who shall describe the outburst of applause which spoke out from the mouths of the thousands who had gathered around the speaker's stand? It is indescribable, and can only be appreciated by those who had the good fortune to hear it. Old John Hanks at once became a favorite, and thousands took his hard and horny hand in theirs."

John Hanks, in a letter published in the Decatur "Chronicle" in July, 1860, recalls how he and Lincoln "set out together in the cold winter to cut and maul rails on the Sangamon River, in Macon County, thirty years ago, to inclose his father's little home, and from day to day kept at work until the whole was finished and the homestead fenced in." When he heard that the State convention would be held at Decatur, according to this letter, he went to town, and "told a friend of Abe's" (evidently meaning Oglesby), among other things, that he had made up his mind to present some of the old rails to the convention. "On our way out," the letter says further, "I told this friend of old Abe that if Abe should be nominated for President, I would vote for him." It will be observed that Hanks appears to take the credit for having originated the rail idea; but of course Hanks did not personally write the letter, writing not being among his accomplishments, and the clever politician who prepared it naturally wished the inference to be drawn that the rail episode was altogether the work of this veteran Democrat who had known Lincoln from boyhood.

Lincoln's own testimony on the rail question is not wanting. In the autobiographical sketch prepared for a campaign biographer shortly after his nomination, he wrote: "His [Lincoln's] father and family settled a new place on the north side of the Sangamon River, at the juncture of the timber-land and the prairie, about ten miles westerly from Decatur. Here they built a log cabin, into which they removed, made sufficient of rails to fence ten acres of ground, and fenced and broke the ground, and raised a crop of corn upon it the same year. These are, or are supposed to be, the rails about which so much is being said just now, though these are far from being the first or only rails ever made by Abraham."[1]

[1] See the "Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln," by Nicolay and Hay, Vol. I., p. 640.

A NIGHT IN A BALLOON.

AN ASTRONOMER'S TRIP FROM PARIS TO THE SEA IN OBSERVATION OF LEONIDS.

BY DOROTHEA KLUMPKE.

Miss Dorothea Klumpke, author of the article which follows, is an American connected with the staff of the Paris Observatory, and is at the head of the force whose work is to measure and reduce the star-photographs taken at the observatory. She has the degree of doctor of mathematical sciences from the University of Paris, where her thesis was a mathematical treatise of high order on "The Rings of Saturn." It will interest our readers to know that when, on December 23, 1893, she sustained her thesis before Professors Darboux, Tisserand, and Andoyer, at the end of the examination M. Darboux is reported to have said: "Your thesis is the first which a woman has presented and successfully maintained with our faculty to obtain this degree. You worthily open the way, and the faculty votes unanimously to declare you worthy of obtaining the degree of doctor." Miss Klumpke is held in much esteem by astronomers.—Editor.

MY ascent in the balloon "La Centaure," in the early morning of November 16, 1899, seems to me a beautiful dream dreamed but yesterday. Owing to the untiring efforts of M. Wilfrid de Fonvielle, president of the Société française de Navigation aérienne, France, Germany, and Russia took part officially in the aërostatic observations of the Leonids, whose return was eagerly awaited by the astronomical world. One French balloon ascended shortly after midnight, November 15, and twenty-four hours later there rose from St. Petersburg, Strasburg, and St.-Denis, the Russian, German, and French aërostats respectively. The Paris magazine, "La Vie au grand air," and the London "Times" also sent up balloons on the night of November 15–16.[1]

The French scientific expeditions were under the patronage of M. Janssen, the eminent director of the Meudon Observatory, whose name is so widely connected with observations made from great altitudes, and to whom is due the construction of the observatory on the summit of Mont Blanc.

I do not know what good fairy overheard my wish, of many months ago, to take a trip in the blue sky. My surprise was great when I learned that M. Janssen and the representatives of the French Society of Aërial Navigation had chosen me their delegate for the astronomical expedition of the Leonids, November 16, 1899. After reflection, I accepted the unexpected invitation. I am fond of traveling, and passionately fond of lofty heights. Towers, hills, mountains, have always been for me places of pilgrimage. Now I had the mysterious and alluring anticipation of an ascent in a balloon.

Serious preparations were made in view of the eventful night. Celestial charts were drawn; the stars of the Lion and the neighboring constellations were minutely identified. Often, in October and November, when the sky was clear, I found my way, in the solitary hours of the night, up the spiral staircase to the terrace of the Paris Observatory, and there studied the heavens. What would the 16th of November have in store for me? A shower of shooting stars furrowing the sky, such as was witnessed in South America on the night of November 11–12, 1799, and of which Humboldt and Bonpland have left vivid descriptions? A display of trails of light, like snowflakes, radiating from the Lion, and falling so thickly that, like Olmsted and Twining of New Haven, and like their fellow-astronomer of 1833, I should be unable to count them? Would the late Professor H. A. Newton's successful prediction of the Leonids' return for 1866 hold true also for 1899? And would the astronomers of our day, as Schmidt and Philpson in 1866, count by thousands the greenish, bluish, and whitish trails emanating from the constellation of the Lion, with

[1] It was in the early morning of Thursday, November 16, 1899, that the trip under the auspices of the "Times" was undertaken. The participants were the Rev. J. M. Bacon and his daughter, and Mr. Stanley Spencer, aëronaut. The start was made at Newbury, England, and the voyage proved to be a perilous one. The descent was made in the afternoon of the same day at Neath, in a remote corner of South Wales, scarcely a mile and a half from the sea. In the landing Miss Bacon was severely injured, and her father was badly shaken. A full report of the expedition was printed in the "Times." —Editor.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE BALLOON "LA CENTAURE" ABOVE THE CITY OF PARIS.

heads now yellow, now reddish, now white, in size often superior to Jupiter's disk?

Over all these beautiful pictures that presented themselves to my mind, Leverrier's assertion of 1867 threw a chill. "The Leonids of November," said he then, "will appear during many consecutive years, but

In anxious expectation I continued preparing for my aërial trip.

A pocket-chronometer was carefully compared with a standard clock day after day; the registering apparatus, aneroid, thermometer, hygrometer, etc., were thoroughly examined; and dry piles were purchased, contrivances

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.

MISS DOROTHEA KLUMPKE.

with decreasing intensity; they will decrease in light, not only because of the spreading of their mass along a greater arc of their orbit, but also because at each new apparition our earth will cause them to deviate from their orbit." Would this be so? I often asked myself while watching the stars in the early hours of the morning. It seemed probable.

The astronomers Abelman, Downing, Berberich, and others had of late pointed to the perturbations produced by Jupiter, Uranus, and Saturn on the meteoric swarm of the Leonids, which in 1890 and 1891 had passed in the vicinity of these planets.

designed to fasten to our chests the electric lamps of four volts, which were provided with little reflectors, so arranged as to shield our eyes and to enable us to inscribe our observations.

During the day I was plying the needle, sewing a warm aëronautic costume, in which work kind friends assisted me. I was addressing and sealing little souvenirs, in case of no return, and listening with a feeling of strange emotion to the "God speed you!" I was upon the borders of the unknown, and this thought made the past and the present as one. I gaged life's all too rapid flight, aware of the value of each fleeting moment.

The passengers of the "Centaure" were M. Mallet, a distinguished aëronaut, constructor and pilot of the balloon, M. de Fonvielle, the dean of the French aëronauts, who had kindly offered me his assistance as secretary, and myself. (M. Mallet, it will be remembered, was called to America in May, 1898, to construct for the United States the military balloons which were used during the Spanish-American war.) We all agreed to meet, in the afternoon of the 15th of November, at the gas-factory of "Le Landy," Plaine St.-Denis, not far from the ancient cathedral where repose the ashes of the kings of France.

Near five o'clock, accompanied by my mother and my sister Julia, I reached my destination. My first visit was to the balloon. A gigantic spherical cupola was rising from the ground. It was of a yellowish white. Close by was the big gas-pipe that, like a vital breath, was giving life and form to the "Centaure." I made the round of my new observatory. Heavy sacks of ballast held it to the ground. Workmen were watching the operation of inflation, from time to time adjusting the ballast so as to permit expansion. To this, on the wings of the wind, I was soon to confide myself, and this absolutely without fear.

"Bon voyage, mademoiselle," suddenly said a voice near me. It was M. and Mme. Janssen, who had come from Meudon to wish me good-by, and to give me last instructions in regard to the Leonids. "We bring you good news from the aërial travelers of last night," they continued. "The observers, Messrs. Tikhoff and Lespieau, the Counts de la Vaulx and de Castillon, have landed safely near Plessis-Ste.-Opportune, district of Bernay, seventy-eight miles from Paris. Their balloon took them six thousand feet above the earth, but the Leonids were few; only one hundred were observed. May they be more numerous this coming morn! Be on the watch!"

It was midnight when M. de Fonvielle, M. Mallet, and I met again at our new aëronautic observatory. A superb balloon presented itself to our view. Near the car workmen were finishing the last preparations; in the foreground stood a glowing brazier surrounded by friends who had come to bid us farewell.

In the heavens, over which was spread a misty veil, shone the stars from the first to the third magnitude; the moon, then fourteen days old, had just passed the meridian; the bitter east wind softened down as if to encourage us to trust ourselves to it.

Fearing a Siberian cold, I wrapped my warm fur about me, and covered my head with a sealskin hood bordered by a wadded cape. I fixed upon my breast the little electric lamp, which radiated like a Cyclop's eye; then, after embracing my mother, whose eyes were wet with tears, showing me for the first time her emotion, I mounted into the balloon and seated myself by the side of M. de Fonvielle, who, thirty years before, in the company of the aëronaut Godard, had made his first ascent in order to observe the Leonids.

While I was inspecting my new observatory, a wicker basket 4.8 feet long by 3.9 feet wide, and 3.4 feet high, firmly attached by innumerable ropes to the balloon, which was 47.6 feet in diameter, the ballasting went on.

"Hands up!" called our captain to the attendants about the car. "Catch on to the car! Throw out a sack of ballast!"

At the bottom of the car, or hanging overboard, were seventeen sacks of ballast, each weighing forty pounds, which, with the heavy anchor, the long anchor, and the guide-ropes, occupied much space in our narrow cell. In the rigging were suspended our registering instruments; on the floor were a box containing our electric cells, and a basket of cold chicken, champagne, and bread I held on my knees a number of celestial charts, on which I hoped to record hundreds of trails of shooting stars. Near me was M. de Fonvielle, a pencil in one hand, his minute-book in the other.

The voice of our captain rose above the sounds that filled the air. "Hands up! Catch on to the car! Throw out a sack of ballast! Hands off!" he shouted. There was a great stillness, and the balloon floated softly into the air. Below us we saw the fluttering of handkerchiefs. Cries of "Courage! God-speed!" ascended. Then we heard a sudden shriek: "Beware of the chimney!" Then the balloon passed over a great factory chimney shooting out blazing sparks, to which we responded with a shower of sand from a ballast-sack. The balloon continued to rise, and the earth, like a dying song, went farther and farther into silence.

It was three minutes after one in the morning. Panoramas of incomparable beauty spread at our feet, and long streaks of light swept off beyond the sight, and appeared as a vast and luminous spider's web. This entrancing spectacle lasted only an instant. The city of light rapidly glided away, and in its stead there emerged the little ceme-

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

IN THE CAR.

tery of St.-Ouen, the barracks of Courbevoie, and the sinuosities of the Seine, from which ascended the vapors of the night.

Our captain now uncoiled the guide-rope, and an east wind rocked us gently, transporting us into purer regions. Below us the magnificent forest of St.-Germain, its ancient château and its marvelous terrace, came out from the dusk of the early morning. It was now 1:30 A.M. In the east had risen the constellation of the Lion; in the south the Great Dog, with Sirius, Orion, and the Bull, was in full magnificence; the moon, southward also, nearly full, surrounded by a halo, glorious in all the colors of the rainbow, seemed to draw toward her the great clouds which, like snow-clad mountains, lifted themselves solemnly against the dark-blue sky.

In the northeast was the Great Bear, whose two stars, Merak and Dubhe, soon were to be swallowed up by the "Centaure." The Charioteer, with Capella and the Kids, Perseus, with the head of Medusa, Aldebaran, the nymphs Hyades, the Queen Cassiopeia, the Polar Star, the Giraffe, and the Lynx, were hidden by the balloon. At 1:57 we threw out our third sack of ballast, and the balloon ascended to sixteen hundred and forty feet. Readings of the aneroid showed us that this height was maintained during the whole time of observation, from 2 to 6 A.M.

The sky was of extreme purity at this altitude. All the stars from the first to the fifth magnitude were visible, in spite of the presence of the moon, which, in royal beauty, glowed and radiated, on this eventful night, with such intense brilliancy that our electric lamps were useless.

To the great relief of M. Mallet, we extinguished our lights. Twice already he had asked us whether sparks were not to be feared from our electric currents. We trembled at the very thought of an aërial explosion.

"A shooting star!" cried out M. Mallet. I looked up; the star had vanished. With his finger he tried to point out to me the stars near which it had passed. I now riveted my gaze on the Lion. From 2 to 5 A.M. a few brilliant meteors flashed by; at 2:01 A.M. one of extraordinary luster appeared, with a trail tinged with blue, green, and red. There was no sign of a shower of shooting stars. Only twenty-four meteors were observed, of which eleven emanated from the Lion. In spite of the fulfilment of Leverrier's lugubrious prediction as to the return of the Leonids, M. de Fonvielle was kept very busy until daybreak; from 1 to 6 A.M. his pencil swept the note-book most diligently. Every moment was to me of vivid interest. It seemed that, in the absence of earth's jar and grind, the eye was clearer, the heart more awake, and the soul filled to its brim with divine, with reverent adoration.

The whistling of locomotives, the strokes of pistons, the barking of dogs, the lowing of cows, had their significance; the chimes of the Normandy churches filled the air with harmony. Below, long white roads furrowed the earth; as far as the eye could reach, green fields stretched out; here and there were splatches of water in which the silvery rays of the moon lay mirrored. Where were we? How could we identify on the big chart of France the peaceful little hamlets over whose quiet roofs we were passing?

It was M. Janssen's idea to dot the route of the "Centaure" by throwing weighted envelops, bearing the French colors and the Meudon Observatory seal, and addressed to those who should have the good fortune to find them. These unknown friends were entreated, in the name of fraternity, to open the envelop, to fill out the blanks on the inclosed post-card addressed to the observatory of Meudon, and to mail it at the nearest post-office.

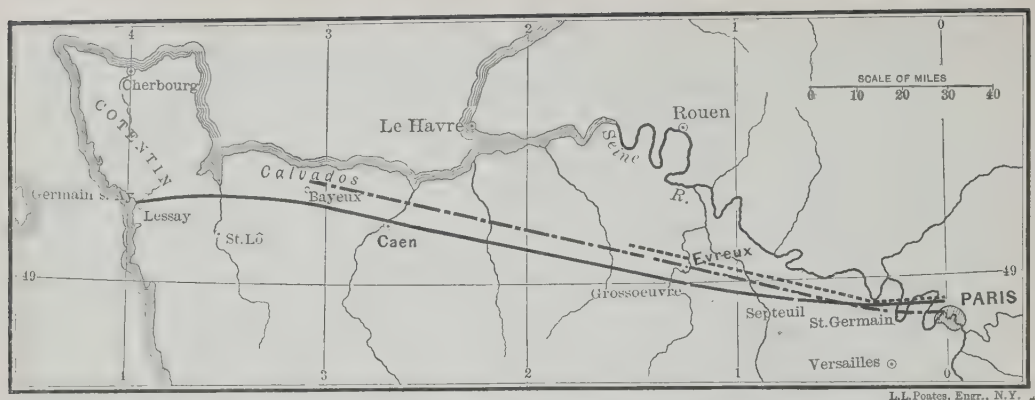
Our secretary carefully inscribed on his note-book the number of the despatched envelops, also the time of their being thrown overboard. These cards enabled us, at a later date, to trace our itinerary on the map of France.

M. Mallet frequently leaned over the border of the car, and shouted in a powerful voice: "Ohé! dans quel département sommes-nous?"

"Hark!" I said, "is not that the roll of the sea?" We held our breath. Our captain tried in vain to pierce the dense mass of clouds beneath us. He threw a rapid glance of inspection over the balloon. Guide-rope, plenty of ballast, anchor-rope, and anchor, all were in place. Again the stormy rhythm of water ascended. "The sea, the sea!" I cried.

"No, no, no!" he replied. "It 's a cascade!" And once more his voice rang out, deeper than before, and holding a note of anxiety: "Ohé! dans quel département sommes-nous?" Only echo replied. Suddenly a cock's crow broke the strained silence. It was answered by the bark of a dog, a welcome sound which eased our disquietude.

Our scientific mission was drawing to its close. According to the calculation of the astronomers, at 6 A.M. the passage of the



L.L. Poates, Engr., N.Y.

Of the three balloon itineraries indicated on the map, the longest is that of the "Centaure," described in the accompanying narrative, carrying Miss Klumpke and MM. de Fonvielle and Mallet (night of November 15-16, 1899); the shortest that of the "Aëro Club," carrying MM. H. de la Vaulx, de Castillon de St. Victor, G. Tikhoff, and Lespieau (night of November 14-15); the third that of the "Vie au grand air," carrying MM. H. Dumontel, Valentin, and L. Vernanchet (night of November 16).

dense swarm of the Leonids was to occur. It seemed to me as if I heard the voice of the president of the expedition call: "Allons, astronomes! l'œil vers le Lion!" I had no need of encouragement. Although the preceding three nights I had had little repose, although I had concentrated all my attention for the last four hours on the stars, I was not fatigued. In moments like these the soul is strong enough to cut loose from its bodily weights; it mounts in serene atmospheres, and seeks and finds there the consoling and pure gratifications of its longings.

Never before had nature seemed to me so grand, so beautiful. The last hour of the night fled rapidly, but the shower of looked-for Leonids did not appear.[1] From 5 to 6 A.M. six brilliant trails flashed by, coming from the Lion, the Great Bear, the Little Bear, and Hercules; that was all.

In the northwest the clouds were gathering thickly. The moon, our faithful night-watch, was dipping low; her luminous circle was now broken; two arcs of glowing yellow, one on her right, the other on her left, surrounded her. She shone with reddish hues as she dropped below the horizon. The stars gradually grew dim; the day began to dawn, but the rising sun remained hidden, and the sky soon became completely overcast. Shouts of welcome greeted us as we passed over the little Normandy cottages, over the fields, still green, where cattle were grazing, over the long white road along which the farmers were driving their teams.

M. Mallet opened the safety-valve, great quantities of gas escaped from the balloon, and we descended thirteen hundred feet. To the joy of the peasants, our long guide-rope now touched the ground. Men, women, and children ran to catch it, but our captain leaned out of the car and told them not to do so. He was all attention, as we were about three hundred feet from the ground, and his task was more difficult than before, for he had to pilot the balloon and command the crowd, which increased at every moment. He charged us to hold to the rigging, each obstacle that the rope encountered producing a shock in the car, at times violent. The wind was bearing us at a rate of thirty miles an hour over the plains of Calvados and over the marshy fields of La Manche, and our guide-rope, in its mad course, brushed the cottage roofs, dragged the pools, and swept the fields, frightening man, beast, and fowl. From the balloon we three were inspecting the country,—large fields surrounded by long and narrow canals, here and there a road, a

[1] In explanation of the absence of the expected shower of Leonids, Professor J. K. Rees, director of the Astronomical Observatory of Columbia University, New York, writes to the editor: "Dr. J. Stoney stated to the British Astronomical Association on November 19, 1899, that astronomers have ascertained that the changes in the orbit of the Leonids are responsible for the failure of the shower expected. These changes are due to the unusually heavy perturbations since 1866, caused by the attractions of Saturn and Jupiter: by Saturn while the stream was moving out from the sun, and by Jupiter on the Leonids' return. In 1866 the great elliptic orbit intersected accurately the earth's orbit at one point. The ellipse has since shifted its position to the extent of 1,300,000 miles, so that at six o'clock on the morning of November 16, when the earth came closest to the meteoric orbit, the nearest point on that orbit lay inside the earth's orbit at the distance stated above from the earth, more than five times as far off as the moon."

few cottages, a church steeple,—presenting the appearance of a vast checker-board. "Ah, le drôle de pays!" ("What a queer country!") said M. de Fonvielle. "We cannot land here." It was well that we followed his advice, as we learned later that these marshy fields were beds where the Normans cultivated leeches! All the while the east wind was bearing us toward the Atlantic Ocean. M. Mallet was eagerly looking for a suitable place to land—a meadow, bordered by a hedge, near a highway and a hamlet. About eight o'clock suddenly the wind blew with greater intensity, the mists thickened, and afar I perceived a whitish sheet of water, which, as I was told later, was the port of St.-Germain-sur-Ay.

Our captain uncoiled the long anchor-rope. Skilfully with one hand he cast the heavy anchor, while with the other he opened wide the valve of the balloon. We felt a slight shock; our car touched earth; the anchor had strongly gripped the hedge. For a while the car rocked to and fro. We steadied ourselves by holding on firmly to the wooden knobs fastened to the interior of the car. Our captain called to the peasants to catch the car quickly. "Sortez, sortez, mademoiselle!" he said to me. I climbed over the ballast-sacks,—there were twelve of them,—and in a twinkling I was on land. A gray canopy of floating clouds was above me, through which the sun shone palely; at my feet a superb carpet of green, and the "Centaure," like a powerful monster expiring convulsively, vainly struggling to rise. With the help of a sturdy peasant, the heavy circle of the balloon, which was now resting on the car, was lifted, and M. Mallet and M. de Fonvielle were enabled to get out from their momentary prison.

Our aërial voyage was already a thing of the past. We had all three come back safe and sound, inwardly enriched a thousandfold by the wonderful experiences of the past night. Our balloon had carried us, in seven hours, from the plain of St.-Denis to the little Norman harbor of St.-Germain-sur-Ay, one hundred and seventy-six miles from Paris, with an average speed of twenty-five miles per hour. We had passed over the Seine, the forest of St.-Germain, the district of Nantes; over Septeuil and Grossœuvre; over the district of Évreux, noted for its linen industry; over the big cathedral and the towers of Caen; south of the quaint old houses of Bayeux, where Queen Matilda of old embroidered on her canvas the story of the Norman conquest; over the marshy fields of the peninsula of Cotentin; and were now in the pretty little harbor of St.-Germain-sur-Ay, less than two miles from the Atlantic. A large mass of yellow linen with innumerable seams lay on the ground, precious remains of the "Centaure," which we wrapped in the tricolored flag, rendering thus the last honors to the aërostat which had breathed its dying breath in faithful service.

I shall never forget the hearty welcome given us by the peasants of St.-Germain-sur-Ay. They helped us with our preparations for our homeward journey, and after our packing was done, old Mother Le Couvey insisted upon our going to her cottage and warming ourselves at her hearth. The temperature of the night, however, had been mild, varying from 39° to 34° F. The board was spread, and we shared with our new comrades the contents of our hamper. While partaking of this new "celestial manna," and drinking the generous champagne, question after question was answered, and many a rosy, blond face curiously peeped through the window, in wonder, at the travelers that had dropped from the sky.

In company with our peasant friends we drove through the village to the semaphore, whence we sent off our despatches telling of our safe arrival. We strolled on the beach, contemplating the sea.

When at last the hour of departure came, those simple-minded people bade us an affectionate farewell. Old Mother Le Couvey gathered for me of her most beautiful and fragrant roses, the tree's last blooming, to which gracious gift the others added glistening mistletoe. For a long time the inhabitants of St.-Germain-sur-Ay escorted us on our way to Lessay, a neighboring borough, where we were to meet the train for Coutances, St.-Lô, and Paris.

A mild-looking horse of dignified and thoughtful step, hitched to an antiquated vehicle boasting two wheels, conveyed the large wicker basket, our late car, in which now lay folded the heavy, wet balloon. This damp mass was honored, being chosen as seat, by the dean of the French aëronauts, too fatigued to follow on foot. Our captain and I trudged along in company with our peasant friends. These dropped off one by one, and through the fading perspective of the long road the little group grew smaller and smaller, until at last it disappeared, and there came to us, on the wings of the wind, a faint whisper: "Bon voyage! À la prochaine!"

NOVEMBER 17, 5 A.M., I found myself safe back in my little student's room at the Observatory of Paris. I sought a few minutes of repose before going home to my dear ones, who were still sleeping. The morning stars in the southeast were beaming through my wide-open window. From my divan I gazed into the calm blue. Had I just awaked from a beautiful dream in which a balloon had carried me heavenward?

No, no, it was not a dream; here were the charts, the note-books, the roses, and the mistletoe. My body seemed lighter than ever, and I had the sensation of floating in the air, and my heart was overflowing with gratitude.

THE POETRY OF WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE PRIZE ESSAY IN "THE CENTURY'S" COMPETITION FOR COLLEGE GRADUATES OF 1898.

BY HENRY JUSTIN SMITH, B.A.,
University of Chicago.

BLAKE'S country, like the mythical ones of old, is shut away by a cloud, and a forest, and a fiery river. Luring the adventurous by its simple isolation, it has seemed always to hide behind impassable barriers, or even to float ahead and vanish, like a mirage. Those who have penetrated farthest into it have been least able to tell us coherently of what they saw; for, like the legendary land again, it seems to disturb the balance of its visitors. They come wandering back to us muttering of purple skies, and men walking upside down. Blake's country, too, is a rendezvous of quack explorers; of indolent empty-heads who show a relic or two of the enchanted land, and preach to our ignorance of things they never have seen or felt. In plain language, Blake, like Browning, Whitman, and a half-score other great personalities, has been too much in the hands of ill-poised theory-mongers on the one side, and of shallow sentimentalists on the other. When a startlingly isolated figure appears, there stands always ready a throng of proselyters eager to stamp their badge upon him; while there also stands ready a band of sickly admirers, who mask their want of penetration by their lavish tears and smiles. Blake never had, until recently, either the one or the other kind of "followers"; but now he has both, to his detriment. There may be virtue in a simple statement of Blake's more obvious qualities —a statement free, I trust, alike from preconceptions and blind loyalty, and certainly founded on the humility which intercourse with an exalted spirit always brings.

The Blake I know is a child, grasping manhood at intervals. Childhood is mercury, manhood is strength. Blake, in the most of his art, is so mercurial, so instantaneous in following impulse, so airily positive, that childhood alone has types of mind corresponding with his. The note of youth is the most conspicuous quality in his lyrical poems —a youth divinely gifted, no doubt; seeing at a single glance what soberer heads reach only by steady shocks of reason; youth visited in dreams by truth unearthly. Certainly the results of Blake's mental processes are somewhat titanic. But the processes were essentially those of immaturity. Blake never grew up.

The man who declared, "All things exist in the human imagination," was merely a phrase-making continuation of the child who told a boasting traveler that *he* should call a city splendid "in which the houses were of gold, the pavements of silver, the gates ornamented with precious stones." It is the same hurried generalization, a like reliance upon the feathers of impulse as the rock of law. Individualism, clear of theory and forcible by reason of its innocent absoluteness, is hardly to be distinguished from childhood. Manhood brings with it not only caution, steadfastness, restraint, but a kind of knowing dependence on the rest of humanity. Blake's individualism, the most absolute, the most immutable, which the record of English poetry can show, kept him throughout life in that state of unthinking dependence upon his own impulse, that fleeting, quivering sensibility, which is the essence of the child temperament.

I.

THIS brilliant immaturity of Blake accounts for many things in his career. It accounts especially for his perfect unlikeness to his age. People have said of him, in the stock phrases they use regarding any literary phenomenon, that he "reacted" against his age, and therefore was "evolved" from it. That was precisely what he did not do. He was too innocently and daintily set apart from his times to bear even a revolutionary relationship with that pedant period. Are we to suppose that in youth he read the works of John Wolcot, of Anne Seward,—the "Swan of Lichfield," who never grew out of the ugly duckling stage,—of Anne Barbauld, of divine Shenstone, and ineffable Akenside; and then, holding up his tiny hands, cursed the age and poised a lance against it? Not at all. Then, as always, his own tastes sufficed him, and his own impulses were inspiration enough. It is sufficiently remarkable not to find a gifted boy carried away by the atmosphere about him; but Blake's youth was the more remarkable still in that he totally ignored his opposites, and wrought from his own vein of metal. Having not a mood or a molecule in common with anybody else, he necessarily stood apart from his age. We must constantly remember, however, that he stands just as far apart from all other poets who ever wrote.

Of the essential Blake we make this assertion—not of the Blake who makes his appearance in the "Poetical Sketches" of 1783. Our twelve-year-old poet, though usually dwelling apart in an ideal realm, had moments of being as human and conventional a boy as any; hence, of trying to fashion himself after his heroes, to make himself big and pompous—in short, and in general, to labor for things beyond his reach. This lordly ambition of boyhood swerves Blake aside from his true element, and sets him to work upon tragedies, ballads, apostrophes, and the rest. He intends at one time to be Shakspere, and, kindly refraining from bettering the dramatist's account of Richard III and Henry VIII, lays hold of a royal personage Shakspere left untouched, and produces "King Edward III." It is convincing to see how the boy, with all his command of a really beautiful and distinctive verse, misses the dramatic, misses sublimity, misses Shakspere. It is interesting, too, to see how far, at this time, he could wander into Elizabethan conventionalities. The apostrophe to "Spring," followed dutifully by lines to the other seasons, is full of such lapses. In "The Evening Star" an occasional line or two—

> Speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,
> And wash the dusk with silver,

or,

> the wolf rages wide,
> And the lion glares through the dun forest—

give us a foretaste of his magic; but "Fair Eleanor" is fit for a lace-collared youngster to speak at a school entertainment. "Gwin, King of Norway," except for a few splendid lines, is forced and hollow; a certain "War Song" is parrot-talk; and "Samson," though it gives us the wonderful image,

> He seemed a mountain, his brow among the clouds;
> She seemed a silver stream, his feet embracing,

is a laborious struggle to express half-formed ideas.

But to do justice to the "Poetical Sketches" it is necessary to comment here upon a handful of songs which, cut clean apart from the fine frenzy generated out of other poets, come nearer to the essential Blake than the pure joyousness of any other boy of fourteen ever came to the utterance of his manhood. These songs, in mere precocity, lose nothing by comparison with the earliest work of Pope and Cowley. They are the more important for us because of their distinctively Blake-like quality. The analyst with note-book is at liberty to find any amount of "Elizabethan influence" in these verses, to lay a finger on this bit from Herrick, and that from Fletcher, and the other from Crashaw; but strip off every petal from these rose-leaf songs, and then say which one is accountable for the inmost fragrance. Nay, that fragrance is Blake. He gathers a dozen individualities into his own, and sends them forth laden with his essence.

> How sweet I roamed from field to field,
> And tasted all the summer's pride,
> Till I the Prince of Love beheld
> Who in the sunny beams did glide.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> He loves to sit and hear me sing,
> Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
> Then stretches out my golden wing,
> And mocks my loss of liberty.

That, in purity, in height, in delicate breadth, is Blake and none other. And this is Blake spacious and austere:

> Whether on Ida's shady brow,
> Or in the chambers in the East,

The chambers of the Sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air
Where the melodious winds have birth;

. . . . . .

How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoyed in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few!

Yet even these always-quoted stanzas are as honey to snow compared with the high, elusive notes that came later. They are too richly wrought, too sweet by half. Still more absolutely Blake-like—more poignant, and sudden, and full of his stinging ardor—are the lines of this "Mad Song," the metrical liberty of which, for me, only connects the poem more closely with his characteristic work:

The wild winds weep,
And the night is a-cold:
Come hither, Sleep,
And my griefs enfold!
But lo! the morning peeps
Over the eastern steeps,
And the rustling birds of dawn
The earth do scorn.

. . . .

Like a fiend in a cloud,
With howling woe
After night I do crowd
And with night will go;
I turn my back to the east,
From whence comforts have increased,
For light doth seize my brain
With frantic pain.

So much for Blake at the age of experiment, and for the sole poems in which the faintest tendency to imitation is traceable. Fascinating as they are, significant as is this voice of melody in the stark deadness of the times, the "Poetical Sketches" are of highest interest by contrast with the Blake of a later growth. They count little more in the general scheme of his poetical career than his early fumblings with an engraver's tools counted with regard to his tremendous designs. They are products of ambition as well as of inspiration. When Blake grew ambitious, he lost his hold on the qualities most his own.

II.

Arrived at its full power, Blake's mind dwelt mainly on two ideas: the reality of the spiritual world, and the divine nature of energy. From these radiated the complex and astounding mass of theories, or rather imaginative conceptions, which we may euphemistically term his system of philosophy. Blake was no thinker, in the ordinary sense, yet his philosophical development was a course of inductive reasoning—after his unique fashion. His data were his own states of mind, his own impressions, his own visions; the last most of all. Interesting explanations have been offered regarding this "abnormal insight" of Blake's; but the research is not of marked profit beyond the "Well done, good and faithful servant" of the class-room. Whether or not Blake "really saw" angels in a hay-field, or angels glittering in a tree, or fairies holding obsequies, or God's face at the window, he thought he saw them, he built a philosophy upon them, and he uttered the philosophy in verse. This is surely enough for discussion. There is no doubt that this temperamental extension of Blake's powers was the fundamental fact in his life, and that virtually the whole of his mystical theory results from it. There is no more common error in the world than generalization based upon one's individual abilities and tastes. Having some sort of insight into the supernatural, and an imaginative strenuousness which enabled him to see almost anything he wished to see, Blake, in the most innocent manner possible, laid down his laws that "all things exist in the human imagination"; that "imagination is the real and eternal world, of which this vegetative universe is but the faint shadow"; that "energy is the only life"; that "man has no body distinct from his soul"; and a host of more or less related dicta. These utterances are simply the records of Blake's spiritual experience; merely oracular statements of his individual perceptions and feelings. One may or may not accept them as divine revelation. One cannot avoid regarding them as expressions of a towering life, and as the testimony of a man who, by the grace of God, knew intuitively much that we shall never know by reasoning or by experience.

We are not trying to probe after the truth of mysticism, but to indicate what mental processes lay back of Blake's poetical work. Once realizing that he saw the earth and the heavens above as nothing in themselves, as mere hieroglyphs of a supernal reality, we may approach with sympathy the elate, floating, intangible poems, with a knowledge that their limitations are really their

strength. It is doubtful if Blake will ever be taken on his own ground by a large number of readers. He touches life at so few points that his pen is usually dipped in mist or quicksilver, not blood. At times he is as the pure cloud that reaches its silken fringes to earth, but, subject to the waftings of its sky-element, hastily withdraws and floats intangibly over. At times he is that cloud darting lightnings, and sweeping past in dark, rolling vapor; always above, impenetrable. In both moods Blake is removed definitely from the clash of society, from tangible human things, from aught that the material and muscled can possibly grasp. Unless spiritual vision is to be granted to all mankind,—as, indeed, some prophets affirm,—or mysticism is to become as common as the spelling-book, a sympathetic understanding of Blake will never be broadspread. But it may keep some readers from snap judgments and hasty disgust if they remember the simple fact that he saw all things through the golden glass of symbolism, and necessarily missed some of the bold outlines.

There are some aspects of life which this method of vision exactly suits. Innocence in nature or humanity is chief of these aspects. Therefore, when Blake turned to the depiction of childhood, and the environment of childhood, he achieved poetry in which the expression is adequate, just, and wholly beautiful. Blake's most zealous interpreters have upbraided the general public for preferring the "Songs of Innocence" to anything else he wrote; but there is some right instinct in the preference, after all. These songs are not suggestive of heavy thought in the same degree that later poems are; perhaps they are less significant of "the true Blake." But certainly one finds here a mastery of the subjects which *are* treated, a lyrical correspondence between substance and form, and a simplicity which masks to esthetic perfection the spiritual suggestiveness for which the poems exist. In these respects few of Blake's poems reach the level of the "Songs of Innocence."

We have already said that the less Blake's ambition to poetize, the finer poetry he wrought. Certain practical circumstances caused the "Songs of Innocence" to yield the poetry pure of the ambition. During the six years which passed between the "Sketches" and the "Songs," Blake labored steadily at his trade of engraver and designer. In these years the artist side of his genius seems to have predominated. He became deeply engrossed in the technical part of his work. He discovered, or, to be strictly accurate, there was revealed to him in vision, a new process of printing designs and verses together by a kind of reversed etching. So the poetical work of this period was, in his opinion, incidental to the founding of his reputation in art; and the verses, when published by the new method, seemed useful chiefly to fill in the vacant spots in the designs. To that very thing the "Songs of Innocence" doubtless owe much of their spontaneity and their elemental sweetness. Browning says, in a passage quoted by Gilchrist: "If there should arise a new painter, will it not be in some such way, by a poet now, or a musician (spirits who have conceived and perfected an ideal through some other channel), transferring it to this, and escaping our conventional roads by pure ignorance of them?" It is such a virgin power which appears in the "Songs of Innocence." But for their lyrical quality they owe quite as much to the character of Blake at the time of writing. He did not yet wear the brow of a seer. His mystical philosophy was in the inchoate; his tremendous theories were then mere instincts and emotions, mingling insensibly with the pure joy of living. He himself had not felt the bitterness of deception, enmities, oppression. He had lived the free life of a child, and the rod of the taskmaster had not yet descended. He was innocence itself, and having cast aside all ambitions but the expression of his own impulses, he inevitably brought forth "Songs of Innocence."

They are more than "child studies": they are childhood itself, for they are Blake. They are the mysterious raptures of a spirit which neither London smoke nor eighteenth-century sophistication could tarnish. And the medium of expression is refined to the vanishing-point. There is no more guile in the purest of these lays than speaks in the "O—o—oh" of a child's sudden wonder; no more, in fact, than speaks in the lighted countenance without the exclamation. But words are thick and blunt. Let the none too familiar "Lamb" suggest what it may:

> Little lamb, who made thee?
> Dost thou know who made thee,
> Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
> By the stream and o'er the mead;
> Gave thee clothing of delight,
> Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
> Gave thee such a tender voice,
> Making all the vales rejoice?

Little lamb, who made thee,
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I 'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I 'll tell thee:
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls himself a Lamb;
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

Surely mysticism never assumed a daintier guise than this. With "The Lamb" may be mentioned "The Echoing Green," "The Blossom," "Spring," and "Infant Joy," as poems which have this rare note of innocent, sprightly wonder. From such an extreme of simplicity the "Songs" range downward all the way to "The Little Black Boy," which is over-subtle, and "The Divine Image," which is didactic. Perhaps the most perfect balance of thought and emotion is found in "A Cradle Song" and "Night," in both of which, as well, the melody exerts its utmost fascination. In the "Cradle Song" the most significant of a beautiful set of verses are the following:

Sweet babe, in thy face
Holy image I can trace;
Sweet babe, once like thee
Thy Maker lay, and wept for me:

Wept for me, for thee, for all,
When He was an infant small.
Thou His image ever see,
Heavenly face that smiles on thee!

Smiles on thee, on me, on all,
Who became an infant small;
Infant smiles are His own smiles;
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

It will need but a single stanza of "Night" to show what a spell the poem casts:

The sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight,
Sits and smiles on the night.

It has been well said that "in Blake's poetry the finest expression of his genius is its power to open for the soul sudden vistas of immortality, to conduct it by means of a half-recognized emotion into fair fields whither it would lack the power to go of itself." This energy of suggestion is strongly marked in the "Songs of Innocence." Blake has selected those figures and scenes which naturally symbolize the most; he has presented them with an artlessness which is the highest reach of art; he has insured a hearing by introducing an element of music which he never again recaptured; and he has infused, with that indescribable power granted only to the highest genius, the elusive, pervasive, and magical quality that we name "atmosphere." The effect of all this is to lead the reader to the verge of great discoveries, to give him a taste of the universal and ineffable, and then to leave him in the attitude of wonder and exaltation, which is, perhaps, all that human beings have a right to affect. Mystical poetry can achieve no higher victory than this.

III.

In the memorable conflict which went on for some time between Blake's lyrical instincts and his didactic, "prophetic" tendencies, the former were bound to be eventually worsted. To retain the simple music of his soul is more than the average man can do, try as he may. And Blake, so far as we know, never made any such effort, but rather girded himself continually for his

great task
To open the eternal worlds! To open the miniature eyes
Of man inward; into the worlds of thought; into eternity;
Ever expanding in the bosom of God, the human imagination.

Whitman, in his self-conscious and blustering assumption of responsibility as seer, hardly surpassed the determined endeavor of Blake to do the impossible. There is no need to say that Blake's labors as "prophet" were barren. But he certainly let his lyrical power go to waste while he was listening to thunderous voices from the mountain-top. For proof of this assertion, we have merely to bring forward the poems grouped as "Songs of Experience," and place them where they belong, beside the lovely poems of childhood, of which they are the negation and the opposite.

How much of direct purpose there was in this attempt to present the same life with a blight upon it, we cannot know. The two books appeared together in Blake's time, with the description, "Two contrary states of the human soul"; but that is not conclusive. At any rate, Blake might have said to himself at the moment of writing,

Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

Innocence is gone. Nature is no longer blithe and confiding; but earth raises up her head,

Her light fled,
Stony, dread,
And her locks covered with grey despair;

while the burden of her song is:

Break this heavy chain,
That does freeze my bones around!
Selfish, vain,
Eternal bane,
That free love with bondage bound.

The children of Holy Thursday now are pictured as

reduced to misery,
Fed with cold and usurous hand?

The chimney-sweep gives text for a sermon on hypocritical cruelty; the "little boy lost," for an outcry against persecution for freedom of belief; the babe of the new "cradle song" is warned against the "dreadful light" about to break; roses have invisible worms at the heart; gay little animals are slain in their pretty play; and in place of a lamb, we have the symbol of ferocity, a tiger,

burning bright
In the forests of the night.

Nature, then, may be considered ruined by "experience." But another ruination is apparent—that of Blake the lyrist. He does not fall into stiffness and hollowness; that were impossible. But, in place of simplicity, he gives us rude eloquence; in place of delicate suggestion, fierce stimulation; in place of melody, a rushing volume of emphasis. One may contend that this is precisely the value of the "Experience," and that the great change in nature is accurately bodied forth by this harsh note. Unquestionably there is an austere might, a Hebraic spaciousness and a richness of coloring, not apparent in the "Innocence." But Blake the singer is lost to us, nevertheless.

Some of the "Songs of Experience" are very powerful; others very trivial. Blake was always ineffectual the moment he deserted his ideal ground and attempted to cope with worldliness on its own terms. Our winsome poet is hard to recognize in this vein:

Dear mother, dear mother, the Church is cold;
But the Ale-house is healthy, and pleasant, and warm.
Besides, I can tell where I am used well;
The poor parsons with wind like a blown bladder swell.

Thank fortune, there is not much of this, and we are just as likely to hit upon a beautiful fancy:

Ah, Sunflower, weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun;
Seeking after that sweet golden clime
Where the traveler's journey is done.

The weakest parts of the series are those which embody a remonstrance against oppression. In protest against specific ills, Blake shows the character of a sensitive man put beside himself by the brutal materialism of his opposites, and forgetting his own dignity in the heat of his anger. When attacking an abstraction, however, he rises to his idealistic vein, in which he is always superb. The most of "The Garden of Love," for example, seems to me extremely beautiful, not only in diction, but in versification:

I laid me down upon a bank,
Where Love lay sleeping;
I heard among the rushes dank
Weeping, weeping.

Then I went to the heath and the wild,
To the thistles and thorns of the waste;
And they told me how they were beguiled,
Driven out, and compelled to be chaste.

"The Angel" and "A Little Girl Lost" have much the same quality. But there is no comparison between these and the poems which embody a plea for a return to nature. This is really the central idea of the book, and, indeed, one of the principal ideas of Blake's philosophy in general. Almost all his "prophetical" books assert, in some manner, that all material things are holy, so they be under the dominion of the spiritual; that nature must be restored to its rightful place as the symbol of God's power and the medium of energy. In the "Experience" Blake embodies this thought in two wonderfully effective poems, "A Little Girl Lost" and "A Little Girl Found." The "little girl" evidently represents the human soul. She wanders for days in the desert, under the "frowning, frowning night," but falls placidly asleep at last, and is borne away to a cave of wild beasts. There, in her exquisite snow-whiteness, she is protected by leopards and tigers. So much for what nature will do for those who visit it in simplicity. But the parents also, seeking their child, "pale through pathless ways," come to the cave, are welcomed there, and

To this day they dwell
In a lonely dell,
Nor fear the wolvish howl
Nor the lion's growl.

This is the final teaching of the "Songs of Experience"—that nature, supposed sinful and accursed, and taking terrifying shapes, is permeated with divine goodness. Oppressed, it cannot live; but free, it yields blessing to those who approach it with pure hearts.

IV.

Of all the English poets to whom the French Revolution had more than a far-away significance, Blake was the most profoundly stirred. Burns, indeed, with Cowper, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, viewed the great struggle with eyes aflame. But while to these men the Revolution was a lesson, to our humble engraver of Poland street it was a confirmation. By temperament, as we have seen, he was a revolutionist. When the monarchy fell, his ideas were just beginning to gain substance. Now, when he saw liberty raising its head in Paris, and men casting out magistrates, putting tyrants and degenerates to death, and glorifying passion and freedom to the uttermost, the effect upon his philosophy was to mold it into a white-hot, gigantic mass. With Blake exaltation always meant an ascent to dizzy heights of idealism. So this struggle became to him much more than a political movement, an affair of taxation and popular rights; it became symbolic of the struggle for free life in all phases. It touched his religion, his ethics, his esthetics. It brought his intellect and his emotional nature into energetic union. It transformed him from a suggestive singer into a furious declaimer and rhapsodist.

With extraordinary swiftness and ease, "Thel," "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," "The French Revolution," "The Vision of the Daughters of Albion," and "America" streamed from Blake's brain and hand. There followed a descent into the comparative clarity of the "Songs of Experience"; and then, plunging his head among the clouds again, Blake produced, at intervals, "Urizen," "The Song of Los," "Ahania," "Jerusalem," and "Milton." To the complacent and orderly mind, with a touch of imagination, these outpourings cause an indescribable shock. Tempest alone, with its whirling disorder, can produce the same sense of confusion and insecurity. And this "prophecy" is worse than tempest, for one cannot discern its center of force, or rely upon its beginnings and endings as such. There is, so far as one can tell after a considerable amount of study, nothing to be got from it but chaos. Genuine ethical suggestions, wonderful illuminations, and even beautiful glimpses of nature, appear in profusion. But they are always incomplete as they stand, and do not appear to be attached to anything else. In fact, the average reader, after a conscientious and determined attempt to discover what the rhapsody is about, will be apt to declare it all moonshine.

But returning day by day to these books, and gradually attaining a state of mind akin to that of the seer, the student will almost certainly declare that an immense meaning is wrapped up in them. One feels it rather than knows it. An intuitional faculty sufficiently broad and forceful cannot miss the perception that a vast mind is here speaking, and speaking truth drawn from Heaven knows what source. The wildness, the spluttering, the eery plunges, the shouting of names like Golgonooza, Kwantok, Kox, and Kotope, are not "faults"; they are parts of the phenomenon. They give not the effect of recklessness, but of being minor and outer manifestations of a tremendous force. No one has accomplished an unveiling absolutely satisfactory, and no one ever will. Mr. Swinburne's interpretation is elaborate, but fantastic and largely superimposed. In the monumental work of Messrs. Ellis and Yeats one cannot separate the philosophy of Blake from the philosophy of the commentators. One may accept these interpretations if he pleases, and fit them accurately to the subject-matter. But how be sure even then that the meaning is extracted? It is characteristic of Blake's loftiest work that there is always something beyond one's reach, something inexpressible. It is not "obscurity," it is simple vastness. He opens the avenues to knowledge of the divine, and our visions fail at the first turning. I think that in future time students will turn again and again to these prophecies, and penetrate farther and farther into their recesses; but I am positive that no explorer will ever reach the end and name the last nebulous idea dwelling there. These books are the soul of Blake, and souls stand aloof from the media by which mortals are intelligible to one another.

Assuredly this is not the place to attempt an interpretation of the "prophetical" books, or even to analyze the apparent subject-

matter of each one. Some of them are not poetry, stretch the definition as you may. The rest require a lifetime of study, and a volume for elucidation. It may be said, merely to round out our study, that the titles bear no traceable relations to the text; that the books are not "prophecy" as we use the word; that they seem to be detailed copies of the visions of Blake as they swept across his mind; that they express in tortuous and terrific form, in somber, crowded images, Blake's philosophy of the fourfold nature of man, the divine nature of energy, and the reality of the spiritual. They are not to be approached in a spirit of easy skepticism, of impatience at their eccentricities, or of regret that they are not "Songs of Innocence." To the gifted, the reverent, the thoughtful, the "eternal gates' terrific porter" will open these gloomy caverns, and the voice of a seer will issue forth.

V.

My final word on Blake must be chiefly a bringing together of the scattered impressions already recorded. Blake, as I know him, was a child gifted with imaginative raptures lifting him to the plane of a seer. He had a child's self-sufficiency, a child's faith, a child's incompleteness. His inner life centered about two or three great ideas, all of which were more or less dependent upon his peculiar endowment of spiritual sight. Whatever else he taught was subsidiary to these two or three, or explanatory of them, or in conflict with them; for Blake held that "the man who never alters his opinions is like standing water, and breeds reptiles of the mind." These theories we find foreshadowed in "Songs of Innocence," stated emphatically in "Songs of Experience," repeated in stray poems like "The Golden Net," "The Land of Dreams," "Auguries of Innocence," and bursting into a dark torrent of amorphous imagery and suggestion in the "prophetical" books. The variety and pregnancy of his work proves not his immensity of thought, but his resources of personality. His philosophy was a mere starting-point for the great rush of his imagination. That philosophy was bold, brilliant, fascinating. It leaped beyond its times, and anticipated the individualistic conceptions of a half-century later. But the great ideas advanced by Blake were few; and, as far as the bare thought is concerned, one half of his work was a frank repetition of the other half.

King of the vague, Blake was powerless in the human, the dramatic, the concrete. There is flame in his poetry, but no blood. Of the material onset of society he knew nothing, and cared to know nothing. His interests were in an ideal and supernal world —the relations of God and man, spirit and flesh, good and evil. At his best, he either depicts those aspects of life ideally most suggestive, or lets humanity go altogether, and swims in an opaque element of his own. The same man whom we see "opening the eternal worlds" we behold mixing in trivial squabbles, and employing the cheap weapons of satire and bluster. He is neither consistent, nor self-mastered, nor true to any truth but his own. He is endowed with few of the solid, practical gifts which are the birthright of the commonplace. But his walk on earth was, nevertheless, a noble one, exhaling tenderness and strength, song and pure spirit, finding its nether joys in the most ethereal things in nature, and its higher joys in communion with the world of which this lower one seemed to him the imperfect reflection.

I do not suppose that Blake's influence either upon art or upon thought will ever be great. Not much in his verse is of a kind to be transferred from one personality to another; for one cannot "graft" spirit. Not much in his philosophy will outlast the swift changes and discardings and discoverings in the realm of ethics. Are not, indeed, one half of Blake's assertions already disproved or become obvious? Yet this philosophy has the surety of a sort of permanence in being directly the emanation of Blake's personality. As a man he will live; as one in whom energy attained great stature and absolute freedom; as one who saw the beauty of life, and draws us with him to the vision. He is, in a word, one of the great stimulators of modern times. He is shut away in his own world; shut away by a cloud, and a forest, and a river. But there are approaches to the mysterious land; and when one, using simplicity and steadiness and love, reaches the true Blake, he will find that the impact of that mind upon his own will be such an experience as to give life a different face.

MR. LOWELL AND HIS SPANISH FRIENDS.

BY DOÑA EMILIA GAYANGOS DE RIAÑO.

WITH AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY MR. LOWELL.

THE recent compilation, by Mr. Joseph B. Gilder, of Mr. Lowell's despatches, "Impressions of Spain" (Boston, 1899), is especially valuable as giving an interesting description of the poet's official life in Spain. It may interest readers to see a hitherto unpublished poem by him, and to hear a little about his intercourse with some of his friends in Madrid.

Mr. Lowell brought letters to my father, Don Pascual de Gayangos, a valued friend and correspondent of Prescott and Ticknor. We saw much of him. My father's fine library was a great resource to him, and hardly a day passed without one or more notes, or "notelets," passing between us. I am the happy possessor of one hundred and seventy-three of them, full of fun, and with comments on passing events and on the books which came to him from America and England. It was a great amusement to him to help me with the translation of a Swabian manuscript at the British Museum, written by a traveler who visited Spain in the fifteenth century. Mr. Lowell was elected an honorary member of the Academia Española, and attended its evening meetings with great assiduity and to the advantage of its members no less than of himself. He liked Spain, and looked with indulgence on our faults. The picturesqueness pleased him, and the tawny landscapes and the snow-covered mountains of Guadarrama were a delight to him, frequently renewed in the long country walks he used to take with us and other friends on Sundays to the Moncloa and Pardo. When he expressed a wish to perfect his knowledge of Spanish I recommended our friend Don Hermenegildo de los Rios to read with him. They got on capitally, and became very friendly. Twice a week Mr. Lowell came to me for his Spanish lesson, an hour or more of most delightful converse on many subjects, including his life in Italy, Germany, and America, with reminiscences of days and evenings spent with Longfellow, Emerson, and others, described in Mr. Edward Everett Hale's pleasant book, "Lowell and his Friends." He spoke much of the trees and birds that surrounded Elmwood, which were so dear to him and his wife. How thankful we must be that he closed his eyes in the home he loved so well!

I encouraged him to write in Spanish, verse and prose. When Queen Mercedes died I suggested that the king would be pleased if he should write a few lines about her. On July 13, 1878, he wrote to me: "Last evening you commanded a poem. I venture to send you on the next leaf fourteen [lines] which I composed last night as I was trying to get asleep." This was the sonnet printed in "Heartsease and Rue," p. 115.

DEATH OF QUEEN MERCEDES.

HERS all that Earth could promise or bestow,—
Youth, Beauty, Love, a crown, the beckoning years,
Lids never wet, unless with joyous tears,
A life remote from every sordid woe,
And by a nation's swelled to lordlier flow.
What lurking-place, thought we, for doubts or fears,
When, the day's swan, she swam along the cheers
Of the Alcalá, five happy months ago?
The guns were shouting Io Hymen then
That, on her birthday, now denounce her doom;
The same white steeds that tossed their scorn of men
To-day as proudly drag her to the tomb.
Grim jest of fate! Yet who dare call it blind,
Knowing what life is, what our humankind?

The first verses he wrote in Spanish were written September 18, 1878. "I copy some verses, I won't call them Spanish, which came into my head one day as I passed your house while you were gone. They are the first I ever tried, and ought to be the last." They are entitled "Casa Sin Alma," and are to be found in "Heartsease and Rue," p. 105.

When he went with Mrs. Lowell to the Balearic Islands, he wrote me an amusing account of the incidents which befell him there. He meant to have seen much more of our country, but Mrs. Lowell's long and dangerous illness kept him a prisoner for months, enduring with admirable fortitude almost more than a human being could bear. His affectionate regard for us was increased by

our help and sympathy during that painful time. His appointment to England was delightful for him. There every one loved and admired him; but the blank he left here can never be filled.

The poem on the portrait, which has never before appeared, was sent in a letter of January, 1879. Mr. Lowell pretended he had found these verses in a volume which was taken to him for sale. It is written on chancery paper, in two columns. The portrait is a large lithograph, dated 1876.

THREE SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A PORTRAIT.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Scene I.: 1879.

I.

YOUR portrait? Charming! And for me!
And such a capital resemblance!
'T will serve when you 're beyond the sea—
Crayon? Ah, no; lithography—
To keep you freshly in remembrance.

II.

Where shall we hang it? Juan,[1] my dear,
Make yourself useful this *once*, pray do!
Yes, there 's some empty wall-space here;
But, then, 't would hardly do so near
That dark oil-picture of Quevedo.

III.

No hurry, say you? We can wait?
We 've got the rest of life before us?
Poor women! It is still our fate
To hear such wisdom. How I hate
That universal husband's chorus!

IV.

Myself I 'll hang it where I reign
Like our old kings sans Constitution:
In my boudoir. Since here in Spain
Men talked of rights, the only gain
Has been high taxes and confusion.

Scene II.: 1889.

I.

Juan, I must need contrive some space
To hang this bit of old *repoussé;*
One's gatherings grow at such a pace!
Ah, to be sure, there 's just the place—
Why not have said so sooner, goosie?

II.

That portrait of poor What'shisname—
What *was* his name? Well, I can spare it;
It really has no sense of shame,
To stare so! It can do the same,
Without offending, in the garret.

III.

One's memory plays such tricks perverse!
But I recall his story now well;
He used to bore me with his verse
And prose—I don't know which was worse.
A Yankee, and his name was Powell.

IV.

What tiresome notes he used to write
To his *Querida Doña Emilia!*
Some in *such* Spanish! My delight
Was in the blunders. Well, good night;
A bore should like the *Boardilla.*[2]

Scene III.: 1899.

I.

Ten years; and I, an aimless ghost,
Dim as Assisi's vanished frescos,
Glide where shrill minstrels deafen most
And blessed *prenderos*[3] keep their post,
Along the Calle de Tudescos.

II.

The same old reckless odds and ends,
Pistols, coins, lace, unholy clutter!
Life's castaways that have no friends,
Dead lovers' gifts—who knows? So ends
A poet sometimes in the gutter!

III.

And there, beside the selfsame door
(How many years they must have kept him, oh!),
With the same seasick look he wore,
But faded out a trifle more,
Hangs my old friend Fernando Septimo.[4]

IV.

I—but what portrait 's that below?
Oh, Doña Emil—wast thou, too, shoddy?
Yes, 't is the face I used to know
Seen in a mirror long ago,
When this poor shadow had a body.

[1] Mr. Riaño. [2] The garret. [3] Dealers in bric-à-brac.
[4] The king.

CONLON.

BY ARTHUR COLTON.

CONLON, the strong, lay sick unto death with fever. The Water Commissioners sent champagne to express their sympathy. It was an unforced impulse of feeling.

But Conlon knew nothing of it. His lips were white, his cheeks sunken; his eyes glared and wandered; he muttered, and clutched with his big fingers at nothing visible.

The doctor worked all day to force a perspiration. At six o'clock he said: "I 'm done. Send for the priest."

When Kelly and Simon Harding came, Father Ryan and the doctor were going down the steps.

"'T is a solemn duty ye have, Kelly," said the priest, "to watch the last moments of a dying man, now made ready for his end."

"Ah, not Conlon! He 'll not give up, not him," cried Kelly, "the shtrong man wid the will in him!"

"An' what 's the sthrength of man in the hands of his Creathor?" said the priest, turning to Harding, oratorically.

"I don' know," said Harding, calmly. "Do you?"

"'T is naught!"

Kelly murmured submissively.

"Kind of monarchical institution, ain't it, what Conlon 's run up against?" Harding remarked. "Give him a fair show in a caucus, an' he 'd win, sure."

"He 'll die if he don't sweat," said the doctor, wiping his forehead. "It 's hot enough."

Conlon lay muttering and glaring at the ceiling. The big knuckles of his hands stood out like rope-knots. His wife nodded to Kelly and Harding, and went out. She was a good-looking woman, large, massive, muscular. Kelly looked after her, rubbing his short nose, and blinking his watery eyes. He was small, with stooping shoulders, affectionate eyes, wavering knees. He had followed Conlon, the strong, and served him many years. Admiration of Conlon was a strenuous business in which to be engaged.

"Ah!" he said, "his wife ten year, an' me his inchimate friend."

It was ten by the clock. The subsiding noise of the city came up over housetops and vacant lots. The windows of the sick-room looked off the verge of a bluff; one saw the lights of the little city below, the lights of the stars above, and the hot black night between.

Kelly and Harding sat down by a window, facing each other. The lamplight was dim. A screen shaded it from the bed, where Conlon muttered and cried out faintly, intermittently, as though in conversation with some one who was present only to himself. His voice was like the ghost or shadow of a voice, not a whisper, but strained of all resonance. One might fancy him standing on the bank of the deadly river and talking across to some one beyond the fog, and fancy that the voices would so creep through the fog stealthily, not leaping distances like earthly sounds, but struggling slowly through nameless obstruction.

Kelly rubbed his hands before the fire.

"I was his inchimate friend."

Harding said: "Are you going to talk like a blanked idiot all night, or leave off maybe about twelve?"

"I know ye for a hard man, too, Simmy," said Kelly, pathetically; "an' 't is the nathur of men, for an Irishman is betther for blowin' off his shteam, be it the wrath or the sorrow of him, an' the Yankee is betther for bottlin' it up."

"Uses it for driving his engine mostly."

"So. But Conlon—"

"Conlon," said Harding, slowly—"that 's so. He had steam to drive with, and steam to blow with, and plenty left over to toot his whistle and scald his fingers and ache in his body. Expanding that there figure, he carried suction after him like the 1:40 express, he did."

"'T is thrue." Kelly leaned forward and lowered his voice. "I mind me when I first saw him I had n't seen him before, unless so be when he was puttin' the wather-main through the sand-hills up the river an' bossin' a gang o' men with a fog-horn voice till they did n't own their souls, an' they did n't have any, what 's more, the dirty Polocks. But he come into me shop one day, an' did I want the job o' plumbin' the court-house?

"'Have ye the court-house in your pocket?' says I, jokin'.

"'I have,' says he, onexpected, 'an' any plumbin' that 's done for the court-house is done in the prisint risidence of the same.'

"An' I looks up, an' 'O me God!' I says to meself, ''t is a man!' wid the black eyebrows of him, an' the shoulders an' the legs of him. An' he took me into the shwale of his wake from that day to this. But I niver thought to see him die."

"That 's so. You been his heeler straight through. I don' know but I like your saying so. But I don' see the how. Why, look here; when I bid for the old water contract he comes and offers to sell it to me, sort of personal asset. I don' know how. By the unbroke faces of the other Water Commissioners he did n't use his pile-driving fist to persuade 'em, and what I paid him was no more 'n comfortable for himself. How 'd he fetch it? How 'd he do those things? Why, look here, Kelly, ain't he bullied you? Ain't you done dirty jobs for him, and small thanks?"

"I have that."

Kelly's hands trembled. He was bowed down and thoughtful, but not angry.

"Suppose I ask you what for?"

"Suppose ye do. Suppose I don' know. Maybe he was born to be king over me. Maybe he was n't. But I know he was a mastherful man, an' he 's dyin' here, an' me blood 's sour an' me bones sad wid thinkin' of it. Don' throuble me, Simmy."

Harding leaned back in his chair and stared at the ceiling, where the lamp made a nebulous circle of light.

"Why, that 's so," he said at last, in conclusion of some unmentioned train of thought. "Why, I got a pup at home, and his affection ain't measured by the bones he 's had, nor the licks he 's had, not either of 'em."

Kelly was deep in a reverie.

"Nor it ain't measured by my virtues. Look here, now; I don' see what his measure is."

"Hey?" Kelly roused himself.

"Oh, I was just thinking."

Harding thought he had known other men who had had in some degree a magnetic power that seemed to consist in mere stormy energy of initiative. They were like strong drink to weaker men. It was more physical than mental. Conlon was to Kelly a stimulant, then an appetite. And Conlon was a bad lot. Fellows that had heeled for him were mostly either wrecked or dead now. Why, there was a chap named Patterson that used to be decent till he struck Conlon, when he went pretty low; and Nora Reimer drowned herself on account of Patterson, when he got himself shot in a row at some shanty up the railroad. The last had seemed a good enough riddance. But Nora went off her head and jumped in the new reservoir. Harding remembered it the more from being one of the Water Company. They had had to empty the reservoir, which was expensive. And there were others. A black, blustering sort of beast, Conlon. He had more steam than was natural. Harding wondered vaguely at Kelly, who was spelling out the doctor's directions from a piece of paper.

"A powdher an' five dhrops from the short bottle. 'T is no tin-course dinner wid the champagne an' ontries he 's givin' Conlon the night. Hey? A powdher an' five dhrops from the short bottle."

Harding's mind wandered on among memories of the little city below, an intricate, irregular history, full of incidents, stories that were never finished or dribbled off anywhere, black spots that he knew of in white lives, white spots in dark lives. He did not happen to know any white spots on Conlon.

"Course if a man ain't in politics for his health he ain't in it for the health of the community, either, and that 's all right. And if he opens the morning by clumping Mrs. Conlon on the head, why, she clumps him back more or less, and that 's all right." Then, if he went down-town and lied here and there ingeniously in the way of business, and came home at night pretty drunk, but no more than was popular with his constituency, why, Conlon's life was some cluttered, but never dull. Still, Harding's own ways being quieter and less cluttered, he felt that if Conlon were going off naturally now, it was not, on the whole, a bad idea. It would conduce to quietness. It would perhaps be a pity if anything interfered.

The clock in a distant steeple struck twelve, a dull, unechoing sound.

"Simmy," said Kelly, pointing with his thumb, "what do he be sayin', talkin'—talkin' like one end of a tiliphone?"

They both turned toward the bed and listened.

"Telephone! Likely there 's a party at the other end, then. Where 's the other end?"

"I don' know," whispered Kelly. "But I have this in me head, for ye know, when the priest has done his last, 't is sure he 's dhropped his man at the front door of wherever he 's goin', wid a letther of inthroduc-

tion in his hatband. An' while the man was waitin' for the same to be read an' him certified a thrue corpse, if he had a kettleful of boilin' impatience in himself like Tom Conlon, would n't he be passin' the time o' day through the keyhole wid his friends beyant?"

"'T ain't a telephone, then? It 's a keyhole, hey?"

"Tiliphone or keyhole, he 'd be talkin' through it, Conlon would, do ye mind?"

Harding looked with some interest. Conlon muttered, and stopped, and muttered again. Harding rose and walked to the bed. Kelly followed tremulously.

"Listen, will ye?" said Kelly, suddenly leaning down.

"I don' know," said Harding, with an instinct of hesitation. "I don' know as it 's a square game. Maybe he 's talkin' of things that ain't healthy to mention. Maybe he 's plugged somebody sometime, or broke a bank—ain't any more 'n likely. What of it?"

"Listen, will ye?"

"Don' squat on a man when he 's down, Kelly."

" 'Sh!"

"*Hold Tom's hand. Wait for Tom,*" babbled the ghostly voice, a thin, distant sound.

"What 'd he say? What 'd he say?" Kelly was white and trembling.

Harding stood up and rubbed his chin reflectively. He did not seem to himself to make it out. He brought a chair, sat down, and leaned close to Conlon to study the matter.

"*What 's the heart-scald, mother?*" babbled Conlon. "*Where 'd ye get it from? Me! Wirra!*"

"'T is spheakin' to ghosteses he is, Simmy, ye take me worrd."

"Come off! He 's harking back when he was a kid."

Kelly shook his head solemnly.

"He 's spheakin' to ghosteses."

"*What 's that, mother! Arra! I 'm sick, mother. What for? I don' see. Where 'm I goin'?*"

"You got me," muttered Harding. "I don' know."

"*Tom 'll be good. It 's main dark. Hold Tom's hand.*"

Kelly was on his knees, saying prayers at terrific speed.

"Hear to him!" he stopped to whisper. "Ghosteses! Ora pro nobis—"

"*Tom ain't afraid. Naw, he ain't afraid.*"

Harding went back to his window. The air was heavy and motionless, the stars a little dim. He could see the dark line of the river with an occasional glint upon it, and the outline of the hills beyond.

The little city had drawn a robe of innocent obscurity over it. Only a malicious sparkle gleamed here and there. He thought he knew that city inside and out, from end to end. He had lived in it, dealt with it, loved it, cheated it, helped to build it, shared its fortunes. Who knew it better than he? But every now and then it surprised with some hidden detail or some impulse of civic emotion. And Kelly and Conlon, surely he knew them, as men may know men. But he never had thought to see Conlon as to-night. It was odd. But there was some fact in the social constitution, in human nature, at the basis of all the outward oddities of each.

"Maybe when a man 's gettin' down to his reckonin' it 's needful to show up what he 's got at the bottom. Then he begins to peel off layers of himself like an onion, and 'less there ain't anything to him but layers, by and by he comes to something that resembles a sort of aboriginal boy, which is mostly askin' questions and bein' surprised."

Maybe there was more boyishness in Conlon than in most men. Come to think of it, there was. Conlon's leadership was ever of the maybe-you-think-I-can't-lick-you order; and men followed him, admitting that he could, in admiration and simplicity. You might see the same thing in the public-school yard. Maybe that was the reason. The sins of Conlon were not sophisticated.

The low, irregular murmur from the bed, the heavy heat of the night, made Harding drowsy. Kelly repeating the formula of his prayers, a kind of incantation against ghosts, Conlon with his gaunt face in the shadow and his big hands on the sheet clutching at nothing visible, all faded away, and Harding fell asleep.

He woke with a start. Kelly was dancing about the bed idiotically.

"He 's shweatin'!" he gabbled. "He 's shweatin'! He 'll be well—Conlon."

It made Harding think of the "pup," and how he would dance about him, when he went home, in the crude expression of joy. Conlon's face was damp. He muttered no more. They piled the blankets on him till the perspiration stood out in drops. Conlon breathed softly and slept. Kelly babbled gently, "Conlon! Conlon!"

Harding went back to the window and rubbed his eyes sleepily.

"Kind of too bad, after all that trouble to get him peeled."

The morning was breaking, solemn, noiseless, with lifted banners and wide pageantries, over river and city.

Harding yawned.

"It 's one on Father Ryan, anyway. That 's a good thing. Blamed old windbag!"

Kelly murmured ecstatically, "Conlon will get well—Conlon!"

"THE MOUSE."

A STORY OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS.

BY LUCY NORVELL CLARK.

The toy demon topping a wine-bottle at one corner of the big square table grinned with scarlet malice through his proper atmosphere, for the room was thick with the haze of blue smoke, the scent of Cuban tobacco mingling heavily with the perfume from a bowl of roses.

Every seat but one was filled, and as the group of diplomats—a couple of chargés d'affaires, a secretary or two, and some attachés—lounged, enjoying their cigarettes and coffee, they chatted in excited tones and in every European tongue. Not infrequently all talked at once, and from the din rose sounds suggestive of the clatter of sabots, the clash of castanets, the thump and jingle of the tambourine, while through it reverberated the impetuous rolling "r-r" of the South countries.

To these men at breakfast trifles were disasters, national calamities "stupidities," to be dismissed with a shudder as uncheerful subjects for discourse, like death, or, worse, old age.

Sevilla, a Spaniard, lay back in comfortable after-meal attitude, giving an opinion now and again with an aptness and ease of witty comment that always claimed attention. He was a man of the world who had tried everything, and found everything tolerably interesting. His genius for close observation, active just then for diversion only, made him later a figure in his country's history. Narrowing his eyes, he followed the gaze of Ricardos, another Castilian, who, with arms folded and brows drawn, scowled out at the snow-dabbed landscape. Gradiska, stout, Teutonically colored, as became his origin, glanced with the others to where a good half of the Monument, looming above neighboring roofs, stood out white against a neutral sky.

"But what black looks you cast, *amigo*, at the spotless crayon of our great and good friend Washington!" said Sevilla, lightly.

"*Caramba!*" Ricardos snarled through his shut teeth, and touched his sword-hip with a fierce significance. "I would sharpen it further, *caro* Sevilla, and write a madrigal to international peace."

"You two are hardly of one size, Ricardos *mio*," broke in Gradiska, peering upward slyly, a personal reference which provoked noisy laughter.

It was one of Ricardos's "days," when his soul posed glowering like "Napoleon after Elba," when the highest aspirations of mankind, the most perfect sentiments of womanhood, grated on his sensibilities as somehow wanting in delicacy and refinement. His clothing was fastidious and costly, his wine-bottle bore a crested cork, his cigarette-case was enameled with the latest Parisian *danseuse*. As a fact, his allowance from home was slow.

Gradiska passed over a choice Havana as consolation for the sally. It was accepted smilingly, for the rank and age of the German diplomat made his most pointed jest a compliment any attaché might endure with pride.

Colonna, an Italian, Blanco, a third Spaniard, Perez, a Mexican, and Garmendia, a young South American, were the others who made up this typical lot of junior foreign representatives. Colonna and Sevilla set to matching quarters for to-morrow's red wine. As the men threw down their silver, all bent forward eagerly to watch the play, crying out excitedly as luck flickered between.

In an alcove on the opposite side of the room, at a small table laid for three, sat the landlady, and the American widow of the late representative of a Spanish-speaking country. This latter, known among the foreigners as the "Devil-fish," was one of those types

of social flotsam of a tide that has gone out, that one constantly encounters at this democratic court. She lived on a pension and reminiscences of her acquaintance with "the corps," spending about all her income in retaining a cold hall room in the glamour of the old connection. Sometimes she was not visible for days, the result of severe indigestion brought on by eating dishes reeking with oil and onions. Her hair was as many-hued as an autumn maple; her brows and eyelids were blackened to give her glance the señorita slant; and as, holding her cigarette with pink-stained finger-tips, she rested her elbows on the table, the lace fell back coyly from her once fine but now effete forearms, and she cast languorous looks in the direction of the game of chance.

Rigidly upright by her side sat the New England landlady, a very Plymouth Rock of propriety and unlearned wisdom. For foreigners she had a well-concealed contempt, from the odious but necessary chef, who compounded the strange dishes she dubbed "messes" when on her yearly visit to New Medford, Massachusetts, to the ranking noble of her coroneted household.

Interest in the luck of the two men was at the highest, when a small, slim figure clad in gray appeared at the glass doorway that led to a little anteroom. Abrupt exclamations of real pleasure escaped the landlady. She left the alcove, and, after a kiss that sounded like the snap of surf against rocks, drew the shrinking girl to the seat beside hers.

"My niece," she said, and the Devil-fish, being much in arrears for board, greeted the girl most graciously, thanking Heaven silently that, though she was young, she was not pretty.

The newcomer was of meager figure, with small, abnormally bright eyes, sharp features, a complexion leaden with poor health, and mouth and teeth markedly rodent. She moved nervously, whisking her trailing gray gown as she drew up to the table.

"Una muchacha!" ("A girl!") said the little Spaniard, Ricardos, with rising inflection. His shipwreck mood made it sound like the cry, "A sail!"

In a moment all eyes were turned with furtive stares to the alcove.

"Muy feo" ("Very ugly"), commented the young South American, disappointedly.

"Y muy delgada" ("And very thin"), said contemptuously the heavy-faced Mexican, whose father's available millions raised him to the peerage of his present association.

Gradiska gave a kindly look, and observing her overwhelming shyness, said, "Pero simpatica." It was like him, when others were carping, to use that soul-word of Spanish that puts aside all physical imperfections and mental shortcomings, and gives the spiritual a chance—a term for which "sympathetic" is a poor equivalent.

An interval of critical silence was broken by the grating of a latch-key in the front door, followed by debonair greeting in manly tones, and the entrance of Sforza. Enthusiasm on a new subject quickly ran riot.

"Amigo!" "Sforza!" "Cher enfant!" "You at last, Sforza mio!" "Hombre!" they called out loudly. One reached up to slap him on the shoulder, another flipped the flower on his coat. All regarded him with looks of genuine affection, for Sforza was a prime favorite with his colleagues.

The late-comer slipped into his waiting chair, and began sipping coffee, which the butler at once set before him.

"Late as usual," said Colonna, and all joined in rallying Sforza on losing a waltz with the belle of the evening before.

"Another small darnce," Sforza mimicked. "Mon Dieu! why will they over here ask one for a 'small darnce,' when it is to tread on thousands of toes, to revolve against hundreds of other people, and to eat ices almost seated in the laps of respectable old ladies?"

"That 'small' ees pairhaps refer-rence to the size of their ball-rooms," suggested Blanco, the third and hitherto silent Spaniard. Every winter he learned English, every summer he went abroad and forgot it. No pupil of the elderly professor who taught them all caused such despair to that conscientious old gentleman.

Fitting his monocle to his eye, Sforza, who was a trifle short-sighted in soul and body, glanced for the first time toward the women, and saw the stranger. The girl was in the act of helping herself from a plate containing a square cream-cheese, from which tiny slices were to be cut, and eaten with wafers and fruit-jelly. When she saw he was looking at her, she was embarrassed past consciousness of what she was doing, and lifting it with the silver knife, laid the whole cheese on her plate. Sforza had included in one glance her bright eyes, sharp profile, gray gown, and her embarrassment.

"Sapristi!" he said, smiling, in tones not ungentle, but clear to all. "Il Sorcio!" ("The Mouse!")

A general laugh greeted this characterization, and, dropping the monocle, Sforza

never guessed how cruelly the shot had struck the mark. The girl knew Italian. No tears rose to her eyes, she gave no sign, but the very faithfulness of his wit smote her soul. Not even the Devil-fish, who had no Italian, suspected that anything had happened.

If Satan, little departing from Mephistophelian aspect, had been recreated a Florentine, borne himself like a gallant, said gracious, unexpected things to women, shunned what was sad, craved forgetfulness of all the gravities of life in merriment and ease, done rarely kind and generous acts when absolutely convenient, he would have been Sforza. His intuitions were brilliantly artistic, his impulses toward perfection strong and tender. These qualities were the bequest of heredity. A desolated but wrathful soubrette, whom he had loved and tired of, once said to him in prophetic rage at his indifference: "God will never forgive you anything, Sforza, because you did not understand." He sought sunshine like a true son of Italy, his benediction to every serious subject being, "It is not amusing."

It was a far cry from the personality of this man to that of the girl whom he had at first sight both fascinated and wounded deeply. Even her youth revealed itself dimly, like a London dawn. She was possessed of some uneven culture. Under the charm of certain sentiment her face showed a kind of colorless intellectuality through its gargoyle quaintness.

After childhood in a small New England town, chance, in the form of an aunt employed in work connected with a missionary society, had taken her to Rome. Left much alone, she wandered about the city at will, steeping her parched little soul in beauty and color. It was almost as if she had inherited that "kingdom of heaven," whose pearls and gold jeweled the musings of her childhood, and made her yearn for the hour when she would "come into" it. In the churches and galleries of Rome she made her home. The few duties required by her aunt were gone through almost mechanically. By night she dreamed of the paintings she studied by day and of the strains of music that uplifted her spirit to the heights of art. She had left New England with an outfit carefully prepared by her aunt. Of her three gowns all were bright plaids, brown and green, and orange and black, for week-days, with a gorgeous smocked and begimped plaid threaded with checks of gold for "Sunday best." These were of domestic cloth, of which her native town was proud, and which was woven by thousands of yards and sent to the cities each season After a few weeks their gaudy colors jarred on her. She had a feeling that they increased the distance between her and the glorious figures in flowing draperies that she saw in the galleries and churches, and that were fast becoming her friends. Art was to her a holy thing, too sacred to apply personally. She would as soon have thought of wearing as ornament the beaten-gold cross bought on a journey to Florence

One day, at vespers, she noticed in the aisle, not far away, a woman wearing the long gray robe of some religious order. Positive abhorrence of her own attire seized her. That evening she sold the carefully sewed New England gowns to two delighted peasant girls about to emigrate to America, buying with the trifle they brought, and some moderate savings, many yards of soft gray wool material. When she appeared in one of the dresses she had fashioned after that of the sister, her aunt was at breakfast.

"My goodness, child, but you look like a nun!" said that not intolerant old lady. "Get your fashions at St. Peter's, if you like, but don't let the priests convert you."

It seemed to her that a nearer friendship with her beloved Madonnas, Magdalenes, and saints was at once established now that no common gaudiness repelled them. Kneeling in the glorious light that shone through the stained-glass windows, she could saturate herself in the radiant color her very physical being craved, and with which her sober dress held no conflict.

A time came soon—her seventeenth birthday had just passed—when accident supplied the missing link that connected her mysterious love of art with her actual existence. Idly scribbling on the margin of a little book in which her aunt had bade her chronicle subscriptions, she gradually sketched, between gaps in dictation, that pious and amiable old lady. As the drawing developed she was astounded. Her aunt, bending over her as the last strokes were put on, was amazed.

"Why, mercy me, child, you can draw!" she exclaimed. "It 's me exactly. Not a wrinkle left out. Make some more pictures, and if they are as good as this, I 'll get you a course of lessons. It would be awful nice if you could make crayon portraits of us all when you get back home. And then you might teach."

A month of ecstasy had followed this discovery. Days were spent in the studio of a famous man, who, enthusiastic over her tal-

ent, encouraged her to believe that time and earnest study might place her pictures among those of the masters whose works she worshiped. A call to the Boston mission rudely destroyed her hopes. One week later found her with her aunt on a steamship bound for New England.

Not long after reaching home, her father's sister had written for her to come South and make a long visit. A great convention just then meeting at the capital, she had been swept thither on the tide of "excursion rates."

In a few weeks the quiet girl had become a helpful part of the household. The flowers on the great table, her special care, were always fresh, the crystal bowl was always brightly polished. If any friction vexed the kitchen, her chair became vacant, and only a trailing glimpse of gray, whisking past the pantry doorway now and then, told of her presence, until harmony was restored. Her gentle, unobtrusive ways silenced criticism and made her very welcome. Nobody knew that her joy in life was the coming of Sforza; that her every thought grew up to that moment. He was her dear, lost Rome embodied. He rarely noticed her, then always with playful kindness, as to a child. The Devil-fish, whose infatuation for Sforza, and his contempt for her, were a social jest, eyed her keenly at such moments, but found nothing on which jealous suspicion could feed.

Roses had given way to bright-berried holly in the shining bowl.

The night of the diplomatic reception arrived, and all met early at dinner that they might surely be in line, in the order of their legations, to pay their respects to the Chief Executive. The men appeared in showy uniforms bedight with buttons and gold braid, their breasts tricked out with dangling ornaments, like so many jewelers' windows, and with gleaming swords jangling ostentatiously. All were radiant with satisfied vanity. Only the Mexican, sulking in civilian's evening dress, with a miniature decoration fastened by a fine gold chain to the lapel of his coat, lacked the holiday spirit. He had brought with him from an Oriental post, for just such occasions, a gorgeous uniform all red and blue and glitter, but his minister had commanded "democratic simplicity."

The Devil-fish's worn "creation of eminence-purple velvet," more worn than last year, or the year before that, and even more décolleté, owing to her increasing size, was set off by a cheap necklace of imitation amethysts. Poor thing! Her adored strings of fine pearls had been dissolved in the wine of last year's expenses. The landlady, wearing her plain every-day dress, watched the doorway for her niece's coming. A friend, a clerk at the Executive Mansion, had promised to put the "little thing" where she could "see everything," if the landlady would bring her down. She entered the dining-room wearing a fluffy, frilled gown of transparent gray material. As she was leaving her room a shaft of girlishness had pierced her. Turning up the light before her mirror, she had taken from a drawer a piece of bright-red ribbon and had tied it about the lace at her neck.

All the men bowed and smiled approvingly as she came in, except Sforza, who was busy getting a troublesome bone from his fish.

"Little Cinderella will go to the ball in her ashes," commented Garmendia, in Italian. Sforza looked up.

"Sapristi!" he said in the same tongue, with affected quizzical astonishment. "Who has cut the throat of our Mouse?"

The meal over, there was much brushing, lest a speck of dust or a stray crumb should mar their immaculateness. Each took his turn under the whisk-broom of the vigilant butler. The fastidious little Spaniard, Ricardos, stood on a chair to add to his height, so the work might be accomplished thoroughly. Punctual cabs rolled them away. The Devil-fish departed in a herdic. After the girl had slipped out and removed the red ribbon from her neck, the landlady walked with her to a side entrance of the Executive Mansion, as by appointment, and there gave her over to the friendly clerk. By circuitous ways the girl was steered past the Marine Band, whose leader waited, baton in hand, for a signal, to a place at an archway close to the "Golden Gate."

Music broke out, all the more loud from having been so long restrained, in "Hail to the Chief." The crowd about her surged away, and she with it, to allow the host and the hostess and the cortège of other members of the official household to go through to the Blue Room. In a few minutes "the line" was formed, beginning with the President, his wife next, and next in order the ladies of the cabinet. From her position, not ten feet away, the girl could see them all, note their costly dresses, flashing jewels, and gradually exhausting smiles of welcome.

A stentorian and formal announcement,

"The British Ambassador," was followed immediately by the presence of a ruddy, genial gentleman, his wife, and his daughters.

"Nice girls," she heard a plump young woman, who had been busy writing on a small pad, say to another young woman, who, though with conspicuous difficulty taking notes on a torn bit of envelop, stopped to look up and nod her head in pleased acquiescence.

The British secretaries and attachés made their formal bows along the line.

"The Italian Ambassador!" A distinguished-looking, white-haired gentleman, of courtier-like bearing, passed, giving greetings; and coming after were the other men of his embassy, among whom the girl at the Golden Gate saw Sforza. Her heart beat rapidly, and she followed him grudgingly with her eyes until he had gone "behind the line" and disappeared into the Red Room. Colonna, Gradiska, the three Spaniards, Garmendia, the sulky Mexican, all had gone by with their respective representations. She was watching the queerly dressed Koreans, with their funny little hats and grotesque nods, when she caught sight of Sforza again.

He was standing just back of the President's wife, talking eagerly to a dark-haired, dark-eyed young woman dressed in rose-color, with glittering embroideries about the corsage. The girl at the Golden Gate perceived her superb beauty, the delicate modeling of her white neck and arms, the clinging draperies outlining torso and limbs of a form "like the Winged Victory," she thought. Now the beautiful woman smiled up at Sforza, as if his presence made her utterly happy. That he worshiped her would have been evident to any one.

The heart of the girl writhed and stung like a troubled serpent. Involuntarily turning away, she was caught in what seemed to her dazed mind a great silk and satin wave, with a glittering white surf of bediamonded necks and bare shoulders, and swept toward a door. The chill wind blew in her face, and possessed with a wild desire to get out of it all, she escaped into the open air. The night was bitter cold. She threw about her head and shoulders, like a hooded cape, the light frilled overdress that hung above her satin skirt, and hurrying down the broad walk through the iron gateway, went quickly home in the starlight alone.

THREE months went by. The girl divided her time between household duties and hard work at the easel in her snug attic room. The hurt of that night at the White House passed quickly. She would not admit that it existed, even to herself when alone, and it passed.

Beyond the years of verdant judgment, Gradiska's "salad days" were yet thick upon him, for he was passed master in the art of mixing oil, vinegar, and savory crispnesses. His chivalry was the repressing influence of the clique. To him good women were objects of reverential worship, bad women objects of pity, or, oftener, were given the benefit of the doubt. In early manhood death had taken from him a fair young wife, with the child she gave her life for. The holy shadow of that sorrow rested about all womankind.

A strong friendship existed between the kindly German and Garmendia, the tall, broad-shouldered South American of English descent, English education, English clothes, English color, whose presence carried with it a permeating freshness of matutinal cold baths dashed with eau de Cologne, and the breeziness of self-satisfied youth. Garmendia could throw a lasso with the best vaquero on his father's vast estates, play golf and cricket admirably, dance the *Cueca* with a fire and skill that put to shame his lithest henchmen, and lead a cotillion faultlessly; while his opinions on matters of state, modestly ventured in the presence of certain "chiefs," sometimes brought forth the sage phrase, "One of the most promising youngsters in the corps." Just now he was straight from a visit to his country, and he had lost all the vulgar conceit which a few pretty but weak-minded girls and men-seeking matrons of capital society had created by mellow glances and adulating phrases in two seasons. Romantic love of home, and devotion to his mother and sister, were his saving grace when rising to the final hedge of any folly. He was a brave boy, afraid of nothing in heaven above or the earth beneath—except weak lungs.

Once, not long after the evening of the reception, Garmendia, off with an old love, and not yet on with a new, had attempted a mild flirtation with Il Sorcio. Gradiska, alert to protect the child from pain, checked him promptly.

"Be a man, Garmendia mio!" he counseled as they walked to the club together. "Don't get out your butterfly-net for moths."

The boy desisted, feeling rather proud of himself for such self-denial.

Meanwhile her heart was full to the brim with their colleague.

SFORZA, returning from a few days in New York, found himself, for the first time in his life, early at breakfast. Violets on the table marked the season, and made the air of the empty dining-room grateful with their fragrance. Impatient to be served, he knocked at the pantry door. There was no answer. Passing out to the back porch to call the butler, he came suddenly on Il Sorcio. She was sitting on a low chair, her heavy mass of hair loose and enveloping her to the knees as she dried it in the thin spring sunshine.

"Love in a fog," he said, lifting lightly one long, damp, dust-colored tress. A lurid blush burned her cheeks. "Like the electric glare that overhangs the city on a dull night," he thought, and then quickly forgot. She disappeared to order his breakfast.

THE chrysanthemums in the center of the great table were a bit rusty.

No trailing glimpse of gray had flitted by the door for days.

"Where is the modest little lady?" Gradiska asked. One day, not long before, she had been absent, making dainty rolls of *Mostnüsse*, by the kindly German's own recipe. She had brought them to him in a dish later, with apologies for the hands that served them, for her fingers were streaked dark from blanching and threading walnuts, and dyed purple with the jelly of late grapes in which she had dipped the long strings of kernels. Gradiska cheerfully suspected more Mostnüsse.

Sforza stopped in a story he was telling to hear the landlady's reply.

"Gone to her folks in New England for Thanksgiving."

He too had been aware of something lacking, missed her, as one might observe the absence of a cracked tea-cup or a wine-stained cloth; for these were anxious days when the foreign powers talked often together, and her ugliness fretted his taut nerves.

A week passed. One afternoon all the group had left the dining-room, except Sforza, who waited to pay his monthly bill. Punctiliousness in money matters, and reticence touching all diplomatic business, were second nature to him. Hearing a choking sound, he turned to see the landlady, her face distorted with distress, holding out something like a roll of music.

"Found in her desk to-day; seems to be for you, sir," she said; and in answer to his hurried sympathetic questions, added, "Dead; yes, sir, died in Massachusetts. Something of the heart, they wrote me." All this was staccatoed, with gulping sobs, as she mechanically accepted the check. "Thank you, sir; I will go for the receipt."

Curiosity gave way to intense surprise as, unwrapping the outer paper of the roll she had given him, and on which his name was irregularly scrawled, Sforza disclosed, bound about with a ribbon as ruddy as a streak of heart's blood, two sketches, each signed in one corner "Il Sorcio."

"Great little Mouse!" he cried, beaming caressingly, and again, "Great little Mouse! Who would have guessed it?"

Masterly talent smoldered in every curve and line on the pages before him. The first was a picture of the woman in rose and silver, "with the form of the Winged Victory." She was smiling up at Sforza. He bent above her, wearing the selfsame look with which he had worshiped her that night at the President's reception. Every detail of the drawing was worked out with delicate care.

"Mon Dieu, madame!" he apostrophized the beautiful woman as he scanned the picture closely. "Mon Dieu! but I was indiscreet to look at you that way before the world."

The second sketch was in ghostliest outline, as if portraying a vision. Clad in a misty gown, a veil caught in her hair with a wreath of orange-flowers and falling about her frail figure, stood Il Sorcio. Sforza's arms encircled her, her head rested on his breast, and his eyes looked down on her with tenderest affection. No single ugliness of her face had been softened.

The revelation startled him. He had never faintly suspected what he now saw had existed. That devotion for another could, without passionate reciprocation, do aught but quickly starve and perish was beyond the limits of his experience or perception, and filled him with awe and reverent astonishment. Yet she had watched it grow with proud loyalty, nourished it from her own faithful heart, taught luxuriant love to cling and twine about her fancy with no thought of return. Then, with the full strength of her one perfection, she had limned her very soul's desire on perishable paper.

Being Italian, he was moved equally by her genius and by the pathos of it all.

"Great little Mouse!" he said once more. "To think she knew my language and all this! And I—what pain I must have caused her!"

Ever eloquent, with the English of his ancient professor, a sudden impulse moved him. Rising to his feet, he filled his glass with red wine to the brim, and holding it at arm's-length toward the doorway, where she had passed so often, but now would never come again, "To loveless Art and artless Love!" he whispered passionately, then drained it. In this luminous instant the heights of his nature were revealed, towering above the mists of expediency.

Gathering together the sketches tenderly, he gave each a look, lingering above the last. Perhaps the power of the sadness that oppressed him made him fearful for his pleasure; perhaps it was that, passing his hand with characteristic gesture through the waves of hair on his temples, their thinness warned him of the coming days, when age would cast out love. He drew his shoulders together with a shiver of absolute terror, and thrust the pictures deep into the pocket of his coat.

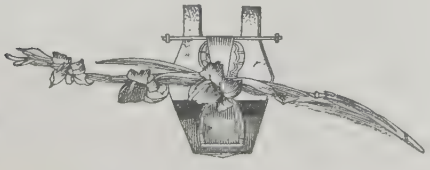
"Sapristi!" he muttered. "This is not amusing!"

Calling loudly to a colleague who was finishing a cigarette in the hallway, they went off to the club together.

PROEM TO AN AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY.

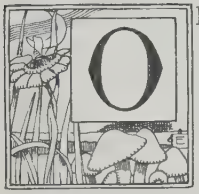
BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

I SAW the constellated matin choir
Then when they sang together in the dawn,—
The morning stars of this first rounded day
Hesperian, hundred-houred, that ending leaves
Youth's fillet still upon the New World's brow;
Then when they sang together,—sang for joy
Of mount and wood and cataract, and stretch
Of keen-aired vasty reaches happy-homed,—
I heard the stately hymning, saw their light
Resolve in flame that evil long inwrought
With what was else the goodliest demain
Of freedom warded by the ancient sea;
So sang they, rose they, to meridian,
And westering down the firmament led on
Cluster and train of younger celebrants
That beaconed as they might, by adverse skies
Shrouded, but stayed not nor discomfited,—
Of whom how many, and how dear, alas!
The voices stilled mid-orbit, stars eclipsed
Long ere the hour of setting; yet in turn
Others oncoming shine, nor fail to chant
New anthems, yet not alien, for the time
Goes not out darkling nor of music mute
To the next age,—that waits their heralding,
Their light more radiant, more impassioned song.



THE STAINED-GLASS POLITICAL PLATFORM.

BY STEWART CHAPLIN.



NE summer evening, years ago, Harris St. John sat by the open window of his room, reading a novel—but not for pleasure. He said that he read novels solely for the profit to be derived from their perusal—the profit consisting in small sums paid to him by a publishing house for passing on the merits—or demerits—of manuscripts submitted for publication. He read them by tens, scores, and hundreds, and had written one himself, which had been rejected by four publishers in succession,—like Charlotte Brontë's "Professor," he said,—and then by four more; whereupon he had put it away in a drawer in a dark closet.

"I believe in it yet," he said, "and at any rate it will come in very handy for filling, when I publish my 'Complete Works.'"

Dropping his manuscript, St. John rose and looked out of the window into the night. He was very fond of this window, for there, high above the roofs of the surrounding buildings, he could look off in the direction of the far-away Wampsic Mountains, where a girl, to whom he wrote a long letter every night, was living. It was she, though that was a secret, who was the heroine of his rejected novel, where she was happily married, in the last chapter, to the young hero. But in reality she was teaching a little district school, in the mountains, in the winter, and was staying there even now, in the summer vacation, for economy's sake—dear economy, whose every dollar saved brought nearer for them the last chapter of one story that interested him much more than his novel, and the first chapter of another, better still.

He had also written short stories, but he had not been very successful in selling them that summer, and Fate had driven him to the expedient of eating a little into his small and painfully hoarded savings; but, nevertheless, he had refused a fair offer from a publisher to write a novel which, said the publisher, "must be pure trash, with lots of go." "My work may be humble," St. John had said to himself, "but it 's all going to be honest, or I 'll turn street-sweeper."

There was a knock at the door, and in came Jack Gamage, who hailed from St. John's native Western town, and had been his classmate in college two years before. He was the son of the Hon. Asa K. Gamage, the Western politician, and was a student in the law school, and during the summer a clerk in a law office.

There were only two chairs in the room. One was occupied by a pile of unread manuscripts. Gamage had the choice of the other or the table. He chose the latter.

"Saw my old gentleman to-day," he said, keeping his hat on because it made him feel more at home, but tipping it back for the sake of coolness. "He 's East on some political business. Getting ready for his State convention. Rather close shave out there, he says. Everybody discouraged or lukewarm; don't know just how to meet all these attacks on the party record."

"Glad to hear it," said St. John, laying down his pen.

"Oh, of course," said Gamage; "you 're on the other side of the fence. You know the old gentleman is the coming political high priest in our State. He 's great on pulling wires, but writing is n't his forte; and when it comes to resolutions and platforms he has to fall back on somebody else. Now, this year he must have a platform that will go ahead of anything in the country; something striking, convincing, full of courage, you know, and all that. He says he wants something they 'll hear of in Washington; something to show that the State is up and dressed and ready for the fray when the rest of the party is downhearted."

"Why does n't he turn on his usual faucet and let it flow?" asked St. John.

"He 's tried that," said Gamage. "He 's got a lot of drafts, but they don't suit. They 're all built to please the people that are bound to vote the ticket anyway. But he 's mighty shy on votes, and he 's got to have a platform that will please the civil-service people, and not scare the heelers; please the gold people, and not scare the silverites; please the people generally that want economy, and not scare the cross-roads folks that want a marble post-office, and a

granite bridge over their creek; please the anti-trust element, and not scare the capitalists; and please the free-traders, without scaring the protectionists. Then it 's got to be written with lots of nerve, sliding over all the things the people are hot about, and going in strong for what nobody disputes, and giving the other party fits generally without venturing into particulars."

"Why don't you draft a platform yourself?" asked St. John. "You ought to be getting your hand in."

"Don't know but I shall," said Gamage; "but I hope I 'll never get quite so deep into politics as the old gentleman. He 's trailing about, pouring oil on the troubled waters, or staying day and night at headquarters, and having his clean clothes sent in to him. He 's had a lot of trouble with Eli Wiggins —you know the local paper always refers to him as the Hon. Eli Whitney Wiggins. Wiggins has been talking reform and threatening a split, and the old gentleman 's afraid he 'll have to have him nominated for attorney-general to placate him."

"Well, after he gets his platform," said St. John, "the committee may turn it down."

"That 's where you 're off," said Gamage. "He 'll have that committee in his breeches pocket. They 'll listen to delegations and hear suggestions, and then they 'll close their doors and deliberate like fury by smoking and telling stories to kill time, and when they 've killed enough to look decent, they 'll come out and report the old gentleman's platform, and it 'll go through with a whiz."

"I think I 've got a platform I concocted lately that would just about fill his bill," said St. John, laughing. "Have n't I read it to you? No?" And he went to a case full of pigeonholes and drew out a few sheets of brown paper.

Gamage shifted from the table to the chair, tipped it back against the wall, and tossed his hat on the bed.

"And now, my son, proceed," he said.

"You are the convention," said St. John, "and I am the chairman of your committee on platform. This is supposed to be the platform of a party that has made a lot of horrible mistakes, broken all its pledges, has the country down on it, and sees certain defeat staring it in the face."

"Good," said Gamage. "Then it ought to give me some points for the old gentleman. Fire away!"

"And like most platforms," continued St. John, "it contains plenty of what I call weasel words."

"And what may weasel words be?"

"Why, weasel words are words that suck all the life out of the words next to them, just as a weasel sucks an egg and leaves the shell. If you heft the egg afterward it 's as light as a feather, and not very filling when you 're hungry; but a basketful of them would make quite a show, and would bamboozle the unwary."

"I know them well," said Gamage, "and mighty useful they are, too. Although the old gentleman could n't write much of a platform, he 's an expert on weaseling. I 've seen him take his pen, and go through a proposed plank or resolution, and weasel every flat-footed word in it. Then the weasel word pleases one man, and the word that 's been weaseled pleases another."

"Here goes, then," said St. John, and he began to read in a loud, positive tone. "'Assembled under unusually auspicious circumstances, and cheered by the manifest evidences of hearty popular confidence and support, and the certainty of approaching victory at the polls, we make the following declaration of principles.'"

Gamage nodded his approval.

"'I. We adopt and reaffirm the pledges contained in all our previous national and State platforms—'"

"Lucky it does n't quote them in," said Gamage. "They 'd tear each other's eyes out. But it sounds well to reaffirm them all, and nobody 'll bother to look them up and compare them."

"'All our previous national and State platforms,'" said St. John, resuming his reading. "'They will be carried out in the future, as in the past, with strict fidelity to the public interests, unmoved by the ignorant clamor of our opponents.

"'II. We reaffirm our unwavering faith in popular government and our devotion to the flag of freedom, and denounce as dangerous and wicked—'"

"'Dangerous, wicked, and un-American,'" said Gamage.

"Yes," said St. John, correcting his manuscript, "'denounce as dangerous, wicked, and un-American all efforts to deprive the people of the control of their own affairs.

"'III. We believe in honest money, consisting of standard coin, and paper redeemable in coin, so adjusted and maintained at an even level of value that the debtor may be relieved of his burdens, while insuring full payment to the creditor.'"

"Not 'full payment,'" said Gamage, "but

'full justice.' That can be explained to one set of voters as meaning full payment, and to the other as meaning a scale down."

"Very well," said St. John, "'while insuring full justice to the creditor.' That 's better. Now that, like most of the others, is what I call a stained-glass plank. You look through one pane and see a purple dog, and you look through another, and he 's green; but what his real color is you can't tell till you throw open the window.

"'IV. We believe that the civil service should be prudently administered, under laws framed by the true friends of the system, with such exceptions—'"

"'Such wise exceptions,'" suggested Gamage. "Nobody can object to wise exceptions."

"Well, 'with such wise exceptions in regard to confidential and other positions, and in regard to promotions, transfers, and the due exclusion of mere partizans, as experience, guided by a true American spirit, may prove best.'"

"Good," said Gamage.

"'V. We believe that the public moneys should only be used for public purposes, and denounce the system of log-rolling, and the persistent seeking of undue local advantage at the public expense. This is a great and rich nation, and every portion of it should be gladdened by receiving its due share of the benefits of the national wealth.

"'VI. We stand for correct and wise laws governing our trade relations with foreign countries, for the equal benefit of our exporters and importers, our domestic traders and consumers, our farmers, our—'"

"Say, 'our farmers, who are the strength of the nation.'"

"Yes. 'Our farmers, who are the strength of the nation, our manufacturers and their employees—a system which shall give the producer large profits, the working-man high wages, and the consumer low prices, while the government also derives from this source an appropriate proportion of its necessary revenue.

"'VII. Our merchant marine should be given its former proud position of superiority. Our lumber interests should also be strictly guarded.

"'VIII. Dangerous trusts should be vigorously suppressed. Octopus-like, they threaten the very existence of our institutions. But large business enterprises, honestly administered, whatever their nominal form, which effect prudent economies, while paying more for their raw material, buying more of it, employing more labor, paying higher wages, and reducing prices of the finished product, without injury to the interests of the public or of independent competitors, should be encouraged.'"

"Why not say, 'should, within wise limits, be encouraged'?"

"That 's better. 'Should, within wise limits, be encouraged.

"'IX. Recognizing the evils of intemperance, we approve of all well-considered efforts to abate and remove its dire consequences. The public should be protected—'"

"'Duly protected,'" said Gamage. "That's always a good weasel word."

"Yes. 'Duly protected. The freedom of the individual should not be restricted.'"

"'Should not be unduly restricted,'" said Gamage.

"Gamage," said St. John, "have you ever framed a real platform?"

"I am my father's son," said Gamage.

"'X. We believe in free schools. Every child should receive a good education. We believe in religious liberty. Every man should be free to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. We believe in freedom of the press, the palladium of our liberties. We favor the metric system of weights and measures.'"

"Just the thing!" said Gamage.

"'We believe,'" continued St. John, "'that the question of a national divorce law should be carefully investigated.' No, that 's too strong. I 'll add, 'But with due regard to the honest difference of views in respect to it which exist in different sections of the country.' Then it goes on: 'We advocate honesty, justice, and fairness toward all. We are all Americans, and should fraternally work together, hand in hand under the flag, for the common good.

"'XI. We denounce as self-seeking, unscrupulous, and but little short of treasonable, the great political party which makes pledges only to break them; which seeks to deceive the people with ambiguous phrases; which looks only to party advantage, regardless of the common welfare; which changes its political creed like a coat, and never dares to set forth its principles in clear-cut and unequivocal terms. We denounce its unvarying practice of deception, its lack of faith in free institutions and true Americanism, its shifty attitude on the money question, its unwise methods in dealing with the civil service, its extravagance, its exploded doctrines of trade, its efforts to play fast and loose with the question of trusts, its

utter disregard of the private rights of the individual citizen, and its spirit of fault-finding and imputation of base motives to its opponents, which is so inconsistent with that frank and courteous spirit of mutual confidence and respect which should always prevail among true Americans, irrespective of party lines. And realizing its corruption, venality, ignorance, and recklessness, we view with alarm its renewed preparations, so soon after it was hurled from office in disgrace, and in reliance upon deception, vote-buying, and fraud at the polls, to grasp again the reins of power.

"'XII. Inspired by love of the fearless patriotism which has enveloped the names of Marathon and Thermopylæ, and of our own Lexington and Concord, in an undying light of glory, and which, in later days, again blazed forth at Majuba Hill, we extend the hand of sympathy to all oppressed peoples struggling to be free, and in the spirit of the Father of his Country we deprecate any unnecessary entanglement in the affairs of the great conquering nations who are compelled by Destiny to assume the burdens of the weak.

"'XIII. We reaffirm our faith in the principles of the Declaration of Independence, the immortal Farewell Address, and the Monroe Doctrine, as they would be understood by their authors if now alive, and we believe the time is approaching when a due degree of absolute independence should be firmly accorded to those whose geographical position places them in the path of our expanding commerce.

"'XIV. We heartily and enthusiastically indorse in all respects the course of the administration, and call renewed attention to the broad and wise statesmanship, the spirit of unselfish fidelity to duty, and the unflagging and well-directed zeal which have characterized all its acts.

"'XV. And, finally, we point with pride to the superlative accomplishments of our party in the past. The flag waves in glory over a great nation. The hum of the spindle, the smoke from the factory chimney, the busy marts of trade, the children flocking to their schools, all speak of the peace, plenty, and prosperity that flow from a wise, honest, and just administration of the government. We humbly and thankfully record that, during the past year, we have seen, as evidence of the divine approval of our efforts, an entire absence of plague or famine. Rain has fallen, the sun has shone, and abundant crops have blessed the broad fields. Reckless experiment with new and vicious policies would, under these circumstances, be most injudicious. Any apparent shortcomings of our party have been due solely to deeply intrenched evils inherited from the previous administration, which the most earnest efforts have as yet failed wholly to eradicate. This year's campaign is the first engagement in the great battle for good government in the nation. This is no time for differences concerning State affairs or for controversies over mere details, which should be deferred until, standing shoulder to shoulder, we have routed the common enemy and driven them from the field. And as the party of progress, the party with its face toward the sunrise, the party of hope and of faith in mankind, the party that attracts young men, the party that unselfishly seeks the common good, the party of a glorious and unbroken record of noble and high achievement, we confidently ask for a continuance of the people's trust, both in the nation and the State.'"

"Very good, my son," said Gamage, approvingly. "Plenty of cheek, plenty of convenient obliviousness to past treachery and trouncings, plenty of positive and pronounced nothings; tries to wave the flag so close to the voters' eyes that they can't see what 's going on behind it."

"Of course it is n't a real platform for actual use," said St. John. "The real platform is like a scallop-shell on the beach at low tide, with its real colors not very plain. This one is the shell after a few waves splash over it and bring the colors out. I told you it was exaggerated."

"Not a bit," said Gamage. "Mighty well adapted for a close campaign when everybody is trying to look like himself and everybody else, too. Very strong on freedom and the metric system, and a firm friend of civil-service reform and the spoils system. Comes out heavy on the little red school-house, and stands boldly for a single gold standard and bimetallism. Insists on honesty in general, and advocates free trade and protection. It would be just the thing for the old gentleman. He might work in a few more 'buts' and 'whiles' and 'neverthelesses,' and then everybody would feel that while *he* would have phrased it a little differently, yet its clear recognition of his favorite doctrine gave great cause for encouragement."

"Nonsense," said St. John. "If it is n't a mere farce, then it 's a failure. It will do very well in a story."

"And what would you get for your story?"

"Oh, that depends. So far, I 've only got them into the magazines that pay low. Perhaps twenty-five dollars."

And he put it back in its pigeonhole.

About a month later, when St. John took up his morning paper, the first thing that caught his eye was the heading: "For Civil-Service Reform." Under this came the following:

Pamana, September 4. The Cereal State —— Convention adopted at to-day's session a platform which is destined to throw the opposition into confusion, and inspire the party with new courage and enthusiasm. Its uncompromising and yet temperate tone may be seen from the following planks:

"We believe in honest money, consisting of standard coin, and paper redeemable in coin, so adjusted and maintained at an even level of value that the debtor may be relieved of his burdens, while insuring full justice to the creditor.

"We believe that the civil service should be prudently administered, under laws framed by the true friends of the system, with such wise exceptions in regard to confidential and other positions, and in regard to promotions, transfers, and the due exclusion of mere partizans, as experience, guided by a true American spirit, may prove best."

The platform also, in equally vigorous terms, reaffirms the previous national and State platforms; declares the party's unwavering faith in popular government; denounces the system of log-rolling; recognizes the due rights of all localities to share in the benefits of the national wealth; declares for wise laws regulating foreign trade, with due regard to the divergent interests of all classes, and the requisite revenue of the government; calls for the restoration of our merchant marine to its former proud position of superiority, while fostering the lumber interests, and for the vigorous suppression of dangerous trusts, while avoiding any anarchical attack on great and beneficial aggregations of capital, which effect prudent economies, while paying more for their raw material, buying more of it, employing more labor, paying higher wages, and reducing prices of the finished product, without injury to the interests of the public or of independent competitors. It also approves all well-considered efforts to abate and remove the drink evil, and deprecates any undue restriction of individual freedom; insists strongly on free schools, religious liberty, and freedom of the press; frankly approves the metric system of weights and measures. . . . It is believed that this is the most outspoken, progressive, and yet wisely conservative platform of the year, and that its fearless and yet conciliatory and sympathetic tone will do much to attract the votes of all who admire courage and desire good government—in a word, of all true Americans. It is understood to have been written, word for word as it stands, by the Hon. Asa K. Gamage, the newly elected chairman of the State Committee, and to have been adopted by the platform committee, after careful deliberation, as superior in every point to the planks drafted and submitted by others.

St. John read this, and re-read it, with growing astonishment. Then he went to the pigeonhole to look for his manuscript platform. There it was, safe and sound. Then he bought three other morning papers, two of which had extracts from the familiar platform, while the third gave it in full, just as it stood in his manuscript; and in every case its authorship was attributed to the Hon. Asa K. Gamage. The following are extracts from editorial references to it in some of the papers of that evening and the following morning:

ADMINISTRATION PAPERS.	OPPOSITION PAPERS.
It does well to reaffirm all the old pledges, and thus lend its support to the unbroken continuity of party policy.	This is the party that reaffirms, but never fulfils. Those old pledges have lost all their nap.
It is always refreshing to be reminded of the party's devotion to popular government and the old flag.	"Unwavering faith in popular government" is a safe plank, but is probably a misprint for "undying thirst for public plunder."
Our party in the Cereal State is now absolutely committed to the gold standard.	The money plank is a miserable subterfuge, especially in skulking behind that wretched word "coin," the refuge of the wabblers in both parties. But no one will be deceived.
Our party in the Cereal State has thus definitively abandoned any attempt to cater to the money sharks, who must now be satisfied with "justice"—a fine word, well chosen. We are glad to see the historic term "coin" adopted as a rallying-cry.	
The merit system in the civil service also comes in for a ringing indorsement.	One ounce of civil-service reform to ten pounds of spoils seems to be the prescription here adopted. The former is spread over the outside for a sugar coating.
This plank means the death of snivel service. Of course a sop had to be thrown to the Miss Nancys and the college professors.	
Some terms in the tariff plank might at first sight seem a little novel and radical; but on the whole it is well expressed, and read in the light of party history its	What this tariff plank means nobody knows, not even the Hon. Gamage, who drew it. Like the whole platform, it is a straddle, a waddle, a wabble, and a muddle.

meaning is plain and reassuring. It undoubtedly means what it says.

The trust plank for the first time strikes the true line of wise treatment. Well done, Chairman Gamage!

Free Schools, Religious Liberty, Freedom of the Press. So long as these be ours, all else is of small importance. These are noble party cries. It was well also to speak a good word for the metric system.

By "dangerous trusts" the platform evidently refers to such as fail to contribute as the Lord hath prospered them.

The platform actually declares unequivocally for free schools and the metric system, without suggesting due protection for those who keep private schools or own bushel baskets and quart measures.

And one of the papers contained the following:

OKOMA, September 5. Hon. Asa Kent Gamage, the new chairman of the —— State Committee, has just arrived home from the convention at Pamana. He scored a complete victory all along the line, including the nomination for attorney-general of the distinguished resident of Okoma, Hon. Eli Whitney Wiggins, a result on which Mr. Gamage had set his heart. He is being inundated with congratulations from all sides, including a telegram from a certain high official at Washington, thanking him for the remarkably vigorous and aggressive platform drawn by him and enthusiastically adopted by the convention. This means that in the assured event of national success next year Mr. Gamage will not be forgotten. He was escorted from the station to his home on Maple street by a procession of his fellow-citizens, headed by a brass band playing "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and carrying placards bearing quotations from the platform. Our friends the enemy are much cast down by the turn of affairs.

The son of the famous Asa K. Gamage had gone West to attend the Pamana convention. A few evenings later, while St. John was writing his letter to the hamlet in the Wampsic Mountains, he received from Gamage the following note:

DEAR HARRIS: Of course you 've seen in the papers that the platform we cooked up has been adopted by the convention. It was a great strike. It grew on me after you read it, and before I left I dropped in to borrow it, and finding you out, I decided to have my joke and do you a good turn at the same time. So I took the liberties of an old friend, and copied it, and brought it along. I 'm glad your party out here did n't get hold of it first, as that would have taken all the wind out of our sails. The old gentleman is tickled to death, and has given me a check for you out of the campaign fund for fifty dollars, which I inclose. You will notice your value is rising. I 'll see you on my return. Congratulations.

Yours,
GAMAGE.

The check lay on the table. For some time St. John sat motionless, gazing at it, and then slowly pushed it away with his forefinger. A moment later he took it up, crumpled it lengthwise, and setting it on fire at his lamp, lit his pipe with it, and went on with his writing.

HEREAFTER.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

DOWN a long dreamland corridor I fled;
Ever it grew more dark, more chill, more drear,
While, with veiled faces which I knew were dead,
Went with me shapes of fear.

"Ah, leave me!" prayed I; "I can dare alone
The darkness, if ye take from me this dread."
"Forever must we walk with thee," said one;
"We are the gentle deeds thou hast not done."

Then saw I, faintly outlined overhead,
Another host, countless and dark and still;
Yet, was it a voice which made the dense air thrill?
"We are the comforting words thou hast not said."

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Right and the Wrong Diplomacy.

IN urging arbitration as a means of settling international disputes, we are apt to lose sight of the fact that this is, after all, a secondary method. It implies collision, though not with arms. It is public, and may stir up bad blood. The defeated litigant inclines to think that he has been cheated out of his rights. The *Alabama* award, the Halifax award, and the recent appraisal of damages in the Delagoa Bay Railway case, are examples of this. While acknowledging the value of arbitration, therefore, we should emphasize the duty of trying diplomacy first. This feeling was so strong with the late Professor Phelps as to lead him sometimes almost to underrate arbitral methods.

Diplomacy is the natural, the quiet, the effective way of getting for a nation what it wants. It excites no passions; it leaves no sting behind. We presuppose, however, that the diplomacy is skilful, is of the right sort.

Recent events may well illustrate the distinction between the right and the wrong diplomacy, as well as call attention to the value of the diplomatic method.

A few years ago there appeared in England what has been called the *new* diplomacy. Its novelty lay in inviting the public to share in every step of a negotiation. Its processes, as well as its results, were laid bare, with the sequel that a people following the moves of an intricate game, clamoring for explanation of each step, excited beyond reason by this unusual confidence, both injured the process and was injured by it. The diplomatic method was brutalized. To illustrate this, recall the rough and public treatment of the Jameson Raid negotiation and of the Fashoda incident.

The correspondence which led up to the Boer war may fairly be considered an example of the same tendency. Doubtless the condition of the Uitlanders in the Transvaal could have been bettered. The Boer government showed a partial willingness to meet the British view. To bring the two parties together needed time and patience. Instead of this there was dictatorial peremptoriness on the one side and a natural stubbornness on the other, all in plain sight. One could not help feeling that each side was trying to outbluff the other. And alas! what might have been agreement turned out discord; instead of reform we see the blood-stained veldt.

Much of the dealings of big powers with little ones, in our time, is needlessly harsh. They send a ship of war to collect a claim as if it were a constable. This harshness, as well as this publicity, has grown to taint, even to replace, the diplomatic method. The right diplomacy is not trickery or deception; it is not violence or bombast; it is the application of a sweet reasonableness to the settlement of vexed international questions by men trained in mind and in temper for the purpose.

Moreover, to work smoothly, the time, as well as the agents, must be nicely chosen, and the latter should have within limits a free hand. A hostile ratifying power, in our own country, is a sad handicap to diplomatic effectiveness. The extradition treaty with Great Britain of the Cleveland administration, and Mr. Olney's very ingenious and interesting arbitration agreement with the same power, both suffered at the hands of an unsympathetic Senate.

In all these particulars Mr. Hay has been fortunate during the last few months. There is a Republican majority in the Senate, which will give, at least, fair consideration to his compacts. The Secretary of State himself has diplomatic experience, and that personal knowledge of men which tells. And the time is opportune. Our country is rich and of great potential strength. No power would wantonly arouse its hostility. With Great Britain our relations are unusually cordial, and in her comparative isolation on the Continent good relations with us are desirable. How have these opportunities been used? In answer let us glance at the three principal events of our foreign policy of the last twelvemonth.

At The Hague, last summer, were gathered many men from many countries to consider the great question of the burden of war—disarmament. It turned out, as most of them expected, impracticable. Should they consent to do nothing and disband? The instructed American delegates were unwilling to confess such impotence. With public speech and private conference they helped the few to stir the many into action. A code was framed to cover the rules of land warfare, the adoption of which would be of immense value; a method of applying the rules of the Geneva Convention to naval war was devised; and a system of arbitral machinery was agreed upon, including a permanent panel of justices, which, if generally accepted by the powers, may lead to excellent results, not the least of which may be the gradual growth of a code, or system, of international law, through judicial construction.

Secondly, there was the need of an isthmian ship-canal, and a wide-spread belief that our government must build it. Such national control the Clayton-Bulwer treaty forbade. That instrument had advocated neutralization as the status proper for so international an undertaking, and this has been our general policy. Without a ripple of excitement, a substitute for the Clayton-Bulwer ar-

rangement has been offered the Senate which Great Britain will accept. It does away with the prohibition of national control; it retains the policy of neutralization. It removes a restraint; it retains a provision which will be a distinct step forward in the world's progress. It is deeply to be desired that the Senate may view it in a wise and broad-minded spirit.

Lastly, there is the safeguarding and extension of our trade with China. This was helped, perhaps, by the possession of the Philippines, and is menaced by the concessions, not altogether voluntary, through which the powers have burrowed into Chinese exclusiveness. Not by treaty contract, but by simple diplomatic agreement, six states have expressed their willingness to admit our trade to their privileges. We thereby cast in our lot with the partitioners. We renounce an independent policy. Like the owl which shares the prairie-dog's hole,—wise bird that it is,—we enter into others' labors.

Time must show whether this arrangement is satisfactory and permanent. As a working plan, however, it is everywhere looked upon as a brilliant diplomatic stroke. Yet how unheralded, how simple it was! We knocked, and the door was opened to us. We might have resolved and demanded and threatened with less result. That is the false diplomacy. Mr. Hay's kind is the true. Could such methods have been applied to the Philippine insurgents at the outset, one cannot help wondering if things might not have gone better there.

We might recite here the *modus vivendi* which has temporarily settled the Alaskan boundary, and the easy stilling of the Samoan tempest. We might recall unfortunate instances of a contrary spirit. But it is not necessary to draw sharp contrasts in order to point the lesson. As we mingle more freely in good political society we must acquire its manners. There is need of a trained body of diplomatists. There is need of patience and good breeding in international dealings. There is need of patriots, not Jingoes. The victories of peace are greater than those of war.

Public Peril in City Franchises.

THOSE who are watching current events must be aware of a remarkable activity on the part of corporations engaged in the performance of public services in cities, in the direction of securing extension or confirmation of the privileges they are enjoying. Legislatures are appealed to for enabling acts by which city councils may lengthen the franchises of these corporations, and councils are confronted with ordinances which extend the holdings of these companies and fix the rates of their service. So general is this movement, and so determined are the efforts put forth by these corporations to make their future secure, that the student of public questions is constrained to ask what it all means.

One does not need a long memory to recall the beginnings of these enterprises. Gas was not used in this country until 1827, and the first street-railways were introduced about the middle of the century. Electric lighting and telephones are but of yesterday. When the first franchises were granted to the companies proposing these public services, the population of the cities was small, the financial success of the undertakings was problematical, and the popular desire for these "improvements" was very strong. The men soliciting the franchises were regarded somewhat in the light of philanthropists; the citizens were ready to grant them the privileges they asked on their own terms. This has been the popular estimate up to a recent date. Franchises have been granted and renewed for almost no consideration; the companies have assumed that such industries, though occupying the streets of the city, were private enterprises, out of which they were entitled to make the largest possible profits with small consideration for the rights of the public.

It has begun to dawn on the people of the cities that the streets belong to them, and that the right to do business on them for profit lies entirely within their control. They have also discovered that these privileges are in their very nature exclusive, since there can be no effective competition in business of this kind, and that they are enormously profitable. The experience of European cities in owning and controlling these monopolies, and thereby greatly reducing the cost of the service, as well as adding large sums to the municipal revenues, has been widely reported on this side of the ocean, and many are asking why the people of American cities may not have the same advantages. This awakening of the public mind is causing apprehension among the managers of municipal corporations, and this fact explains their present activity in the legislatures and in the city councils. They evidently feel that what they do must be done quickly; that public opinion is rapidly ripening, and that the time is not distant when their privileges will be sharply restricted.

In many cities they have already obtained the franchises they desire, and they will be able, if no accidents occur, to enforce their levies upon the people for many years to come. The success which has attended their efforts thus far is somewhat remarkable. Few of those citizens who create public opinion are probably aware of the magnitude of the interests involved in these transactions, nor of the burden which they entail upon the producing classes. A five-cent street-railway fare seems a small matter to the average man of business; he cannot see why any one should wish to have it reduced: but if he should inquire in his kitchen he might find that the difference between a five-cent fare and a three-cent fare means to his washerwoman a loss or a saving of ten dollars a year—to her a serious matter.

The fact to be kept before the public mind is that the companies seeking these franchises are in almost all cases enormously over-capitalized. What they wish to do is to pay interest on two or three times as much capital as they have actually invested. They are able to show, and they do show to the satisfaction of the average city coun-

cilman, that they cannot pay interest on their capital if they reduce their fares or make large contribution to the city treasury.

The fact that a large portion of their stock is water is carefully kept out of sight in all these negotiations, and it is amazing that so little is said about it in the public discussions. This is the hinge on which the whole question turns. If the companies ought to be allowed to collect from the people of the city money enough to pay dividends on capital which represents no investments, then the franchises which they seek should be granted, and not otherwise. If they were satisfied with a fair remuneration on capital actually invested, their rates of service could in most cases be reduced by one third or one half. The saving which this signifies to the working-people, the clerks, the shop-girls, the vast majority of those who patronize these monopolies, is to each individual a considerable sum, and to the multitude a vast amount.

These are the interests which the city councils ought to protect in their negotiations with the public service corporations. Such corporations, so long as they are permitted to render these services, ought to have a fair remuneration upon the capital which they invest. No one wishes to deprive them of that. But they ought not to be permitted to levy tribute upon the public for remuneration upon stock which represents no expenditure—which represents only the value of the franchises given them by the city. This is precisely what, in nearly every instance, they are seeking; and the flagrant injustice of such concessions, the oppression of the poor involved in them, and the perfidy of the city officials who sacrifice the welfare of the people to their own greed, may be furnishing the materials of one of the darkest chapters in our political history.

"The Century's" Prizes for College Graduates.

On the appearance of this number of The Century the third competition for the prizes offered to college graduates is brought to a close. The contest during the past year has been among students who received the degree of Bachelor of Arts at colleges in the United States during the commencement season of 1899. Those who receive that degree during the present season will be eligible to the fourth competition, and must send in their manuscripts on or before June 1, 1901, according to the rules printed below.

In the first competition all of the prizes were taken by young women, the poetical prize by Smith College, and the essay and story prizes by Vassar College.

In the second competition the three prizes went to institutions west of the Alleghanies, and two of the prizes fell to young men. These manuscripts have been printed during the present magazine year, as follows:

The prize poem, entitled "A Hill-Prayer," by Miss Marian Warner Wildman of Norwalk, Ohio, B.A. 1898, of the College for Women of Western Reserve University, at Cleveland, Ohio, in The Century for December.

The prize story, entitled "'Only the Master Shall Praise,'" by Mr. John M. Oskison of Vinita, Indian Territory, B.A. 1898, of Leland Stanford Jr. University, at Palo Alto, California, in The Century for January.

The prize essay, entitled "The Poetry of Blake: An Opinion," by Mr. Henry Justin Smith of Chicago, B.A. 1898, of the University of Chicago, in the present number.

THE RULES OF THE COMPETITION.

With the aim of encouraging literary activity among college graduates, The Century Magazine offers to give, annually, during four successive years, three prizes of $250 each, open to the competition of persons who receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts in any college or university in the United States during the commencement seasons of 1897, 1898, 1899, and 1900.

1. $250 for the best metrical writing of not fewer than fifty lines.

2. $250 for the best essay in the field of biography, history, or literary criticism, of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words.

3. $250 for the best story of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words.

Manuscripts near to the minimum length are most to be desired, though under the rules a competitor may approach the maximum.

On or before June 1 of the year succeeding graduation, competitors must submit type-written manuscript to the Editor of The Century Magazine, marked, outside and inside, "For the College Competition," signed by a pen-name, and accompanied by the name and address of the author in a separate sealed envelop, which will not be opened until the decision has been made.

A competitor may submit more than one manuscript.

Manuscripts must not have been published.

The Editor, at his discretion, may withhold the award in any class in case no manuscript is thought worthy of the prize.

The Century Magazine reserves the right to print the prize manuscripts without further payments, the copyright to revert to the authors three months after the date of publication in the magazine.

Announcement of the awards will be made in The Century Magazine as early as possible in the autumn.

Mr. Tesla's Announcements.

It is well known that for many years Mr. Tesla has been addressing himself to the largest problems connected with the increase of human energy by electrical means, and in the eyes of the great number of eager investigators in the general field of electricity this fact will give piquancy to the important narrative of his work which he contributes to the present number of The Century. Happily, the paper is addressed also to the comprehension of the untechnical reader, who will find some of the ideas and results there set forth little short of the incredible. In general, much that must seem speculative to the layman can take its proper place only in the purview of the scientist, who knows what a part the imagination has played both as a forerunner and as a stimulus of discovery. In Sir Isaac Newton's day no doubt there were wiseacres who would have considered that eminent "dreamer" much more worthy of their respect if the fall of the historic apple had suggested to him not a mere trifle like the law of gravita-

tion, but some new and important device in cider-mills. The dullest observer is not likely to blink the practical bearings of Mr. Tesla's paper on manufactures, mining, invention, agriculture, commerce, transportation, war—in short, on modern life itself.

For the general reader, Mr. Tesla does what he confesses the author of "The Intellectual Development of Europe" did for him—namely, presents a new and never-to-be-forgotten conception of humanity moving as a mass. To follow his vivid introduction is like looking down from a great height and seeing familiar and new regions in their true relationship. It begets the feeling of being a spectator at the progress of the world, of listening to the grandest of symphonies. It awakens in one a new interest in his fellow-men and a sobering and devout sense of his relation to the universe, helping him to realize the poet's vision:

> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves.

OPEN LETTERS

What is an Orphan?

THE DEFINITION GIVEN BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

THE letter which follows is here printed from the original manuscript. It does not appear in the publication, "Girard Will Case," and, it is thought, has not before appeared in print.—EDITOR.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON ESQR
Judge U. S. District Court
Eastern District of Pennsylvania—
Philadelphia

QUINCY 8. May 1833

MY DEAR SIR—When Mr. Biddle first asked me the definition of the word Orphan, I thought it very easy to answer, and the first impression of my mind was, like yours—that it was a child without living Parents. A moment after, I thought that in Law, and in the intendment of common conversation, a fatherless child was an Orphan—and a second moment of reflection convinced me that at least for all beneficent purposes a motherless child, must be an Orphan. And I distinctly said to Mr. Biddle, that as an exposition of the will of Mr. Girard's Will, every infant within the age prescribed by him, and having lost *either* Parent, was an Orphan. The conversation at Mr. Biddle's table, in which you took part soon after followed, and left the question unsettled. Your very interesting Letter of the 20th ult? does the same, and although it has suggested to me a further train of enquiry, and led me to a Multitude of other authorities, has only satisfied me that the indefiniteness of meaning attached to the word is of long standing and of wider extent than the English Language.

Johnson's Dictionary gives the derivation of the word from the Greek ὀρφανὸς. The original word then is Greek, and the English Language had adopted it Letter for Letter, with the omission only of the termination

What say the Greek Lexicons?

ὀρφανὸς–ὴ, ὸν. Orbus parente, vel parentibus, pupillus, orphanus.

2 Orbus quavis re, viduus carens *Hedericus*

In the original greek therefore it was received with two different acceptations first a child having lost both Parents, or either— Secondly a bereaved or needy person—

ὀρφανὸς, Orphanus, pupillus, orbus parentibus, desertus, privatus, q. al. ὀρφνὸς, obscurus, negligitur enim et veluti in tenebris vagatur—*Schrevelius.*

Darkness—Privation of Light—that is the root, and in the analogy of that derivation a motherless is pre-eminently an orphan child.

In the Epistle of James, Chap. 1. v. 27. The common English translation of the New Testament has it "Pure religion and undefiled before God, and the Father, is this—To visit the *fatherless* and widows in their affliction &c.—the word translated fatherless, is in the original Greek ὀρφανοὺς

"A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows is God in his holy habitation." Psalm 68. 5. In the Septuagint Bible the word is ὀρφανῶν

The word fatherless is not synonomous with orphan, nor is it a correct translation of the Greek word ὀρφανὸς. Of the complex idea included in this latter word, bereavement, poverty, distress, constitute an essential element—the word is figurative; borrowed from the analogy of darkness, and associated with that of a public institution, providing for the wants of the sufferer. The word fatherless is a much more simple expression—a bare statement of the fact that the individual to whom it applies has no father, but not even necessarily implying that his father is dead—for it applies to a bastard no less than to an Orphan.

In the Celtic, and Saxon and Teutonic Origins of the English Language there is no word corresponding with that of Orphan. The institutions which gave occasion for the word, did not exist among those nations. The Germans who have not adopted the word from Greece, have one of which their etymologists are unable to trace a derivation. The word is "*Waise,*" and it is used with

the addition of fatherless or motherless as the case may be.

The Orphan Sons of fathers who had fallen in defence of their Country were educated at the Public expense at Athens, and they were supplied with a full suit of armour at the expiration of the apprenticeship. One of the bitterest passages in the Oration of Æschines against Ctesiphon, is that in which alluding to this custom, he asks how it was possible for the People to confer a Crown upon the man who had himself *orphanized* so many of their children. Under those institutions it was the death of the father that constituted the orphan; and so it is understood by the Greek writers generally—yet Euripides applies the word to the death of either father or mother—Πατρὸς θανόντος ἐνθάδ' ὠρφανεύετο.

Says Admetus, speaking of his wife Alcestis—Potter translates it Her *father* dead she came an *Orphan* hither. But in the Hippolytus—Theseus hearing of the death of his wife Phædra exclaims

ἀλλ' ἀπωλόμην.
ἔρημος οἶνος, καὶ τεκν' ὀρφανεύεται.

translated by Potter

"But my all is lost,
"My house is desolate, *my children Orphans.*"
Hippolytus 1. 892–3

and thus we have the brightest classical authority for concluding that in the original Greek, a child having lost its *mother* only was an Orphan.

In the French language the Greek word has also been adopted but has undergone some mutation. From "Orphanin," as it was first used, it has been changed to *Orphelin*, which the Dictionary of the French Academy defines—"Enfant en bas age, qui a perdu son père et sa mère ou l'un des deux."
with this further observation—"Il est à remarquer que dans l'usage ordinaire on ne se sert guère du mot d'Orphelin, en parlant d'un enfant qui n'a perdu que sa mère."

From all which I conclude that the death of either Parent constitutes an orphan, for every purpose that can entitle the individual so designated to receive any benefit or advantage.

I have the greater satisfaction in coming to this conclusion, because it seems to me that the principle of limiting the sense of the word, to persons who have lost their *fathers*, carries with it something of discourtesy and even of injustice to the female sex. It seems to imply that the death of one Parent, places the child in a condition requiring compassion, sympathy and support, while the death of the other carries with it no such commendation to benevolence. The distinction countenances a pretension of superiority on the part of our own sex, which would be peculiarly misplaced in the relations between Parent and Child.

I submit these considerations to your better judgment, and remain—Dear Sir, ever faithfully your friend

J. Q. Adams.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Importance of Suitable Weather in Novels.

IN my forthcoming book, "Advice to Young Writers," I intend to devote a chapter like the following to "The Weather in its Influence upon the Reader and the Plot." For few of our younger writers appreciate how important a part climatic conditions play in a truly great novel.

Your tyro will have the hero dying to an accompaniment of clearing skies and a westerly breeze. Of course if he wishes to gain an effect by contrast this is all right, but too often it is not intent, but inadvertence. The writer of inexperience introduces weather simply as a bit of pleasant padding.

But with those to whom writing is not a trade, but a great art, the weather plays as important a part as it does in the conversation of a bashful man.

Let us quote from Bernard Considine's wonderfully successful novel, "From Wash-lady to Washington":

"The voice of a tiny baby's cry within the house for the first time in twenty years gave notice to all the retainers that a new lord had come to Aircliffe Castle. Outside the peep of newborn robins, across the sky the fleeing forms of feathery clouds touched with the coloring kiss of early morn. New life in the summer zephyrs, new fragrance in the climbing honeysuckle, and the tiny wail of a new voice within the castle."

That is beautiful. But who would have cared for it if Mr. Bernard Considine had surrounded the castle with a fog and started a chorus of raucous rooks?

And in the twentieth chapter of the same book we have this memorable passage:

"Athwart the heavens dark, heavy, thunderous-looking clouds stole stealthily. The prescient boom of distant thunder presaged the coming storm. Oh, Sir Giles, wake up! Do you not see the villain who is to strike at thy fair young life, and who is even now ascending the servants' stairs and will soon move inevitably toward thy couch?"

Is not that masterly? You are prepared for the entrance of the villain as soon as the clouds come rumbling on. But what if the great Bernard had peopled the massy cavern of the sky with mackerel clouds?

Look at this passage on page 57 of the first edition (I believe that it is on page 60 in all later editions):

"The rain came in fitful gusts, and anon the sun shone forth. Fleecy clouds, driven hither and thither by fickle winds, caromed across the rifts of blue. Lieutenant Clifton, twirling his mustache with impatience, awaited the answer of the mercurial Evadne. Yesterday he would have sworn she loved him. To-day he would swear nothing. Yes or no, her answer could surprise him not."

How well the great Considine knows! He does not surround that fateful scene with a snowstorm and let the cry of coasting youngsters be borne in through the heavy plate windows to where the lieutenant and Evadne stood.

Do you remember that immortal chapter where Mercy Morton, the repentant daughter, returns to her father's house — that house from which his hardness had driven her five years before? A man who placed no reliance upon the weather as a friend of his intentions and a subtle compeller of certain moods would, like as not, have made her walk in some bright May morning, while little boys were spinning tops upon the sidewalk, and the grocer's cart had halted in front of the house, and the skies bore promise of a lovely day. But Bernard Considine never misses fire — or weather.

"The sleet fell in swirling, stinging sheets, as if each particle was bent on reminding Mercy that she had sinned. She leaned against the oaken door of her father's house, and it fell open. Her father, on his way to bed, started back as the half-frozen girl fell at his feet. He recognized her at a glance. Above the roar of the storm the voice of his conscience sounded in thunder tones, 'Forgive her, forgive her!' She had swooned, but he made a snowball of the sleet that covered her jet-black hair, and rubbed her forehead with it until this girl — his little girl — his little Mercy — his baby — sat up and cried, 'Father!'"

Stop the snow now. There is no more need of it. Old Mr. Morton has taken his little daughter back to his heart, and the street-cleaners might as well begin their work.

Charles Battell Loomis.

Pointed Arguments.

HALF unconsciously, I had a sense of something wrong. The spring air, scented with locust-blossoms, came in over my desk, and the day was a perfect one. I was in good health, and eager for my work, but for some reason it did not move off in a manner that was either prompt or satisfactory. Then suddenly I knew why. It was Jerry; he was n't whistling!

That was it. Jerry, a young colored man of perhaps twenty-three, and my Man Friday of all work, had, with the low musical whistle by which he lightened his daily routine, become also in some degree my muse. I had not realized this so fully before.

I rose presently and went out into the spring sunshine. Jerry sat by the well, cleaning some harness, but in silence. There was no smile on his chocolate-colored face at my greeting.

"Yes, sah; nice day, sah," he said solemnly. "Young pease grow mighty peart to-day, sah."

I sat down by him, and let my eyes rest on the trim garden spot in which Jerry took delight. It was in excellent condition, and the young pease especially showed a degree of thrift and outreach that gave no indication of dwarfish antecedents.

"Those must be stick-pease, are n't they, Jerry?" I remarked, after some reflection.

"Yes, sah; dey is. Dey 's de ole full-growin' marrowfats," he answered, without looking up. "I 'spressly requestioned dat kind at de stoah. I ain' no favoh foh dese heah dwahf mix-ups dat seem like dey allers preten'in' an' makin' out an' tryin' to be sump'n' dey is n't. I don' like no sech ways in de gyarden, an' I don' like 'em in folks. Ef a pea-vine had n't er been destinated to climb an' spread an' be biggoty, what make it have dem climbers, I say; an' when it let on dat it don' need no suppoaht 'cep'n' its lowlysome state, an' still a-reachin' out wid dem climbers, den I say it mighty apt to get holt o' sump'n' dat don't belong to it, an' go tumblin' down in de dirt. Dat 's what I say; an' I ain't got no use foh sech trash, an' I ain't got no use foh dese heah little yaller niggahs dat put on a gol' ring an' plaid-check clothes an' stove-flue hats an' p'inted-toe shoes, an' den preten' dey humble in de chu'ch-house, an' lead at prayah-meetin'. Specially p'inted-toe shoes! Seem like dey p'int de way right to'ads udder people's belongin's, I say, an' de paff of ungloriousness."

Jerry stopped short, and applied himself busily to his work. His long, rambling statement had not been altogether direct, and was somewhat illogical; but through it all I seemed to catch a glimmer of light. A revival of the colored people had been for some weeks in progress at the Mount Tabor Church, not far away, and Jerry, and Venus our kitchen-maid, had been regular attendants. These two had been "keeping company" for over a year; and while Jerry was more completely a slave to Venus than ever his ancestors had been to the white race, it was accepted as an unquestioned fact by our household that they were ultimately destined for the broad and blessed state of mutual matrimony.

Venus, whose full name was Venus Milo Clevins, was, like her patronymic deity, fair to look upon. She was a shapely quadroon with a piquant face, and was the survivor of twin girls. Their mother had been house-servant to old Dr. Clevins, and it was from the bit of statuary and a well-worn book that always stood side by side on the doctor's mantel that the tiny pair had been christened, though whether by the mother herself, or through some suggestion of the jovial doctor's, is at this time unknown. Little cream-colored Materia Medica Clevins, despite her name, had loosened her slender grasp on things substantial in early infancy, and it was said by the old nurses of the

neighborhood that the stronger life remaining had drawn from the frail fleeting body an added share of beauty and understanding. Whatever the truth of this may have been, our Venus was assuredly most attractive and capable, with a host of admirers. That Jerry had found at the meetings another rival than the spirit of faith was not improbable.

At this point in my reflections Venus Milo herself came to the well for water. She was bareheaded, and her wavy black hair was combed up from her forehead and gathered at the top into a sort of pyramidal crown which may have had its origin among tribal royalty of the Dark Continent itself. Certainly she had a queenly air, which was immeasurably heightened by the stately nod of recognition accorded to me, and by her utter repudiation of poor Jerry, who sat equally unconscious, though I saw his hand tremble a little and perform its duty haltingly. My glimmer of suspicion was becoming the light of certainty.

"Tell me, Jerry," I said, as the girl disappeared, "what is the trouble between you and Venus?"

The brown, oily hand that was traversing back and forth on a leather trace halted more and more, and then stopped altogether. Jerry looked at the "full-growin' marrowfats," and from his voice I judged he did not wish me to see his eyes just then.

"Dey wa'n't no trouble," he began brokenly; "dat is, not to say trouble—no 'sputin' ner argiments, 'cep'n' dem ar p'inted argiments o' his dat seem to catch a fool gal's eye, an' mebbe his goin's on in de meetin's. She des scornfulize me, dat 's all. Dat 's all she done. She scornfulize me."

Jerry's tone had become injured and accusing as he proceeded. He resumed work fiercely.

"Who is he, Jerry?" I asked. "And what do you mean by pointed arguments and goings on at the meetings?"

"He 's a little yaller niggah, dat 's what he is!" said Jerry, bitterly (Jerry was by no means a giant himself), "des like dem little puny dwahf pease what you see makin' out like dey sump'n' so fine an' 'sponsible an' lowly, an' all de time a-reachin' out foh whatever come aroun', an' tumblin' down in de mud when de win' blow. He ain' tumble down yit; but ef he come close ter me, dey 'll be a cyclome what' ll sweep him plumb outen de gyarden o' Mount Taboh salvation, p'inted argiments an' all."

In spite of his anger and misery, Jerry's sense of humor predominated at this point, and he chuckled over the picture in his mind.

"Tell me what you mean by pointed arguments, Jerry," I repeated. "I don't seem to understand."

Jerry chuckled again.

"Dem 's de climbers," he said, as if continuing the horticultural fancy gratified him—"de climbers of de little yaller dwahf pea-vine. Hi, I make 'em climb!"

I made no comment on this obscure explanation, and presently Jerry turned to me and began speaking in an earnest undertone.

"It 's dis way, Mistah George," he said. "Dey 's a little yaller niggah heah foh de meetin' what preten' he 's a' exhortioner. An' he git up an' expostulate an' go on ev' night. An' he wear a polish stove-j'int hat an' stoah clothes. But 't ain' dat I min'. Collud folks hes had dem befo'. It 's dem patent p'inted-toe shoes he bring along to catch de gals. An' when he walk down de aisle exhortionin', an' de fool gals see dem p'inted argiments a-comin', dey ain' no hosses can keep 'em away f'om de mo'nahs' bench."

"Well, Jerry," I said, "the result is good, even if brought about in an unusual manner. You believe in conversion, don't you?"

"I does an' I don't. I believe in chu'ch conversion, of cou'se, when it mean conversion of de heart to de reconcilement of de spirit. But when it mean dat aftah chu'ch a passel o' young gals flock about dat yaller niggah like blackbird aroun' a' ear o' co'n, an' him a-bowin' an' smilin', an' a-walkin' off wid Venus in dem p'inted-toe shoes, an' when she hol' up her head nex' day an' preten' I done pass off de map, den I say, dog-gone sech conversion! dat 's what I say. Dog-gone sech conversion!"

Jerry had become sufficiently clear at last. I could see only too plainly how the light-complexioned exhorter, who was doubtless handsome as well as attired like the lilies of the field, had won the female portion of the congregation by the eye of the flesh rather than through the ear of faith. I could comprehend with equal readiness the fact that Venus, with her high-bred air and fine beauty, had been selected for the honor of his distinguished favor, and that she would be flattered by his attention, to the utter discomfiture of poor Jerry, who possessed neither such style nor many personal attainments. The problem was difficult.

"Have you spoken to Venus about it?" I ventured, after some reflection.

Jerry looked embarrassed.

"No, sah—not to say spoke, sah," he said sheepishly; "but I done copied down a little po'try dat I read onc't, an' I give it to her nex' mornin'."

"What was it, Jerry?" I asked. I knew he had once attended school for a short time and made some pretense to education.

"It went dis way," said Jerry, working more briskly than ever:

> "Remembah well an' bear in min'
> Dat a faithful frien' am hard to fin';
> An' when you gits one tried an' true,
> Don' swap de ole one foh de new."

"And what did Venus say to that?"

"She say I bettah be min'in' my work, an' not wasen' my time tryin' to be somebody, an' puttin' on like white folks."

"And what did *you* say?"

"I say dat dey was a heap o' folks puttin' on what dey had no entitlement to. An' den she say I bettah be ca'ful what I remark about folks what am p'intin' de way in de strait an' narrer paff; an' she look right down at dese wide brogans o' mine, an' I knowed she was specifyin' dem air p'inted argiments o' his'n—dem climbers! Dat 's

all de 'sputin' we done had on de subject; but de nex' night he come home wid her again, an' las' night; an' de cyclome am a-brewin', I say! De cyclome am a-brewin'!"

I reflected a moment before answering, looking down at Jerry's foot and then at my own. He had a reasonably small foot for his race, while I was rather liberally supplied in that respect for mine. I remembered a pair of shoes bought during a moment of weakness, when the pattern known as "toothpicks" came in vogue, and laid aside almost immediately because of certain physical sorrows. They were pointed enough, the shoes, to have been tipped from Cupid's quiver; and if arguments in the leather and likeness of the shoe were all that Jerry needed, these should pierce the heart of the recreant Venus forthwith.

"I am not certain that it is altogether the pointed shoes, Jerry," I said presently, "but it will be no harm to try—at least, no harm except to your feet; and if you want to wear them, I have a pair that I 've scarcely had on. They 'll just about fit you. Come up by and by and get them. Then, when you are dressed to-night for church, you can feel that at least you stand on an equal footing with the exhorter. Perhaps if they don't catch Venus, they 'll win some other girl, and make Venus jealous and ready to return to old friends."

But in Jerry's mind there was no doubt. He overflowed at once with an exuberance of returning spirits, altogether forgetting his previous disgust for these same articles of apparel.

"Dat 'll do it!" he exclaimed joyfully. "Dem p'inted argiments 'll do it! She ain' nuver had no contemp' foh me tel now, an'—an'—" He paused, and looked at me with breathless anxiety. "Is—is dey patentized leather?" he asked eagerly.

I assured him that they were, the very glossiest of patent, and left him whistling inspiringly at his work as I went back to my own. He presented himself later in the day to claim the promised weapons of conquest, and marched away with them, chuckling, after thanking me extravagantly, while he fondled the glossy leather, and the acuminate extremities which to me were but a memory of vanity and sorrow. In the evening I saw him again for a moment, panoplied for the fray. The *tout ensemble* was not displeasing, but I noticed that Jerry did not step with his usual ease and briskness, or set his foot down squarely, as one having entire faith in the world beneath. His face, however, was smiling and confident. I congratulated him on his appearance, and wished him the full measure of success.

But alas for the frailty of human hopes! Victory, fickle and uncertain, did not perch upon Jerry's banner. His whistle was silent again next morning, and when I found him in the stable he was in the depths of despair and resentment—a sea that was rapidly lashing itself into the fury of a storm.

"She nuver notice me!" he said wrathfully; "only des giv' me one look when I come nigh her in de chu'ch, an' fling up her haid like I was de scum off'n de universe. An' dat yaller niggah come home wid her again las' night, an' dey set in de kitchen tel de rooster done crow de fust time. An' she sen' him in de pantry foh cidah, 'ca'se I heah him go; an' den dey laugh an' go on scan'lous. I done watch him when he lef', an' I was dat hostile I haf to hol' on to de fence to keep de cyclome f'om bustin'. I nuver kill nobody, an' I nuver wants to; but dey mus' n' push me too fah—dat 's what I say. Dey mus' n' push me too fah!"

There was the expression on Jerry's features that among his race is only too often followed by the shedding of somebody's blood. I spoke to him gently and gravely, and consoled him as best I could. Then I went in and laid the matter before the mistress of the household, suggesting that she remonstrate with Venus. This she did later in the day, but somewhat passively, I fear; for Venus was a most excellent servant, and the chance of losing her required a moral courage which I am compelled to believe was weak, if not wholly wanting. Venus, she told me, merely tossed her head indifferently.

"Dat fool niggah Jerry tryin' to make out he somebody," she said scornfully. "Comin' to chu'ch wid Mist' George's shoes on, an' walkin' bow-legged on de side of his feet because dey pinch up his toes. Fo' goodness, Mis' Mary, I haf to hol' myse'f to keep f'om laughin' in his face!" And Venus laughed now at the remembrance of poor Jerry in his splendid misery.

When I urged a more vigorous handling of the subject on the part of the mistress of the household, it was suggested to me that I undertake the matter. But this was manifestly unfair, being already retained as counsel for the other side.

However, the exhorter did not come farther than the gate with Venus that night, as I learned from her later. There had been a thunder-shower in the early evening, and another was threatening, which he gave as a reason for hurrying to his lodgings with the resident pastor of the Mount Tabor Church. Jerry, by my advice, did not attend services at all, but had retired early to his room above the stable. "De heat an' 'lectricity in de air" kept him awake, he said afterward, and perhaps for similar reasons I also slept lightly.

At all events, as I lay dozing through the small and dark hours of morning, I became suddenly aware of some unfamiliar presence in my apartment. Perhaps the intruder had made a slight sound. Whatever it was, I sat up quickly in bed; and as I did so a far-off flash of lightning, a memory of the second shower, illuminated the room. In the brief instant of light I saw bending over my desk the slender figure of a man, his handsome mulatto face turned directly toward me. His eyes met mine, and the next instant there was the sound of rapidly moving feet. I realized that he had fled, and leaping out of bed, followed. At the end of the hall I came to an open window. He had prepared for flight, and leaped into the darkness without. I listened, but could not hear his footsteps on the soft ground. The barn was only a few yards distant. I leaned out and called loudly:

"Jerry!"

He answered almost instantly, and presently I met him at the door below. I explained briefly, and he ran back for a lantern. By the time he had brought it the mistress of the household and Venus had also appeared on the scene. They followed us around to beneath the open window, where Jerry put down the lantern to examine the wet ground. Then, all of a sudden, he sprang up in great excitement.

"Dar!" he cried, pointing at the ground. "Dar dey is! Dar 's de p'inted argiments what done convict de guilty! What I done say about dem dwahf pease an' dat yaller niggah gettin' holt o' udder people's belongin's? Dar dey is! Dar 's de argiments dat prove it! How you feel now, Venus Milo, 'bout p'intin' de way in de strait an' narrer paff? P'intin' de way of sin, you mean, an' p'intin' de way to de sinnah. Yassir, dat 's it! He done lef' his trail, I say, an' I 'm on it! Yassir!"

During this outbreak the mistress of the household and Venus Milo had regarded Jerry in a dazed and only half understanding way. He caught up the lantern now, and was for following the tracks at once; but taking it from him, I leaned over and examined the footprints myself, closely. They were quite plain, for they were sunk deeply in the center of a small flower-bed beneath the window, and they were made without doubt by a rather large and very pointed pair of shoes. Never having seen Jerry's rival, I was by no means sure that it was he who had worn them; but in the minds of Jerry and the lady of the household there was no question. Venus, on her part, attempted a fierce defense at first; but even she weakened visibly when I stated that the thief had been both slender and handsome.

We followed the tracks to the street, where they disappeared. Jerry kept on, however, to the parsonage of the Mount Tabor Church, and whatever doubts may have existed in the minds of any of us were pretty thoroughly dispelled on his return. The pastor's guest was not in his room, though the pastor said that he had retired earlier than usual. Most of his belongings were still there, however, including the silk hat and the store clothes.

There was great disturbance in the Mount Tabor Church circles for a few days, and the revival was temporarily suspended while the members endeavored to capture the renegade. They did not succeed, though Jerry's perseverance and enthusiasm were unusual, even for him. As for Venus Milo, she was conscience-stricken when she found that the thief had entered by a pantry window which he must have unfastened for that purpose on the previous evening.

I hope Jerry did not reproach her too severely, —we are all erring children,—but, whatever happened, the result was a blissful one, as the following wedding invitation, found lying upon my desk two weeks later, and evidently the handiwork of Jerry himself, will show:

MISTER GEORGE: You and Miss Mary is invited to the marriage of mine. Also a present from Miss Mary and Mister George to specify congratulation.

Compliments of the 1st of June.

JEREMIAH P. HOLMES

TO

MISS VENUS MILO CLEVINS.

MOUNT TABOR CHURCH.

Needless to say, both our attendance and our presents were contributed with hearty good will. Venus Milo never looked more radiant than she did on that rare June morning, while as for the groom, he bore himself like a conquering hero, notwithstanding the almost noticeable absence of the "p'inted argiments." For, with delicate consideration, I thought, Jerry had banished these painful reminders of the past to some inner darkness, from which, to the best of my knowledge, they have never reappeared.

From my open window now I look down on Venus Milo picking the full-growing marrowfats, while from the direction of the stable is borne to me the musical and inspiring whistle with which Jerry lightens his labors.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

What I Would.

I WOULD have a poet's book,
In a shady summer nook,
Where I could around me look,
As a lover may;
I would have a little hand
In my own; would hold it, and—
Hold it, and—you understand.
That would be my way,
All a summer's day.

I would read a fervent page,
Then explain, a very sage,
All about the poet's rage,
As a lover may;
A modest charge were meet for this—
Just the brief rubific bliss
Of a not-quite-willing kiss.
That would be my way,
All a summer's day.

John Vance Cheney.

Indecision.

Do I love you? Who shall say?
Ask me when the skies are gray.
Out among the buds and blooms,
Drinking April's rare perfumes,
While serene above us two
Hangs the deep sky, soft and blue,
I would find it hard to prove
If 't is spring or you I love.

Love you? Can I answer, dear?
In the joytime of the year,
When among the flowers and trees,
Listening to the birds and bees,
Harkening to a rippling stream,
I forget the world and dream.
While old memories come and go,
Can I answer "Yes" or "No"?

Do I love you? Who can tell
If this be not springtime's spell?
If my pulses leap for you,
Or because the sky is blue?
If my heart throbs at your words,
Or in echo to the birds?
Dear, I do not dare to say.
Ask me when the skies are gray.

Josephine H. Nicholls.

Motifs.

FROM the barred window of a prison-cell a man watched the soul-awakening beauty of the sunlit world; felt the noble grandeur of the mountain heights and the peace of its flowering valleys.

The life he lived not he understood, with its duties and its joys beyond his reach.

And he saw, too, how many on whom the sunshine fell were blind to the glory, and he said: "Well may they envy me, who am in shadow, but can see the light."

SHE stood by his side as he fell wounded in the race of life, and let unheeded those less swift than she pass by. Naught was gain to her that lay beyond his reach, and where he faltered was her highest goal.

ON a field of battle, his sword broken, himself wounded, his cause lost, a soldier still fought on, to win from defeat the strength that can alone disarm it. "For in victory only," cried he, "do the brave cease to fight."

E. Scott O'Connor.

The Springtime Vision.

A METRICAL EXPERIMENT AT REPRODUCING THE FAMOUS MUSICAL MEASURE OF SAPPHO, WITH ADDITION OF INITIAL AND FINAL RHYMES.

LIGHT the step of youth, when a maid is waiting;
Bright the eyes of both in the May of mating;
Slight their heed of Time with his foolish prating—
Time, the old fogy!

Day by day more sweet is the sweet unreason;
Gay of heart as birds in the singing season;
They regard a shadow of doubt as treason,
Care as a bogy!

Sing more loud, ye warblers in leafy covers!
Fling fresh gems of joy on the clinging lovers!
Spring, tell ev'ry breeze that above them hovers
Close to caress them!

Joy, more joy, from all things make them borrow!
Cloy them, if thou canst, ere they drink of sorrow!
Buoy them up against a malign To-morrow,
Bound to oppress them.

Oh, how soon dark Age, in his wintry fashion,
Snow and ice will throw on the glow of passion;
Low will grow Life's fire till it all is ashen;
Death will possess them!

Nay, if Death were final, the Springtime Vision,
Gay and sweet, were meet for a Fiend's derision.
Day must follow night: in a World Elysian
Love shall rebless them.

Henry Austin.

DRAWN BY TUDOR JENKS.

On the Road.

SAID Folly to Wisdom,
"Pray, where are we going?"
Said Wisdom to Folly,
"There 's no way of knowing."

Said Folly to Wisdom,
"Then what shall we do?"
Said Wisdom to Folly,
"I thought to ask you."

Tudor Jenks.

Company.

THE time I skip down cellar,
Or up our apple-tree,
Or unner jes what 's handy,
Is when there 's company!

It ain't a time fer choosin'!
You bet the coast is clear
The minute ma commences
A-callin', "Eddie dear!"

They want to hug an' kiss me,
An' ask me if I 'm smart,
An' say I favor pa's folks,
An' bless my little heart!

They want to get my reader
An' make me read a page,
An' tell about what they did
When *they* was jes my age,

An' say they 'd oughter brought me
Some cake or gingersnaps,
An' keep me there fer hours
A-sittin' on their laps!

It 's suffocatin', hidin',
An' twists yer legs up—gee!
But any sort o' sufferin'
Is better 'n company!

Catharine Young Glen

When the Caddie is over the Hill.

THE links are a vision of purple and brown,
Where curious ventures befall;
O'er slope and o'er level, o'er crest and o'er down,
We follow the mischievous ball.
The sun is aslant on the dunes and the gorse;
I see, with a mystical thrill,
A "hazard" that waits near the end of the course
When the caddie is over the hill.

Oh, dear little figure in scarlet and blue,
With graces bewitching endowed,
'Mid drives and 'mid foozles, I wonder, do you
Consider the caddie a crowd?
Is it golf, do you think, to whose magic we yield?
Can golf such enchantment instil?
Will what I am asking be sweetly revealed
When the caddie is over the hill?

The caddie, a laddie more faithful than wise,
With ears of capacity strange;
With sharp, telescopic, and Argus-like eyes
Possessed of embarrassing range—
I wonder if he has the shrewdness to know
I 'm biding the moment until
'T is proper we pause in the valley below,
While the caddie goes over the hill?

. . . . . .

The links are a glory of marvelous green.
Who says it is late in the year?
Why, spring has returned! Just for lovers, I ween.
The larks and the cowslips are here.
For, ah, I have learned from the lips of the maid
She fully agrees, with a will,
That ours is a game most entrancingly played
When the caddie is over the hill.

Edwin L. Sabin.

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MACARONI.

BY MAUDE CALDWELL PERRY.

WITH DRAWINGS BY J. M. GLEESON.

"MACARONI" being the most approving title that can be bestowed upon a beast, and the little gray donkey of Giuseppe Mosso perpetually deserving it, his proper name had been forgotten while yet he was in his youth, and he became the one preëminent Macaroni of the whole plain from Torre dell' Annunziata to Scafati. The manner of his deserving was unusually excellent.

In the days when old Giuseppe himself could endure it, often and often Macaroni went up from the tiny garden at Valle di Pompeii the fifteen miles to Naples, and returned, twice in a day—once in the morning, so early that only the highest smoke of the mountain was in the light, to sell his cartful of artichokes and sweet-fennel stalks, and again in the afternoon, when he had well digested his lunch of withered fennel-tops, to take an order of fine radishes to some hotel for the evening dinner. On his way back on this trip—again with nothing alight in the world but the smoke of Vesuvius as pink as coral over the purple cone—his small hoofs seemed to go carefully over the uneven stones, as though he knew that old Giuseppe was asleep in the bottom of the cart.

Not only had he done this, but he had won the name of being the most delicate-footed of beasts. Once when they had a sort of landslide in a house which they were excavating in ancient Pompeii, and the rubbish lay so that the boys could not work, the manager, desiring a donkey, small, yet trustworthy to put his feet where told, and to stir no other crumb of earth, was sent by unanimous direction to Macaroni.

Nor had he done these things simply for a little season and in the heyday of his youth, and then ceased them to fatten on his reputation. He did his first day's work the day before Giuseppe bought him, and that was the day, fifteen or twenty years before, when all the people of the plain about the ruins came together bearing each a stone, one after another, to help build the miracle shrine of Holy Mary of the Rosary. From that time he had labored hard until Giuseppe's death, which fell only a scant two years past.

After that the widow, Agnese, left in comfort under her flat stucco roof largely by the exertion of Macaroni, was very good to the donkey, so that from sunny day to sunny day he hardly remembered that he was old and grievously infirm. To keep a taste of the accustomed business, Agnese still raised her excellent radishes and fennel, but she did not take them to Naples, although there was a fine profit to be had at the hotels in

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the Via Partenope. She took them to Scafati, a scant mile away, whither both she and Macaroni could jog in placid comfort and return unfatigued. Macaroni wore a fine, new, yellow pannier now, wherein the little red radishes looked gay. The heavy cart was left at home, and Agnese herself walked beside the donkey, her good red skirt tucked providently up out of the dust, singing to herself a very ancient song.

MACARONI AT WORK.

Nowadays, too, Macaroni was fed more satisfying things than fennel-tops, and things more subtly delicious. Armfuls of lupine, with the pale blooms succulently budded upon it, and bunches of golden carrots tempted him daily in his substantial house. He grew fat. Nor was this royal life the sole cause of his taking on a pompous outline. Flattery of the luscious kind, that is plucked from actual admiration, filled his capacious ears and steeped his soul in the calm that makes for rotundity. Not only did Agnese spend much breath in his belauding and in committing him to the care of all the saints in turn, but a young boy with merriment and caresses came often from the house next door, and made the twilights and the moonlights sportive—a boy who loved him dearly.

"He is getting to be such an old lazybones that you will not sell him for two soldi," neighbor Maria, the boy's mother, remarked sometimes to Agnese from among the clothes-lines on her housetop.

"And what if I do not sell?" Agnese would return, placidly feeding Macaroni, whose meek eyes seemed to deprecate Maria's words even while he seized the bright carrots nimbly with his long, soft, gray upper lip.

"But surely you will sell the little brute when you go up to Naples to live with Caterina?"

"And if I do not go up to Naples?"

After this there would always be loud surprise on Maria's part, for usually that impending removal to Naples, where Caterina was said to be making such a fine stir, was the very hinge of Agnese's conversation.

One evening Maria went so far as to remark that she did not believe that Agnese had ever intended going to Naples at all. This broke down the banter at once.

"Yes, truly, truly," Agnese cried, "I am going indeed, and that this very next month." It was now mid-March. "There are so many more evil winds in Naples than here that I shall wait. Besides, Macaroni has still a store of fodder."

"HE TURNED WESTWARD DOWN PAST THE RUINS."

"Whoever buys him will surely buy the fodder that you have. I do not think that you will sell him to a penniless field-man who would starve him and beat him and overwork him at the fertilizer carts. What would he do with such a life as that?"

Agnese did not answer for a moment; she laid her bunch of carrots down under the donkey's nose, and left him suddenly, walking across toward Maria's house. Macaroni stuck out his two ears after her, but munched his carrots, nevertheless. Agnese leaned on the low, creviced stone wall that separated Maria's back yard from her own, and said at last, not looking at Maria, but out at the street, where the carrier-boys from the ruins were just going by to their homes: "I do not intend selling him at all. Giovanni Galli has a keen knife and a steady hand. It will take only a moment."

Maria came down the rickety stairs from her roof, and leaned upon the stone wall in front of Agnese before she spoke. Then she said: "I believe you are right altogether, altogether. You can afford it, too; but, ah, me, it is a great deal of money to lose! I hear you are offered fifteen lire for him."

"Yes; it is old Francesco Melloni of Lettere. I know nothing against the man, and he says he will use him only to go to market twice a week each to Castellammare and Angri. But I shall have my Giuseppe's donkey killed; I shall sleep better nights." And Maria said she should feel so too, by all means.

But Tommaso, the boy who loved Macaroni, who had come in from the excavations, sat on the other side of the big eucalyptus-tree, gritting his teeth. He should not feel so at all. "Kill Macaroni, good, playful, happy

Macaroni!" The idea made his throat ache. "Giovanni Galli's keen knife and steady hand!" The big, dirty basket that he had brought home to mend, Tommaso hoisted suddenly over his head and let descend like an extinguisher. From under it came sounds of gulping.

However, Tommaso did something more than bewail the situation. For nearly a month he laid plans of his own, spied on Agnese's, and meanwhile took a desperate delight in the society of Macaroni. But at last, one evening when he was coming home, he felt his blood suddenly as if frothing in his veins, for there near the church stood old Agnese and Giovanni Galli talking together.

That night, when there was no light but of a moon near its last quarter slanting redly down into the dark water away out beyond Capri, Tommaso slid out of his bed. He pulled on his clothes, tiptoed past the two big beds where his father and mother slept, into the little kitchen, and then out through a high small hole of a window to save the noise of bolts. He dropped outside with the certainty and swift recover of a cat.

Somewhere off in the low fields by the Sarno a donkey, stirred to song by the summer warmth of the night, brayed fearfully. Then, in a moment, from the dark yard next door Tommaso heard the voice of Macaroni rise competently in thrilling and laborious cadence. Delighted, yet with a new pang, Tommaso hastened to the low wall between the yards, scrambled over, and with a bunch of fresh grass torn from the turf beside the wall in his hand, he groped his way to Macaroni's stable. The faint starlight and moonlight without made visible a square aperture opposite the door, and against it posed Macaroni's head, inclined inquiringly, one ear straight up, the other slanting down. But he knew Tommaso's step, knew also the smell of fresh grass, and came forward with a funny little wheeze of pleasure. Then Tommaso, while the soft nose searched his hand for every scrap of grass, unfolded his plan to the ears which, moving, kept themselves visible in the darkness. They alternately considered, questioned, disagreed, and approved, until their owner seemed quite convinced, when at last, bridled with his hempen halter knotted up very curiously, he was led out of the door of his good little cement house, and by a tortuous path through Agnese's garden to a branch of the main highway.

"'OH, I THINK YOU ARE THE BEST BOY!'"

Once he jerked up his head and made as if he would go back, until Tommaso besought him again: "But they intend to kill you, Macaroni. You would not stay to be killed, would you, my little, little one? Old Agnese is not your friend at all. She may give you carrots and sometimes take half the load to market herself, but she has the keen knife of Giovanni Galli already as if in your body, my friend; she has said it with her own lips."

They were out on the highroad now, and Macaroni, no longer objecting, perhaps because the stiffness which had at first beset him was passing a little, perhaps because the mysterious journey roused some long-quiet spirit of adventure in his breast, trotted a little, and Tommaso bethought himself to ride. He turned westward down past the ruins which, in spite of his daylight familiarity with them, always made him feel unboyishly sad when he saw them at night. Above him, on the right, massed the broken-shadowed bulk with its suggestive upper outline of empty arches and decapitated pillars. Below him, on the left, were the wide, level river-fields, and the Sarno itself, a streak of indefinite paleness threading them. Trot, trot, trot, went the small hoofs down the road that was so white as to seem luminous. By and by they turned to the left along another white road that ran out across

the level fields, but bending westward yet toward the sea. Macaroni trotted still; the road was smooth.

"It would be a sin to kill you, my good, good one; you are as strong as a large horse." It really was delightful, for Macaroni had gone so fast that what had been merely the silhouette of Monte Sant' Angelo was showing its spurs and foot-hills in relief. A wind came up from the bay and moved the long fringe of Tommaso's hair. Soothed outwardly thus, and inwardly by the thought of his mission, Tommaso was very happy. "It is some old grudge she bears against you, my littlest donkey. She may pretend not, but what else?"

They went on a long way in silence, then Tommaso found occasion to inquire very suddenly: "Why do you breathe so fast and so hard, Macaroni? Surely it is not this silly trot. Ah, no doubt it is the heaviness of the night. Well, we will go more slowly.

"What are you limping for, you foolish beast? You think I will take you home again if you limp. No, my littlest; you shall never go back."

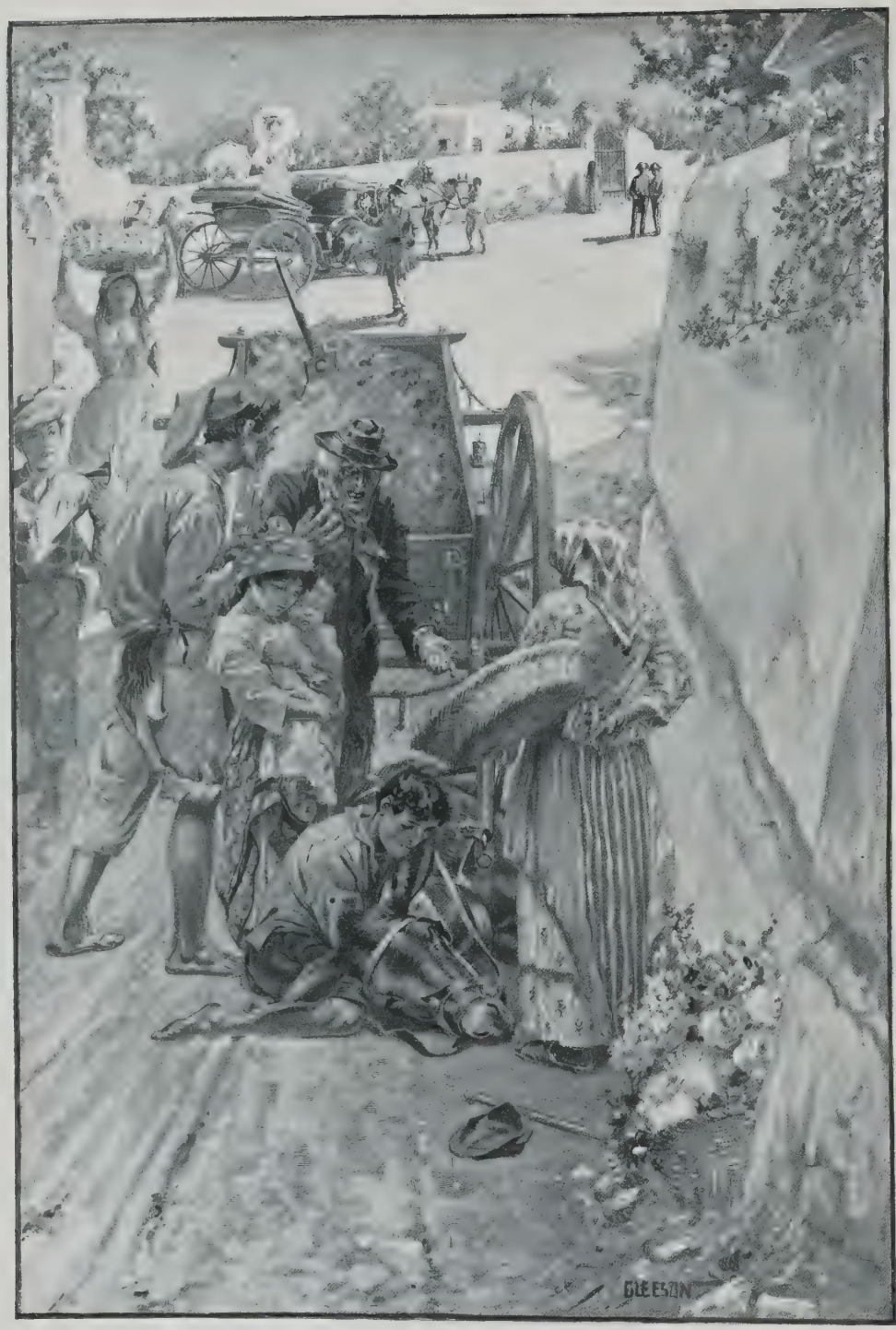
On the bridge across the Sarno they stopped, on motion of Macaroni, who hung down his head and doubled up one of his slim back legs. Tommaso slid off over his head, and sat on the railing of the bridge.

"Oh, yes, you are very clever," he remarked—"quite as clever as the trained one who came through here yesterday with that pack of thieving Milanesi who had the bear-show; but I tell you I will not take you home. We are going to the house of Francesco Melloni, who lives on the right-hand side in the very first house as you go into Lettere. I will tell him some story or other, and he will pay me for you, and I will put the money where old Agnese will find it, and then everything will be all right."

Presently they went on, up the river now a little way until they came to the old Gragnano road. It was a shorter way than by the good new road that Tommaso had at first planned to follow. Then they turned up toward the hills, which, as they went, seemed to drift slowly down about them in the gloom. Macaroni would not trot, and he lopped his ears about carelessly. Tommaso dismounted again, and walked beside him, grieved that the air should be so heavy. But his mind was also somewhat busy otherwise. Once he said: "You may not get carrots every day, and you may have to do more work—a little more; but it will be good for you. You will not be so fat, and so you can breathe better."

But as Macaroni paused now and again with hung head on the climb, carrots and leisure seemed important things, after all. The way among the hills was tortuous, and in passing through Gragnano and one or two

"MACARONI ATE THE CARROTS EAGERLY."



"PEOPLE CAME RUNNING FROM ALL SIDES."

other little towns it was hard to keep the right road, the houses crowded forward so upon the intricate angles of the streets.

The dawn had at length begun sifting a faint light through the air when they were finally upon the direct stretch of the road to Lettere, in a way between villa grounds, over the high walls of which hung clouds of

trees. But the illumination was so dubious that even the elderly Macaroni, who had been utterly unmoved by any terror of real darkness, now pricked up his ears nervously, and often interrupted his grievous panting to listen stock-still in his path. Tommaso was inclined to rail at the donkey's misgivings, but not without a qualm, until he saw, most amazing at that hour, a villa gate yawning wide open on its dense park, yet vaporously black, and saw against that blackness the looming shape of a great white ox with monstrous horns move toward them rapidly, his nostrils steaming faintly in the chill. Macaroni, despite a lifelong habitude to oxen, quivered back on his lean little haunches, and though the terror did no more than swing its low head once at him, sprang furiously in at the gate, and galloped off on a winding gravel path.

Now, Macaroni was Salerno-born, and some reassuring memory of the multitudinous stairways of his native streets may have risen to his wits when he came round a turn upon the very foot of a stone stairway running steeply up between two wings of a small stuccoed house. He hurried up, still nimble with his fright, and went under the arch of an ample doorway at his left.

And there Tommaso found him having a very pleasant time. Close to the doorway in the blue light, on the floor of white cement, stood a copper kettle full of clear water, and floating in this were some small objects each done up neatly in a green leaf that fastened with its own stem. These small bundles the deft gray nose of Macaroni was undoing, out of each he shook contemptuously a little yellow pat of butter, and then ate the green leaf in a twinkling.

Tommaso laughed a deep, silent laugh, and slapped his knees, when through a door at the other end of the room very swift, light footsteps came, and in an instant there rushed into the space of indefinite light about the door a little girl with a broomstick, who forthwith belabored Macaroni. Tommaso grasped her wrist, and took away the broomstick.

"You shall not beat my donkey!"

"Then make him stop spoiling my butter!"

There was a sharp storm, but it passed, and Macaroni was reduced to cross submissiveness outside the door, while Tommaso and the little girl talked spasmodically. Tommaso said: "You are up early."

The girl nodded silently, but in a moment vouchsafed to say: "I forgot to do the butter into pats last night for the great house, and father bade me be up at dawn and do it."

"Will he beat you very hard for this?"

The little girl looked at him, puzzled. "He will not beat me at all. He never beats me when I cannot help things," she said.

Tommaso stared at the calm child silently, and the turn to question passed to her.

Tommaso's story came easily and rather argumentatively, perhaps, but withal, when he had finished, the girl whispered raptly:

"Oh, I think you are the best boy!" And she looked with friendly and interested eyes even on Macaroni. "Why, yes," she said; "Macaroni can work all right. It will surely do him good. He is too fat, as you say. We have a donkey named Bobo, who has grown dreadfully fat, and he is old; and father put him in a field, and every day he sets the dog to make him run, so that he will get thinner. You are quite right."

Tommaso went away, leaving the young person making an examination of the butter-pats in the kettle to see if any had by chance escaped injury sufficiently not to require remolding. His heart was lighter of what faint misgivings he had had, and he stepped out very glibly for Lettere with the refreshed Macaroni.

The dawn, which had appeared so well advanced when he was at the white stair-head, had failed again to a scant blue lucence in the aisle of lofty trees that made the road. However, when he reached Lettere, which is a sharp-edged little town, clear of trees, he could easily make out the house he wanted, a low, windowless, heavy-doored affair. He remembered it from the days when old Francesco had been a chance acquaintance of his errant childhood.

Now that he had arrived it seemed better to wait until more usual business hours before rousing the old man. But it was painfully apparent that to be back in Pompeii in time to go to work on the hour he must be starting soon, since all the return must be on foot. Yet he hesitated to knock, it was so very early and so still. But presently, as he stood leaning against the door, with his arm thrown over the donkey's bowed neck, a man slipped by him and out of sight down the road by which he himself had just come. The man's foot was so light that Tommaso had not heard him approach, and was startled to raise his eyes and encounter a malevolent gaze fixed on him and on Macaroni. He listened sharply when the man had passed, but could not make out how far he went.

"It is one of those thieving Milanesi," he muttered. However, he was relieved in one way. "It must be later than I imagined," he thought; "already many people are astir."

Then he knocked as heavily as he could upon the door, which flew open instantly, showing, very elfish in the uncertain light, the bent figure of an evil-looking little man, who shouted at once:

"What do you want?"

"I have brought you Agnese Mosso's donkey," answered Tommaso, stoutly.

"Oh, you have!" sneered Francesco. "Well, it is altogether likely that you will have your trouble to reward you. What do I want with Agnese Mosso's donkey?"

Tommaso's heart went down terribly.

"Why, you offered fifteen lire for him a few weeks ago, and she has decided to accept your offer. I had to bring him over at night because I work."

"Fifteen lire!" the little old man fairly moaned. "Fifteen lire for that breathless beast? My poor, poor little one, she has lied to you, wishing to make you defraud a helpless old man. Now, it was to have been a present to me, this ancient, boneless fatling; but I was generous. I offered seven good lire. I am kind to the widow, my son. And seven lire I will pay, and no more—not one soldo more."

Tommaso hesitated, unnerved.

"Take it; it is the best you will get of me. She will be satisfied. She knows it was the bargain, and that at first I was to have had him gratis, just to take care of him. If she wants more she will come to me; she will not blame you."

But Tommaso, having private knowledge of how that money was to come into the hands of Agnese, was anxious and perturbed. He knew that the old man was lying, but he dared not say too much lest the door be shut in his face. And although he was tolerably sure that it would be opened again if he only waited long enough, he feared that it might be so long as to make him late to the ruins, so that he would probably lose his place, of which contingency he dared not think.

"She will scold me terribly," he ventured. "Please give me ten lire!"

Francesco grunted, and the door, open none too wide now for Tommaso's peace of mind, swung to a little.

"Nine lire, then!" he cried. "Look at him closely; you will see that he is well worth it."

The old man grinned. "Seven lire, only seven, my little man."

"Well, then, I must," Tommaso almost sobbed, "I must."

"Come in, then," said Francesco, opening the door wide.

The room inside was dark, and its earth floor smelled damp and very stale. An open door at the farther side looked into a courtyard formed by the backs of three houses, the unattractive details of which were faintly coming into view in the twilight. Tommaso was told to bring in the donkey. He did so, and when they were once inside a mighty kick from Francesco sent Macaroni galloping feebly out into the courtyard, while the old man watched the uneven gait with much dissatisfaction. Tommaso wheeled for battle, but it occurred to him how utterly useless it would be from any point of view.

"He has been carefully treated," he ventured, "and"—trying to touch the old man somehow—"he will work better when he is. Where will you keep him?"

"My very littlest and dearest friend," said Francesco, unctuously, "the most worthy Macaroni shall have a fine cement house all to himself, dry, with a good floor, and three times daily will I feed him with my own hands lupine and excellent carrots. I shall not let him do a step of work on any day save the Sunday; then he shall amble as slowly as he likes to church, in a red-trimmed harness with bells and with as many feathers as a Neapolitan cab-horse carries. And I will sit light upon him even then. For, you see,"—old Francesco had been bringing his withered shape nearer and nearer, till now his broad, pale, goblin face, lower than Tommaso's, leered so close that the boy could feel its breath,—"you see, I have bought this windless old lazy-hoofs because I love him. Seven good lire and his royal fare and the cost of building a real house for him will be nothing—nothing to the joy of seeing the estimable animal enjoy himself."

The old man chuckled and wagged his head, following Tommaso step by step as he backed away. At last the boy was fairly against the wall, with a terror growing in his eyes.

"Give me my money, and let me go back!" he screamed.

"Certainly, certainly; I am eager to be free to go and caress the dear beast." Francesco went quite across to the other side of the room, and took out his wallet with his back turned to Tommaso.

The impulse was strong on the boy to take Macaroni home again. He dreaded to leave

him; but when he made a step toward the back door and looked out and saw the gentle donkey with his large, mild eyes, he thought of Giovanni Galli's knife again, and comforted himself with what the little girl had said.

When Francesco turned round with seven dirty little one-lira bills in his hand, Tommaso was strong in his purpose again, and in an instant more was plunging back down the road toward home. It seemed already full day when the great mountain across the valley was in sight, colored an ethereal lilac, and hardly less nebulous than its own opalescent smoke. But when the boy again threaded the narrow, close-walled ways between the villas, he came upon some misty remnant of the night. He ran, not more because he knew he was none too near his work even for that hour than because that feeble gallop of Macaroni's seemed echoing behind him down the hill.

But no real traffic was yet upon the road; everywhere was the stillness of a solitude so complete that when Tommaso caught a glimpse of a figure that appeared for an instant round a sharp turn, then vanished again, he, forgetting the Milanesi, feared nothing earthly. He crossed himself, and ran on, passing the corner with his eyes shut. Instantly he was seized, pinioned, robbed of the seven lire he was carrying in his hand, and flung to the ground, half unconscious from a blow.

Now, Tommaso could always make up stories easily, and before noon the rumor was current, on authority of all the principals except Macaroni, that about three o'clock in the night Tommaso Merlini had heard unusual sounds in Agnese Mosso's yard. He had listened awhile for their repetition, but they had not come again. Then, fearing some mischief, he had risen, crept out to Macaroni's stable, found the donkey gone, and far away in the still night had heard the faint trot-trot of little hoofs on a hard road. He had given chase, not spreading the alarm first for fear that the accompanying noise of a crowd might put the thief on his guard. He had followed long and far, through Torre dell' Annunziata, then up the first low hem of the wide Vesuvian skirt to Bosco Reale. There he had lost all sound and track of him in the multitudinous clatter and footprints of the donkeys of a party of tourists who were going up Vesuvius to see the sunrise. He had gone on vainly to Bosco Trecase, looking everywhere and calling. Then, coming back, he had been running fast and had fallen, striking his head upon the root of a fig-tree by the road. It was all told with much detail. When he came back he had found every one about the door of the stable, and his story had only corroborated their worst fears.

Now, Bosco Reale and Bosco Trecase are quite in the opposite direction from Lettere.

Two weeks went by, and slowly old Agnese's tear-swollen eyes were coming to their natural shape and color again. She did not now walk every day to the foot of the sharp hill back of the macaroni-factories in Torre dell' Annunziata, where the road goes up to Bosco Reale, nor did she always stay there all day now when she did go. But there was no cessation of her care to keep fresh lupine in the stable and a basket of carrots ready to take out at once when Macaroni should perhaps return. She still asked Tommaso almost daily for some further word of what he had seen that night.

Yet, though Tommaso answered her respectfully, he eyed her with bitter contempt. All this show of concern, when she wanted the donkey back only to have him stuck in the neck like a pig, infuriated him. But, despite the fact that he had snatched Macaroni bodily from the greatest possible evil, Agnese sometimes let fall a word that had the power to trouble him.

Now there came a day when the boys were not wanted at the ruins, and he fled to Lettere. It was a wonderful day. There had been a snow on the mountains a little while before, but now it was all gone from Monte Sant' Angelo and from everywhere else except the main range of the Apennines, where it hung, a tinted serrate cloud, too far away to be anything but beautiful. Daisies were bright on the green Sarno banks, and as he came among the hills he scented orange-blossoms. Tommaso's spirits were high; all his forebodings fell away. He questioned himself: Why should Francesco abuse the donkey any more than Giuseppe himself had done? It was to his interest to keep the old donkey in as good condition as he could. What a silly boy he himself had been to worry!

Indeed, it seemed so when he arrived in the little courtyard at Lettere. There stood Macaroni over a great pile of fresh lupine, to which he was doing inordinate justice. To be sure, he was horribly dirty, but, then, Tommaso had an excusable notion that to be dirty was not unnatural in donkeys. His ears cocked up so very little when Tommaso

came that the boy felt hurt for a moment, but reflected that since Macaroni was working now he might be too hungry at meal-time to pay much attention to any one.

"Come here!" he called, to see whether in fact Macaroni knew him at all. The long ears moved affably, but Macaroni was evidently too busy to come, so Tommaso came to him. Sitting on a stone, he confided to those understanding ears his present rejoicing and his previous foreboding. "Little Macaroni," he whispered, "I have been afraid, afraid; and I do not like to be afraid when I cannot tell any one."

Macaroni, the lupine finished, hung his heavy little head over Tommaso's shoulder and sighed a deep donkey sigh, than which there is no more expressive sound in the world. Then Tommaso was out of bounds delighted. He hugged the gray beast, he kissed him, he rubbed his cheek on the velvet tip of his nose. "Ah, now you are warm and your eyes shine; if I had left you with Agnese you—by now—you—it would not be so." He hugged the donkey again in sheer joy. "But you are yet a little lazier than a lizard; you will not stir a foot. Come here!" He backed off a little way, and crouched persuasively with a stray sprig of lupine in his hand. "Come!"

But Macaroni merely hung his head and would not budge. Tommaso performed one of those tumbling antics that had been wont to render Macaroni frolicsome in other days, but without effect. "You are lazier than ever," he laughed, "and you have found a will of your own." Whistling, he was about to seize the donkey's fore feet to make him dance with him, when the figure of old Francesco coming out into the court sent a chill through the air as though the edge of a cloud had come over the sun. The Pan-like merriment had died in the boy, and with hardly a word to the grim old man he was gone. While he was yet in sight, going through Francesco's room, Macaroni attempted to follow him on three legs, the fourth one dragging somewhat, though he tried to hold it up. But Tommaso did not see him.

This was on a Wednesday, and a week from the next Sunday Tommaso came again. So secure had he felt since his last visit to Lettere that he looked forward to this day only with happiness, and amazement awaited him. The old man and Macaroni were gone away. A boy living in one of the other houses around the court told him so. Tommaso said he would wait, and sat down upon the stone. The boy smiled oddly, and Tommaso felt resentful, thinking he was considered a fool for caring so much for a donkey. The boy came often out of his house on one pretext or another, until Tommaso, tired of being observed, resolved to get out of sight. An idea seized him.

"Where does Francesco cut Macaroni's lupine?" he inquired.

"Macaroni's lupine! Macaroni does not have lupine to eat. Do you not know that Melloni?"

"But Macaroni does have lupine. I saw him have it week before last."

The other boy considered a moment, then nodded his head with a leer. "Yes; that was the day he gave him the terrible beating that made him so lame. And the donkey would eat nothing at all of the common stuff, until the old man was scared for fear he would die quickly, before he could get his seven-lire worth of work out of him." The boy stopped and looked curiously at Tommaso, whose face was turned ashen, and whose lean little hands were gripping his Sunday cap hard. "And I might as well tell you," he went on, "although it is none of my affairs, that Francesco has gone to Naples, or at least to San Giovanni, with a load of fennel for his brother to take to market in the morning. His brother had an accident to his garden."

A momentary gleam came in Tommaso's eyes. Was Francesco a good man, after all? But the other boy went on:

"Francesco charges him more than he can get in the market; but he has to buy it anyway to keep his customers."

"He is n't coming back to-night, is he, all that way?"

The other boy spoke gently: "Yes; with a load of fertilizer."

Tommaso shuddered. The two looked at each other, thinking. Presently Tommaso put his hand into his pocket and drew out a lira in copper. "I will give this to you if you—"

"Oh, I cannot do anything at all," the other interrupted. "I tried to after you were here, when I saw how much you cared for him; but Francesco kicked me, and said that if I ever interfered again he would kill the donkey out and out and send you the skin. He would do it, too; he has done such things."

Then Tommaso broke down, and told the other boy the whole story of the case, and when at last he went away he had made a new plan that brought a little comfort,

though it was only another alternative of despair. The plan was founded upon an old one.

For the last three weeks he had been keeping a few soldi out of his wages every Saturday night, taking the beating heroically that always came from his father when the deficit was discovered, which he always accounted for by saying that he had spent the missing money for cigarettes. His object had been to get together seven lire to put into Agnese's hands in some way in payment for Macaroni. The addition to the plan was that the seven lire were to be got together as quickly as possible, so that when, if ever, the moment arrived when it seemed that Macaroni would prefer death to the life he led, Tommaso could take the seven lire to Agnese and confess what he had done. Until he had the seven lire he felt that he could not go. He would be declared a thief, for who would believe that the payment money had been stolen from him? He and the other boy felt sure that, although he himself was powerless to rescue Macaroni, there must be some way for Agnese to accomplish it. And when he could arrange matters so that he should not be accused of stealing, he felt that he should not care what other reproaches fell upon him at such a time.

So he began taking half a lira a week out of his wages, and was beaten proportionately every Saturday night. If he had been sure that the punishment for his abstraction of the money would continue to be simply beatings, even if they were to increase in geometrical proportion to what he took, he would have taken more. But his father began to threaten that the money should be paid to himself. Tommaso remained discreet.

He gave himself the privilege of only one more visit to Lettere, since time was precious. On this occasion, when he came opposite the villa gate on his way to Lettere, the little girl was awaiting him, blue-frocked, under a budding medlar-tree.

"He is gone!" she cried, bounding out past the gray wall into the road.

"Who?"

"Old Francesco has gone to Naples," she said, "but not with Macaroni, though. The boy up there came down and told me this morning, so that I could tell you and make you hurry."

They parleyed awhile there in the shady road, immersed in a bright sentiment of business, and the result was that the little girl declared that she would go with Tommaso to pass her opinion, which Tommaso conceived to be of great value, upon the donkey's state. Together they should carry to Macaroni, she said, a basket of carrots which were by rights Bobo's, but Bobo would not object.

And they did carry the basket of yellow carrots between them up the climbing road. Sometimes they were in blue shade where pines and cypresses stood on each side; sometimes the road was netted with shadows of bare, new trellises raised for the spring growth of lemons, or with shadows of the leafless tracery of the figs; sometimes, where the way followed the hill-edge, all was clear sunshine over the eastern road-wall, with only the mountain to be seen across it, far and softened as if beyond a sea.

But the way to Lettere was not long, sun and shade and all. The other boy met them before Francesco's door, and took them through his own house to the court. Macaroni was lying down when they came out, and the little girl scowled and shook her head; but he stood up immediately, whereat she nodded and went to look at him.

"He is thin enough now, surely, and I think he is very tired; but I cannot see that he is sick," she said, with her small head on one side. "He is surely thin enough, though," she added decisively after a little, putting her finger in the hollow above his eye.

But Macaroni ate the carrots eagerly yet gracefully, taking them from the hand with his gray lips as of old. The children laughed. They played games about the feeding. They took turns, and toward the last broke the carrots into many pieces to make the play last longer. And with Macaroni it was as if his own sound, kind, gay, and intelligent soul had informed a strange, sick body that morning accidentally, and he seemed constantly apologizing.

He was almost himself again, Tommaso thought, and soon he would be able to get him home again to constant carrots and peace until the end should really come.

The wise little girl's opinion was that Macaroni was "so-so," but would be better after his meal, at least very much stronger for a little while. Then Tommaso caught himself looking at Macaroni's legs, especially the lame one, and speculating whether the road from Lettere to Pompeii, which leads through Angri, and does not meet the Naples road, was all down-hill enough for a sick donkey. But just then there was a sound in Francesco's house, and that thought died. Yet it was with a hug all joy and resolution,

and a whispered promise of early freedom, that he left the donkey and fled with the rest.

Hereafter Tommaso spent his Sundays and the twilights of the lengthening days about the hotels at the entrance of the ruins, performing small tricks and singing for a scanty harvest of soldi. And, though slowly, the hard lump of money tied in a handkerchief in his pocket grew steadily, until he began to breathe with greater ease. He would surely be prepared before the worst came. In the absence of any tidings he was half beginning to hope that a turn for the better had really come in Macaroni's affairs.

Finally, on a Sunday afternoon, three weeks since he had last seen Macaroni, he had in his possession six lire thirteen soldi and three centesimi, with the immediate prospect of filling the sum out to seven lire. He had been in front of the Hôtel Diomède since luncheon, singing the whole round of Neapolitan airs dear to the tourists. Even without success it was a day to turn the head of any Italian boy with the mere hilarity of living, and Tommaso was lost in the intrinsic joy of filling his lungs with that air and letting it go again in songs that were as natural as simple breath.

He danced, too, for his most appreciative audience, and when at last their carriage started down the road toward Naples, he kept beside it, running, dancing, turning handsprings, as much for the delicious sense of power it gave his muscles as for any other gain. He may not have known the tint of the sea away out beyond Capri, nor that the lindens were in leaf; but the beauty had plied some sixth sense of his as with wine, and he leaped, laughing, spontaneous, tireless.

"Don't you believe that the tips of his ears are pointed and furry?" said one of the girls in the carriage. Then in jest, but touched with that mysterious half-faith in old legends which creeps into one's soul under those skies, they were leaning, looking at him very closely, when suddenly they saw his face change, stiffen, whiten.

They looked where he looked. Turning off on the Castellammare road, the mouth of which they were just passing, staggered a little donkey driven by an old man who was beating him furiously. Stopping the carriage, the girls watched Tommaso, who, with a new quality in his movements, bounded after the cart, which was coming slowly to a stand, as the donkey, utterly unable to go on, however beaten, lurched heavily down to the ground. In a moment one of the thills gave way, and the long gray neck settled out upon the earth. But it lay there only a moment, for Tommaso was in the dust beside the donkey, with the head gathered in his arms on his lap, his face bent on the long, soft ears. He said nothing, but when the driver came scrambling down and bent above him to put his hand upon the beast, Tommaso let fly a sharp and powerful blow upon the old man's chest, then flung his arms again about the donkey's head, and wept aloud.

People came running from all sides, among them the driver of the girls' carriage, sent by them. After a little while, when he came back, one of the girls asked him what was the matter with the donkey, and he replied:

"He is dead, signorina."

THE GREATER LOSS.

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

ONE spoke with tears: "Grief stripped me of the best,
For on my lips smiles are forever dead,
My heart is but an empty, songless nest—
Laughter is fled!"

One spoke and smiled: "Grief robbed of all, for I,
Facing the lonely desert of my years,
Shudder to find its one spring hath gone dry—
I have no tears!"

THE STORY OF ANN POWEL.

BY ANNIE E. TYNAN.

ONE old woman's letter to another—what can there be of stirring interest in the cramped lines that trembling fingers pen for time-dimmed eyes to see? Yet fifty years' standing seasons a romance as it does a wine.

PHILADELPHIA, First Month, Second, 1885.

MY DEAR FRIEND ANN POWEL: Thy letter of Eleventh month last was duly received. I regret to learn of the death of thy sister Rebecca. She and thee have ever been the seniors of all my friends both in long standing and in affection. Dear Ann, she has gone to that rest which awaits us all sooner or later, and which cannot be far off from either thee or me. Thou writest thou art on the verge of eighty-five, and on the 23d day Tenth month next will be my eighty-fourth birthday. When I take a retrospective view of bygone days, and recall the large number of our friends and associates who have long since passed away, I query why it is that our lives are extended so far beyond these. I trust it is for some good purpose, and that we shall be enabled to fulfil the designs of our heavenly Father.

Hast thou ever heard that Neil Esric died at the age of forty-seven? He lies by the side of his father and mother on Fair Hill. He returned to Philadelphia in about his fortieth year, having gained large fortune and great respect. At the time of his death he was elder in Friends' Meeting and sat in the second gallery. As thou knowest, I was away from our native city many years, and therefore never saw him since our youth.

Dear Ann, since I received thy letter my thoughts have been much of Rebecca. I have taken from a mahogany chest which contains my most treasured possessions many bundles of her old letters, and read and re-read them. One packet —stained with over sixty years, and cut by the string that binds it, as many a life is cut by the cords of circumstances—contains something which I think thou shouldst know. Dear Ann, perhaps it would be more in the line of my duty never to tell thee, yet I cannot but feel thou shouldst know. Take all the sweetness thou canst gather from the inclosed packet as thy overlate due; for the rest—forgive. I find age more lenient than youth, for when the sap of life has grown sluggish, neither anger nor pain hath the poignancy it had of yore.

Thou who art on the verge of the hereafter wilt surely let naught embitter thee against those who are gone, or thy few friends still remaining, one of whom feels now that, through fear of unwarrantable interference, she did not do all she might have done for thee in years gone by.

Awaiting thy answer, I remain,

Thy attached friend,

MATILDA GRIFFITH.

Ann Powel folded the letter and laid it on her knee. Her fingers closed on the yellowed packet, and in her heart she knew it held the long-lost chapter of her sweetest story. But she was not impatient; impatience dies with youth. She even took off her glasses and laid them on the table, and her quiet eyes, which had looked at life always with trusting resignation, turned from the small, warm room that represented her individual life to the snowy fields and gables and steeples that brought the pulse of humanity near her.

The wind jostled and crowded the falling flakes and disposed of them at its will, as fate jostles and crowds and disposes of men. Many of the ditches and out-of-the-way corners were overfull, while the knolls and highest gables were bare and almost empty.

Ann Powel's eyes fell unseeing on the dull dreariness of the scene, while she turned the pages of the letters.

IN 1820 the City of Brotherly Love lay in almost its entirety on the low, irregular oblong between the Schuylkill and Delaware rivers. Freshening winds swept even its remotest angles and tinged the cheeks of the Quaker maidens with vivid color.

On one of the quiet streets, where the walnut-trees grazed the sloping roofs of the comfortable houses, and in the fall distributed green-shelled fruit in abundance over sidewalks and gutters—on one of these quiet streets, in 1820, stood a house somewhat older, perhaps, than the others, a two-storied stone affair, with a steep roof and a flight of six stone steps, guarded by an iron railing, which led up to the short, four-paneled door. There were two windows on the first floor front and three above, and they must have had at least thirty little panes of glass apiece. It looked, on the whole, like the comfortable residence of re-

spectable middle-class people, which it was; but besides being that it was a store. The small square sign that hung on a projecting rod to the left of the door, and on a level with its knocker, read: "Neil Esric. Pork and Poultry. Tenth to Fourth Month."

With the exception of an occasional renewal of paint, the sign had swung there unaltered for three generations. The Neil Esric who was upon the field of action in 1820 went with his wife and son and daughter to the farm every 1st of April, as the Neil Esrics and their wives and sons and daughters of the past had done, as Neil Esric, Jr., and his wife and children would in all probability do in the days to come. The house was blinded by heavy wooden shutters half the year.

Rosy-cheeked Neil Esric, Jr., was twenty-three. His shoulders were broad and strong, and his gray coat sat upon them with a grace a West Point cadet might envy. He stood six feet three inches, and his muscles were like iron.

When little Prudence, his sister, teased him about his bigness or played him tricks,—which was often, for she was a very elf for mischief,—he would catch her about the waist, which required exceeding swiftness and dexterity of motion, and seat her on the topmost of the store shelves without the least trouble. And there he would let her sit like a saucy gray squirrel with very black eyes till she begged for mercy. This she never did or gave up her chatter till she saw some one coming up the steps or heard her mother calling from the room within.

"Now, Neil, thou hearest! Let me down!"

"Hast ceased thy banter?"

"Neil." His father's voice would come in quiet remonstrance from the desk in the corner.

"When she says 'please,' father."

The steps would perhaps be just at the door.

"Please, then. Hurry!"

"Oh, no. 'Please, dear brother.'"

"I wo— Oh, oh! Please, dear brother!"

And down she would come, as pert as ever as soon as her feet touched the floor.

One day the door opened before she succumbed. It was Ann Powel. Neil went red to his hair.

Ann Powel was twenty, as sweet and rosy and prim as Quaker maiden can be. He would rather any one in the world had seen the episode than she. Yet it did not make her think the worse of him, though the sight of his big head thrown back and his big teeth showing in teasing laughter was novel to her. She knew now he could be merry. Heretofore in her presence he had always been grave and bashful. When he reddened and put his magnificent arms up in a shamefaced way to lift the indignant little elf to the floor, Ann's heart beat so hard that it hurt her.

That was just before they closed for the summer. Somehow the thought of six months of country life did not suit Neil this year. The mowing and harvesting, the long walks, the rides behind Peggy, the boating—none of them had their accustomed attraction. It was with a weary heart that he helped his father put up the wooden shutters. It was with a strange sense of desolation that Ann Powel watched them from her window over the way.

She could not look long, for she had just come up for some blocks for the quilt, and Matilda Griffith and Rebecca would be waiting. She tore herself away, and had just begun to fumble in the box of pieces that stood in the corner of the great square closet, when she heard Rebecca call:

"Canst thou not find them?"

"Yes, I have found them; I am coming."

She put them hastily together and ran to the window to peep out once again. She thought Neil was looking. On the impulse of the moment she stirred the slat the least bit. She was sure he was looking then, for he started and smiled. The blood surged into her cheeks, and she seized the bundle of pieces and ran down the crooked stairway as fast as she could go.

She could scarcely untie the bundle. She did it at the table, with her back to Rebecca and Matilda Griffith, that they might not note her agitation. They were busy talking of Esther Pennett's new gown, and how she had carried herself when she wore it for the first time to meeting, and were in no hurry for the patches.

"Didst see how she switched her skirt in passing Joseph Potter?" cried Rebecca. Which remark Ann, being the elder, would surely have rebuked had she not been too much engrossed to realize the scandal of it.

Just at that moment there was a quick jerk at the knocker, and Ann's scissors and some of her pieces fell to the floor.

"Why, what ails thee, Ann?" cried Rebecca.

Matilda looked at her with half-parted lips, as though she held an unfinished sentence suspended.

"I fear 't is awkwardness ails me," Ann

"Oh, father—father—father!" she cried, laying her face on his shoulder.

"There, there, Ann! There, there! Thou knowest best. But remember it is a serious thing, my daughter—a serious thing. Perhaps if thou wert to think again and think different; but there, wipe thy eyes, or Rebecca will question. There, she is coming from the kitchen; run away to thy room."

The slab over his grave was hid with ivy, and his dust for years and years had mingled with the soil, before Ann understood the words he spoke that day.

On the 1st of April the shutters went up on the Esric windows as they had done on every 1st of April for three generations. Ann Powel thought of the 1st of April the year before, as she watched Neil and his father from her window. When the last bar was in its place, the elder Esric reëntered the house, but Neil brushed the dust from his coat and crossed directly to the Powel door.

Ann went down the stairway like one in a dream to meet him.

"I saw thee coming," she said simply as she opened the door.

His hand was just raised to the knocker. He took off his hat gravely, and stepped in.

Ellen and she were alone. The child got up from her lessons and courtesied to him.

"I am going away, as thou must know," he said slowly to Ann.

He was standing in the middle of the room. The top of his handsome head was within a foot of the low ceiling.

"I am come to say farewell."

"Until Tenth month," she said, looking into his eyes and smiling gravely.

"I do not know till when," he answered. He turned his big hat over, and looked into it gravely. "In the fall I go to my uncle at Summit Hill. I have told thee he has interest in the mines of anthracite coal there, the demand for which has greatly increased during the past year."

"And thou art going—"

Why did he not understand that cry? He seized her hands for just one moment, and, with a mad pressure of them to his breast, was gone.

On this side of the grave she never saw him again.

"Why dost thou weep, sister?" The child came and flung her arms about her waist. "Why dost thou weep?"

Ann sank to her knees and drew her to her bosom. Her sobs shook them both.

"Is it that he is gone—Neil Esric?"

"Oh, Ellen, yes! It is—it is! I love him!"

"Do not weep, sister dear; do not. I will tell father, and he will go after him for thee."

"Oh, Ellen, thou must not! Thou wouldst not if thou knew it would hurt me? Thou wilt not say to father or Rebecca that thou sawest me thus?"

"Never, never, if thou wishest me not," said the child.

THE year that followed Rebecca married Joseph Potter. She was just eighteen, as tall and stately as a goddess.

"Hast anything in thy past thou wouldst have altered?" she asked of her betrothed, half jesting, half earnest, as they stood parting at the door the night before their marriage.

"Why dost thou ask me?" he said, laughing.

"Dost thou not know that if thou hast done or said aught ill thou must make reparation the day before thy marriage?"

"If that be so, I shall hold convention with my conscience on the way home," he said gaily. "Thou, I know, hast naught that needs repentance," he added, pressing her fingers.

She thought of the words after he was gone—"Thou, I know, hast naught that needs repentance." She was standing with her elbow on the mantel, watching Ann take Ellen's clothes for the morrow from a great time-blackened bureau.

"Art thou happy, Ann?" she said suddenly. It was as though the question formed itself from her thought and sprang into words unbidden.

Ann looked up smiling. The year had given a luminous tenderness to her face, but a certain light that used to glint in her eyes —the light of hope, perhaps—was gone. Her sister's words came to her like a self-question.

"Art thou happy?" Rebecca repeated.

Ann laid the white pile of garments on the chair by Ellen's bed.

"Happy in thee and father and Ellen," she said slowly, "happy in the Lord. It is not given to all to be happy like thee."

She finished the last sentence with a smile and a sweet note of joy for her sister that almost hid the little cry of self-pity with which it began.

Rebecca started, but made no answer. The flame of the candle blinked at her like a solitary human eye. For a while the soft rustle of Ann's skirts as she moved back and

forth from the bureau was the only sound that broke the silence.

"Thy life will be but meager if thou dost never marry." There was the sound of a sob in Rebecca's voice as she spoke.

Ann's face flushed slightly. "Thou must not say so, Rebecca. If I never marry, thou must let me share thy joys with thee."

"But thou—oh, Ann!—oh, God forgive me!" cried Rebecca.

"Hush! Thou wilt wake Ellen! What troubles thee, sister? Thou art weary. Come, let me plait thy hair and turn down thy coverlet for thee. Dost thou know, I shall be very lonely when thou art gone?"

ANN POWEL lifted the packet of yellow letters and loosed the string. The first finished the story.

PHILADELPHIA, Second Month, Eighth, 1821.

DEAR MATILDA: Thy long-continued absence grieves me. Ann, too, thou knowest, is away this week with our aunts Hancock, one of whom is ill. I have none for companions but Ellen, who is strangely childish for a girl of seven, and father, who but seldom speaks. Elizabeth Pleigh has come in thrice to cheer me, and made me ache with weariness ere she was gone. She talks of nothing but cooking, which I abhor.

The household goes all awry in Ann's absence. She hath a marvelous way of keeping its machinery in running order. I have not.

My conscience stings me greatly to-day for something I have done. Just before dinner, when I stood at the window watching for father and fearing the beans and meat would go cold before he came, Neil Esric saw me and came over. As he seemed to wish to speak, I pushed up the sash, and said, "Good morrow." He paid no heed, but stood looking at his hat, which he had doffed. Presently he said, without looking up:

"Rebecca, were I to ask Ann to marry me, dost thou think she would have me?"

Matilda, I thought how wretched the house would be, and how father and Ellen could not possibly get along without her, and I said, "No."

He lifted his head and looked steadily at me. "Art thou sure?" he said, and it sounded as though it were a life-or-death question with him.

I was already half ashamed at what I had done, but something possessed me. I looked straight in his eyes, and said, "Yes."

He just turned on his heel and walked away.

I have been wishing all day I had reversed my answers; but it is better as it is, for, after all, I never could make the home what it should be for father, as Ann can. Even now we are all longing for her return.

Joseph Potter walked home with me from meeting yesterday evening, and spoke with father at the door.

With the hope soon to see thee,

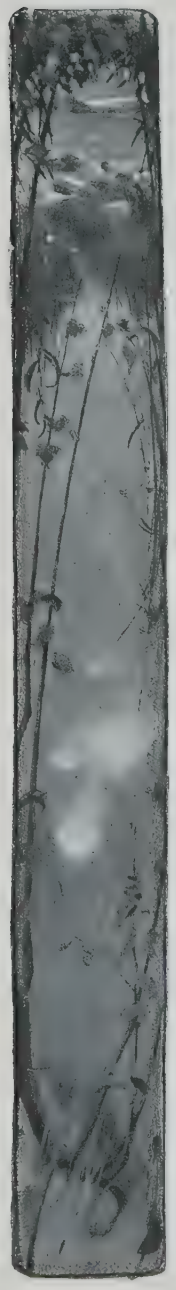
Thy friend,

REBECCA POWEL.

THE ECLIPSE OF POETRY.

BY ADA FOSTER ALDEN.

BELOVED Art! beneath thy wings I creep,
Worn with a world where thou canst be decried;
Thou, too, my Beautiful, art thrust aside
Where dreams and shadows vague oblivion keep.
Here thou dost sit—thy shame is glorified,
Thy grief a queen's. Thy tears, if thou shouldst weep,
Were pearls which in life's acid we would steep,
Making it precious; but thou sitt'st in pride.
Dost thou recall how once thy leaf of bay
Outweighed the proudest plaudits of mankind?
Dost thou remember still thine ancient sway,
Though now the world seems to thy beauty blind?
Or dost thou dream of that more glorious day
When thou thy larger sovereignty shalt find?



AT SLEEPING WATER.

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON.

WITH PICTURES BY F. V. DUMOND.

ALL day the showery poplars blow
By Sleeping Water,
And redwings whistle to and fro
From brooding willows leaning low
To Sleeping Water.

All day poor Landry by his door,
From dawn's pink fog till evening hoar,
Looks for the ship that comes no more
To Sleeping Water.

His neighbors smile and shake the head,
For little Jeanne is long since dead,
Who with her madcap lover fled
From Sleeping Water.

All day the blue-yoked oxen strain
The dripping bronze kelp-laden wain,
Creaking along the seaward lane
By Sleeping Water.

All day poor Landry's ancient gaze,
Holding the hope of other days,
Is fixed upon the long sea-haze
By Sleeping Water.

The russet hills, fringed low with spruce,
Slope into creeks of flower-de-luce,
Blue-bannered by the reedy sluice
Of Sleeping Water.

The grave Acadian women pass,
Black-caped, to christening and to mass,
Brushing the tufted cotton-grass
By Sleeping Water.

And Landry turns his patient ear
To list the sound he used to hear—
Jeanne, caroling like a wood-note clear,
By Sleeping Water.

Wild vetch and roses pink and large
Clamber along the gray sea-marge,
And peer into the placid targe
Of Sleeping Water.

But nevermore the lovely view
Of Jeanne, skirt lifted from the dew,
Plucking the rose and meadow-rue
By Sleeping Water.

From Belliveaux to Pointe Église
The little broom-like apple-trees
Are bent before the sharp sea-breeze
By Sleeping Water.

And Landry, his white hair afloat,
Crouching within his tattered coat,
Still watches for the vanished boat
By Sleeping Water.

The trim sandpipers on the beach,
Weeting and bowing each to each,
Pace up and down the shingly reach
Of Sleeping Water.

"Wait, wait," they ever seem to shrill,
And Landry waits and hopes until
The Fundy twilight settles chill
On Sleeping Water.

He hears the wingèd wild sea-folk
With frenzied laughter and rough croak
Scurry and scream around Grosses Coques
At Sleeping Water.

And "Jeanne, Jeanne, Jeanne," their petulant cry
At Sleeping Water,
Between the tossed sea and the sky,
While in the dark the tide leaps high
At Sleeping Water.

All night from loud St. Mary's Bay,
At Sleeping Water,
The fog stalks in, vast, silent, gray;
All night the shuddering poplars pray
By Sleeping Water.

DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY L. ALMAN & CO.

Sarah Porter

SARAH PORTER.

HER UNIQUE EDUCATIONAL WORK.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

MISS SARAH PORTER was one of the few conspicuous builders of character in the contemporary world of education. A keen, incisive English visitor recently said: "How thoroughly you Americans believe in education! We in England do not." If we Americans "believe in education," it is because of teachers like Sarah Porter, who for upward of fifty years sent out into the world generation after generation of women who have proved themselves fit to carry life's heaviest burdens in the spirit of steady, cheerful workers.

The secret of Miss Porter's success was the compulsory force of character. Her Puritan ancestry transmitted to her not only capacity and vigor, but that most precious of human gifts, calmness of spirit. Impatient only of notoriety, she began her life-work among the neighbors who knew and trusted her, and the school grew without observation. For many years she had only fifty pupils, and the numbers were never allowed much to exceed a hundred. She inherited much. Her father was one of the most influential of Connecticut ministers—a man of character almost without a flaw, a model of industry, learning, and godliness. The family of her mother possessed a gaiety and vivacity which the Porter temperament lacked, and Sarah and Noah, more conspicuously than the other children, united the traits of father and mother. The ambitious elder brothers, Samuel and Noah, both graduates of Yale before they were twenty, and the latter afterward president of that institution, felt less responsibility for the other children; but to Sarah, the eldest daughter, came early the habit of thought for others. The help which she gave her mother in caring for the four younger children, and the share which she had in their education, are memories which are preserved only in the intimate records of family history. Her one opportunity of systematic study and instruction away from home was when, at the age of nineteen, she went to New Haven to enter the school of Dr. E. A. Andrews, the lexicographer. She was an inmate of the family of Professor Chauncey A. Goodrich of Yale, and her brother Noah, just graduated from college, was master of the Hopkins Grammar School. This year gave her a sense of familiarity with the life of Yale College, and brought the opportunity to know something of the questions which were then occupying thoughtful minds.

She had already taken her own measure, and had recognized in herself that "cheerful hopefulness" of spirit which was one of her conspicuous traits. From this time on she prosecuted her education under her own guidance, but incessantly. In Philadelphia, while teaching for Miss Hawks, she secured a fine teacher of German, and pursued that language with great delight. It was not common in the thirties to find young women who understood Latin, Greek, French, and German as she understood them. Experiences of teaching in Springfield, Massachusetts, Philadelphia, and Buffalo gave her, while still young, what was at that time an extended knowledge of the world, and took her out of New England; but so strong were her local attachments that she was never entirely happy away from home.

The beginning of the school at Farmington, in 1844, has often been described. Miss Porter used to tell how, one afternoon, as they were driving out from Hartford to Farmington, her father suggested to her the idea that, in addition to teaching a few village girls, she should take others from without and live with them in rented rooms. The care of young people from outside Farmington seemed nothing strange, for that had been the custom of her father's house, where boys attending Farmington Academy had often been taken to lodge and board as a help in defraying the expense of sending the three sons to college. The influence of Miss Porter's family, and the appreciation of her powers by all who knew her, at once gave her a handful of eager and able pupils, and the results of her intimate contact with them were immediately remarked.

Carlyle speaks in one of his essays of the folly of the man who complains because he

must begin his work in a small field. No such complaint ever occurred to Miss Porter. With half a dozen boarders she initiated many practices which have been characteristic of the later school in all its history. Not the least potent force was her own example of unremitting study. How much she studied her pupils never knew, but they were never aware of her being in bed, and astonishing reports grew up as to the little sleep she required. From the first, the afternoon walks in pleasant Farmington were a regular practice of the school, and in the evening came the delightful hour when Miss Porter, seated among her pupils, whose hands were occupied with sewing or fancy work, read to them English fiction or poetry. A favorite drive, taken at least once every summer, was the beautiful excursion to Wadsworth's Tower, at the north end of Talcott Mountain. When the number of girls grew so large that a carry-all was necessary to convey them, it is remembered that Miss Porter led the way, riding on horseback.

The maintenance of close relations with the minds and souls of the girls, so conspicuous a characteristic at the outset, never ceased. This personal touch was the one essential which Miss Porter could not conceive of as a thing to be omitted. As the numbers increased, her personality, expanding, as it were, still pervaded the whole, until to her loving and admiring pupils it seemed to fill the world. One wrote her some years since from Spain, "You are the most pervasive woman that I ever knew."

Wherein was she so different from other women? Why did she make such an impress upon others' character? Her fundamental traits were love of study, love of her fellowmen, love of nature, pleasure in communicating, unremitting industry, unselfishness, soundness of judgment, cheerfulness, force of will, deep, unaffected piety. Her daily and hourly occupation with some useful work powerfully inculcated unselfishness and industry. It was as natural for her to give as for a fountain to pour forth its water, or the sun its light.

Her activity seemed, moreover, to be wholly without friction. She was rarely hurried or worried. She could lay down an intricate or abstract book to meet some trifling demand, and return at once to the work. She was remarkable, too, for never indulging in regrets. The consequence was that she used her whole strength for the business in hand, whatever this was. She was habitually prompt in decision, and immediate in execution. She had a wonderful physical constitution, one hardly less remarkable than Gladstone's. This made such continuous and intense effort possible to her as only two or three in a generation can undertake.

Miss Porter's deep distrust of mechanism and fixed organization in matters educational, which are so much talked of in our day, came from her conviction that these things tend to be regarded as in some sort a substitute for the essential—the contact of mental and spiritual life in the teacher with the answering love and spiritual life in the pupil. She entertained many visitors, who sought to find, if possible, what was the secret of the success of her school. All who came animated by a spirit like her own were received with the greatest kindness, and many customs and practices which she had found useful were practised elsewhere. Thus the "Farmington type" was reproduced, consciously or unconsciously, in many places.

It was not, and is not, possible to examine, analyze, and report on Miss Porter's method. As, with indignant resentment, she guarded her own privacy at any cost, so, likewise, an investigating and critical visitor would probably have had little success in reaching the penetralia of her school. On the other hand, as all may see, there is about it no ostentation of aloofness. The school-house and homelike dwellings stand open on the beautiful, broad village street, and the movements of the young people bear no evidence of restraint. It is at once recognized that the first consideration is respect for the individuality of each pupil. What each needs is carefully considered and as carefully furnished by the best teachers, for the ample resources of the school have been conscientiously poured back into its own lap. Within its walls there is an absolute equality of simple living. The main school-building was once an inn on the post-road from New York to Boston; the other residential buildings are substantial old-fashioned homes of a previous generation. The rooms are furnished by the school, and their outfit is conspicuously plain. This is indicative of a life compelled to simplicity, but not to narrowness. There are no glaring distinctions in lodging, furniture, and dress, and no social ranks except such as arise from fidelity and capacity.

Since there are few large classes, but numerous small ones to which the girls are assigned according to their ability and

needs, the staff of teachers is necessarily large. In this way the interest of each girl is concentrated on a few studies, never more than three at a time, and the topics are adapted to the powers of the pupil, which may develop rapidly or slowly according to industry and capacity. This double idea of adaptation and concentration has been successfully followed only by unremitting care and attention from the head of the school. But, above all, Miss Porter's aim was conscientious earnestness in work for work's sake, and her frequent talks with the whole school inculcated this with effective iteration. Learning, not as an accomplishment, but as discipline, nay, more, as self-discipline, was her goal. Her daily walk of cheerful dignity, her habits of regular attention to duty, her serenity in hours of strain, her presence as a constant factor of life in the school, were one and all characteristic of the self-contained gentlewoman, and the main source of her power. Miss Porter was young at eighty-six because she had continuous touch with youth. Never exuberant, her powers of enjoyment were undiminished to the last.

This was due, as she recognized, to gifts which were hers without any merit of her own, but did not diminish in her keeping. Herself of the fifth generation on the soil, her stock was one of fearless reformers and ardent workers in great movements. The ancestral house in which she died saw the inauguration, with her father's coöperation, of the American Board of Foreign Missions. The world, as she knew it, was full of great concerns—the antislavery movement; the great inventions based on steam and electricity; the expansion of the educational systems of a great country; the throes of a nation called to laborious tasks it had not desired. Her temperament was ardent, her industry untiring, and her discernment keen.

That a personal existence like this should devote itself to forming character in the young was inevitable. The danger was overstimulation. But the Puritan has always resembled the Greek in one respect—the apprehension of proportion, the consciousness that the real must correct the ideal. Hence the nature of Miss Porter's studies, for she had the instinct of the scholar. She knew Æschylus, Plato, and Dante in the originals, and she was interested in how far the eternal verities could be examined by the human reason. The lesson she most thoroughly inculcated by her influence was moderation: a few studies at a time, each task well learned, and all combined into a whole, complete as far as it went; pleasure sufficient for intellectual and moral recuperation; work as a vocation, and not incidental to life; piety within the bounds of personal responsibility.

One more element of a strong personality may be added, that of charm. This was independent of what are ordinarily thought of as personal attractions. Her charm was due to the qualities of mind and soul which shone through the physical habitation which they occupied. One recalls the force and propriety of her language, her quiet dignity of manner and gesture, the freshness and range of her thought. What were the affection and devotion which she received from women it is superfluous to remark upon ; an important testimony to her powers of personal attraction is found in the many enduring friendships with a long list of men of the highest eminence—the parents of her pupils. These friendships were a source of great delight to Miss Porter.

The analysis of greatness generally discovers the secret to lie in the embodiment of type. This was true of Miss Porter. She had the wholesome New England view of woman's power and sphere; she had a reverence for the individual soul with a destiny to be determined by itself; she typified the best social life of her time and place. Her view, therefore, of the teacher's function was that it was essentially tutelary; her researches were made on the minds of her pupils to find and supply the particular need of each. Every girl knew that her personal advantage was Miss Porter's aim. The chosen course might appear inexplicable at first, but its pursuit with concentration, regularity, and judgment soon showed its adaptability to the end, or exhibited as mandatory the modification for further advance which had been expected. Herein lies the whole philosophy of secondary education. It was so naturally, concretely, and simply worked out by Miss Porter that many thought her conduct instinctive. Far otherwise. She studied, reasoned, acted. And what she did was directed to the welfare of a real being, not of classified abstractions. Herself throbbing with life, she evoked vitality in others, and no detail of her work was trivial in her plan.

> So didst thou travel on life's common way
> In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
> The lowliest duties on itself did lay.

IN ONE FELLOWSHIP.

BY LOUISE HERRICK WALL.

HORSE and rider, and the little cloud of dust that lifted and moved with them, were of varying shades of dull brick-red. The man's linen coat, powdered with the dust of the mountain road and sagging from his broad shoulders, his sandy hair below the brim of his straw hat, the even dull red of his iron-molded cheek and chin, the hands sprinkled with large, thin freckles that were run together into an almost even wash of color—all seemed modeled of one clay. The raw-boned sorrel mare stepped out at a rapid walk, and, as she strode, she snapped off the tormenting flies with the steady swing of her dirty red-white tail.

Dr. Smith Bowen and his horse seemed in a peculiarly immediate sense to have been made of the dust of the earth of the Virginia roads over which he traveled his long country rounds. He was a man of a race whose members are not doctors or lawyers, but who ride to mill seated astride the bag of corn, and ride home, about sundown, astride the bag of meal. He ought to have lived in a little log cabin on Carter Page's place as a "farm-han'," with a pale-eyed mountain woman for wife, and children with lovely fair skins and red curls for posterity. But, somehow, he had climbed out of his natural fate—had climbed and fought his way up and out, and now he had time to look about him.

The Virginians of family in the county, who took their good breeding gaily, with half-acknowledgments to the Almighty, were very polite to the self-made man, and expressed great admiration for the grit that had made the farm-boy plod his way up from the tobacco-field to the school-house, and slowly, desperately slowly, through the medical school of the State university; but they liked him the better that he still dressed much as the men of his own class, and forced no social problem upon them. Rumor had come ahead of him from "the" university—as all Virginians fondly call it—that this was to be no common doctor. It was said by those in authority that he had a "good mind"—an honorable distinction in a community that discussed a man's mind as though it were a mysterious power quite apart from the man himself. The function of the university was to discover and put its seal upon this shadowy attribute. When a man had "done well at the university" it stood to his credit through all time. Whether he chose to make use of his powers in later life was a question of taste with the gifted man. Much of the easy suavity of the society in which Dr. Smith Bowen had no part sprang from the restful sense of the gentlemen about him of what they could do if ever smitten by the fever of enterprise.

In discovering Bowen's capacity his instructors had shown real sagacity, for his progress through the school had been unusually slow. He had found obstacles in the most absurd places. A diploma could not be given to a man who was unable to spell ordinary words correctly, or to read aloud except in the drawling singsong of "mountain trash." What the other students were born knowing Smith Bowen acquired by the sweat of a brow that had steamed less hotly behind the plow in the fat corn-lands. In chemistry, in anatomy, in dissection, in each branch that bore directly upon his profession, his brain—a blank inheritance of almost unmarked tissue—took impressions and held them. It seemed as though all the blood that reddened his great iron frame, in circulating, gave off its best to that one part of the mind that had admitted the plow of learning.

He was called ambitious to account for the determination that had carried him silently through all difficulties—difficulties that had kept him tramping under the brick arcades of the university in rawhide boots, with his thumb-eared speller, relic of the school-house, sticking out of the pocket of his coat. Ambition seemed the most convenient of the familiar human categories under which to docket his peculiarities. It was therefore a surprise to the few who had lazily watched his course to find that he was not planning to go to New York or to Germany. When questioned he said he had always meant to go back to Nelson County, where he was "bo'n and raised." He should never

have left there, he intimated, except that the university was in Albemarle. That was six years ago, and ever since Dr. Smith Bowen had ridden upon slowly enlarging rounds. Dr. Bruce and Dr. Berkeley Cole jogged to see cousins and aunts for small ailments and to help the easily born little Virginians into good society; but when Death came near on his pale horse, the silent man on the sorrel mare rode close beside, and sometimes held the bridle of the other.

There was another stone in the man's way. No one knew how many hundred times he had rolled it to the top of the hill to see it trundle down again across his path, for Dr. Bowen had long been a drunkard. The passion came upon him at intervals, and then on dark nights the little Page boys, in their bed under the windy eaves of the farm-house, held each other hard as they heard the wild clatter of the hoofs of the mare on the loose stones in the creek bottom, and furious yells and curses coming up to them through the darkness as the doctor put his horse on a dead run for home. The man who was silent at other times was then a maniac, blaspheming, howling, until it was terrible to hear him go by at night. But the strange part of it was that when a critical case was in his hands he drank nothing. It was when either death or recovery had won the case from him that the man would go upon one of his hideous, joyless sprees. In the neighborhood it was spoken of as Dr. Bowen's "failing," and considered a pity that he did not give up drinking and settle down.

The man was thinking of his failing as he rode through sun and shade in the dust of the early May drought. He had been called to see the child of a summer boarder at the Mountain House, down in the valley, but he was thinking, and was scarcely conscious of his errand.

"It has all been a derned fight, and I don't know what I made it for," he was saying to himself.

This was an absolutely new mood. He had come out of his last drunken spell with a changed point of view. Never before had he made to himself or to any man an excuse or explanation of what he did. The passion was something that at times was stronger than himself, but as he had won his degree by fifteen years of work, so he meant to conquer in this fight that had lasted almost as long. Perhaps the recent attack, coming in the first trying heat of May, had broken something of the man's endurance or strained some fiber of his will; but whatever the cause, he had certainly come to a new phase of experience. The man of purpose turned his eyes inward. For years he had been coming to this moment of thinking things out, and now his mind seemed to be working without his guidance, sorting, arranging, classifying the reasons and motives of his life, balancing profits against costs, like some subtle calculating-machine which his will had but the dull mechanic power to set going. He had only to await the result. When the silent work should be done, he knew he would have to abide by the outcome. His mind moved rapidly over some parts and at others not at all, but a great deal of the matter was finally disposed. It was plain that the work of his past life was going to be thrown away if he did not control these attacks; they were beginning to break down his strength. He had known this before, but the new conclusion that was writing itself was that he had got nothing from his education that repaid him for what it had cost. He lived like a farm-hand, but he had not the pleasures of his people. He neither admired nor desired the fragile women of the world about him, into which he looked without curiosity to enter, and the mountain women appealed still less to him. Even his passion for drink was a black delirium not approached by pleasant social paths. He stood alone, without wife or child or class. His life was his own. Yes, it had all been a "derned fight," and for the first time he saw that he might not win. But if he did not win it was because he chose to stop fighting, and if he chose to stop it was because he had come to see that nothing really mattered. This last thought, a thought so familiar at times to most men, came upon him with the suddenness of a revelation from the pit. He marveled that he had never seen it before, for, all at once, it seemed the one true thing in the world—that nothing really mattered. It struck him with the tremendous reverberating force of the axiom when it first beats upon the heart, starting the echoes of a thousand familiar sayings with a sudden sense of ringing truth.

"'All is vanity and vexation of spirit,'" he said aloud.

The mare answered with a neigh. She was standing beside the big gate of weather-stained boards that closed the driveway to the Mountain House from the main road. Dr. Bowen lifted the heavy wooden latch with the toe of his boot, flung the gate half open, and spurred through, allowing its loose-hinged length to sweep to after him with a nerve-shattering slam.

A slender woman in a light dress came out on the hotel porch, and stood looking toward him with a hand lifted to protect her eyes from the glare of the hot road. The mare went of her own accord up to the hitching-rack, where the doctor tied her, took off his linen coat, shook it free of dust, leisurely thrust his long arms into the sleeves again, drew a pair of saddle-bags from the saddle, and, turning, came up the porch steps.

"I am Mrs. Verdry, Dr. Bowen," the woman said, holding out a thin hand, bright with rings, as though not aware of doing so. "I have sent for you about my little girl."

As he stood on a lower step, his face on a level with hers, they looked steadily at each other. His was the attentive look that a doctor gives his patient; the mother's was different. They went in together, from the sunshine through the long bare halls of the summer hotel. At the foot of the stairs he asked the number of her room, and said he would follow her presently.

When he came up, as fresh and grave as a scrubbed school-boy, he found her waiting at the door of a large room that seemed almost cool in the green semi-darkness of close-drawn blinds. On a small table near the bed a long-armed fly-fan revolved its black, silent wings over the head of the sleeping child, fanning shadows over and over the face, and lifting the uneven strands of loose hair about the forehead. The rest of the child's hair that was not too short had been carefully gathered into two tiny plaits at each ear. It was braided gossamer.

The doctor stooped over and examined her, touching her firmly with his large hands on which grew sorrel hairs. He put his ear to her heart, then inserted a clinical thermometer gently between her lips.

"How old?" he asked in an undertone.

"Two years this month."

Mrs. Verdry went on to give a history of the short illness. The child had not seemed quite well in New York, and they had thought the mountains in May would make a wholesome change for her. But some difference in the water or in the milk, the sudden intense heat, or the fatigue of the journey—the mother did not know what—

"It looks like cholera infantum," the doctor interrupted, reading the temperature. "There is no time to wait for medicine to act. We must begin to work with her at once." Then turning his intent eyes on Mrs. Verdry, he looked at her under his light brows. "You are not fit to nurse her," he said.

A flush came across the sallow face, and the dusky eyes quickened. "I am stronger than I look, and, besides, I have telegraphed to Richmond for a trained nurse."

"I doubt if you get one. Trained nurses are sca'ce down here."

"Then I will telegraph to my husband to send one from New York," she said decisively, pulling the bell-rope.

The movement or their hurried words disturbed the child, who stirred, drew down the corners of her lips in a little whimpering cry, and groped about with her hands, her eyes still closed.

"I am here, Polly," the mother answered, kneeling down and taking the two moving hands in hers. "What are we to do first, doctor?" she asked, looking up; but he had stepped to the window and was shaking the mercury down in his thermometer, and did not reply instantly.

"Try and keep her quiet. I am going to stay. I have most of the things I need here, and I will get the balance."

He was unpacking the saddle-bags, laying a spirit-lamp, sterilizing apparatus, instruments, and powders out on the table. His movements were quick and firm, seeming to dread no noise—they made little. Mrs. Verdry could see the strong bulk of his shoulders against a window. Her eyes left him and went back to Polly, who was moaning and throwing herself from side to side.

It was the beginning. The man and woman, of two worlds, unknown to each other an hour before, worked as one being. Together they stretched the child in the temperature-bath, held her firmly down as she struggled against the growing chill on her feverish skin; together stooped, bent, lifted, sometimes the doctor doing the woman's part and the woman the doctor's. Again and again the mother laid the tender thigh bare for the sting of the hypodermic needle, or held the beating hands for the man to lay his ear to the rapid pulse of the flagging heart. An agonizing, incessant nausea beset the child, and an equally incessant thirst. The mother sat beside her, bathing her head with ice-water and feeding bits of crushed ice into the parched mouth. To meet the momentary needs of the child every faculty was racked, so that she scarcely lifted her eyes an instant from the white face rolling about on the pillow. She hardly knew when the doctor came and went on endless half-understood errands, but far off she had

a sense that he was there; in all the dizzy flux of effort there was one steadfast thing. And though each faculty of body was held at tension, and her brain worked quickly to teach her hands new skill, there was another ceaseless, engrossing action of the mind in retrospect. She remembered each time that she had punished Polly, and it was often, for she had been a passionate, self-willed child. The little, moaning, panting creature, no longer clothed, but covered lightly with a sheet, making scarcely a fold in the bed's smoothness, seemed now to the mother too exquisitely frail and small for a woman to have set her will against. She remembered these contests, one after the other, not with remorse, but with a sort of agonized, self-questioning distinctness. There had been moments of impatience, too; she would not have dreamed how many until they came flooding and flooding back. At these times she remembered that Polly had seemed to her a responsible being; this little, wasting Polly had made her impatient. The child opened her eyes, and putting out her hands, begged to come.

"Yes, take her and hold her for a while," the doctor said, drawing up a small rocking-chair.

They swayed together in the soft green gloom of the room. The mother changed the position often as instinct told her that one posture was growing intolerable. She strained her gaze always downward to the white face on her arm. Above the sunken eyelids the loose threads of hair stirred and wavered under her breath, deep blue shadows lay at the corners of the lips, and the mouth was drawn down with a strange, unbabyish look of anxiety in its sharpened lines. She was growing quieter, but her head, resting in the hollow of the mother's arm, seemed very hot, and at a movement rolled weakly on the neck, as when she was a nursing baby, and the restless hands groped at the bosom of the mother's dress. The aching memory of their differences fell from the woman; she forgot that she had tried, unwisely sometimes, to make Polly a good girl, and her heart was tugged with a physical passion of yearning to save the child the struggle. There must be such a slight reserve of strength when the breath comes like a wrestler's breathing, and you can see the wax-like flesh wasting before the flame of the fever.

"It is I that have brought you out into the world to fight alone," was the thought that pierced her. "If I could only breathe for you again, my baby, and give you strength with the beat of my heart, as I did before you were born."

The room was growing darker; the heat of the day was spent. Voices and laughter sounded in the hall.

"Hush!" some one called, as steps passed the door. "The baby in there is sick."

Then the sounds trailed off, but came again from the tennis-court below as, from time to time, the score was called by the players.

"Vantage in!" "Vantage out!" "Game!"

THE child was sleeping lightly, with filmy eyes half closed. The fever was leaving her, but the pallor grew more intense.

"We must try this, Mrs. Verdry," the doctor was saying.

She looked up to where he seemed to be arranging materials on a table. He said something of salt water to replenish the blood. She did not understand; she acquiesced. She had grown rigid with weariness in her chair. There was a sweet, dizzying smell of brandy in the room. Once, as the doctor bent over the child, she heard the soft click of the hypodermic needle withdrawn. Everything was very quiet, and all the large room was in darkness except in the midst where a night-light floating on a cup of oil shone on the child and made the others dimly visible.

As the doctor stood in the circle of light, Mrs. Verdry noticed that he had taken off his boots; it was when he came to put Polly back on the bed.

In carrying the child across the room in his arms he kicked some small object on the floor. When he returned he picked it up and took it to the light. It was a little strap-slipper of delicate bronze leather, worn purple at the toe. It did not cover much of the man's palm as he extended it toward the light and frowned down inquiringly. He looked up and found the mother's head bent over Polly. Going back, he stooped and searched until he found the mate of the slipper and a pair of little brown socks on the floor at the head of the bed. Wrapping them together, he laid them on the highest shelf of the wardrobe, and closed the door. Mrs. Verdry was past noticing anything so remote.

A dull light began to block out the square of the windows, and in the dimness of the room the flame of the night-lamp grew orange. The doctor held the back of his hand before the child's mouth.

"See," he said gently, "her breath is

warmer. She is better. Open the blinds and take some fresh air. I will sit here."

Mrs. Verdry got up, staggering slightly, and pushing back the blinds, found that it was day. She leaned against the window, breathing deeply.

It was a strange white world outside, as though the mists of the first day when there was light might be breaking away. The mountains, not high, but very near, stood purple and featureless, carrying heavy white fleeces on their sides, while the whole valley at their feet sent up winding scrolls of gray steam from the sinuous fences and the seeding grasses of the roadside. The topmost trees of the eastern ridge quivered consciously and showed iridescent, as the light shows to eyes behind eyelashes wet with tears. The climbing sun was almost ready to touch into brightness the tarnished tassels of the fertile chestnuts; almost ready to drink from the fragile cup of the blackberry, in whose heart nestled already the young fruit; almost ready to turn the mysterious valley into day's commonplace: but in that moment when the eastern ridge held back the day, and the whiteness of disembodied dew breathed in mist against the purple hills, while the refreshed earth, washed but undried, waited, there came a low, mellow, melancholy call. Down the rough mountain road, just below the window, there came out of the mist a young cow weakly lowing; stumbling along at her side was a tiny, tottering calf. There were still in the mother's build some traces of the young symmetry of the heifer, but now, in her weariness, she moved heavily. Her sides had fallen in, and her head drooped languidly forward; she seemed to grope her way homeward after her night of pain, instinct leading her feet. Again and again, as she moved, she lifted her wide, strained eyes to the wavering thing that set its foolish, untried feet upon the stones of the way. She stretched her head toward it with yearning tenderness, and caressed its tiny flank with her rough tongue, uttering that deep word of comfort, suggesting something inexpressible of weary triumph, that pierced with sudden exquisite pain the heart of the woman who looked out upon the white new day through tears. A storm of sobs shook her, and kneeling at the window, with her face on her arm, she felt the strain at her heart yield, and there flowed in upon her, in a great wave, the sense of being knit to the whole wide world of sorrow, joy, and motherhood.

Dr. Bowen came, and bending over her, said: "Her sleep is doing her good. All we 've got to do now is to let her sleep."

Mrs. Verdry rose and stood by him. The light of the morning streamed in upon him, and she took his two hands, and looked up into his face.

"No words—" she began brokenly. Then again, "No words—I won't try to say it. The time will not come when I can say it. But I know that in all my life I have never been to any one the comfort you have been to me this night. I knew before, in a way, that we depend upon each other, that not one of us stands alone, but now I know it differently."

She dropped his hands, and leaning on the window-frame, looked out. "'The whole creation travaileth together,'" she said musingly.

His eyes were on the hills, and he did not answer.

"But you," she went on, turning to him with a smile that lighted her eyes—"you are the happy man. It is given to you to help."

THAT afternoon, as Dr. Bowen thrust one foot into his stirrup to mount, he pulled his mare's stolid face around to him by the muzzle.

"Well, Jinny," he said in a low voice, as she looked at him blankly under her white lashes, "I reckon we can't celebrate *this* cure."

THE DESIRE OF MY HEART.

BY ELIZABETH BARNETT ESLER.

I WOULD be strength to comfort thee, my love,
The lighted taper in thy jasper jar,
The fragrance to thy rose;
I would be wings to thy fair soul, my love,
To light thy midnight hour the glowing star,
The sleep to thy repose.

A PICTORIAL VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION.

BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

EVENING AT THE GREAT GATE.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER

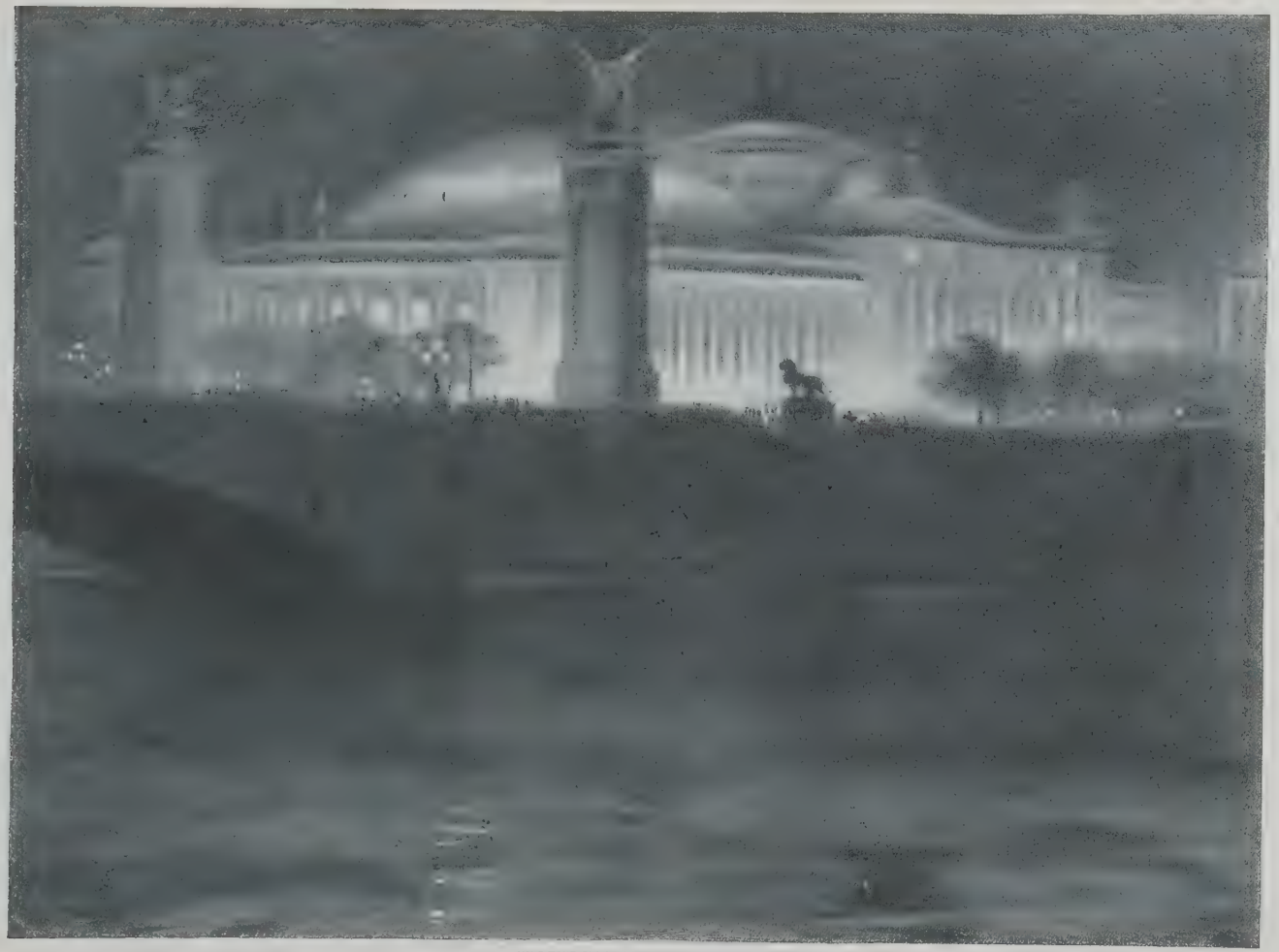
A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

THE ESPLANADE OF THE INVALIDES, FROM THE NEW ALEXANDER III BRIDGE AT SUNSET.

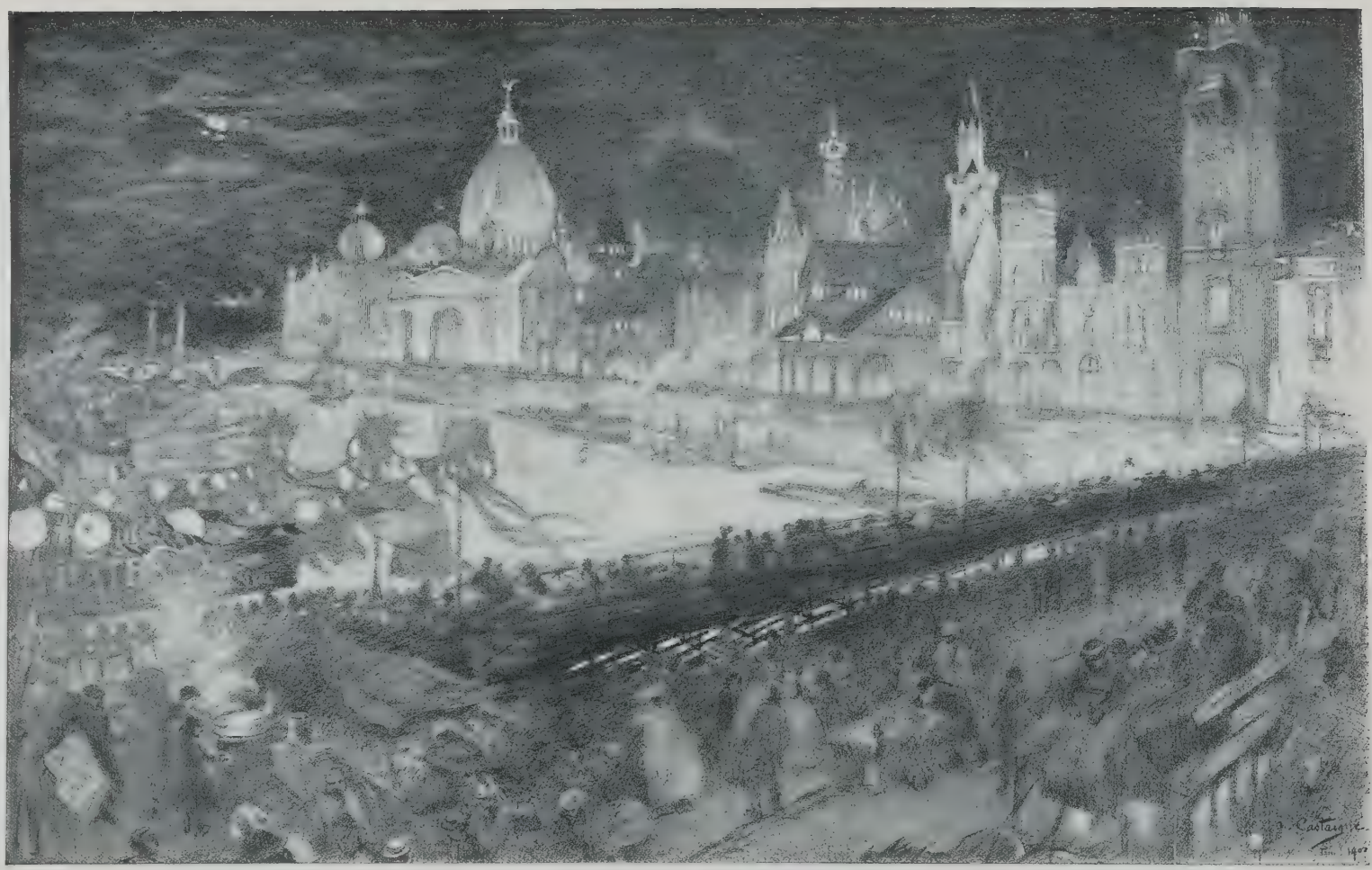
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

PALACE OF ELECTRICITY AND ILLUMINATED FOUNTAIN.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

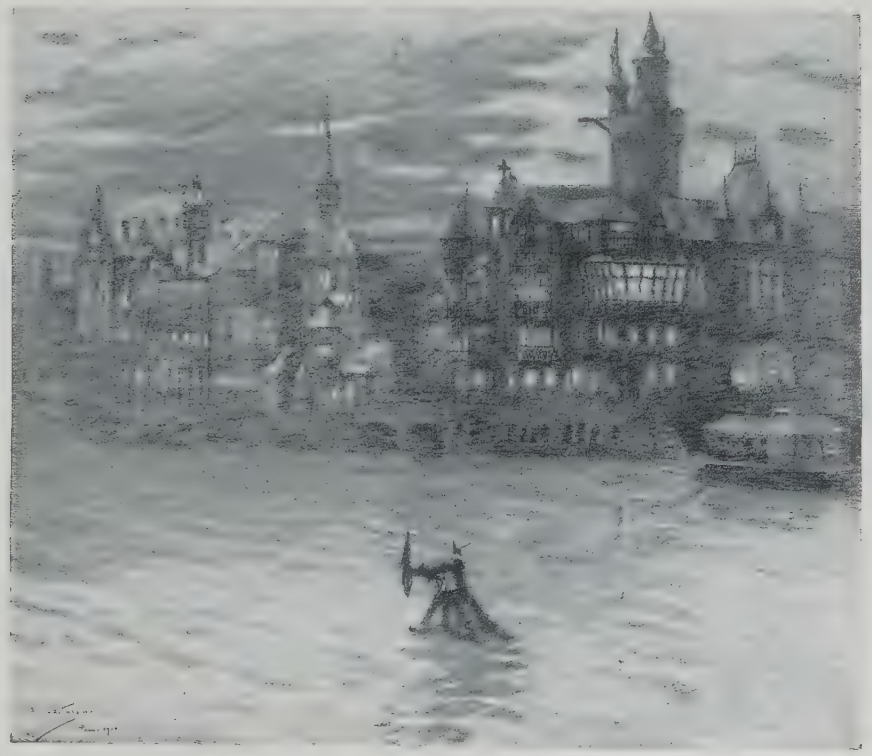
THE NEW PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS, AS SEEN FROM THE LEFT BANK OF THE SEINE AT NIGHT.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

PALACES OF THE NATIONS, ON THE SEINE. NIGHT EFFECT.

THE EXHIBITION GATE OPPOSITE THE INVALIDES.



"OLD PARIS," AS SEEN FROM THE SEINE AT NIGHT.

A STREET IN THE FRENCH COLONIAL EXHIBITION.

DR. NORTH AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL,
Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Characteristics," etc.

PART FIVE.

VIII.

FOR a while we heard no more of Crofter.

Time ran on and brought us to midwinter. Miss Maywood had come to be regarded as a part of our circle. Under the tender and generally wise educational influence of Anne Vincent, she had grown less shy, but without loss of her charm of artless conversation. It said much for the spiritual beauty of her face that at last, for us at least, the broken framework of the body was quite forgotten.

How St. Clair made his peace with the master of Holmwood I do not know. I suspect that the big scholar said he was much obliged to him, and that St. Clair smiled sweetly, and said, "Was n't it jolly?" I know also that Clayborne took no pains to conciliate Crofter; nevertheless, Xerxes stood firmly by his word.

"And makes quite enough out of my coal," said Clayborne. "I should much rather have fought it out. Now he thinks he has obliged me. Blank him!"

This was said on one of our precious Sunday nights at Vincent's. My wife and I came early. On great occasions the room was apt to be rearranged, as I have said before, to suit Mrs. Anne's view of the fitness of things. Now, as always, there were flowers, but never in careless excess. A few perfect roses in a Spanish vase were set on a table which was covered with a square of dark-green and gold brocade. Here they were allowed, as they opened into fullness of bloom, to let fall their petals. These were removed each morning until the last rose died. The leaves were dropped into a Persian jar. Anne Vincent had many such unusual ways, but none were stupid; and she was free from such affectations as in their very nature demand an audience. A low chair with a stool near by was set close to the fire, and by this I knew that Miss Maywood was coming. The girl was always chilly, and was sensitive as to this as well as to other peculiarities due to her delicate make. Mrs. Vincent came to the doorway with the radiant look she always had for friends.

"No, not that chair, Alice. That is Sibyl's. Let us have a little mild gossip before the rest come. Do you know that I got out of Fred only last night a really full account of that scene between Mr. St. Clair and the great Western man? I must see that animal."

"Owen told me the next night," said my wife. "He was absent the day after the dinner. He woke me up to tell me."

"I wish you would educate Fred Vincent, my dear. He is painfully, inconsiderately secretive. He is a miser of secrets. Really, the evolutionary education of the husband is—well, I have given it up."

"I never tried it," said Alice.

"You mean it is useless?"

"No, no. He does not need it. As to secrets, he cannot keep them; he forgets, and out they come. As to professional matters, he is simply dumb; and really, he must know so many queer stories."

"Apropos of queer stories, Dr. North," —she was apt at times, though not frequently, to call me Owen, but rarely when my wife was present,—"Vincent tells me that St. Clair is actually making a bust of the Western bear. After that scene it does appear incredible."

"And yet it is true."

"Then," said my wife, "there is something about the matter that is unexplained. It is not like Victor. Let us ask him. Ah, here they are, all of them."

As she spoke, Clayborne and Sibyl came in.

"Shall it be around the fire?" said the hostess. "There, Sibyl; and here is my husband. I have said I am at home to no one else this evening."

"That is a privilege and a necessity of the higher life," said Clayborne, in his serious way. "As you go down the social lad-

der toward cave life, somewhere the power to exclude your fellows ceases."

"A comparative study of manners and mere social customs would be worth attempting." This was Vincent who spoke. "Even to limit it to table ways would be of interest—from a bone gnawed in a cave-corner to the evolution of one of Mrs. North's little dinners, which fill my wife with envy, and me with a sense of having eaten and said many good things."

My wife rose and made him a curtsey.

"All my earthly ambitions are fulfilled," she said.

"Fred," said Anne Vincent, "the compliment was neat, elaborate, and has an air of preparation. I could better it."

"Then do, Madam Cynic."

Anne blew a kiss from her finger-tips to Alice.

"We know, dear," she said.

"Yes, we know," said Alice.

Now, what did they know? Clayborne regarded them as one does children. He had a pitiless disrespect for the mental powers of women, saying that they had intelligence, but not intellect. He disliked these pretty levities cast on to the tide of graver talk, and was then given to falling silent or to thundering out a brief protest. At times, as on this occasion, he fell back upon something previously said, and, using it as a text, took possession of the talk.

"You were speaking about a treatise on manners, Vincent. There are many books on manners. 'La Vie Privée,' by Alfred Franklin, is worth reading; but, above all, Furnivall's collection is admirable. You will find amusing 'The Manners of Babees: A Lytyl Reporte of how Young People should Behave.' 'The Booke of Demeanour,' too, and 'How to Eat at Table,' show how much attention our remote ancestors gave to these matters. Some of the rules are queer enough, and hardly to be quoted. By the way, North, you will find Vaughan's fifteen directions as to how to preserve health quite sensible."

I said I did not know them, and my wife said to Clayborne: "You have only given us a mere statement as to the contents of a rare book. Usually you are more liberal."

Clayborne smiled grimly.

"I will lend it to you—I mean Furnivall's book. It has some fine poetry. Here, for example, of 'neezing,' that is, sneezing:

'If thou by force doe chance to neeze,
Then backwards turne away
From presence of the companie
Wherever thou art to stay';

and of yawning:

'To gape in such unseemly sort,
With ugly gaping mouth,
Is like an image pictured
A blowing from the south,
Which to avoid,' etc.,

and so on."

"But what does that mean?" asked Mrs. Vincent.

"My dear lady, who knows? Ask Victor. It is of the essence of poetry to make the easy hard to understand."

We discussed this comparison in vain. Then, at last, I saw Clayborne sit up and lift his great head. I made haste to talk of some trivial matter, in dread lest he should get off to the manners of ancient Babylon. We escaped the lecture, and presently, turning away, he fell upon the books which were lying on Anne Vincent's table. He tried first a volume of Blanco White's poems. This he gave up promptly. Next he took up the "In Memoriam." He abhorred modern verse and would not look at it, but now something caught and held him. As St. Clair said, a book which attracted him was, for Clayborne, what La Trappe was to its inmates. He became dead-dumb to the outer world. This time he was in the overmastering possession of genius. Our talk went on unheard and unheeded. It was of the evolution of the modern dinner.

"When I was a little boy," said Vincent, "the assistant bishop of one of the Southern States was staying at my father's house for the first time. I remember his asking the servant to take away his silver fork and to fetch him a real fork. He was comforted with a two-pronged iron fork, such as was then used by servants."

"I remember, Vincent," said I, "a story your father told me of this same bishop. He came upon a certain Colonel L—— leaning against a snake-fence, very drunk. He said, 'Colonel, do you never think of what will become of your soul in another world?'

"The colonel said, 'I do—often. That 's all right.'

"'What! and you constantly drunk?'

"Then said the colonel: 'Where is a man's soul, bishop, where? Is n't it in his head?'

"The bishop was a little puzzled. He said 'he supposed it was.' The admission was unfortunate. The colonel said: 'Then it 's all right. I never am drunk in the head. It is always my legs. That is what is the matter now. Soul 's all right.'"

On being appealed to as to the possi-

bility of sectional drunkenness, I said I had known men who were always drunk in the legs, and others who, when in liquor, were more drunk on one side of the body than on the other. Presently we went back to the question of manners and to the customs of our own young days.

"Those were simpler," said I. "We have changed, very greatly changed. I can recall seeing the account with our baker kept on wooden tallies which were laid together and notched with a file for each loaf. The baker kept one and we the other. I remember, too, how busy the house-mother was kept when preserves and pickles were home-made, and the sugar-loaves had to be split with a knife and mallet."

"I am thankful we are better off," said my wife. "One has time to read and to think."

"They, too, found time for both," said Vincent.

"And did not desire to be doctors," added Alice, slyly.

"I do not think I should like to have a woman doctor," said Sibyl.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Oh, I should never obey her—never; why, I could not say. I should have no confidence."

"What you say is due altogether," said Mrs. Vincent, "to our want of primary education. When women are early and sufficiently trained and can compete with men even in athletics, they will have the full confidence of their own sex."

"Foot-ball between two female colleges would draw," said I.

Our dear Mrs. Vincent had, in fact, a very moderate estimate of the fitness of her own sex to do certain things. When, from some theoretic altitude, she threatened to have a woman for her physician, Vincent smiled, and said: "Have her young and handsome, Anne, and we will divide her medical cares."

Now my wife began to tell us of the great university for women to be organized on a vast scale, with schools of medicine, theology, law, navigation, and engineering.

"I have one fear," said Anne Vincent, ever prone to lapse into common sense. "Young women will go to their colleges, and live the *vie de garçon*, during four years. Some will become teachers and what not. The rest will go back untrained for domestic life, and soon become discontented with the dull routine of home duties. Is not that likely?"

"Yes," I said. "It is so likely that it happens. Women should be highly educated. That is well. But women, unlike men, have by nature a profession. At the formative time of life they are to be taught to forget it. For this alone the college gives no training. Except for those who are to support themselves, college life will be merely a perilous episode. It is craved by too many, in this day of unrest, for its independence. What college trains for the life of wife and mother?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Vincent, "wife and"—after a brief, scarce noticeable pause—"mother."

I saw the frail form of Sibyl turn. The large, tender eyes regarded Anne Vincent for a moment, and she repeated, almost in a whisper, "Wife and mother." Then, turning again, she stared at the fire; but presently, with courage I should scarce have expected, she said: "I have been through college. You are quite correct. It does unfit many for life at home. Mr. Clayborne was good enough to dictate what I should study, and, as I have no home life, what I got only contributes to make me the more able to be—well—more contented."

"Why not teach domestic economy scientifically?" said my wife, quickly. "Why not group the girls in small households and ask them to be in turn housekeepers? It shall be done in our university for women."

"Ah," said Anne Vincent, "here is Mr. St. Clair. Good evening. We want to hear about that bust of Mr. Crofter."

"Oh, that bust; it is nearly done."

"How could you?" said my wife.

"Ask Owen," he replied, "how he could set that man on his feet and give him back health and energy to ruin more unlucky men. My crime is a small one."

"My answer would be easy," said I.

"And mine as easy," said St. Clair. "Why do men describe rascals in books?"

"But they make the rascality plain, and the man is drawn so as to be an example; and usually he has in the book an unpleasant ending. He is punished."

"Yes; that is the fault of most books," said Vincent. "Here is this man, gloriously prosperous. Who ever tells him to-day that he is a thief and should be picking oakum in a cell?"

"You did, in your way," said St. Clair.

"I?"

"Yes. He told me he guessed folks out West could speak out, but that you and I were worse. We had some queer talks. He is n't bad through and through. I should really like to know one entire out-and-out

rascal. The bust will be here next week. Come and see it. I have refused to show it to him until it is quite done. I want your opinion."

Miss Maywood, who had been watching his animated face with evident satisfaction, said: "I see that you have done him justice, the higher justice."

St. Clair nodded. "I have."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself to serve such a man at all," said Mrs. Vincent. "What can compensate you for so degrading a task? How you men could dine with him is to me amazing. If you at least spoke your honest mind to him, Frederick Vincent, I am glad—you did not tell me." And with that she got up and touched Vincent on the shoulder, a sort of approving accolade.

It was unlike her. She was demonstrative to her friends, but very conventionally undemonstrative to the man she adored. My wife smiled at me.

"When you see my bust," cried St. Clair, "I shall have my reward."

"I should like to hang him!" said my wife, with ferocity.

"I have executed the bust," said St. Clair, laughing. "Oh, come and see it."

"And you will be paid, I presume?" said Mrs. Vincent, scornfully, as she shut up her fan with decisive abruptness.

"I will give every cent I shall make by it to those horrid orphans you feed."

"Will you? You are forgiven."

"The orphans will starve," said Miss Maywood.

"Thank you. I am glad that some one understands me," said the sculptor. "You are all—all the rest of you—pretty dull of comprehension to-night. May we smoke, Madam Vincent?"

Now and then this was allowed in her drawing-room, a rare privilege.

"Yes," she said, "because you told that man the truth; and Fred, for the same good reason; and Mr. Clayborne, because no corner of condemnation is big enough to hold him. Get the cigars, Fred. The room will be uninhabitable to-morrow."

As the men rose to light their cigars, St. Clair slipped into a chair beside Clayborne, and was thus opposite to Sibyl. He fell into such unembarrassed study of her face as few men could have been guilty of.

The talk, agreeably punctuated by need to keep the cigars alight, fell into mild ways, in which St. Clair and Sibyl took no part. The secretary sat looking at the fire. The poet scarcely took his eyes from study of her face. At last, turning, he looked with curiosity over Clayborne's broad shoulder.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "He is reading 'In Memoriam.'"

The gay chat ceased.

"Impossible!" cried Mrs. Vincent.

"Why not?" said the scholar, laying the open book on his knee.

"Why not?" cried St. Clair, overjoyed at the chance to twit the historian. "Because you have not spoken for a half-hour, and yet the book was written since 1600 A.D."

"There is stuff in it," said Clayborne, calmly. "Sibyl has been imploring me to read it. I chanced upon it just now. It is quite readable."

He was like an apologetic child. St. Clair laughed. "Quite readable!"

"My cousin is terribly particular as to what I read," said Miss Maywood. "Mr. St. Clair brought me the book a week ago, and my cousin said I might read it, but that he never had and never would. And now is n't it delightful to see him caught?" She had no fear of the scholar, and looked at him tenderly as she spoke.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Vincent, "is it true you yourself have only just of late been allowed to read 'In Memoriam'? As to Mr. Clayborne, he is full charged with prejudices. Tell me, dear, not if you like it, but how you like it."

"Oh, I cannot. How can I criticize?"

"Why not?" said St. Clair, eagerly.

She answered at once: "It would be personal."

"How personal? I do not quite understand."

Usually St. Clair was sensitive to the tones, which say so much more than the words, but sometimes he lost this characteristic in the ardor of interesting talk.

She was silent a moment, and then replied quietly: "It was very long ago—but—I—lost in turn—within a year, father, mother, and brother. How can I talk of what is the very handbook of sorrow?"

"I see, dear," said my wife. "There are verses in that book I dare not read aloud. I would rather talk of something else."

"No," said Miss Maywood, seeing through this little ruse, "no; you are very good, but now I do want to say something. Mr. Tennyson speaks of a friend's death. He must have loved him well; but—it seems to me too elaborate; I cannot find the right word."

"It was written in portions, at long intervals," said Mrs. Vincent.

"And no doubt in many moods," added St. Clair.

"I did not know that. It explains a good deal. But, indeed—indeed, it wants something."

There was that in the girl's voice which made me regard her with a certain anxiety. I tried to turn the talk, saying: "Yes, it does lack unity. But it is many poems, not merely one,—that is what makes it so interesting,—and of course it is not all upon an equally high level. You know some one has said that there is no long poem. It is true. The long poems are really jewels of poetry in settings of mere verse. There must be in all long rhythmical utterances more or less of what we anatomists call connective tissue—the body stuff, the mortar which binds all parts together."

Sibyl was not in a mood to be thus lightly turned aside.

"Yes, yes," she returned; "but I did not, I could not, criticize this book as to its technical values. I said I was speaking from the personal point of view."

"Well?" I queried.

She was for some reason, or moved by some decisive impulse, eager to speak her mind.

"You will think me very silly, I fear, but I miss in this great book the sorrow which can only be for some one of a household, some one of our own blood—a mother, a child. I do not feel in this verse the agony of loss, the death which is many deaths in one, the funeral of countless hopes, of sweet expectations, of—oh, of many things. Above all—" and as she paused I hoped that she would not go on. She drew a long breath and continued: "I miss—oh, above all else—the sorrow for another's grief, and—and the sorrow those have who, seeing their own death near upon them, grieve for those they leave, with living power to weep. I remember the sorrow I had for my mother's grief when my brother died; like that, you know. I miss the not unpleasing sense of the nearness of death which such loss brings to those who still live; I miss that strange grief which comes because of inability to recall the dear face. This poetry seems to me to tell of—oh, I want a word—of a far-away sorrow. It is noble and uplifting, yes, and helpful. I go with him, after him, but somehow he has not hold of my hand. There, I have had my foolish say."

I saw the great scholar's look of wonder as she went on with this burst of hurried speech. As she spoke, the tremor I had noticed disappeared from her voice. Her uplifted face was very beautiful.

"No doubt, dear, you are right," said Mrs. Vincent. "You have put the case as against Tennyson admirably well. But you expect more than he meant to give."

"I do not know," said St. Clair; "I do not know. I lost all who would have been dear before I knew what tears were. There is another great poem of many forms of grief. It is that sarcophagus at Constantinople, 'Les Pleureuses.' We talked of it some time ago. Not the happiest can see it and fail to feel this changeless grief."

"Oh, but I should like to see it," cried Sibyl, and again her voice was the voice of unwept tears.

Mrs. Vincent was quick to note it, and rose, saying: "I have the photographs somewhere. Come, help me to look for them, my dear."

"I have them at my studio," said St. Clair. "You lent them to me last week."

I did not wonder at the glance of exasperation my good Alice cast on the thoughtless poet. Mrs. Vincent's interference came too late. Sibyl rose at her call, but suddenly burst into tears, and then laughing hysterically, cried: "Oh, excuse me. I—I am so foolish. I—" and she dropped into a chair and looked about her with large, wondering eyes.

Mrs. Vincent said, as she knelt beside her: "You look pale, dear. It is the smoke."

"I am all right now, Mrs. Vincent. It is nothing."

We, the men, were a little embarrassed, and Clayborne whispered sternly to St. Clair: "What a fool you are! Don't answer me!" And he did not.

"Ring for tea, Fred," said his wife, "and do you men go and smoke in the library. I knew the tobacco would be intolerable here."

We went like forth-driven sheep, and had our tea sent to us like naughty children.

When, thus exiled, we had settled down in the library, no word was said of Miss Maywood's emotional disaster. Vincent spoke of an interesting case of a forged will; Clayborne discussed, rather heavily, a book on Aztec hieroglyphics; and St. Clair fluttered over the conversation like an uninterested ephemerid. At last Vincent asked the scholar why he had invited Crofter to dine.

"I asked him as I would have asked Cæsar Borgia."

"Or Mephistopheles," added St. Clair.

"Out of pure curiosity, then?" said Vincent. "What a mess we made of it!"

"We did—I did," said St. Clair. "I am glad I did. He 's a queer specimen, and for

cool willingness of frank statement beats anything I have ever seen. He talked steadily at times while sitting to me, and discussed all of you as if he felt bound to enlighten me. It was fine, I assure you."

"Well, and what did he say?" asked Vincent. "The opinion of a large-brained outlaw as to his moral betters might be curious."

"He thought Clayborne a man easily to be understood."

"Oh, confound the fellow! Am I, indeed?"

No man likes to have it supposed that he is easy to see through. Why, I cannot say.

"He says he never saw a man like you, Vincent. He put it in this fashion: 'Well, that man 's the calmest cuss I ever saw.' ('Calm cuss' is good.) 'He 's a clarifyin' cuss. You can't muddle things for him, and he does think quicker and truer than any man I know. I 'll have him in my next bad case. He 's got one drawback. He is n't a man makes allowances. He 's got useless fences round him. I wonder, if he 'd been fetched up the way I was, if he 'd have been like a little God Almighty about other folks' ways of gettin' on."

"Ah, perhaps not," said Vincent. "No doubt the man has qualities that are good."

"He is generous," said St. Clair. "I hear that he has been giving money freely to charities."

"No. He is lavish. You remember our old proverb, 'A fool and other people's money are soon parted'?"

"I remember it well. I think it was applied to me. But this man is no fool."

"Certainly not," said Vincent. "He is merely bribing opinion that he may get social place. Now it is social legislation he is corrupting."

"Would you ever act for him?" said I to Vincent.

"How can you ask? Even if his case were righteous altogether I would not."

"He has declined," said Clayborne, "to give me the pleasure of a contest over my coal-rates."

"That is sad," said Vincent. "Ah, I hear Mrs. North, Owen. Do we dine with you, Clayborne, next week?"

"Yes; and I have asked an old gentleman, Dr. Randolph, to meet you."

"Oh, Randolph," said I. "He retired from active work years ago. I shall be most glad to meet him once more. He is full of talk about older days. Yes, Alice, I 'm coming."

IX.

BEFORE we dined again with Clayborne I had been to a distant Western city. My errand was to consult in a difficult case. I had been able, as it chanced, to throw much light upon it, and with reason to revive the failing hopes of the patient and his friends. I returned in high good humor, because of having honestly earned my fee, and because a comfortable railway journey is always agreeable to me. Nowhere do I think as fluently and with more sure result than in a swift train. Here I feel secure from invasion. I am guarded by the immense average of silent reserve attained by the American. If, however, I no longer crave solitary thought, and desire to talk, in the smoking-car I am reasonably sure to find those who will cordially respond. I drop into a seat near some selected man, and in ten minutes he is telling me his life-story. To converse about what a man knows best is a certain way to please the man, and to learn what he knows and what you may not. I regret that I have kept no record of the many biographies frankly given me in the long hours of travel.

This time I made a very entertaining capture. The train was only half full, and in the luxurious easy-chairs of the drawing-room smoker were not more than half a dozen men. I looked about me and chose as the comrade of my cigar a lean man with large features. I have a prejudice in favor of large features. I asked for a match. He gave me one without a word, but made no sign of willingness to talk. Thanking him, I said: "Once in a train in Georgia a man asked me for a light. I did not offer the stump of my nearly finished cigar, but, meaning to be more civil, handed him my match-box. He returned it unused, and said, 'In my country, when you ask a man for a light, he gives you his cigar—if he is a gentleman.'"

"And he said that?" returned my neighbor, suddenly all alive. "I 'd like to hear what you said."

"I said, 'With pleasure; but first let me light another cigar. This is almost out and would have been useless.' He instantly replied: 'I beg your pardon, sir. I did n't understand'; and we fell to chatting about the great war."

After this little conversational lure my new companion accepted a cigar, and we slid into easy relations. When he mentioned his business, I saw a chance and expressed my desire to hear more of it. From this he was readily led to talk of himself, and slipped into telling me his own history. He had worked on his father's farm in New York.

He had been a clerk in a village shop. He had been a book-agent, and saved a little money. This was an every-day story. An American at thirty has no idea of anchorage. He is open to do any one of a dozen things. It is not the versatility that amazes me so much as the power to apply variously a certain affluence of energy. At thirty my man concluded to go into business. He had invented, as he believed, an important improvement on the threshing-machine. I said:

"Were you always inventive as a boy?"

"Never until I was thirty. Then I chanced to see a thresher break down, and, as I am always curious, I looked into the animal's make, and seemed to see what was needed to better the machine. Since then I have made many inventions."

This did not surprise me. I knew a similar case. These discoveries in middle life of unused capacities are apt to be made in families the children of which, as a rule, develop late. It was so of the case to which I refer.

I was reminded, by what passed through my mind, of a question once asked me by Vincent, as to how late in life a man might hope to bring into use and train hitherto little used or unused faculties. I said in reply that such efforts were rare, that few old men were thus given to novel forms of mental enterprise. I said also that such cases had occurred. In fact, the brain in those who grow old wholesomely does not seem to age as does the rest of the human body, nor to feel as distinctly as do the locomotive mechanisms the exasperating vetoes of time. As a rule, the highly cultivated brain is apt to outlast functionally that of the mere day-laborer, and yet, after all, its prosperity depends largely on the health of many distant organs. But this I felt to be too broad a question for immediate consideration, and I began anew to pay attention to the continued talk of my companion. He went on:

"I took my idea to a workman and had it made up. Then I got a patent and asked a big firm to consider it. They offered me a fair price for it. I said, 'No. Make me a small partner, and let this machine be my capital. I have two better ones in my head.' After fussing a year they took my offer. That was ten years ago. Now I am well up in the firm. We make all kinds of agricultural machines, fruit-parers, butter-stamps, cream-separators. Now and then I still travel for the firm. I began that way. I was the man to get up the lecture-traveler and the special-accomplishment man."

"What?" said I. "Explain a little."

"Well, you get a bright young college fellow. You put him in the factory three months. Then you make him get up the science of the things we make. He fixes up a lot of illustrations and models, and goes to a village in a good, well-to-do farming country. There he sees the local editor and advertises a free lecture or two on farm science for everybody. The lectures are interesting. If they are not, we drop him. Next week comes our sample-man and takes orders. I tell you it works."

"But the accomplishment traveler," said I.

"Oh, that 's fine! At first I traveled myself for the firm. I sold small household machines. I can sing like a bird, and I can do the church music to beat most men. So I used to get hold of the preachers and deacons of a Saturday. I always had letters from our ministers. The firm saw to that. I would sing hymns and songs to the children and the rest, and get leave to sing during the collection the Sunday after. I liked to do it, too, and don't you make any mistake about it. I am a member of the Methodist Church. It is n't all business. Next day I went round with the machines. I know a man that travels in shovels and hoes. His plan is to lead prayer-meetings. I pick out our travelers myself. I have a list. See, now, here it is in my pocket-book. I tell you it works. 'R. Jones, card tricks, sleight of hand; Tompkins, negro songs; Walker, photographs the babies—no charge.' It works well in the West. There, too, is the church-music department."

"Selling is a peculiar talent," said I.

"Yes. Some men can sell anybody anything. I once sold a threshing-machine to a confectioner. I could sell ice in Greenland, or hot-air furnaces in Ashanti. I am going to Europe now. I want rest. I 've got six weeks to see Italy, France, and England."

This is a fair statement of what a man, curious as to his fellows, may pick up in travel. I once went to Harrisburg and had to return during the night. The train was crowded. At last, in the stifling, dimly lighted smoking-car, I found a man asleep across two seats. I awakened him, and saying I was sorry to disturb him, sat down.

After a little he said, "Do you know Dr. Owen North?"

Rather astonished, I said, "Yes."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"Oh, a very good fellow."

"He is like all them high-up doctors, I guess. He gets big fees. I want to know."

"No," said I. "That is always exaggerated. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I 've had a lot of doctors, and I ain't no better, and now I have n't much money left."

Upon this my friend confided to me all his physical woes in detail. We parted before daybreak. It was too dark in the car for either of us to see plainly the face of the other.

About ten next day the man entered my consulting-room. As I should not have known him, except for a rather peculiar voice, I, too, remained unidentified. I could not resist so comic an opportunity. I said, looking at him, "Sit down. You have a pain in your back."

"That 's queer. I have."

"And you are blind in the left eye, and your digestion is very bad," and so I went on.

At last he said: "I never saw a doctor like you. It scares a man, 'most. Can you cure me?"

I said, "Yes," and wrote out my directions. It was really a simple case.

When he produced a well-worn wallet I declined to take a fee, and said, "I owe you for the seat, and the good sleep I disturbed last night."

"Thunder! I see. You were the man. But law! why did you give it away? I 'd have sent you the whole township."

I reached home from my Western trip just in time to dress and, with my wife, to catch the train to the station near Holmwood. A slight mishap to the engine delayed us, and we found the party at dinner. I dropped into a vacant chair on Miss Maywood's left. St. Clair was on her right; Mrs. Vincent in the seat next to me. Dr. Randolph, an old man, ruddy, vigorous, and crowned with abundant gray locks, was between Clayborne and my wife. The wine was Corton vieux, such as recalled to me my student days, when on Sundays we dined at the Café Magny.

I had not seen the good doctor for many years. The next day my wife described him neatly as "an altogether wholesome-looking man with a valuable smile." I asked what she meant, to which she answered that, like Mrs. Vincent, he never laughed, and that he had a look of antique gravity which made you feel his rare smile a kindly compliment.

The talk was quiet, and being hungry, I said little until I caught up to the rest and felt I had sufficiently attended to my appetite. Then I spoke to Miss Maywood.

"Well," I said, "how goes the work?"

"Oh, we have finished a long article on Professor Edmundstone's book about the Northland sagas. There are only fragments of him left; but I did beg him off from Mr. Clayborne's final chastisement."

"And books? Are you still on a diet, and what? There are animal and vegetable books."

"I am reading aloud to the master Shakspere's historical plays. He says I read well. Is n't that delightful?" Her joy at this approval was beautiful to see, as with some slight difficulty she half turned toward me and added: "He thinks Shakspere wrote at times bits of poetry and then used them in his plays. He says that some one has remarked upon the improbability of *Hamlet*, the prince, having suffered from the proud man's contumely and especially the insolence of office."

"That is not very novel, and not up to Clayborne's usual force; but *Hamlet* might have been, in his melancholy sensitiveness, overstating, too, what such men over-feel. He who wrote was a keen observer of the world about him, and perhaps was himself a sensitive man. I think of *Hamlet* as very feminine in the ghost scene. He behaved as some women might have done."

"Ah," she said seriously, "as I did that horrid night. I was so ashamed."

"My dear Miss Sibyl, you had—you have no reason to be ashamed."

"Oh, but I have. Mr. Clayborne told me that I must have more self-control. He is dreadfully outspoken—as if I did not know. I may talk to you, may I not? You are so good to me."

"Say what you please."

"I try not to give way, but oh, Dr. North, it is hard sometimes not to give way. I love beautiful things, and the woods and the country, and I cannot even walk far. I get tired. I love children, and they tire me. I am a disabled wreck of a woman; and I must go on and on. I never talked to any one in this way. Please to excuse me. Mr. Clayborne says to bewail what cannot be bettered is to feed calamity with attention, and that I have what the healthy should envy. Have I?"

"Yes, in large measure."

"Mr. St. Clair says I have a beautiful face."

"He said that?"

"Yes. He seems to say whatever comes uppermost in his mind."

"He said what is true, but he should not have said it."

"I suppose not," she murmured sadly. "It does no good. I mean—I—"

Fortunately, at this moment Vincent asked me a question, and St. Clair said a word to Miss Maywood as to his vase.

When, being in a way troubled, I mentioned this talk to my wife, she said: "Some one must speak to St. Clair. You know that any form of personal beauty makes the man utterly regardless of anything else. It becomes worship. Then he finds a new idol, and so it goes on."

"I see we are going to have mischief, Alice. I have already talked this over with Anne Vincent, but that was a good while ago."

"The man has for some women power to fascinate. He does not know it. He does not mean to do harm. He was devoted for a month to that idiot Dorothy Summers because she has beautiful hands. At last she lost her head, and would never wear gloves. Meanwhile all the heart she has was lost, and after that hysterics. Owen North, you may smile—but it is really fascination."

"That is, dear, inexplicable attractiveness."

"Yes."

All this was after we were at home.

The table party soon followed Clayborne into the library.

"I have set out," he said, "a little side feast for my friend Randolph. Come here, doctor." We gathered around them. "Here is Raleigh's copy of 'Tasso.' See 'W. Ralegh' writ clear across the title-page. You know how much I like books with personal associations."

"It brings Raleigh very near," said Mrs. Vincent. "It is printed in Ferrara, I see, in 1583."

"When did Raleigh write in it?" I asked. "It opens stiffly, as if unused this long while. But see how strong the binding is. Book-clothes were meant to last in those days."

"Did he leave any other mark upon it?" asked Vincent.

"No; not a line. Yet it was then common to make marginal comments. My black-letter Chaucer is full of them."

Sibyl took the little book reverently from Mrs. Vincent's hand, saying, "Was it in the Tower he read it?"

I saw the girl furtively kiss the little vellum-bound volume as she took it away to replace it on the shelf.

"Here, St. Clair," said Clayborne, "is a copy of Pope in eight volumes. It belonged to Burns. His name is in it in three places. His son, Lieutenant-Colonel Burns, gave it to an old friend of the poet. Here, too, is this gentleman's memorandum. One missing volume of the set he replaced by purchase of a full set of the same edition. One autograph is curious. Across the title-page of Volume IV. Burns has written, '*Rt. Burns, Poet.*' The same description of himself is also in another book, owned, I am told, in Chicago."

"I fancy," said St. Clair, "that nowhere else has as great a poet ventured to describe himself thus."

"Is it," said my wife, "because they doubt, or are they shy of assuming a great title, or is it because it is not the custom?"

St. Clair stood looking at the volume he held.

"The signature is slightly different from the other two."

"Perhaps it was the barley brew," said I.

"For shame!" said Clayborne. "Take it away, Sibyl. Here is Sterne's copy of 'Tristram Shandy,' with three autographs."

"I do not care for him or for his books," said Vincent.

"Oh, this is better. It is Howell's 'Letters,' with Walpole's book-plate, and later it belonged to Thackeray. I may have shown you this before."

"Delightful gossip it is! Imagine a fellow keeping copies of his own letters for publication. It was once a fashion."

"The book interested me," said I, "because in it he relates how, having a rheum, he consulted the great William Harvey. He tells where he had for drink on the Continent a fine beverage, *caughey*. He, too, had his turn in the Tower."

"I have no fancy for autographs," said Vincent, "except to put in the books the man wrote. It is pleasant to pick up Ruskin or Byron and have a letter drop out. It is like a personal welcome. By the way, Clayborne, you must have many letters of value."

"I burn them."

"Wise man," said Dr. Randolph.

"I dislike to burn even a note," said St. Clair.

"You do not even read them."

"No. It saves a deal of bother."

"I am glad," said Randolph, "that my ancestors kept their letters. I am now reading them, and with interest, too. I am pleased to say they were all Tories."

"Like yourself," said Clayborne.

"Yes. I regret our separation from Great Britain. Our government is a sad failure, and always has been."

The doctor of the bright blue eyes and

pleasant face was as complete a pessimist as I ever knew. He called himself a Quaker, and when I so describe him I mean that, although not a member of meeting, he still attended the service of orthodox Friends, and spoke coldly of Hicksites as "Separatists." He commonly used Friends' language, but always correctly. Before the Civil War he had been in close relation to Friends. When the flag was lowered at Fort Sumter he gave up his practice, went away quietly, and, although no longer a young man, became an assistant surgeon. On one occasion he was near a battery, when all its officers were disabled. He took command, and, although twice wounded, brought the guns out of a position of great danger when they had come near to being taken. Upon his return on sick-leave, he was waited upon by a committee of Friends, who desired him to abandon his wicked ways. He declared that he was only one of a few hundred thousand policemen required to prevent certain people from taking Uncle Sam's property. As this did not quite satisfy Friends, and he declined to show signs of penitence, he ceased to keep up his former connection with their body.

When the good doctor thus stated his regret at the disunion of the colonies and the mother-land, Vincent said: "It is delightful nowadays to hear a man avow himself a Tory. I like inherited opinions. I still like to call myself a Federalist."

"We are consistent," said Randolph. "My people have always been loyal, long ago to the king, and of late to their own country."

"That is prettily said," remarked my wife. "I should certainly have been a Tory."

"I should like, doctor," returned Vincent, "to argue the older question. But are you not practically inconsistent? Why try to save this miserable country, at cost, too, of time and of blood? Was it worth while?"

The doctor hesitated. Then he said: "We are here among friends. I thought, I still think, the South right; but I stood by my State, as did Robert Lee."

"I cannot understand that," said Vincent, with more than usual fervor. "Nor, pardon me, can I comprehend that fractional form of love of, shall we say country? which Owen North once labeled 'Stateriotism.' What does your State represent? What ideas? Can you describe its flag to-day? The love of a city I can comprehend, and that of a country, but the other I cannot. As to being still a colony, as to that being desirable, good heavens! no colony ever comes to anything, in letters, arms, or invention. It has no individuality as a nation. Look at Canada, older than we. What has she to show? Colonies have no adult life. They are overgrown children. They are simply imitative, and imitation implies weakness."

"And what have we?" said Randolph. "We are only a vast human average."

"If so, our average must be high enough to compete with the best of other lands, no matter if it be in war, diplomacy, invention, or product of influential ideas."

"And I," said Randolph, "should like to argue that with thee; but one cannot get up a debating society in Clayborne's house. I inherit my ideas, I fear."

"No one inherits ideas," said Clayborne. "You inherit a peculiar form of mental and moral structure which makes easy of assimilation ideas sown in the soil of childhood."

"'T is a consoling doctrine," said St. Clair; "a dreadful thing to have to wrestle with your ancestors. But, really, the world is very illogical. When I get in debt, Clayborne ought to select one of my grandfathers and keep a little account against him chalked up on his tombstone, instead of abusing me."

"But what would be the use?" said Sibyl.

The serious aspect of any statement was that which usually addressed itself to this young woman. Mrs. Vincent looked at her with repressed amusement, and then, as she caught my eye, with a glance of swift-following sadness. It is one of the charms of close friendship that we acquire sensitive apprehensiveness as to the unspoken thought of friends. Now both of us were asking ourselves who was responsible in the past for all the sorrow of this crippled frame.

"Ah," exclaimed Sibyl, "if we could punish the past!"

St. Clair, who was in one of his wild moods, cried out: "We can't even do that for ourselves, our own past. We ought to have life reversed at eighty and live it backward to extinction. Oh, then we should catch it! We should say, as we youthed to some age of former indiscretion, 'Now I have you, my little man. All my troubles began when you first stole apples. What an example for my later years!' Whack! Whack! Then one would ask, not how old are you, but how young are you."

We laughed, except Sibyl, who was half puzzled, and Clayborne, who disliked this sort of harmless nonsense. For a moment he sat still, saying, "'Youthed—youthed'—St. Clair is past hope." Then he quoted:

"'See that thou art master of thyself. In the day of consequences thou shalt not revile thy father, since he, too, may have suffered for the sins of his father; and of all who are Allah is the Father, and what at last shalt thou say of him?'"

"I think," said St. Clair, "I should say that if the child be the father of the man, he occasionally fails of parental obligations, and that if Allah be the Father of us all, I, at least, am of opinion—"

"Please not," said my wife, touching his arm with her fan. "What has become of Dr. Randolph's Tory ancestors?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Vincent. "I am sure we were about to hear something of unusual interest."

"I cheerfully accept my corner," said St. Clair. "What is it, doctor?"

"Let me explain," said Clayborne. "Pray sit down, all of you. Take a cigar, St. Clair, and keep quiet."

"I am still considering your quotation. I am digesting the vague," said the poet.

"Suicidal cannibal!" cried Vincent, laughing. "Go on, Dr. Randolph."

"But first a word," said Clayborne. "Last week my neighbor read me parts of his maternal grandmother's diary. It seemed to me well worth your hearing. I asked him to read it to you to-night. Now, then, Randolph."

"Thou must understand, Friend Clayborne," said the doctor, "that it will seem disconnected. That I cannot help. I have marked the portions which deal with her personal life. The rest is receipts, memoranda of public events, of deaths, births, and the like. She was, when young, a good girl of emotional nature. She was born and brought up in a family of Friends of the best type, who lived plainly and accumulated wealth. She had been early taught the valuable lesson of self-discipline and absolute obedience. This discipline she readily assimilated, having been, I presume, a person unusually dependent for her ideas and beliefs upon those with whom she lived. Here is her miniature, painted when she was over thirty. She was still a beauty. In later years the possession of wealth made her, as is common, more decisive."

"The face," said Mrs. Vincent, "is still one of gentle submissiveness. It has a look of tender appeal, as if she felt the need of protection, of guidance."

While the picture went from hand to hand Randolph read aloud: "'My mother tells me to keep a diary, that I may learn to write better, and to acquire what she calls "a good style." I do not know precisely what that is. I must try. I am eighteen, and this is the first day of Tenth month 1777. My mother says to begin with an account of our family. My grandfather came over in the *Welcome*. He was the third son of Jn. Austin. The Austins live in Thistleways Hall. This is in Monmouthshire. Cyril Austin is my father. He is a Friend, and that is the only religion I know about. There are others. I have wanted to see Christ Church and the Meeting-house of the Swedes. This I may not.' Here follows in a different hand, 'This is ill wrote, my child.' Then she continues: 'My mother writes this, but I can do no better. My father grieves for that the laws are broke and the king ill used. . . . My sampler is done.' Next comes a receipt for pickling of walnuts, and so it runs on. A year later it grows interesting. 'Was much moved First day by the words of Hosea Morgan concerning lightness of talk. Made good resolves. Yesterday I was in the sitting-room darning socks with mother. The maid said a young man was without on business. When he was fetched in he said his name was Trent. He had been to see my father to buy certain goods for the supplying of his slaves in Maryland. He was not like our young men, for only the most serious are let come to see us, that is, me. I must not write that this young man was pleasant to see. He was dressed very fine with silver buckles. I will set down what he said, because I am led to record things strange to me. He called mother "madam," and kept looking at me; but this is the world's way, I suppose. I must get used to it. He said, "Madam, Mr. Austin refuses to take the Congress money. When I was plainly distressed because I have little other, he was very kind, but said to take it was against his conscience. If I were to go around to Second street to his house and see you, madam, there might a way be opened. I thanked him; and now, whether that mysterious way open or not, I am well rewarded for my faith." Then my mother said, "Thou art pleasant to say so, but we are plain people, and I do not fully understand thy words. How art thou rewarded?" At this he bowed, and said, "I have had the happiness to see what I have heard of, a Quaker beauty"; and then this young man bowed to me. I did think my mother was not much displeased, but, ah! that I should be told such a thing to my face. My mother said, "Thy manners, young man, are forward. Leave the room, Cyrilla. This is a matter of business." "How singu-

lar!" he said. "My own name is Cyril. Cyrilla!" Now, the way he said "Cyrilla" had a kind of sweet lingering, as if he meant to say it long. I think he liked it. I had to go. I did not want to go. The rest my mother told me, and it was what often took place. She said, "Friend Trent, when people are distressed as thou must be, we have this way to help such as are in real need. I will take thy continental money and give thee for it the king's gold. The discount we must lose. Thy poor slaves shall not suffer." "Madam," he said, "it is true. I am sore pressed to provide in these evil days when men have no loyalty. I hoped to have been paid certain debts. Men are no longer honest. I do frankly accept. I shall be able to repay it at some future day." Thus he got his money and went, and my father's conscience was set at ease. I would I could know what is done with the money of Congress; for to buy with it is the same as to take it. Perhaps my father hath one way to see it, and my mother another. I dare not ask.

"'On this the first of Second month, Fifth day, '78, I met the young man near to the State-house on Fifth street. He took off his hat, and might he escort me home? I was so confused I could not speak. It seemed that he was come on tobacco business. A ship being to sail from Annapolis, he desired my father to share in the venture, and would himself go out to France, as was to be supposed, but truly to England.

"'Second month, twentieth; Sixth day. Friend Trent comes often to eat dinner and to sup, and by chance we have met elsewhere. Oh, it must be wrong.

"'Fourth month, twelfth; Third day. I knew it must come. I am unhappy. Cyril Trent hath asked me of my father, and he will not hear to it. The young man is of the Church of Rome. I may not even see him again. But I did, this Fourth day, and he asked me to go with him and be married, if my father will have it or not. I cannot. It would be wicked. But I love him.'

"After this we hear no more of Cyril," said Randolph. "I gather that he went to England, as did many good loyalists, and no wonder. He is never named again, until ten years later she writes: 'I shall never see Cyril Trent in this life. I must think of it as a dream that can never be real. I do hear that he hath gone to India.'

"During these years we learn that her father and mother die, and that her brother and she divide a great estate. There are large gaps in her diary. We find her, at last, a sad woman in England with the Austins, who are glad to see the rich colonial cousin. These people are, as she first says, papists, and later Romish; then at last she speaks of them as Catholics. She has found a heart home in that church. But of the lost lover there is no word. And now, when she is thirty-two, she goes back to settle her affairs and see her brother. This is 1791. Here I find written simply: 'I go home, whither business affairs call. I dared not set down long ago that when Cyril Trent went away he did tell my father that he should never change (my mother used to look over my diary), but now I am more free to write. My father answered: "It is thus young men speak. Time will change thee,[1] and thou wilt come to see that I am right. Thou art of Rome; we are of Friends. Hadst thou been of us, none were more to my mind." Then I, being in the back room, heard Cyril say, "I may write?" and heard my father answer, "To me, if there be occasion"; for he had declined Mr. Trent's venture, which proved an ill one. A privateer took the *Nancy*. After a year, my mother, seeing me pine, told me Mr. Trent had never wrote, and this was when my father's partner, Jasper Morewood, had leave to ask me in marriage, which he did many times. I never liked him. I fear now I may lack courage to tell my brother of my late return to the church of our fathers, nor will he be pleased with my dress. These things are to be endured with patience. A month after I first came to England I asked of some if Cyril were alive. None knew. Is he yet alive? He could not have cared for me. Sometimes he is out of my mind for months, and then, as Mr. Goldsmith did say to my cousin of a lady, "he comes unasked and takes a seat in the best room of my heart, and stays as he pleases. For," said Mr. Goldsmith, "some thoughts seem to step in thus from the outside without so much as the ceremony of knocking." I thought it pretty. I wonder does he yet live. Thrice did I write to Cyril; but if my father saw my letters and took them out of the letter-bag, I know not. He had a right. Or if they ever reached Cyril, he did not reply. I must have been in despair to do such a thing. I should have wrote my brother I had become a Catholic.'

"Of the brother we have no word. She settled herself in a home, and found people hostile to her and her creed, as was common in those days. A year later she writes:

[1] "I do fear that he was right" (1791).

'Ninth month, tenth; Third day' [still using Quaker forms]. 'I have had a great shock. I was in Wilmington on First day. As we have no church there, I walked in the forenoon. God willed that I stayed to one side to let go by the Friends who were coming forth from meeting. Among the last was Cyril. Although in the plain dress of Friends, I knew him, and he me. He said, "Cyrilla!" and I could but gasp, "Cyril!" I can write no more.'

"A week later: 'Cyril has had many disastrous fortunes. At last, being poor, he took to the sea, and, rising, became mate of a ship plying to Bristol in England. There falling ill, the owner, a Friend, took him to his house, where, abiding long in great weakness, he was moved by their kindness, and perhaps because of weakened mind, to consider the cause of so much goodness. Finding it in their religion, he became a Friend.' Again she says: 'And now he is become what I was, and I am what he was. In a play I saw in London, the unhappy lover saith, "If I could be thou, and thou I, this thing would be otherwise considered." He is I, or, I might say, being a Quaker, he is as I was. But then it was my father who did object, and not I. Mr. Addison once said to my cousin, "The heart hath no creed. 'T is a pagan and adores idols, but its litany is ever the same."'

"A month later she writes: 'Second day. I saw that Cyril, being poor, is yet too rich in pride to ask me again. Now I know that he wrote often for two years and had no reply from any, not even my mother. I am sure my father had no hand in this matter. He was of an open life and mind. It has come to pass that I, who am rich, must consider his pride.' She does not say how she considered it. We may guess.

"Soon after I find: 'We were married in St. Peter's Church, on Pine street. The priest of my own church would not unite us, and the meeting hath renounced Cyril. Mr. Addison had reason.'

"There is more of it, with distinct evidence of a happy life, and the record of the birth of my mother, Cyrilla Trent.

"I found in St. Peter's list of vestry the name of Cyril Trent in 1794. In 1798 both died of yellow fever, and lie buried in St. Peter's ground, on the side near to Pine street."

"Then," said my wife, "both compromised on the church—our church."

"Yes."

"They were people of easy religious virtue," said St. Clair, "like me. I envy them the experience of three forms of belief."

"Naughty boy!" said Mrs. Vincent. "But who stole the letters?"

"Ah, there comes an interesting question," said Randolph. "I forgot to tell thee that, in mentioning them, she says: 'I blush to think who may have read my lost letters and his, too.'"

"She may be blushing now at the thought of our talk," said Sibyl, "if—if people blush in that other world."

"But, at least, we know she was happy," said my wife. "She had the good fortune not to outlive the man she loved. What of the letters?"

"I have them here."

This greatly excited the women.

"Oh, let us see them."

"That you shall decide. My father succeeded Cyrilla's brother in their India trade. On his death I had to dispose of a huge mass of business papers. These I burned, or most of them. I found a small red-leather trunk labeled 'Jasper Morewood.' It was locked. Let me add that this man was lost at sea in 1789. He left no heirs, and was found to be in debt. I broke open the trunk. In it I found, lying open, the much-amended draft of a letter to Cyril Trent. It seemed to have been meant to be a letter from Cyrilla to her lover, giving him up, and hinting cleverly of another engagement. If Morewood used it to forge a completer letter in her handwriting I do not know. She does not speak of the matter. In any case, it is strange that he kept the draft."

"Ah," said Vincent, "wiser folks have done this. There are—I have seen them—drafts of most dangerous letters, written during the Revolution or later. At the foot of some of them the writer copies the caution on the letter sent, '*Burn this.*'"

"That is hard to comprehend," said Clayborne. "I have seen the letters of which Vincent speaks, and very queer they are. But go on, Randolph."

"I found, too, in the same box, three letters in Mr. Trent's hand to Mr. Austin, and four to Cyrilla. The three letters of Cyrilla to Trent were separately tied up with faded ribbon. The letters to Mr. Austin had been opened. Those I left at home. The seven others are here—four to Cyrilla, three from her to her lover."

"Oh, do let us see them," said my wife.

"A moment; they are sealed, all seven."

"Oh," exclaimed Sibyl, "he never read them. How strange!"

"No; he had not opened one of them. I mean that Morewood had not opened them. Those addressed to Mr. Austin he seems to have opened and read."

"Ah," said Vincent, "that is still stranger. What stops certain men on the ways of crime has always interested me. He could steal letters, perhaps forge letters, but why not have read these others?"

I sat still, puzzling myself over this human problem.

"Men are variously made," said my wife. "What do you think, Sibyl?"

"I think," she said, meaning her reply for my wife alone—"I think—is n't it possible that Morewood so cared for Cyrilla that he feared the hurt of reading what Cyril or she might have said to each other?"

I did not catch all of my wife's answer, but did hear her say, "The letters to Cyrilla's father were opened, so Dr. Randolph said."

"Yes; that was different," said Sibyl.

"A queer business!" exclaimed St. Clair. "Let us hear them, doctor. Read them."

"I have never done so," said the doctor. "The seals are still unbroken. Here they are."

As he spoke, he laid on the table seven letters. They were yellow with age, a century old. Trent's arms were on three, stamped in faded red wax.

"Oh," exclaimed Anne Vincent, "see, Fred, the grains of sand still on the addresses of the letters from Cyrilla!"

The unopened letters invited comment.

"Shall we open and read them?" said Randolph.

"No," said Vincent; "certainly not."

"Shall we read and not open them?" said St. Clair. "I can tell what they wrote."

"Nonsense!" cried Clayborne.

"Then let us vote," said St. Clair. He asked each in turn, "Shall we open them?"

"I am neutral," said Clayborne. "It is quite immaterial."

All the rest said "No," until he came to Miss Maywood.

"Burn them," she said.

"Burn them! But I want to see them," said St. Clair.

"No, no. Cyrilla is waiting; she is blushing," said Sibyl. "Please to burn them. I feel as if I were she."

"Thou art right," said Randolph. "Do with them as thou wilt, Friend Sibyl."

Sibyl gathered the letters from the table, and rising with her usual difficulty, amid entire silence, cast them one by one into the fire. Then she stood watching them as they burned. Something in her attitude troubled my wife, who said, "What is it, dear?"

"Nothing, only they moved like live things. Cyrilla must have been uneasy. Now she thanks us." With this Miss Maywood turned, and stood as if in thought. It was an impressive little scene, and we were still silent. Then she looked at St. Clair, who was the first to stir, and added, "You should not have wanted to see the letters."

"But I did."

"Yes, that is a pity—a pity."

She moved toward him as she spoke, emphasizing her words with a deprecatory movement of uplifted hands. And always, I may add, she used her arms with distinctive grace. As she passed Mrs. Vincent, she leaned over and whispered.

"Yes, dear," returned the woman addressed. "You were; we all are—all women should be. These men would have opened them. Are you going to leave us?"

"Yes, I am tired. I must go. I am sleeping here to-night."

As she passed St. Clair, he said, "I can write Cyrilla's letters if you want them."

"I do not," said Sibyl, with decision. She steadied herself by a touch of the table, and as we stood up, said, "Good night; good night, every one." She was a little flushed and very delicately beautiful, as she lingered, smiling, with large trustful eyes like those of childhood.

After this we thanked the pessimistic doctor, and soon went away. As we sat in the train, Vincent said: "Men who think all things bad never act up to their beliefs. The logical outcome of true pessimism would be suicide. This man fought well, is a good citizen, an untiring helper of his fellow-men."

"Did you see Miss Maywood," said I, "when she swayed as she left us? Clayborne gave her his arm. She said so pleasantly, 'There is always help.' She has the instinctive trust of a seeking tendril."

"Yes, yes," said my wife; and we lapsed into silence.

When this young woman next saw my wife, she said: "Do you think Mr. St. Clair could write a letter of love to be like those we burned?"

"Probably. He would do it well."

"I cannot imagine it. Nothing seems to me so remote as—"

"As what, my dear?"

"As—well, I was thinking—but here is Mary."

(To be continued.)

HOW TO SAFEGUARD ONE'S SANITY.

BY J. M. BUCKLEY, LL.D.,
Author of "Christian Science and Other Superstitions."

IN my childhood there called at our family residence a gentleman whose reception as a person of distinction, and a certain intentness with which he was regarded by all, attracted my attention. After a while he beckoned me to his side, and told me of his vast estate, its lawns, fine old trees and streams, his horses and hunting-dogs, the spacious halls of the mansion adorned by works of art, and his song-birds from every clime, and invited me to spend a month with him, promising me a pony. He threw a spell over me by his strangely expressive eye and glowing words. After he had gone I said to my mother, "When may I go to see those wonderful things and get the pony?" She answered sadly: "Never, my son. The poor man is deranged." At my request for an explanation, she added, "He is insane, is crazy, a lunatic." The mystery was not dispelled, but gradually the memory of the incident was overlaid by boyish sports and studies.

Three years afterward was opened the great Hospital for the Insane erected by the State of New Jersey at Trenton. In company with relatives, I was conducted through a ward, and looked curiously upon persons abstractedly gazing, talking at random, moaning as if in grief or pain, or laughing for no apparent reason. Passing along the corridor, suddenly I trembled, for before me, addressing an imaginary audience, stood the man who had charmed me. No one listened to him, and, as we approached, an attendant led him to his room, from which came the words: "I am God! Mortal men, bow down before me!"

In that instant I saw what it is to be "insane," "deranged," "alienated," "crazy," "mad," "a lunatic." No dictionary was necessary.

Since then I have served on boards of management of such institutions, including that in which this scene occurred, have attended courses of lectures on the subject, and consulted the best authorities, and I do not wonder that none of the teachers of my childhood could define insanity, for no definition exists that includes all that this word suggests and nothing more.

The arbitrary meaning attached to the word appears from the fact that "sleep, trance, somnambulism, hysteria, chorea, fever, delirium, coma, acute intoxication, ordinary conditions attending epilepsy, the immediate effects of nervous shock and injury and intense mental preoccupation," although mental phenomena mostly of a morbid character and destructive of self-control and responsibility, are *not* included under the term "insanity."

From the point of view of science the mind cannot be considered apart from the brain, nor the brain from the mind.

A man is accounted sane by his associates and the public so long as there is no serious departure from the normal operation of his mind. This normal action is shown by his exhibiting the ability to distinguish what originates within his own mind from what is received from without; by his judgment being able to summon the materials for a comparison. He is considered sane while he can draw a conclusion, keep it in mind, and execute it "in harmony with a remembered design and pattern," and while his moral feelings, propensities, and passions are not plainly so abnormal as to show that an unaccountable and permanent change has taken place in his personality.

How far irregularity of mental action, vacillation of purpose, and morbid feelings may coexist with *legal* responsibility is a question which, whenever raised, must be settled by the discretion of courts and the verdicts of juries. Courts have declared men mentally unbalanced while not irresponsibly so. Probate courts have sustained the wills of men who, for years before they executed them, could not be trusted with the management of their property. Juries have acquitted men of crime on the ground of insanity, though they had never been suspected of insanity, and had long and successfully conducted transactions of magnitude.

If one has passed, in a direction away from the normal, beyond a line (which has to be decided in every case after an inquiry into

the history, circumstances, and condition of the subject), he is legally declared insane, incapable of self-regulation, irresponsible to the law, whatever he may do, and, for his own safety and that of the community, he is kept under restraint and constant vigilance.

The most terrifying form of insanity is the most common—mania. In its simplest form it is marked by exaltation, egotism, unnatural talkativeness. As the excitement increases, onlookers would affirm the man to be either intoxicated, in the delirium of fever, or insane. A little observation ordinarily excludes intoxication and fever.

The most depressing aspect in which insanity presents itself to the unaccustomed spectator is melancholia. Such sadness as never is seen among the sane, expressions of countenance which no actor could simulate, moans such as only one in a permanent state of complete hopelessness could utter—these are its manifestations.

The most interesting form is that ordinarily known as monomania, now more generally called paranœa. This is distinguished from other forms by systematized, fixed delusions usually clearly stated and logically defended by the patient.

A form of insanity of frequent occurrence in business and fashionable social life, though not exclusively confined thereto, is general paresis, in which, when fully developed, there are physical symptoms of paralysis, accompanied by delusions so extraordinarily grand as to be grotesque. These delusions are not long the same, and often there is no consistency between them and the conduct.

The innumerable "phobias" and "manias" found in medical treatises and dictionaries merely indicate the most prominent symptom, such as "agoraphobia, fear of being alone in a large place," and "pyromania, the insane love of setting things on fire." Numerous as are such terms, whoever is familiar with a large number of insane persons and with the Greek language could double the number without difficulty.

All unfeigned evidences of insanity are manifestations of one cause, brain-disease. That insanity is as really a disease of the brain and nervous system as though there were no soul or spirit is capable of demonstration.

1. The "subanimals" are subject to insanity; that is, diseases of, and accidents to, the brain of a beast produce mental manifestations analogous to those which indicate insanity in human beings. Insane horses, under the science of surgery and the art of medicine, are treated much as are insane men. Insanity is common among elephants when in captivity, and occasionally attacks them when wild. Insane dogs exhibit mental and moral symptoms similar to those which characterize human beings—hallucinations, illusions, delusions, melancholia, change of disposition, mania, and suicidal tendencies.

2. While the mental effects of drugs are not classified under insanity, various drugs and herbs give rise to phenomena similar to acute mania or acute melancholia. Alcohol induces an unusual flow of ideas, words, and feelings, resembling the incipient stage of mania; but later, if a debauch be prolonged, afflicts its victims successively with the acute form of that disease and melancholia, and, last of all, with coma. Many cases of alcoholic intoxication are distinguishable from mania only by the transitoriness of the condition, ending in a few hours of sleep.

Opium and morphia generate delusions akin to those of insanity; and Mohammedans, forbidden wine, compound mixtures of opium and other drugs, so that one combination will cause the user to sing, another set him to talking, and a third to dancing. Hashish, a preparation of hemp similar to *Cannabis Indica*, occasions mental aberrations in greatest variety, and its use is far more prolific of permanent derangement than either opium or alcohol. I once spent a day in the only lunatic asylum in Egypt, and while there examined two wards filled with the victims of hashish. By its use men become very drunk, often violent and homicidal, and insanity occasioned by the hashish habit is difficult to cure. These simples or compounds are physical agents, and work their effects upon the physical organization.

3. Injuries to the head and hemorrhages in the brain often produce insanity, epilepsy, or paralysis in subanimals and in human beings, and in both are relieved, if at all, by nature or art in the same way.

4. Observations without number demonstrate that acute functional insanity may be caused by alterations in the quality of the blood, by enfeeblement, or by the non-eliminations of effete poisonous matter originating in the system; which condition may be aggravated by an increase or a decrease in the rapidity of the circulation, as well as by other irregularities in blood-distribution and by inflammatory conditions of the membranes of the brain.

In many cases of chronic insanity post-

mortems reveal extensive brain-deterioration and -destruction. In some cases of protracted and general insanity no traces adequate to explain them are found in the brain, and in some instances where the insanity was never suspected during life, and where there is no reason from the history of the subject to believe that it ever existed, disorganized conditions of the brain of long standing are discovered, which would have been regarded as accounting for insanity had they been found in connection therewith.

The force of the conclusions drawn from the multitude of cases where the coincidence exists is not destroyed by a minority of exceptions. The brain consists of two hemispheres, each of which can in some degree supplement the other, and there may be disease and loss of brain in one of these with no identifiable derangement of mental life, or even of the disposition. Much depends on the seat of brain-disease. There is no more inconsistency in the results of post-mortem examinations of the brain than of other organs. The results of pathological study and analysis during the last forty years place the main proposition beyond rational doubt.

Erroneous opinions concerning insanity are prevalent. The most wide-spread is that persons of powerful intellect are more liable to go mad than others, whereas the opposite is true. So-called geniuses have pursued a course of life which would break down the strongest constitutions. They have made excessive use of stimulants, have placed no restraint upon their passions or appetites, turned night into day without turning day into night, plunged into financial embarrassments, and have been without a well-defined, practically applied system either of philosophy or religion. Few of them have acquired self-control. The heterogeneous collections and comments of Lombroso, by which he tries to show that genius and insanity are almost synonymous terms, belong to the olla podrida of pseudo-science.

Allied to this is the notion that clergymen, lawyers, physicians, educators, journalists, merchants, politicians, and bankers are more liable to become insane than mechanics and common laborers, or than any class of persons who do not laboriously employ their mental faculties. This is not so, however hard their work, except when they habitually disobey the common laws of hygiene.

A large number, actually and relatively, of the insane consists of the more ignorant classes of farm-laborers, artisans, sailors, soldiers, and persons without employment. Hard-working farmers of the poorer class, and especially their wives, living remote from towns, having little variety in life, reading little, conversing and thinking in the same ruts, furnish a large proportion of such cases. Public asylums are crowded with patients who are merely one degree lower than their ancestors. The parents may or may not have been insane, but they were incapable of procreating those capable of enduring the further stress of the family mode of living.

Another common error is that eccentric characters are very liable to become insane. It depends upon whether the cause of the eccentricity is independence, depth of thought and decision of character, or nervous instability, weakness, vanity, and peculiarities of temper.

Singularly incorrect ideas are current with regard to heredity as a predisposing cause. A few maintain that it plays an insignificant part, but many fancy that if one or more members of a family have been insane, whatever the cause or the date, all related to them are seriously liable to become so. The existence of several cases in a line implies the probability of an unusual tendency, but not an irresistible one; nor does the tendency appear in every descendant. The presumption that the children of certain families will be inclined to it is stronger than the presumption that the children of other families will be so inclined. But the children of parents undoubtedly insane, even when in both lines, are not always abnormal; there have been instances, though they are very rare, where both parents were insane, and no descendant for generations has ever shown a trace of insanity. A hereditary tendency to any disease, perceived or unperceived, usually simply means a hereditary reason for self-protection against that malady.

Disease in any form, by exhausting the powers of resistance, may prepare the way for an attack of insanity where there is no hereditary tendency or insane diathesis, and care may counteract the predisposition in all but cases hopeless from the start. There is an acquired as well as an inherited diathesis.

Some diseases prepare a fruitful soil for melancholia, notably dyspepsia in an extreme and incurable form, and various derangements of the liver. Pulmonary diseases are often complicated with mental

derangement; frequently, however, not until physical weakness renders it comparatively harmless. Puerperal insanity sometimes adds to the burdens imposed by nature upon maternity.

Intemperance, either in eating or in the use of stimulants and narcotics, may open the door to this enemy. One made insane by the use of intoxicants is simply a lunatic, though there are characteristics which differentiate alcoholic from ordinary chronic mania. High living without alcoholic excesses accounts for many instances of mental derangement. With alcoholic excess, if continued until the digestive and assimilative powers are ruined, poisons are generated which deprave the blood, unfavorably affect the nutrition, and may bring on attacks which, unless counteracted by exercise and employment, will rapidly cause a degeneration into dementia.

Habitual vice of any kind tends directly to lunacy, and in most instances would end in it if general physical exhaustion, attacks of apoplexy or paralysis, or premature death, did not prevent the consummation. Vice compels a profuse expenditure of vitality, either in normal or abnormal tracks. There being a limited amount of power generated in the human system, and a limited amount of capacity in its structures to endure, physical and mental insolvency must result from habitual excesses; and if the channels of vice be abnormal, the result is rapid and the ravages extensive.

Protracted sleeplessness, the direct result of excitement or of physical disease, may induce insanity by brain-irritation and by the lack of a periodical respite from consciousness.

All mental causes operate physically, however sudden the attack. Bad news, as of sudden death, unexpected transitions from wealth to poverty, and the breaking of matrimonial engagements, are among the exciting causes of insanity. Though the brain bears good news far better than bad, the intelligence of an inheritance, or of success, or, after a period of suspense, of the saving of life where death was feared, has been followed by insanity.

Trouble—domestic, financial, social, or that which comes as the result of crime—is a Pandora's box. It causes self-absorption, indifference to surroundings, sleeplessness, disinclination for recreation, isolation, anxiety, failure of appetite, and frequently suspicion, jealousy, morbid fears, and loss of interest in life. Unkindness or persecution may develop mania, but its usual consequence is melancholia. Strong characters resist desperately; the weak sink into despondency.

The sanest, when lost in a wilderness, are liable to become insane, especially if exposed to starvation.

Overwork by itself seldom induces insanity, but when combined with anxiety, vexation, suspense, want of sleep, disregard of food, exercise, and rest, may and will predispose to nervous exhaustion, which is a blood-relative of insanity, though, fortunately, not always a near one.

The opinion of some that modern civilization itself, apart from vice, is a broad general cause of insanity, is often defended by considerations which will not justify it. Many are now classified as insane who would not have been so regarded in the middle ages, or even in the eighteenth century. The more cautious alienists say that if a higher state of civilization originates new influences capable of exciting insanity, many, on the other hand, are eliminated; for it is well known that the ignorant will become insane over things that would not disturb the educated.

Treatises upon mental derangement, like most works upon other maladies, are concerned with the peculiarities, diagnosis, treatment, prognosis, and cure of the patient, the public being assumed to be invested with the responsibility of taking care of itself until departures from the normal demand the attention of the medical profession. These volumes contain suggestions and implied consequences from which may be deduced important rules; but their technical setting renders them virtually an esoteric philosophy which never reaches those who most need it.

In the institutions to which I have been related have been thousands of patients. With a large number I have been personally acquainted before they were mentally disturbed, during the period of their aberrations, and since their recovery. Many of these have been "border-land" cases, whose actual condition could not be promptly decided. Not a few are counted among my friends, and frequently I have received their confidence. The conversations have had respect to the origin and progress of the malady, more particularly with a view of ascertaining how to counterwork the tendencies or to resist successfully the baneful influences of the excitements which brought nervous instability to a crisis.

The suggestions which have given the best results in preventing relapses, contending against a hereditary tendency, perfecting recovery, checking the development of alarming symptoms, enabling persons to resist adverse conditions, and which have been found excellent working rules of life, may be included in small compass, but their philosophical basis is found in the facts and principles already set forth.

The first knowledge a man should acquire is that of his characteristics, his temperament, his hereditary traits, and those in which he does not resemble the other members of the family. He should ascertain whether his prejudices and prepossessions are strong or weak, whether his type is one of depression or exaltation, whether he is naturally hopeful or doubtful, decided or vacillating, suspicious or confiding, diffident or bold, forgiving or revengeful. He should know whether his first or second thoughts are usually the safest to follow; whether he naturally carries out his purposes by subtlety or force; whether he bears disappointment stoically, recklessly, or philosophically. A most important discovery for every one to make is whether he can control himself, or whether, at certain points, on certain subjects, or in the company of certain persons, he loses self-command. Wherever he finds himself weak, he should systematically cultivate resisting or aggressive power. Self-knowledge would have saved many a man to himself and to his family.

He who would preserve a sound mind in a sound body must observe the laws of health with regard to food, exercise, and sleep. The best prescription for insomnia dates from the time of Solomon: "The sleep of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much; but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep."

Walter Savage Landor held that the only healthy mind is the outdoor mind. Few become insane who, with sufficient mental occupation, daily take two or three hours of vigorous exercise in the open air, and do not protract exciting studies or business far into the night, or, if they do, subtract time from the day for the sleep filched by nocturnal labors. Gladstone declared that he could walk himself into forgetfulness of the mightiest affairs of state, return refreshed, and resume his work with zest. The same time spent in the management of a fine horse will be found equally effectual.

Mental concentration immediately after a full meal is dangerous. Only he who eats little and whose studies are unaccompanied by anxiety can hope to maintain normal mental and physical conditions by rising from the table to return to his desk, there to remain until summoned to the next meal. Digestion draws upon the same nervous forces which are employed in thought. The intensity cannot be measured in amperes, nor the potency in volts, but they are as strictly limited as if they could be.

By observing these rules one may employ the mental faculties without damage ten hours out of every twenty-four. The constrained position of writing doubles the tax on heart, lungs, and brain. Dictation to stenographers admits of moving about the room, or even, if one be sitting, of a healthful position in which the blood is aërated, the lungs move rhythmically, and there is no strain upon the heart. No one should compose or study for more than two hours continuously without change of position. The monks of the middle ages understood this, and among the rules for their vigils and studies was one which required them to rise every hour and twirl a chair for two or three minutes.

Anxiety should be systematically antagonized by philosophy, religion, or change of subjects of thought. The effect of worry and suspense in driving men wild is constantly seen in the business world, directly and by contrast, for bankruptcy is often followed by comparative mental repose. Hence authorities affirm that uncertainty and anxiety are far more liable to lead to mental derangement than the assurance of disaster.

As anxiety is a foe to clear thinking, it is better for one approaching a crisis to resort to indirect methods of dissipating it, such as conversation, the reading of an absorbing book, violent physical exercise, or the use of tools with which one would cut himself if he did not give his entire attention to their use. Similar means also contribute to sound sleep.

Subjects of thought should be frequently changed. Neither fanaticism nor insanity from mental causes will be liable to develop when the mind is not constantly held upon one problem, probability, possibility, or perplexity.

Surroundings lose their power to withdraw the mind from care and fear, so from time to time the scene should be changed. Those who postpone travel for several years often find that they have lost the capacity of enjoyment: care is their courier, and they return unrefreshed. A frequent vacation of two or three days in a month would in many

cases be more beneficial than thirty-six days of leisure or change consecutively each year.

The observance of one day in seven by a complete change in subjects of thought, and the suspension of modes of activity required for six days, would be philosophical even though it had no basis in religion. In the first French Revolution the attempt was made to have a holiday once in five days, and again once in ten. The intervals were too frequent under the first plan, and did not recur often enough under the second. Hence those who hated the system which enforced the Sabbath were fain to return to it.

The superintendent of one of the largest hospitals for the insane declares that nineteen out of twenty of the business and professional men who come under his care have been in the habit of carrying business on their minds for seven days in each and every week.

Exaggerated sensitiveness is a foe to happiness and the direct source of melancholy. In its earliest stages it is amenable to self-treatment. Many a restoration to happiness has occurred by the revelation to one's self that by undue sensitiveness he has been making life intolerable to himself and to his friends.

Never, except in an emergency, should any one stake all he has upon one thing. *Cæsar aut nihil* is usually nihil, and if Cæsar, it is often only another form of nihil. In great emergencies men are often not content to wait. Because they know not what to do, they do they know not what.

Many become insane for want of occupation; they inherit wealth, and with it a strait-jacket of conventionalities in which they are compelled to spend their lives. This is especially the case with women, who generally, unlike men similarly situated, cannot travel by sea or land, or employ their energies in hunting, fishing, or athletics. Men who retire from business voluntarily or because of advancing years, without modes of mental occupation, are prone to melancholy. Some fear poverty while in the midst of riches; others are out of joint with the times; others develop strange eccentricities, illustrating the proverb, "Give an old mill nothing else to grind and it will grind flint." A habit of reading, an interest in science, active connection with some systematized philanthropy, a profound and practical sympathy with some "religious cult," will postpone the date of the advent of senility.

He who cannot hear a name mentioned without having his day spoiled by the towering rage into which he is thrown, or a subject discussed without his being excited to a pitch that becomes a painful spectacle of unbridled passion, may not become insane early in life, but in the dissolution of his brain and nervous system in premature old age will display far more instability and feebleness than attended its evolution.

Nature is not so harsh as many imagine. Where the cause is neither physical injury, a fierce and sudden onset of disease, nor irregular senile decay, usually the subject of derangement is aware that a change of an unusual character is progressing in his views and feelings. At this time, if he counterworks it in every way possible (as by acting as though unconscious of unreasoning dislike, suspicion, and jealousy), if he confidentially consults his physician or a competent specialist, he may find adequate aid in preventing the slipping away of the characteristics of his proper personality. There are sanatoria where patients are treated for neurasthenia, and entirely recover, who might have died, sunk into imbecility, or become insane, had they not for the time relinquished ordinary pursuits and associations and surrendered themselves to skilful supervision.

Of the permanent recoveries from pronounced insanity the majority are those who early in the attack were placed where the sole objects are care, comfort, and restoration. Recoveries are more numerous than is popularly supposed. It should not be forgotten that institutions for the insane retain the incurable, which general hospitals never do. Many would be sent to such institutions and recover, were it not for the horror of such places perpetuated by the tradition of conditions and methods which no longer exist.

The best of these institutions are the noblest monuments of private and public philanthropy, and if the average of happiness within those spacious wards is not so high as in the community at large, the difference is far less than many think. There the light of reason is restored to many who for the first time learn how to retain it. There those whose light is but a will-o'-the-wisp in a morass of fears, forebodings, and delusions are protected from harming themselves and others. And as in the darkest night the searching eye discerns sometimes a star, so from the most estranged intellect a ray of reason may shine forth, inspiring the physician with new hope and energy to "minister to a mind diseased."

OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

NINTH PAPER.

XXVII. IN SCOTLAND.

IT was the turn of Scotland next. There the Commonwealth of England was wholly without friends. Religious sentiment and national sentiment, so far as in that country they can be conceived apart, combined against a government that, in the first place, sprang from the triumphs of sectaries over Presbyterians, and the violent slaying of a lawful Scottish king; and, in the second place, that had definitely substituted a principle of toleration for the milk of the covenanted Word. The pure Royalist, the pure Covenanter, the men who were both Royalists and fervid Presbyterians, those who had gone with Montrose, those who went with Argyll, the Engagers whom Cromwell had routed at Preston, Whiggamores, nobles and clergy, all abhorred the new English system which dispelled at the same time both golden dreams of a Presbyterian king ruling over a Presbyterian people, and constitutional visions of the sway of the legitimate line. The spirit of intestine faction was red-hot, but the wiser Scots knew by instinct that the struggle before them was at bottom as much a struggle for independent national existence as it had been in the days of Wallace or Bruce. Equally the statesmen of the Commonwealth felt the impossibility of establishing their own rule over the host of malcontents in England until they had suppressed a hostile Scotland. The alliance between the two neighboring nations, which ten years before had arisen from religious feeling in one and military needs in the other, had now by slow stages become a struggle for national predominance and a great consolidated state. The proclamation of Charles II at Edinburgh, the long negotiations with him in Holland, his surrender to the inexorable demand that he should censure his father for resisting the Reformation and his mother for being an idolatress, and should himself turn Covenanter, and finally his arrival on the soil of Scotland, all showed that no time was to be lost if the union of the kingdoms was to be saved.

An express messenger was sent to Ireland by the Council of State in March (1650) to let Cromwell know that affairs were urgent, and that they desired his presence and assistance. He did not arrive until the 1st of June. He was saluted with joyful acclamation on every side, from the magnanimous Fairfax down to the multitudes that thronged the approaches to Westminster. Both Parliament and the City gave him formal thanks for his famous services in Ireland, which, being added to the laurels of his English victories, "crowned him in the opinion of all the world for one of the wisest and most accomplished leaders among the present and past generations." As against a popish Ireland, all English parties were united.

It was now that Fairfax, the brave and skilful commander, but wanting in the sovereign qualities of decision and initiative to guide the counsels of a revolution, disappeared from conspicuous place. While Cromwell was in Ireland, Fairfax had still retained the office of lord general, and Cromwell himself was now undoubtedly sincere in his urgency that the old arrangement should continue. Among other reasons, the presence of Fairfax was a satisfaction to that Presbyterian interest against whose active enmity the Commonwealth could hardly stand. Fairfax had always shown himself a man of scruple. After a single attendance he had absented himself from the trial of the king, and in the same spirit of scruple he refused the command of the army destined for the invasion of Scotland, on the ground that invasion would be a breach of the Solemn League and Covenant. Human probabilities, he said, are not sufficient ground to make war upon a neighbor nation. The point may seem minute in modern eyes; but in Fairfax at least moral punctilio had no association with disloyalty either to his powerful comrade or to the Commonwealth. Cromwell was at once appointed to be captain-general and commander-in-chief.

The Scottish case was essentially different from the case of Ireland, and the national quarrel was definitely described by

Oliver. To Ireland he had gone to exact vengeance, to restore some sort of framework to a society shattered even to dissolution, and to wage war against the practice of a hated creed. Very different from his truculence against Irish prelates was his earnest appeal to the General Assembly in Scotland. "I beseech you," he said—enjoining a lesson that of all lessons mankind over the whole earth is least willing to learn—"I beseech you, think it possible you may be mistaken." He protested that they wished well to the honest people of Scotland as to their own souls, "it being no part of our business to hinder any of them from worshiping God in that way they are satisfied in their conscience by the Word of God they ought." It was the political incoherencies of the Scots that forced the war upon England. They pretended, he told them, that to impose a king upon England was the cause of God, and the satisfaction of God's people in both countries. Yet this king who now professed to submit to the Covenant had at that very moment a popish army fighting under his orders in Ireland. Prince Rupert, one whose hand was so deep in the blood of innocent men of England, was playing the pirate with ships stolen from the English Commonwealth. Finally, the malignants in England were striving to raise armies in the heart of the land by virtue of the king's commissions.

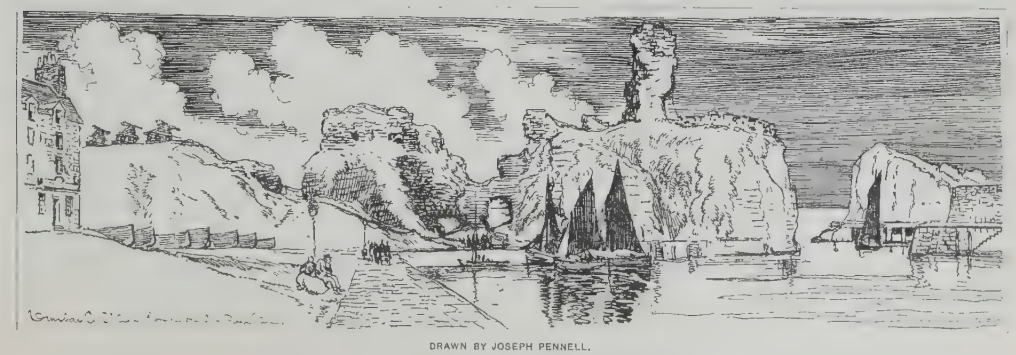
The political exposure was unanswerable, and Cromwell spared no trouble to bring it home to the minds of the godly. But the clergy hindered the passage of those things to the hearts of those for whom he intended them—deceived clergy, "meddling with worldly policies and mixtures of earthly power, to set up that which they call the kingdom of Christ." Theirs was no kingdom of Christ, and if it were, no such means as worldly policy would be effectual to set it up: it is the sword of the Spirit alone that is powerful for the setting up of that kingdom. This mystic spirituality, ever the indwelling essence of Cromwell's faith, struck no response in the dour hierophants to whom he was speaking.

However all this might be, the battle must be fought. To have a king imposed by Scotland would be better than one imposed by Ireland, but if malignants were destined to win, it were better to have a restoration by English Cavaliers than by Scottish presbyters, inflaming with spiritual pride and sodden in theological arrogance. At a critical hour six years later Cromwell deprecated despondency, and the argument was as good now as then. "We are Englishmen; that is one good fact. And if God give a nation valor and courage, it is honor and a mercy." It was upon this valor and courage that he now counted, and the crowning mercy of Worcester in the autumn of 1651 justified him. But many somber episodes intervened.

Cromwell (July 22) crossed the northern border with a force of some sixteen thousand men. For five weeks, until the end of August, he was involved in a series of manœuvers, extremely complicated in detail, and turning on a fruitless attempt to draw the Scots out of a strong and skilfully intrenched position in Edinburgh, and to force them to an engagement in the open. The general was David Leslie, who six years before had rendered such valiant and timely service on the day of Marston Moor. He knew that time, weather, and scarcity of supplies must wear Cromwell out and compel him to recross the border; and Leslie's skill and steadfastness, in the absence of any of those rapid and energetic blows that usually marked Cromwell's operations, ended in complete success. "There is an impossibility," said Fleetwood, "in our forcing them to fight—the passes being so many and so great that as soon as we go on the one side, they go over on the other." The English force retreated to Dunbar, a shattered, hungry, discouraged host. Leslie bent southward to the hills that overlook Dunbar, and Cromwell was hemmed in. The Scots were in high spirits at thus cutting them off from Berwick. "In their presumption and arrogance they had disposed of us and of their business, in sufficient revenge and wrath towards our persons; and had swallowed up the poor interest of England; believing that their army and their king would have marched to London without any interruption." This was indeed the issue—a king restored by the ultras of the Scottish Church, with a new struggle in England between malignants and Presbyterians to follow after. "We lay very near him," says Oliver, "being sensible of our disadvantage, having some weakness of flesh, but yet consolation and support from the Lord himself to our poor weak faith: that because of their numbers, because of their advantage, because of their confidence, because of our weakness, because of our strait, we were in the mount, and in the mount the Lord would be seen; and that he would find a way of deliverance and salvation for us; and indeed we had our consolations and our hopes." This was written after the event; but a note

written on September 2, to the governor of Newcastle, shows with even more reality into how desperate a position he felt that Leslie's generalship had driven him. "We are upon an engagement very difficult. The enemy hath blocked up our way at the Pass of Copperspath, through which we cannot get without almost a miracle. He lieth so upon the hills, that we know not how to come that way without great difficulty; and our lying here daily consumeth our men, who fall sick beyond imagination. Whatever becomes of us, it will be well for you to get what forces you can together; and the south to help what they can. The business nearly concerneth all good people. If your forces had been here in a readiness to have fallen upon the back of Copperspath, it might have occasioned supplies to come to us. All shall work for good. Our spirits are comfortable, praised be the Lord—though our present condition be as it is." History possesses no finer picture of the fortitude of the man of action, with eyes courageously open to dark facts closing round him, yet with alacrity, vigilance, and a kind of cheerful hope, taking thought for every detail of the business of the day. Where the purpose is lofty and unselfish, this is indeed moral greatness.

Whether Leslie's idea was to allow the English to retreat until they were engaged in the pass, and then to fall upon them in the rear, or to draw them slowly across the border in humiliation and disgrace, we cannot tell for certain. No more can we tell for certain whether Cromwell still held to his first project of fortifying Dunbar, or intended at all costs to cut his way through. Leslie had naturally made up his mind that the English must either move or surrender, and in either case, if he remained on the heights, victory was his. Unluckily for him, he was forced from this resolve, either by want of water, provisions, and shelter for his force, or else by the impatience of his committee, mainly of ministers, who were wearied by his triumphant Fabian strategy, and could not restrain their exultation at the sight of the hated sectaries lying entrapped at their feet, shut in between the sea at their back and a force twice as strong as themselves in front, with another force cutting them off from the south, in such a position that one man could hold it against forty. Their minds were full of Saul, Amalekites, Moabites, the fords of Jordan, and all the rest of it, just as Oliver was full of the mount of the Lord, taking care, however, not to let texts do duty for good tactics. In an evil moment on the afternoon of September 2 the Scots began to descend the hill and to extend themselves on the ledge of a marshy glen at the foot. Cromwell, walking about with Lambert, with a watchful eye for the hills, discerned the unexpected motions. "I told the major-general," says Cromwell, "I thought it did give us an opportunity and advantage to attempt upon the enemy. To which he immediately replied that he had thought to have said the same thing to me. So that it pleased the Lord to set this apprehension upon both of our hearts at the instant." They called for Monk; then going to their quarters at night, they all held a council of war, and explained their plans to some of the colonels, and these cheerfully concurred. Leslie's move must mean either an immediate attack or a closer blockade; in either case the only chance was to be first to engage. They determined to fall on at daybreak, though, as it happened, the battle did not open before six (September 3). The weather was wet and stormy. The voice of prayer and preaching sounding through the night watches showed the piety and confirmed the confidence of the English troopers. The Scots sought shelter behind the shocks of corn against the wind and rain



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

DUNBAR CASTLE, FROM THE HARBOR.

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

DUNBAR BATTLE-FIELD, UP AMONG THE HILLS WHERE THE SCOTCH ARMY LAY.

from the sea, instead of obeying the orders to stand to their arms. "It was our own laziness," said Leslie. "I take God to witness that we might have as easily beaten them as we did James Graham at Philiphaugh, if the officers had stayed by their troops and regiments."

The English and the Scots faced one another across a brook with steep banks, only passable at a narrow ford, and here the fight was. The rout of Dunbar has been described once for all by Carlyle, in one of the famous masterpieces of modern letters, with a force of imagination, a faithfulness in detail, a moral depth, a poetic beauty, that help to atone for the perplexing humors and whimsical philosophies that mar that fine biography. It is wise for others not to attempt to turn into poetry the prose of politics and war. The battle opened with a cannonade from the English guns, followed by a charge of horse under Lambert. The enemy were in a good position, had the advantage of guns and foot against Lambert's horse, and at first had the best of it in the struggle. Before the English foot could come up, Cromwell says, "the enemy made a gallant resistance, and there was a very hot dispute at swords' point between our horse and theirs." Then the first line of foot came up, and "after they had discharged their duty (being overpowered with the enemy) received some repulse which they soon recovered. For my own regiment did come seasonably in, and at the push of pike did repel the stoutest regiment the enemy had there, which proved a great amazement to the residue of their foot. The horse in the meantime did, with a great deal of courage and spirit, beat back all opposition; charging through the bodies of the enemy's horse and of their foot; who were after the first repulse given, made by the Lord of hosts as stubble to their swords. The best of the enemy's horse being broken through and through in less than an hour's dispute, their whole army being put into confusion, it became a total rout, our men having the chase and execution of them near eight miles."

Such is the whole story of this memorable hour's fight as told by the victor. Rushworth, then Cromwell's secretary, is still more summary. "About twilight the general advanced with the army, and charged them both in the valley and on the hill. The battle was very fierce for the time; one part of their battalion stood very stiffly to it, but the rest was presently routed. I never beheld a more terrible charge of foot than was given by our army; our foot alone making the Scots foot give ground for three quarters of a mile together." Whether the business was finally done by Lambert's second charge of horse after his first repulse, or whether Cromwell turned the day by a flank movement of his own, the authorities do not enable us to settle. The best of them says this: "The day broke, and we in disorder, and the Major General [Lambert] a wanting, being ordering the guns. The General was impatient; the Scots a preparing to make the attempt upon us, sounding a trumpet, but soon desisted. At last the Major General came, and ordered Packer, major to the General's Regiment, Gough's and our two foot regiments to march about Roxburgh House towards the sea, and so to fall upon the enemy's flank, which was done with a great deal of resolution; and one of the Scots brigades of foot would not yield, tho' at push of pike and butt end of the musket, until a troop of our horse charged from one end to another of them, and so left them at the mercy of the foot. The General himself comes in the rear of our regiment, and commands to incline to the left; that was to take more ground, to be clear of all bodies. And we did so, and horse and foot were engaged

DRAWN BY M. GREIFFENHAGEN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

THE BATTLE OF DUNBAR. "THE PUSH OF PIKE" AT BROCK BURN.

all over the field; and the Scots all in confusion. And the sun appearing upon the sea, I heard Nol say, 'Now let God arise, and his enemies shall be scattered'; and he following us as we slowly marched, I heard him say, 'I profess they run!' and then was the Scots army all in disorder and running, both right wing and left and main battle. They had routed one another, after we had done their work on their right wing; and we coming up to the top of the hill with the straggling parties that had been engaged, kept them from bodying."

Cromwell's "gazette" was peculiar, perhaps not without a moral for later days: "Both your chief commanders and others in their several places, and soldiers also were acted [actuated] with as much courage as ever hath been seen in any action since this war. I know they look not to be named, and therefore, I forbear particulars." Nor is a word said about the precise part taken by himself. A singular fact about the drove of Dunbar is that though the battle was so fierce, at such close quarters, and lasted more than an hour, yet the English did not lose thirty men, or even, as Oliver says in another place, not twenty. They killed three thousand, and took ten thousand prisoners.

XXVIII. FROM DUNBAR TO WORCESTER.

For nearly a year after the victory at Dunbar, Cromwell remained in Scotland, and for five months of the year, with short intervals followed by relapses, he suffered from an illness from which he thought that he should die. On the day after Dunbar he wrote to his wife: "My weak faith hath been upheld. I have been in my inward man marvelously supported, though, I assure thee, I grow an old man, and feel infirmities of age marvelously stealing upon me. Would my corruptions did as fast decrease." He was only fifty years old, but for the last eight years his labors, hardships, privations, and anxieties had been incessant and severe. The winter in Ireland had brought on a long and sharp attack of feverish ague. The climate of Scotland agreed with him no better. The baffled marches and countermarches that preceded Dunbar, in dreadful weather and along miry ways, may well have depressed his vital energies. His friends in London took alarm, and Parliament despatched two physicians from London to see him, and even made an order allowing him to return into England for change of air. Of this unsolicited permission he did not avail himself.

Both the political and the military operations in Scotland between Dunbar and Worcester are as intricate a tangle as any in Cromwell's career. The student who unravels them in detail may easily convince us what different results might have followed, if only military tactics had been other than they were, or if religious quarrels had been less vivid and less stubborn. The general outline is fairly plain. As Ranke says, the struggle was not between two ordinary armies, but two politico-religious sects. On both sides they professed to be zealous Protestants. On both sides they professed their conviction of the immediate intervention of Providence in their affairs. On both sides a savory text made an unanswerable argument, and English and Scots in the seventeenth century of the Christian era found their morals and their politics in the tribal warfare of the Hebrews of the old dispensation. The English likened themselves to Israel against Benjamin, and then to Joshua against the Canaanites. The Scots repaid in the same scriptural coin. The quarrel was whether they should have a king or not, and whether there should be a ruling church or not. The rout of Leslie at Dunbar had thrown the second of these issues into a secondary place.

In vain did Cromwell, as his fashion was, appeal to the testimony of results. He could not comprehend how men worshiping the God of Israel, and thinking themselves the chosen people, could so perversely ignore the moral of Dunbar and the yet more eminent witness of the Lord against the family of Charles for blood-guiltiness. The churchmen haughtily replied that they had not learned to hang the equity of their cause upon events.

"Events!" retorted Oliver, with a scorn more fervid than their own; "what blindness on your eyes to all those marvelous dispensations lately wrought in England! But did you not solemnly appeal and pray? Did we not do so, too? And ought not you and we to think with fear and trembling of the hand of the great God in this mighty and strange appearance of his, instead of slightly calling it 'an event'? Were not both your and our expectations renewed from time to time, whilst we waited upon God, to see which way he would manifest himself upon our appeals? And shall we, after all these our prayers, fastings, tears, expectations, and solemn appeals, call these bare 'events'? The Lord pity you!"

After bitter controversies that propagated themselves in Scotland for generations to

AFTER THE PAINTING BY A. C. GOW AT THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY THE PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT. BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO., NEW YORK. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

CROMWELL AT THE BATTLE OF DUNBAR.

come, after all the strife between Remonstrants, Resolutioners, and Protesters, and after a victory by Lambert over the zealots of the west, Scottish policy underwent a marked reaction. Argyll, the shifty and astute opportunist, who had attempted to combine fierce Covenanters with moderate Royalists, lost his game. The fanatical clergy had been brought down from the mastery which they had so arrogantly abused. The nobles and gentry regained their ascendancy. The king found a large force at last in line upon his side, and saw a chance of throwing off the yoke of his Presbyterian tyrants. All the violent and confused issues, political and religious, had, by the middle of 1651, become simplified into the one question of a Royalist restoration to the throne of the two kingdoms.

The headquarters of the Scots were at Stirling, and here David Leslie repeated the tactics that had been so triumphant at Edinburgh. Well intrenched within a region of marsh and moorland, he baffled all Oliver's attempts to dislodge him or to open the way to Stirling. Again were the English invaders to be steadily wearied out. Cromwell says: "We were gone as far as we could in our counsel and action, and we did say to one another we knew not what to do." The enemy was at his "old lock," and with abundant supplies from the north. "It is our business still to wait upon God, to show us our way how to deal with this subtle enemy, which I hope he will." Meanwhile, like the diligent man of business that every good general must be, he sends to the Council of State for more arms, more spades and tools, more saddles and provisions, and more men, especially volunteers rather than pressed men. His position was not so critical as on the eve of Dunbar, but it was vexatious. There was always the risk of the Scots retiring in detached parties to the Highlands, and so prolonging a guerrilla war. On the other hand, if he did not succeed in dislodging the king from Stirling, he must face another winter with all the difficulties of climate and health for his soldiers, and all the expense of English treasure for the government at Whitehall. For many weeks he had been revolving plans for outflanking Stirling by an expedition through Fife, and so cutting off the king from his northern resources. In this plan also there was the risk that a march in force northward left the road to England open, if the Scots, in their desperation and fear and inevitable necessity, should try what they could do in this way. In July Cromwell came at length to a decision. He despatched Lambert with four thousand men across the Forth to the shores of Fife, and after Lambert had overcome the stout resistance of a force of Scots of about equal numbers at Inverkeithing, Cromwell transported the main body of his army on to the same ground, and the whole force, passing Stirling on the left, advanced north as far as Perth. Here Cromwell arrived on August 1, and the city was surrendered to him on the following day. This move placed the king and his force in the desperate dilemma that had been foreseen. Their supplies would be cut off, their men were beginning to desert, and the English were ready to close. Their only choice lay between a hopeless engagement in the open about Stirling, and a march to the south. "We must," said one of them, "either starve, disband, or go with a handful of men into England. This last seems to be the least ill, yet it appears very desperate." That was the way they chose; they started forth (July 31) for the invasion of England. Cromwell, hearing the momentous news, acted with even more than his usual swiftness, and having taken Perth on August 2, was back again at Leith two days later, and off from Leith in pursuit two days after his arrival there. The chase lasted a month. Charles and twenty thousand Scots took the western road, as Hamilton had done in 1648. England was, in Cromwell's phrase, much more unsteady in Hamilton's time than now, and the Scots tramped south from Carlisle to Worcester without any signs of that eager rising against the Commonwealth on which they had professed to count. They found themselves foreigners among stolid and scowling natives. The Council of State responded to Cromwell's appeal with extraordinary vigilance, forethought, and energy. They despatched letters to the militia commissioners over England, urging them to collect forces and to have them in the right places. They dwelt on the king's mistaken calculations: how the counties, instead of assisting him everywhere with the cheerfulness on which he was reckoning, had united against him; and how, after all his long march, scarcely anybody joined him, "except such whose other crimes seek shelter there, by the addition of that one more." The lord general, making his way south in hard marches by Berwick, York, Nottingham, was forced to leave not a few of his veterans on the way, worn out by sickness and the hardships of the last winter's campaign in Scotland. These the Coun-

DRAWN BY L. RAVEN-HILL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

THE TAKING OF WORCESTER.

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE APPROACH TO STIRLING FROM THE EDINBURGH ROAD.

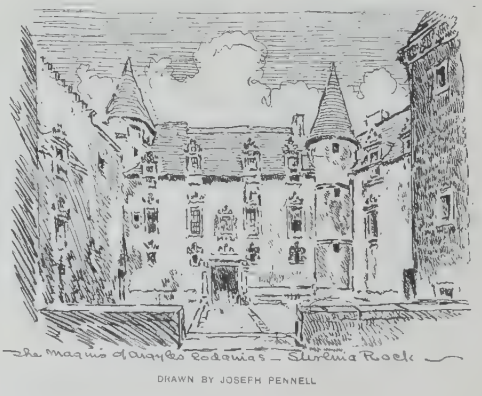
cil directed should be specially refreshed and tended. On August 28 the Council sent their last greeting to Cromwell before the day of Worcester: "We have used our utmost diligence to bring together what forces we could, as holding it our duty to serve Providence in the use of means, and not tempt it by neglect of means. Having done that, we rest not upon an arm of flesh, as you well advise, but upon Him to whom it is equal to save by many or by few," with more pious phrases of a like tenor.

Cromwell's march from Perth to Worcester, and the combinations incident to it, have excited the warm admiration of the military critics of our time. The precision of his operations would be deemed remarkable even in the days of the telegraph, and their success testifies to Cromwell's extraordinary sureness in all that concerned the movements of horse, as well as to the extraordinary military talent of Lambert, on which he knew that he could safely reckon. Harrison, who had instantly started after the Scottish invaders upon their left flank, and Lambert, whom Cromwell ordered to hang upon their rear, effected a junction on August 13. Cromwell, marching steadily on a line to the east, and receiving recruits as he advanced (from Fairfax in Yorkshire among others), came up with Lambert's column on August 24. Fleetwood joined them with the forces of militia newly collected in the south. Thus three separate corps, starting from three different bases, and marching at long distances from one another, converged at the right point, and four days later the whole army, some thirty thousand strong, lay around Worcester. "Not Napoleon, not Moltke, could have done better" (Hönig, iii. 136). The energy of the Council of State, the skill of Lambert and Harrison, and, above all, the stanch aversion of the population to the invaders, had hardly less to do with the result than the strategy of Oliver.

It was indispensable that Cromwell's force should be able to operate at once on both banks of the Severn. Fleetwood succeeded in crossing Upton Bridge from the left bank to the right, seven miles below Worcester, thus securing access to both banks. About

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

STIRLING CASTLE.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL

THE MARQUIS OF ARGYLL'S LODGINGS, STIRLING ROCK.

midway between Worcester and Upton the tributary Teme flows into the Severn, and the decisive element in the struggle consisted in laying two bridges of boats, one across the Teme and the other across the Severn, both of them close to the junction of the broader stream with the less. This was the work of the afternoon of September 3, the anniversary of Dunbar, and it became possible for the Cromwellians to work freely with a concentrated force on either left bank or right. The battle was opened by Fleetwood after he had transported one of his wings by the bridge of boats over the Teme, and the other by Powick Bridge a short distance up the stream on the left. As soon as Fleetwood advanced to the attack, the Scots on the right bank of the Severn offered a stout resistance. Cromwell passed a mixed force of horse and foot over his Severn bridge to the relief of Fleetwood. Together they beat the enemy from hedge to hedge, till they beat him into Worcester. The scene then changed to the left bank. Charles, from the cathedral tower observing that Cromwell's main force was engaged in the pursuit of the Scots between the Teme and the city, drew all his men together and sallied out on the eastern side. Here they pressed as hard as they could upon the reserve that Cromwell had left behind him before joining Fleetwood. He now in all haste recrossed the Severn, and a furious engagement followed, lasting for three hours, at close quarters and often at push of pike and from defense to defense. The end was the "total defeat and ruin of the enemy's army, and a possession of the town, our men entering at the enemy's heels and fighting with them in the streets with very great courage." The Scots fought with desperate tenacity. The carnage was what it always is in street warfare. Some three thousand men lay dead; twice or even three times as many were taken prisoners, including most of the men of high station. Charles was a fugitive. Not many of the Scots ever saw their homes again. Such was the battle of Worcester, "as stiff a contest," says the victor, "as ever I have seen." It was Oliver's last battle, the "Crowning Mercy." It has been said that as a military commander Cromwell's special work was not the overthrow of Charles I, but the rearrangement of the relations of the three kingdoms. Such a distinction is arbitrary or paradoxical. Neither at Naseby and Preston, nor at Dunbar and Worcester, was any indelible stamp impressed upon the institutions of the realm; no real incorporation of Ireland and Scotland took place or was then possible. What Cromwell's military genius and persistency secured by the subjugation alike of king and kingdoms was that the waves of reaction should not roll

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE OLD HARBOR, LEITH.

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

HOUSE IN WHICH CHARLES II LODGED AT WORCESTER.

over the work until the great experiment had been fairly tried.

XXIX. CIVIL PROBLEMS AND THE SOLDIER.

WHEN God, said Milton, has given victory to the cause, "then comes the task to those worthies which are the soul of that enterprise, to be sweated and labored out amidst the throng and noises of vulgar and irrational men." Often, in later days, Cromwell used to declare that after the triumph of the cause at Worcester he would fain have withdrawn from prominence and power. These sighs of fatigue in strong men are often sincere and always vain. Outer circumstances prevent withdrawal, and a daimon within prevents it. This was the climax of his glory. Nine years had gone since conscience, duty, his country, the cause of civil freedom, the cause of sacred truth and of the divine purpose, had summoned him to arms. With miraculous constancy victory had crowned his standards. Unlike Condé or Turenne or almost any general that has ever lived, he had in all these years of incessant warfare never suffered a defeat. The rustic captain of horse was now lord general of the army that he had brought to be the best-disciplined force in Europe. It was now to be seen whether the same genius and the same good fortune would mark his handling of civil affairs and the ship of state plunging among the breakers. It was certain that he would be as active and indefatigable in peace as he had proved himself in war; that energy would never fail, even if depth of counsel often failed; that strenuous watchfulness would never relax, even though calculations went again and again amiss; that it would still be

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

WORCESTER FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.

true of him to the end that he was a strong man; and in the deep perils of war, in the high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire when it had gone out in all others. Hope and the halo of past success—these are two of the manifold secrets of a great man's power; and a third is a certain moral unity that impresses him on others as a living whole. Cromwell possessed all three. Whether he had the other gifts of a wise ruler in a desperate pass only time could show.

The victorious general had a triumphal return. The Parliament sent five of its most distinguished members to greet him on his march, voted him a grant of four thousand pounds a year in addition to twenty-five hundred pounds voted the year before, and they gave him Hampton Court as a country residence. He entered the metropolis, accompa-

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

REMAINS OF EARTHWORKS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF WORCESTER.

DRAWN BY MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN.

THE ENTRY OF CROMWELL INTO LONDON.

nied not only by the principal officers of the army, but by the Speaker, the Council of State, the lord mayor, the aldermen and sheriffs, and many thousand other persons of quality, while an immense multitude received the conqueror of Ireland and Scotland with volleys of musketry and loud rejoicing. In the midst of acclamations, that Cromwell took for no more than they were worth, it was observed that he bore himself with great affability and seeming humility. With a touch of the irony that was rare in him, yet can never be wholly absent in one that meddles with affairs of politics and party, he remarked that there would have been a still mightier crowd to see him hanged. Whenever Worcester was talked of he never spoke of himself, but talked of the gallantry of his comrades, and gave the glory to God. Yet there were those who said, "This man will make himself our king"; and in days to come his present modesty was set down to craft. It is an element in the poverty of human nature that as soon as people see that a man knows how to calculate, they assume that the aim of his calculations can be nothing but his own interest. Cromwell's moderation was, in truth, the natural bearing of a man massive in simplicity, purged of self, and who knew far too well how many circumstances work together for the formation of great events, to gather all the credit to a single agent.

The Commonwealth, on Cromwell's return from the "Crowning Mercy," had lasted for two years and a half (February 1, 1649, to September, 1651). During this period its existence had been saved mainly by Cromwell's victorious suppression of its foes in Ireland and in Scotland, and partly by circumstances in France and Spain that prevented either of the two great monarchies of western Europe from armed intervention on behalf of monarchy in England. Cromwell's military success in the outlying kingdoms was matched by corresponding progress achieved through the energy and policy of the civil government at Westminster. At Christmas, 1650, or less than two years after the execution of Charles, an ambassador from the King of Spain was received in audience by the Parliament, and presented his credentials to the Speaker. France, torn by intestine discord, and with a more tortuous game to play, was slower; but in the winter of 1652 the Commonwealth was duly recognized by the government of Louis XIV, the nephew of the king whom the leaders of the Commonwealth had slain. Less than justice has usually been done to the bold and skilful exertions by which the Council of State had made the friendship of England an object of keen desire both to France and to Spain. The creation of the navy, by which Blake and other of the amphibious sea-generals won some of the proudest victories in all the annals of English seamanship, was not less striking and hardly less momentous than the creation of the army of the New Model. The task of maritime organization was carried through by the vigor, insight, and administrative talents of Vane and the other men of the Commonwealth, who are now so often far too summarily despatched as mere egotists and pedants. By the time that Cromwell had effected the subjugation of Ireland, which Ireton completed, and the subjugation of Scotland, which Monk and Deane completed, he found that the Council of State had been as active in suppressing the piratical civil war waged by Rupert at sea, as he had been with his iron veterans on land. What was more, they had opened a momentous chapter of maritime and commercial policy. Ill will had sprung up early between the Dutch and English republics, partly from the dynastic relations between the house of Stuart and the house of Orange, partly from repugnance in Holland to the execution of King Charles, and most of all from the keen instincts of commercial rivalry. It has been justly remarked as extraordinary that the two republics, threatened both of them by Stuart interests, by Catholic interests, by France, should now for the first time make war upon each other. In the days of their struggle with Spain, the Dutch did their best to persuade Queen Elizabeth to accept their allegiance and to incorporate the United Provinces in the English realm. Now it was statesmen of the English Commonwealth who dreamed of adding the Dutch republic to the union of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Of this dream in shape so definite nothing could come, and even minor projects of friendship were not discussed without a degree of friction that speedily passed into downright animosity. To cripple the naval power of Holland would at once satisfy the naval pride of the new Commonwealth, remove a source of military danger, and exalt the maritime strength and the commercial greatness of England. The Navigation Act of 1651 was passed, the one durable monument of republican legislation. By this famous measure goods were to be admitted into England only in English ships, or else in ships of the country to which the goods belonged.

DRAWN BY MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN

AN AMBASSADOR FROM THE KING OF SPAIN RECEIVED IN AUDIENCE BY THE PARLIAMENT.

Whatever else came of it, the Navigation Act made a breach in the Dutch monopoly of the world's carrying trade. An unfriendly Holland seemed as direct a peril as the enmity of France or Spain, and before long it was perceived how easily a combination between Holland and Denmark, by closing the gates of the Baltic, might exclude England from free access to tar, cordage, and the other prime requisites for building and rigging her ships. The blow at the Dutch trade monopoly was a fresh irritant to Dutch pride, already embittered by the English claim to supremacy and its outward symbols in the narrow seas, as well as to a right of seizure of the goods of enemies in neutral ships. War followed (1652), and was prosecuted by the Commonwealth with an intrepidity, decision, and vigor worthy of the Roman senate at its highest. Cromwell had little share, so far as we are able to discern, in this memorable attempt to found the maritime ascendancy of England. The renown belongs to Vane, the organizer, and to Blake, Deane, and Monk, the sea-generals.

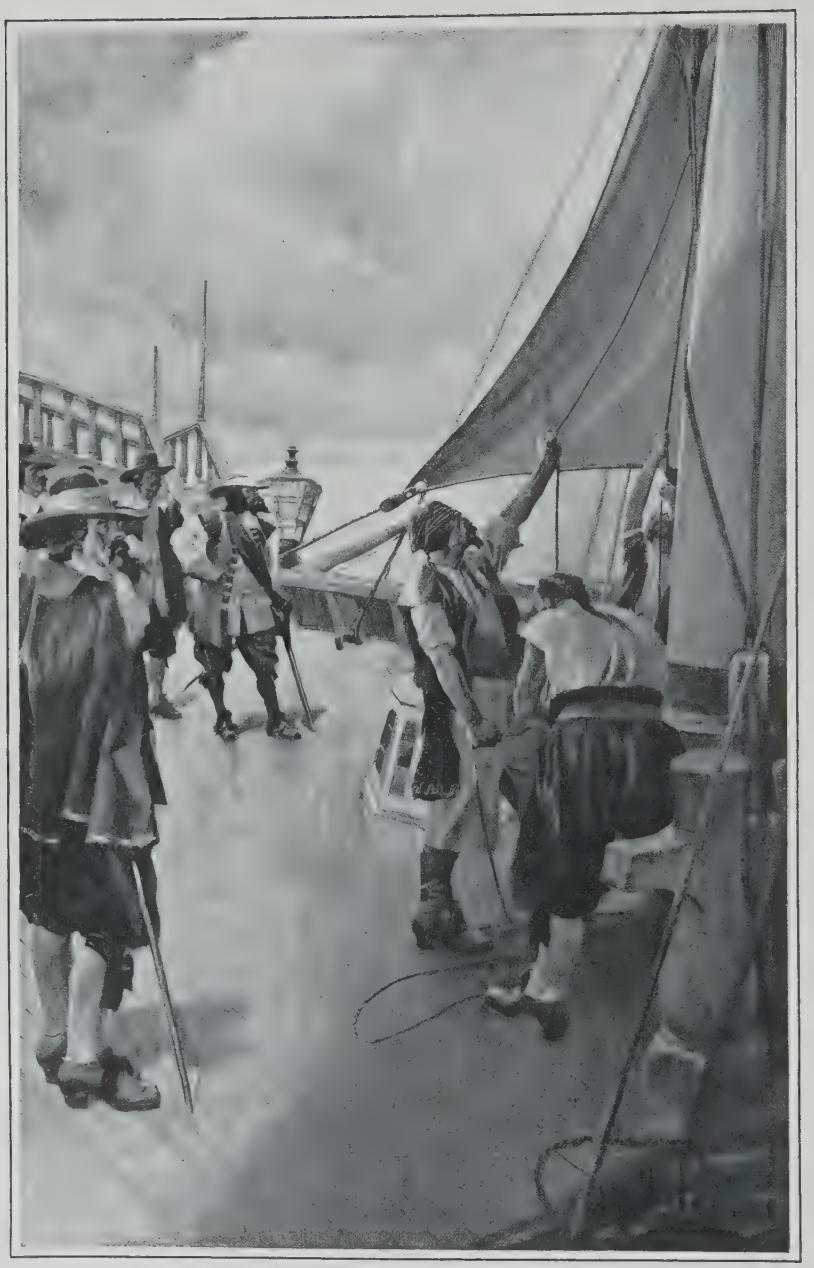
To Cromwell, for the time, a war between two Protestant republics seemed a fratricidal war. It was in conflict with that ideal of religious union and England's place in Europe, which began to ripen in his mind as soon as the stress of war left his imagination free to survey the larger world. Apart from this, he grudged its consumption of treasure, and the vast burden that it laid upon the people. He set the charge at one hundred and twenty thousand pounds a month, or as much as the whole of the taxes came to, and there was besides the injury to trade. The sale of church lands, king's lands, and delinquents' lands did not suffice to fill the gulf. Embarrassed finance, as usual, deepened popular discontent, heightened the unpopularity of the government, and put off the day of social and political consolidation. Events or dreams were by and by to change Cromwell's mind.

In the enormous task of the settlement of the nation no progress was made. For the formal machinery of government Cromwell cared little. What he sought, what had been deep in his mind amid all the toils of war, was the opening of a new way for righteousness and justice in the lives and souls of men. Parliament, the state, the strength and ordering of a nation, to him were only means for making truth shine and right and duty prevail. "Disown yourselves," he exhorted the Parliament after the victory at Dunbar, "but own your authority; and improve it to curb the proud and insolent, such as would disturb the tranquillity of England, though under what specious pretenses soever. Relieve the oppressed, hear the groans of poor prisoners in England. Be pleased to reform the abuses of all professions; and if there be any one that makes many poor to make a few rich, that suits not a commonwealth." Although, however, law-reform and church-reform were the immediate ends of government in his eyes, the questions of parliamentary or other machinery could not be evaded. Was the sitting fragment of a House of Commons fit to execute these reforms, or fit to frame a scheme for a future constitution? Was it to continue in permanence, whole or partial? Cromwell's first step, on his return, was to persuade a majority to fix a date at which the Parliament should come to an end, and when that was done, we hear little more of him for many months. It was easy to see what would follow. The date fixed for the expiry of the Parliament was three years off. The time was too long for effective concentration, and too short for the institution of a great scheme of comprehensive reform. A provisional government, working within the limits of a fixed period, inevitably works at a heavy disadvantage. Everything is expected, yet its authority is impaired. Anxiety to secure the future blunts attention to the urgencies of the present. Men with a turn for corruption seek to make hay while the sun shines. Parties are shifting and unstable. The vast host of men who are restless without knowing what it is that they want are never so dangerous. A governing body in such a situation was certain to be unpopular. "I told them," said Cromwell afterward—"for I knew it better than any one man in the Parliament could know it, because of my manner of life which had led me everywhere up and down the nation, thereby giving me to see and know the temper and spirits of all men, and of the best of men—that the nation loathed their sitting."

This was probably true enough. Unfortunately, the systems that were now one after another under Cromwell's own hand to take the place of the Parliament were loathed just as bitterly. "It is not the manner of settling these constitutional things," he said, "or the manner of one set of men or another doing it; there remains always the grand question after that; the grand question lies in the acceptance of it by those who are concerned to yield obedience to it and accept it." This essential truth of all sound

DRAWN BY W. L. WYLLIE.

THE BATTLE OFF PORTLAND, FEBRUARY 18, 1653.



DRAWN BY H. W. DITZLER.

ADMIRAL VAN TROMP ORDERS A BROOM HOISTED TO THE MASTHEAD TO SIGNIFY THAT HE INTENDS TO SWEEP THE BRITISH OFF THE SEAS.

government he had in the old days proclaimed against the constitution-mongers of the camp, and this was the truth that brought to naught all the constructive schemes of the six years before him. For it became more and more apparent that the bulk of the nation was quite as little disposed to accept the rule of the army as the rule of the mutilated Parliament.

Cromwell held one of the conferences, in which he had more faith than the event ever justified, between prominent men in Parliament and leading officers in the army. He propounded the two questions, whether a republic or a mixed monarchy would be best; and if a monarchy, then who should be the king. The lawyers, St. John, Lenthall, Whitelocke, were of opinion that the laws

of England were interwoven with monarchy. They were for naming a period within which one of Charles's sons might come into the Parliament. Desborough and Whalley could not see why this, as well as other nations, should not be governed in the way of a republic. That was the sentiment of the army. Cromwell thought that it would be difficult, and inclined to the belief that, if it could only be done with safety and preservation of rights both as Englishmen and Christians, "a settlement with somewhat of monarchical power in it would be very effectual."

A little later his reflections brought him to use words of deeper and more direct import. We need invoke neither craft nor ambition to explain the rise of the thought in Cromwell's mind that perhaps he himself was called to take the place and burden of chief governor. The providences of ten years had seemed to mark him as the instrument chosen of Heaven for the doing of a great work. He brooded, as he told men, over the times and opportunities appointed to him by God to serve him in; and he felt that the blessings of God therein bore testimony to him. After Worcester, he hoped that he would be allowed to reap the fruits of his hard labors and hazards; the enjoyment, to wit, of peace and liberty, and the privileges of a Christian and a man. Slowly he learned, and was earnestly assured by others, that this could not be. The continuing unsettlement was like a call to him that, like Joshua of old, he had still a portion of the Lord's work to do, and must be foremost in its doing

Walking one November day (1652) in St. James's Park, he sought a conversation with Whitelocke, who represented the solid prose of the national mind. Cromwell opened to him the dangers with which their jars and animosities beset the cause. Whitelocke boldly told him that the peril sprang from the imperious temper of the army. Cromwell retorted that, on the contrary, it sprang rather from the members of Parliament, who irritated the army by their self-seeking and greediness, their spirit of faction, their delay in the public business, their design for prolonging their own power, their meddling in private matters between party and party who ought to have been left to the law-courts, the scandalous lives of some of them. They were irresponsible and uncontrolled; what was wanted was some authority high enough to check all these exorbitances. Without that nothing in human reason could prevent the ruin of the Commonwealth. To this invective, not devoid of substance, but deeply colored by the soldier's impatience of a salutary slowness in human affairs, Whitelocke replied by pressing the constitutional difficulty of curbing the parliamentary power from which they themselves derived their own authority. Cromwell broke in upon him with the startling exclamation, "What if a man should take upon him to be king?" The obstacles in the path were plain enough, and the lawyer set them before Cromwell without flinching. For a short time longer the lord general said and did no more, but he and the army watched the Parliament with growing suspicion and ill will. A military revolution became every day more imminent.

(To be continued.)

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

MEDAL IN HONOR OF BLAKE'S VICTORY OVER THE DUTCH.
Four of this pattern were struck, for presentation to the four flag-officers.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

THE OPÉRA.

BY RICHARD WHITEING,

Author of "No. 5 John Street," "The Island," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

ART, literature, the drama, are not only the greatest spiritual forces in France; they are among the greatest of national industries. A man may purpose to live by them without having to feel that the first step is to run away from home. There is nothing that need shun the light in the pursuit. It leads to no grandmotherly shaking of the head, and it is not mentioned—at any rate, for banning, as distinct from blessing—at family prayers.

The French are not only ready to admire a great artist, but they are exceedingly proud to take service in his corps. Perhaps the crowning achievement of the career of Meissonier was his instalment as mayor of Poissy, his country place, a few miles from Paris. It signified the full and perfect acceptance of him by the ratepayer. So, while Paris was at his feet, you might find him, in the intervals of homage, at the beck and call of this humble commune, laboring in its little council, and fighting the good fight of local self-government on the question of a new footpath or of a new lamp. He went from the council board to his fine château, and from there to his finer mansion by the Avenue de Villiers, twin splendors that were well-nigh the ruin of him. The last was a veritable palace of art. He designed it himself, or, at any rate, he drew every detail of the wood-carving, and you went from floor to floor by a staircase of the Italian Renaissance, until you found the little man and the little picture in the recesses of the shrine. Art was his industry, and he devoted its rewards to ambitions worthy of the king of an oil trust. He earned by tens of thousands and spent by hundreds of thousands, and he ended his life as a hostage in the hands of the dealers, painting masterpiece after masterpiece to liquidate their claims, with only a bare percentage for his own share. The very color-man once struck for a payment on account.

The palace near the Avenue de Villiers is the ruin of many a good man. He begins to build as soon as he begins to sell, and his building may soon become a Frankenstein monster. Its claims compel him to paint for the market, instead of painting, in the first place, for his own good pleasure; and that way lies the lowest deep of ruin, the ruin of

the artistic soul. Still, the very temptation implies that his craft is, in a certain vulgar sense, one of the most profitable of trades —one that enables a man to look the successful grocer in the face without a blush for the poverty of his own calling.

So it is with all the arts in France. Happily, most of their professors are content to live at home at ease, and to "put by," with never a thought of sumptuary glories. I have known a successful producer of Holy Families who lived in great simplicity, though his time was worth so much that he was said to lose two hundred francs every time he sat down to lunch. Degas is another and a more honorable example of the same sort. He has never painted for the market; he has painted only to please himself and a circle of devotees. But these have been numerous enough to provide him with all the essentials of a happy life. He paints, sells when the wind blows a customer his way, hangs up what he does not sell on his own walls, rails at the Salon and at the Academy, and altogether enjoys himself immensely in a habitation which, by comparison, is but a tub of Diogenes. It used to be delightful to see the old man in the greenroom of the Opéra studying the flying squadrons of the ballet in their exercises at the bar. His passion was the rendering of movement—movement caught in its fugitive grace of pause. His tulle in the moment of transition to fleecy cloud, his twinkling feet on their way to become stars of the firmament, are abiding joys.

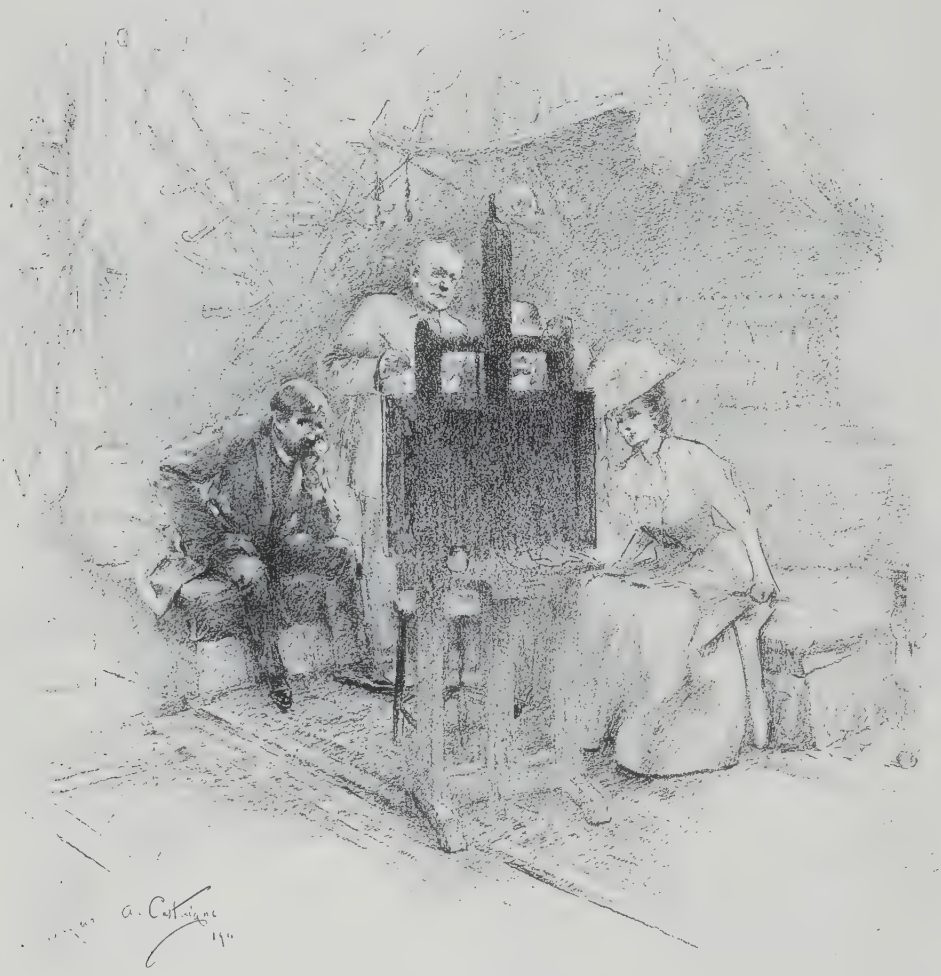
Nowadays, therefore, students may enter the arts, as they have long since entered the professions, as recognized careers commending themselves alike to ambition and to the prudence of the chimney-corner. The change is not confined to France. But there is a difference. A lad who goes to school at the London Royal Academy goes for his teaching and no more. He still follows his earlier way of life and his social traditions, and his day's work is only one of the things of the day. A lad who enters the Beaux Arts at once belongs to a veritable students' corps. He is a new man. The tomfooleries of the reception by the class—so often described—have still a meaning. It is not merely that the freshman has to sing a song by order, to do the meanest "chores," and generally to make an ass of himself. The real purpose is to take the nonsense of mere individualism out of him, and to make him feel that hereafter he belongs to a fraternity. The processions of the students, their mighty ball of the four arts, their very street rows, are all parts of the same process. Every neophyte has still his eye on the great possibilities of his career, and a sense of the unity that is strength. His hopes make all his hardships easy. The horse-beef of the restaurants, where they manage the whole dinner of four courses and dessert well under two francs, is only an accident of the pursuit of glory. All things conspire to put the famished customer into good conceit with himself.

Paris lives even more obtrusively for art than it lives for commerce. There is art everywhere—in the streets and gardens as well as in the picture-galleries, in the churches and town halls, decorated by liberal commissions from government. The very bill-boards are galleries of black and white. The government does its part just as if the industry were a question of coal or iron. It is fostering and protecting, if not protective. The elementary-school system, as we have already seen, is a net thrown over all France to catch children of promise. If they do well in their rudiments of drawing, they are passed on to schools where they may do better. If they do supremely well in these schools, they will assuredly be urged to go to the Beaux Arts.

Of course most of the students enter that institution without any call but the inner one. However, there the school is, for all. It is a masterpiece of contrivance to a given end, with its grade upon grade of teaching right up to the highest. Nothing is left to chance. You are supposed to know your rudiments, and more, when you go there: it is no school for the a-b-c. You must bring drawings or paintings to the professor as evidence of vocation. If he thinks there is promise, he gives you leave to "aspire." This means that you may enter the section of the antique, where he will quietly keep an eye on your work. If you fail there, you go no further. If you succeed, you one day get your promotion to the life-class, and rank as a member of the atelier of your chosen master. From this time forth he takes something of a personal interest in you. His devotion to art, if not to the student, never fails. I have seen Gérôme propped up on a bed of sickness to look at the drawings of a raw hand from the other side of the sea, a lad who was not even his countryman. And remember that men like Gérôme teach virtually for nothing. Their stipend from the state is ridiculous—a mere drop in the bucket of their earnings. They come down to give of their best to all these youngsters, from all quar-

ters of the world, just for love of their art and pride in it.

In the atelier you have the stimulus of all sorts of competitions. There is the monthly contest for the right to choose your place.



IN THE STUDIO OF A MASTER.

The professor looks at your work, marks it as first, second, third, and so on, in the order of merit; and as it is marked, so you have the right to plant your easel where you will for all the month to come. It registers a step in honor, and it precludes bad blood. Then comes the annual competition for the medal, or a tremendous struggle for a place in some special class. Yvon's used to be a favorite for the rigor of the game in drawing. The professor held that, whatever else a man carried away with him from the Beaux Arts, he should not fail to have an impeccable perception of the niceties of form. The other things were for other teaching, for other stages. Yvon's best man was able to draw anything in any position, and to be beyond the reach of surprise by the eccentricities of contour. With this we have examinations in history, ornament, perspective, anatomy. Students are supposed to know something about these collaterals of their great subject. Many take the history and the perspective in a perfunctory way, feeling that the strain is not there, and that drawing and painting are still the heart of the mystery. In the final heat for Yvon's the few that were left did their best in a drawing from the figure, which had to be completed in so many days of two hours each.

Beyond this, of course, there is the strug-

gle for the Prix de Rome—very properly restricted to Frenchmen. It is something like a prize—the winner has free quarters in the art capital of the world on a liberal allowance from the state. The first heat is a sketch in oils, and the result, of course, leaves many out of the race. The second is a figure in oils. For the third, the few left standing are sent to paint against one another for their lives on a subject given by the school. Now, there are all sorts of possibilities of unfair play in a competition of this sort, and against them authority has taken due precaution. A man may get outside help, and bring in a work that is only half his own; and even if he does every bit of it, he may still have fed his invention on the contraband of borrowed ideas. So, to prevent all that, they put him in a kind of monastic cell in the school itself, and there for three mortal months, until his task is done, he has to live and work, with no communication from the outer world. He is what is called *en loge*. He brings in his own traps, and he is as effectually under lock and key as any Chinese scholar competing for the prize of Peking. The moving-in day for the Prix de Rome is one of the sights of the Latin Quarter, with its baggage-trains of personal gear ranging from the easel of study to the fiddle of recreation. When it is all over, and the best man has won, he settles for four years in the capital of Italy to rummage at his ease in its treasure-houses of the art of all time. Of course he has to rummage on a plan. Paris requires of him a work every year, to show that he has been making good use of his time. If this is of unusual merit, it is bought by the government.

The Beaux Arts is an all-round institution, like most others in France. It is for sculpture as well as for painting; for architecture, for line-engraving; even for the cutting of gems. In every one of these branches the government offers encouragement by the purchase of good work. In every one it stores the best examples, many of them the spoil of vanquished nations, and provides the best teaching and the best libraries of critical and historic reference. The lectures cover the whole field. Yet, complete as it is in itself, the great school is only one of the sections of the Institute of France.

The Institute is for the higher learning in all its branches. Its five academies include the Académie Française, which, be it remembered, is only another sovereign state of this mighty federation of the things of the mind. For others still, we have the academies of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, of Science, and of Moral and Political Sciences. In its entirety it is a sort of "Inquire within for everything"—France luxuriating in the sense of universalism of mastery over all that pertains to knowledge. Nothing ought to come amiss to it. When the Chinaman in "Cham's" caricature boggles over the bill of fare, the waiter leads him by his pigtail to the Institute to ask for an interpreter.

Literature is another of the great industries, for France still does a considerable export trade in that article. Nothing is wasted. The still-born fiction of the year is regularly exported to South America as the latest rage of the boulevard. Most of its job lots are simply paradoxes that have failed. The French are always on the lookout for the new thing, and this is at once the worst danger of their literature and its alluring charm. They have their spring patterns in ideas, as in muslins, and a fashion seldom outlasts the season. The literary schools are about as short-lived as the governments, and founders come and go just like ministers of state. You meet young fellows who have had their day—graybeards of failure still with raven locks. For they must be very young at the start. Paris likes them tender, since she means to eat them up. I have known a lad of parts quite put out because his "system" was not ready for publication before he had turned eighteen. France believes in youth just because of her age. The contact warms her blood. She has believed in it more than ever since the German war. The school-boy lauds it in all the arts, and the salons discover an infant prodigy every day. It leads to some waste of effort, of course. The eccentricities of these young men in a hurry are appalling. Critical indignation is thrown away upon them, and the only corrective is the rude justice of their struggle for survival.

The history of French schools from the beginning of the century is a history of nature working by tooth and claw. The pure romantics, after a vigorous attempt to destroy the classicists, were themselves destroyed by their own offspring of diabolism, as these, in turn, fell before the romantics of the epileptic variety. These revolutions in art devour their own children, just like the others; and there is always a Mountain brooding rapine at the expense of the fatness of the plain. The Parnassians and the plastics, who swept the last romantics out of the field, are themselves only a memory. It seems a far cry to the time when the first care of

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

WORKING FOR THE PRIX DE ROME.

the intelligent foreigner on reaching the boulevard was to buy the latest volume of the "Parnasse Contemporain." Charming little volumes they all were, creamy to the eye and to the mind. But their cream is now the yellow of age, and they mature for the collectors in covers of price. What futile headaches are between the boards!

Zola and his naturalists are graybeards in every sense, yet it seems not so very long since they went out every day to take the scalps of the sachems of more ancient lodges, and seldom returned without a trophy. They were wont to celebrate their triumphs by feasts in the wigwam of the patron, with much boiled and roast, and still more talk, in the twilight, of that literature of Gautier and his mates to which they had given the death-blow, and of the other literature which was to take its place. Of this last, "O king, live forever!" was to be read between the lines on every page. Well, well, where is it now? But why say more than *Mr. Justice Shallow* has said already—"All shall die"? And has not Béranger sung the "old clo'" of the warriors who have had their day? The imperious necessity of the new thing drove the disciples themselves into revolt against the master, and one by one they set up rival schools, and demolished him in epigrammatic prefaces—generally the best things in their books.

For naturalism is by no means to be confounded with naturism, which is one of our later births of time. The schools generate just as the midges do, and each may suffice for its hour. One springs out of the other. "Rousseau," said Tocqueville, "begat Bernardin de St.-Pierre, who begat Châteaubriand, who begat Victor Hugo, who, being tempted of the devil, is begetting every day." It might be put in still another way: Zola hunted Hugo, Huysmans hunted Zola, and now Saint-Georges de Bouhélier hunts Huysmans, and with him the symbolists and the decadents. This stripling's new pattern for the shop-windows is the rehabilitation of virtue, and the simplicity of nature,—always, of course, of nature as an article de Paris,—and the reëstablishment of the old friendly relations "between the plant, the bird, and the emotion of a man." It is all very well, but it tends to bring literature down to a question of mere procedure, and to reduce its entire priesthood to a gang of workmen squabbling over the make of their tools. Lemaître is right; if we do not take care, letters will become but "a mysterious diversion of mandarins." The peril drew very near when Robert Louis Stevenson tried to reduce the magic of a fine passage from "Troilus and Cressida" to a series of cunning alternations of consonants. Amid all these distracted and distracting novelties we have Brunetière still hitting out for the classical tradition, as Nisard hit out in Hugo's time—striking too short at Zola and the naturalists; at Lemaître and at Anatole France as mere impressionists of criticism; at modern science for its "bankruptcy" in regard to the solution of the mystery of being. He would bring all these innovators under the wholesale tyranny of great critical laws, and teach them that individualism is the enemy, alike in art and faith. No wonder that Édouard Rod, with an equal concern for individualism and for law, is one of the most interesting literary figures of the day.

The literature is backed by the institutions, above all by the French Academy. It is an error to suppose that the Academy exists mainly for the purification of the language and for the completion of the dictionary. Its great aim is the production of the normal man of letters, the equipoised personality of wisdom, wit, gravity, gaiety, the harmony of sometimes conflicting opposites which old-fashioned people look for in the perfect writer. This product of fancy is as exquisitely proportioned as a Greek temple. All his powers are subordinate to sovereign reason, working in a medium of good taste. Taste is the enemy of excess, so he has to be not too much of anything, but just exactly enough—a sort of Grandison of the desk.

The attempt to create such a type in its wider application to life at large has been the delight of every age. Newman sketched it with a master hand in his character of the gentleman. The gentleman of his and the British ideal is very much the perfect writer of the French ideal. Our greatest stress of admiration lies in the domain of manners; theirs in the domain of the arts. Newman's great exemplar carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast. He is against all clashing of opinion, all collision of feeling, all restraint or suspicion or gloom or resentment, his concern being to make every one at ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, merciful toward the absurd. He guards against unseasonable allusions or topics. He is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY, AFTER A SESSION, CROSSING THE PONT DES ARTS FROM THE INSTITUTE.

he is conferring. He never speaks of himself, and, except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; has no ears for slander or gossip; is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him; interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for argument, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. In short, he is "just so."

Of course he is only Chesterfield, with the difference of the application to ethical character, and Chesterfield, it is needless to say, was French to the heart's core. That noble lord's ideal in manners is the Academy's ideal in literary art. His forgotten and overmuch derided letters should be read again as a help to the comprehension of this singular institution whose concern is the good breeding of style. Where he enjoins dignity of demeanor, and warns against horse-play, romping, loud fits of laughter, jokes, and waggishness in company, the Academy condemns their analogues in books. The man who takes the floor in print is, in the Academy's view, only the buffoon of a larger society than the one that Chesterfield had in his mind. As the good little child of nursery ethics is seen, not heard, so the good little writer of the academic ideal is heard, but not seen. Lie low in self-assertion; disdain to shine by tricks, says the Academy. Whoever is known in company, says my lord, for the sake of any one thing singly, is singly that thing, and will never be considered in any other light. It is the plea for universals, for balance. Chesterfield's contempt for the man who boasted that he had written for three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still, is the Academy to a hair. It was an individualizing

boast, and the grand style knows nothing of individualism. His horror of those who have a constant smirk on the face and a "whiffling" (precious word) activity of the body may be matched by the Academy's horror of the professional humorist. His scorn of proverbs and of cant sayings is the Academy's scorn of cheap and easy reference. His admiration of the man who comes into company without the least bashfulness or sheepishness, but with a modest confidence and ease, is the Academy's admiration of the writer who makes no attempt to recommend his work by tricks of apology, but just leaves it to speak for itself. His pregnant saying that the wise man will live at least twice as much within his wit as within his income is the Academy once more.

That illustrious body, as it is ever represented in French critical literature by some great pedagogic figure, is constantly rapping the whole class of successful writers over the knuckles, and ordering them to leave off making a noise. It was represented by Nisard when the fierce torrent of romanticism burst over the classic plain; it is represented to-day by Brunetière, who may be figured as some weary schoolmaster flogging an unruly class—flogging till he drops. He has flogged them all in turn,—Flaubert, Zola, Daudet, Loti, and Maupassant,—yet still, somehow, too much of their lawless riot goes on, with all the base trickery of the devices by which they win the kingship of their despicable world. It is nothing to the purpose to say that those he castigates are sometimes of his own household. He would flog half his brother Academicians, if he dared, for their occasional treason to the tradition.

The tragedy of his life is that the balanced man has gone out of fashion, and that the shifting, wayward million has come into the judgment-seat. These lawgivers of an hour, careless of what is true, ever demand something new, and the popular writer prefers a first place in the meanest village to a second in Rome itself. Tocqueville, who in politics could judge on the evidence, was the slave of tradition in literature. For him the seventeenth century was the last of the great style, and its goose-quill was the true pen of gold. Men wrote for fame, he said, as fame was bestowed by the small but enlightened public. A century later the process of disintegration had begun. Manner took the place of matter; ornament was added, since clearness and brevity were no longer enough. In a succeeding age the ornamental ran into the grotesque, just as the clear style of the old Norman architecture gradually became florid, and ultimately flamboyant. For these principles of liking and of aversion the French Academy stands; on these principles it was created; and, to promote them, it has become a dictionary-maker only as a means to an end. The right word in literature is only its test of the right thing.

Hence the philosophy of the Academic discourse. The occasions of such discourses are easily found. A member dies; another member takes his place. The newcomer has to pronounce a eulogy on his predecessor; a member, deputed by the Academy, pronounces a eulogy on both. It is merely an opportunity of showing by example how a discourse should be written. It is a masterpiece of the most elaborate art. It must not contain a single expression foreign to the usage of the best writers. It must not contain a single thought that is too obtrusive in form or in manner. It must deal with the whole subject as if men dwelt in a paradise of reason, temper, urbanity, taste, and all the virtues, set off by all the graces. It assumes the like perfection in its auditory. The discourse is polished to the last turn,—by the writer himself in the first instance, by the Academy in the second,—until it shines without glitter, like so much table-talk of the gods.

When M. Dufaure departs this life, early in the eighties, M. Cherbuliez takes his place. M. Cherbuliez pronounces the discourse on M. Dufaure. M. Renan, director of the Academy, replies to M. Cherbuliez. M. Renan, after his wont, is unctuously appreciative, candid, tolerant—in short, everything that human beings might be if they were able to send in specifications for their own make-up before birth. M. Cherbuliez has nothing but nice things to say of M. Dufaure's career in politics and in public life. M. Renan has nothing but nice things to say of M. Cherbuliez for having said them. "M. Dufaure [I do not translate literally] belonged to an age when political life was but a tourney between rivals full of courtesy, who had a perfect understanding in regard to fundamentals. He could make allowance for political opponents. He had none of the spirit of party which was the bane of politics later on. To the eight Beatitudes of the Gospel I am sometimes tempted to add a ninth: 'Happy the blind, for they alone are sure of everything.' We thank you, monsieur, for having set before us, in enduring praise, this

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

VARNISHING DAY AT THE SALON.

generous and noble character," and so on. M. Cherbuliez was a Swiss who had become a naturalized Frenchman, and had joined his new country shortly after the war. It was necessary to say as much with discretion and with taste. "How well you chose your hour, monsieur, to attach yourself anew to a country from which you had been separated by a fatal error of the politics of the past! The issue of one of our Protestant families compelled two centuries ago to choose between their nationality and their freedom of thought, you have always cherished an affectionate sentiment for the land of your fathers. While France prospered, that was enough for you. But there came a moment when this venerable mother, abandoned by those who owed her most, had to bear the taunt, 'She saved others; herself she cannot save.' On that day, when ingratitude became one of the laws of the world, you felt a new love for your country of the past, and you consecrated your talent to a vanquished cause."

The thing is said, in a certain sense, just for the sake of saying it, and no one cares to apply to it the test of sincerity, so long as it bears the test of expression. The Academy exists to get it said well, and to set off precept by example. The one condition, the one sovereign obligation, is the grand style, the grand manner. At another time the author of the "Dame aux Camélias" discourses on virtue at the distribution of the Montyon prizes. His tongue may be in his cheek all the while, but it does not spoil his accent, and that is enough.

The evil is that the Academy has brought this solicitude for form so far that some who live by its laws have hardly a word to bless themselves with. They are like those masters of fence who are afflicted with a sort of paralysis of the power to attack. With the everlasting refinement of style, the writing of Academic French has become the labor of a lifetime. You had better say nothing than say anything less than perfectly well. Hence a misunderstanding between the Academy and the world that is very much like the misunderstanding between the church and the world. The Academy is apt to be remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow in regard to the time-spirit as it moves. It clutches now and then at the skirts of a celebrity just to show that it is not altogether out of the running, but, in its heart of hearts, it would fain do without him, and resume its quietism of the worship of ancestors. It recognizes no books that are not formally sent in for its approval. It never seeks out a work, but waits until the author invites a judgment; and if he is too proud or too modest to present himself before the judgment-seat, it leaves him without notice. Hence, as M. Zola complained, in a notable diatribe, it affects ignorance of nearly the whole body of contemporary literature. Only the mediocrities, it is said, send in for the ceremony of the "coronation," and, necessarily, none but they receive the crown. With all this, the Academy is true, after a fashion, to the purpose of its being—the production of the perfect gentleman of the printed page, a perfect gentleman, it may be remarked, who enjoys a good deal of latitude of manners when out of his uniform of pen and ink.

The drama and music are other great interests backed by other great institutions. The state does just as much for them as it does for the vine, the beet, or the codfish. It subventions them, when needful, keeps them in good technical repair. It helps the stage of Paris by helping the Français and the Odéon, as also the Conservatoire in the dramatic department of that multiplex personality. These things in France are of such as go on forever. For all that, there are changes, and the most wholesome of them is that the actor is rapidly acquiring a proper social status. He has yet to acquire it fully: to this day, in this land of players, the player is still under a ban. Many affect to regard him as merely a *cabotin*—a stroller, or barn-stormer, to wit. Of course they do it only when they are angry, and when they do it, they know that they are doing wrong.

When Octave Mirbeau, forgetful of the time of day, once wrote an insolent attack on the profession, a hundred challenges came to him by return of post, and he seemed to stand in a ring of swords that were by no means the toys of the property-room. Yet there was quite a commotion in the Legion of Honor when Got, the veteran of the Français, received the Cross—Got, who had done so very much for French culture and happiness. However, it frightened the minister, and he held back a like decoration which Got's comrade, Delaunay, thought he had every right to expect. The disappointed artist took strong measures. He announced his retirement, and began to give farewell performances. The Français could not do without him, and the repentant minister had to come down in a hurry and decorate him behind the scenes. Perhaps the highest

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A FIRST NIGHT AT THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS.

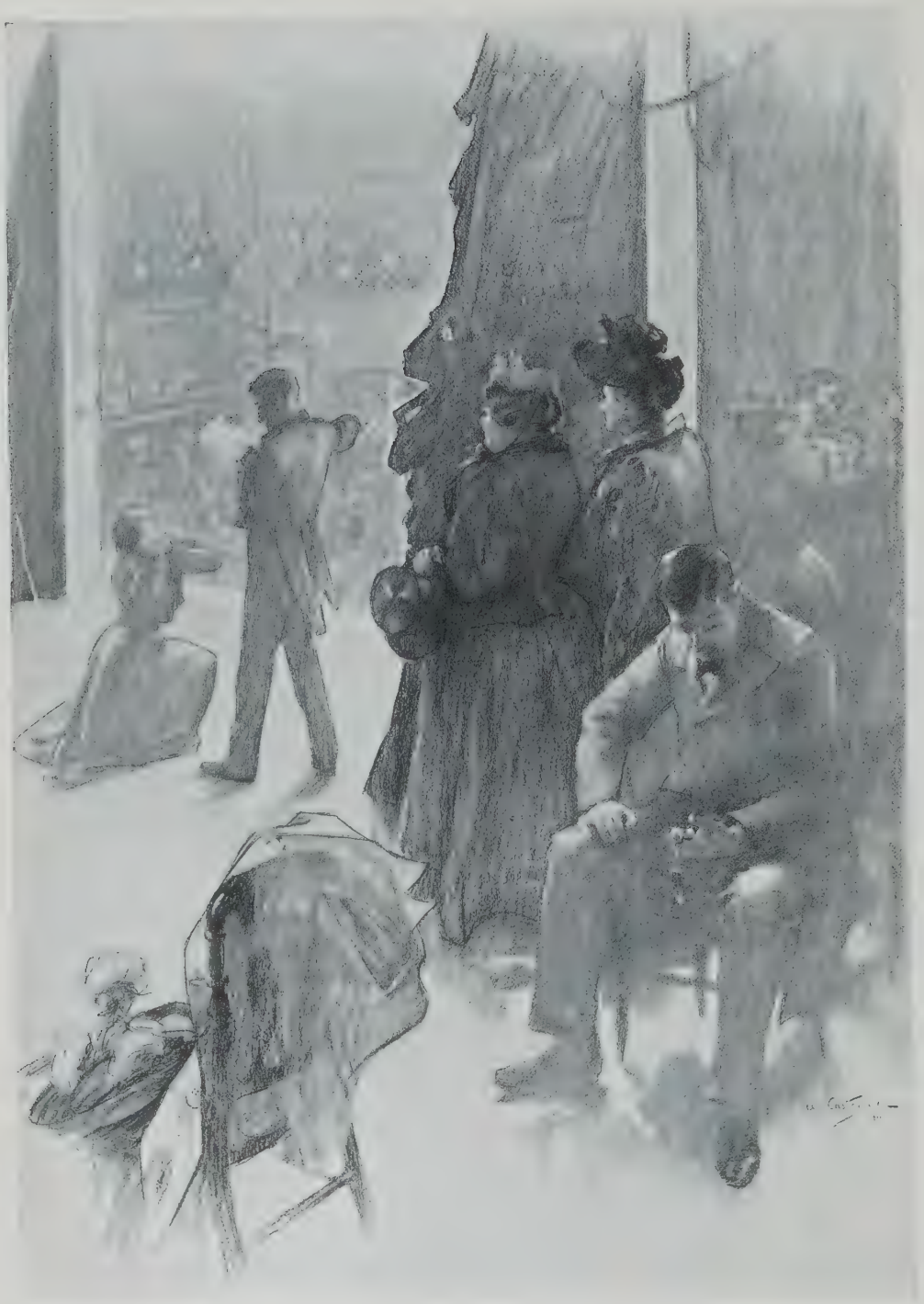
register of recognition was attained when Coquelin was seen arm in arm with Gambetta at the height of his power.

The new state of things has its attendant evils. If you bring the actor into the great world, he naturally wishes to live according to its laws, and that costs money. A fine house, a dainty picture-gallery,—Coquelin has one of the choicest in this line,—and stylish entertainments are essentially things of price. So, of late years, there has been a tendency among leading actors to break away from the Français, or to introduce the starring system, for their own benefit, into the House of Molière. The old system—happily, it ought rather to be called the still existing one—was altogether against that practice. The company was a community, and, though there were some differences in the pay according to talent and standing, all full members shared profits in due proportion. They were theoretically equal, and sometimes the most distinguished of them gave practical proof of it by taking the humblest parts. Once in the brotherhood, you were never to be out of it, except by your own default of conduct or desire. You could look forward to a pension and a handsome lump sum on retirement, and the bonus made a substantial addition to your salary.

Sarah Bernhardt was the first to tire of this. She listened to the tempter who invited her to star for her own benefit in the four quarters of the globe, and she broke loose from the great house by the simple process of breaking her engagement. The administration sued her; she was cast in heavy damages; she never paid them, and she never came back. Coquelin, tempted in the same way, quarreled with his mates because they denied him long vacations, which it was notorious he meant to use by starring on his own account.

It is to be hoped that the present reconstruction of the Français may include some better provision for the security of the historic treasures. They symbolize the history of the French stage in their paintings, engravings, drawings, marbles, each a memory of a rich and glorious past. The mere historical properties are worthy of a state museum. The walking-sticks have been actual playthings of generations of dandies who have lived for "the nice conduct of a clouded cane." The bell that sounds the death-knell in "Marion Delorme" is fabled as the very bell that gave the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The arm-chair in which Molière had his fatal seizure while playing in his own piece is still used in "Le Malade Imaginaire." The company of such a house is bound to take itself seriously, and this one does so. At a rehearsal of "Ruy Blas," I once saw them dispute by the hour as to the particular way in which a handkerchief should be dropped and a handkerchief picked up again. When Mounet-Sully was disposed to be a little too noisy in an invocation to a departed spirit, he was reminded that it was hopeless to attempt to call the hero from his grave. They still play the "Malade" on an almost absolutely bare stage, just as they did when it was written, but in many of the modern pieces they now condescend to fine scenery. The late M. Sarcey was forever worrying the administration on this point, and at last they met him half-way, but still only half. The decorations are always kept in a certain classic subordination to the text and the playing. The "fashionable night," when the best seats are let to persons who are known by their names rather than by their works, is another concession to the spirit of the age. In the old days every night was a night of really noteworthy people who had dropped in, not to be seen, but only to see the play. The first night is still what it has ever been, one of the most wonderful scenes of civilized life.

The other state theater in Paris, the Odéon, occupies a lower rank. It is sometimes used as a sort of half-way house between the Français and the outer world, where plays or authors on which the greater institution has its eye may be tried without a compromise of dignity. With this view, M. Antoine, the actor-manager of the Théâtre Libre, was once made director of the Odéon. He represented much that the Français hated, but the public were beginning to take to him, and it was thought prudent to give him a trial. He had an idea of a totally new kind of drama,—realistic, naturalistic, or what not,—in which the stage was to be little more than an enlarged photograph of actual life, with humdrum verities just as they pass. This was a reaction against the highly wrought constructive drama of Sardou, and the still more highly wrought philosophical drama of Dumas, wherein everything is arranged to a given end. The Francais itself, I remember, toyed with the innovation by mounting a piece of Henri Becque called "Les Corbeaux," which was all but sterile of incident, and as tailless as a Manx cat. There was no end to speak of, and no plot, except that a rascally lawyer, who had ruined a family, took a fancy to one



PUBLIC COMPETITION AT THE CONSERVATOIRE.

of the daughters, and won her, though she despised him with all her heart. She married just to save the others, and the exasperating curtain fell without any reward of virtue or punishment of vice. The author's theory was that so things happened in real life. He was equally faithful to reality in the dialogue, which seldom rose above utter commonplace.

The artist who has ceased to be curious has entered upon his decline.

Music is cared for in much the same way. The French Opéra is not merely for performances. It is an Academy of Music, and that is its full title. It is subventioned by the state as one of the great teaching institutions—a sort of school of application for the Conservatoire. The house is something of

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

IN THE READING-ROOM AT THE NATIONAL LIBRARY.

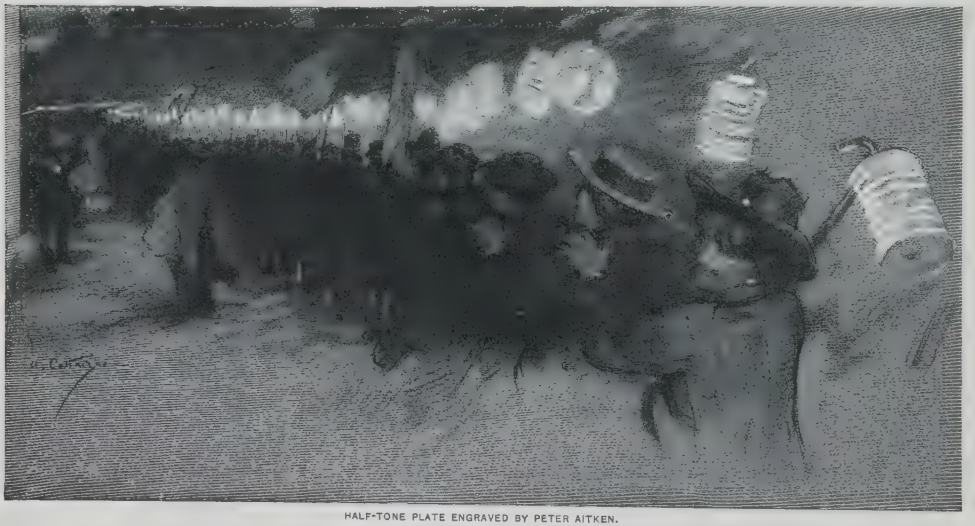
It did not answer. But Antoine, who was of Becque's school, had better fortune, owing to the startling novelty of his histrionic method. He held that character should be represented, not in its many-sidedness, but in its dominant note, and that this insistent *Leitmotiv* should be kept remorselessly before the audience in every detail of the performance. Since then there have been all sorts of other experiments—in dramatic symbolism, dramatic mysticism, and anything else you please. Such things may be right or wrong, but they are the life of art, as laboratory work is the life of science.

a white elephant, for its keep is dear. It has sometimes ruined directors who have held under the state on the system of a public grant in aid for expenses, supplemented by their own private investments. The state makes too many conditions. The Opéra has too many privileges. The building itself entails enormous expense, and its palatial splendors are by no means confined to the front of the house. The greenroom of the dance is a marvel of painting, carving, and all the allied arts. The ballets themselves are an essential part of the performance, for the Opéra is a school of dancing as

well as a school of music. They are great illustrative dramas in pantomime, resuming a whole history or a whole epoch of manners.

The Conservatory of Music is managed in much the same way as the School of Fine Arts. The students get the best teaching in the world. They, too, have their Prix de Rome, or great traveling studentship, and they compete for it by an *entrée en loge*. They are shut up for some days in close custody for the composition of a cantata, and the winning piece is finally performed at the Institute. Some of the greatest musicians of the time take the classes, or sit in judgment on the work. It is sometimes a tedious task, as one and the same composition is rendered over and over again by successive students. Auber, it was said, used to sit up the whole night before the competition, just to sharpen his appetite for sleep for the following afternoon. It is not true, though that consideration, of course, has scarcely any place in the ethics of anecdote. Its defect lies in the falsity to character and circumstance. The note of the race is its devotion to art. Art is almost the only real priesthood left in France, and by that, or nothing, Frenchmen hope to be saved. In its various forms it is regarded as a working substitute for religion. It probably is not, in the full measure in which they pin their faith to it; but that is nothing to the purpose. They think it is. It might become so, if they suffered it to recover its old alliance with moral ideals. But they have banished these from the partnership, forgetting that mere exercises in virtuosity can never suffice to the spirit of man. The point is that, in things which they regard as serious, the French are among the most serious and purposeful peoples in the world. Their position in literature, in painting, in music, in the sciences, is theirs by no accident. They work for it with their whole heart and soul, and adapt means to ends as patiently as the maker of a watch. They are a people founded in institutions; and whenever they come to grief, it is only because the institutions have got out of repair. The fate reserved for them in the providence of God is God's own secret. Whatever it may be, they may say with Dryden, in his noble paraphrase:

Not Heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.



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A "MONÔME" (PROCESSION OF STUDENTS).

THE ROMANCE OF THE INSTITUTE.

BY ARTHUR COLTON.

NOT quite two centuries of human life have gone quietly in Wimberton, and for the most part it has been on Main and Chester streets. Main street is a quarter of a mile long and four hundred feet wide, with double roads, and between them a clean lawn shaded by old elms. Chester street is narrow and crowded with shops, and runs from the middle of Main down-hill to the railway and the river. It is the business street for Wimberton and the countryside of fifteen miles about. Main street is surrounded by old houses of honorable frontage, two churches, and the Solley Institute, which used to be called "Solley's Folly" by frivolous aliens.

Mr. Solley, who owned the mines up the river and the foundries that have been empty and silent these many years, founded it in 1840. At the time I remember best the Institute had twenty-one trustees, lady patronesses, matrons, and nurses; and three beneficiaries, or representatives of the "aged, but not destitute, of Hamilton County." That seemed odd to the alien.

Mr. Solley need not have been so rigid about the equipment and requirements of admission, only that he had in mind an institution of dignity. It stood at the head of Main street, with wide piazzas like a hotel. The aristocracy of old Wimberton used to meet there and pass the summer afternoons. The young people gave balls in the great parlors, and the three beneficiaries looked on, and found nothing to complain of in the management. What matter if it were odd? True, Wimberton folk never called the Institute a folly, but only newcomers, before years of residence made them endurable and able to understand Wimberton. Failure is a lady of better manners than Success, who is forward, complacent, taking herself with unpleasant seriousness. Imagine the Institute swarming with people from all parts of the county, a staring success in beneficence!

Mr. Solley's idea was touched with delicacy. It was not a home for Hamilton County poor, but for those who, merely lingering somewhat on the slow descent, found it a lonely road. For there is a period in life, of varying length, when, one's purposes having failed or been unfulfilled, the world seems quite occupied by other people who are busy with themselves. Life belongs at any one time to the generation which is making the most of it: a beneficiary was in a certain position of respectable humility. But I suppose it was not so much Mr. Solley's discrimination as that in 1840 his own house was empty of all but a few servants, and so out of his sense of loneliness grew his idea of a society of the superannuated. That was the Solley Institute.

It is not so difficult to recreate old Wimberton of seventy years back, for the same houses stood on Main street, and the familiar names were then heard—Solley, Gore, Cutting, Gilbert, Cass, Savage. The elms were smaller, with fewer lights under them at night, and gravel paths instead of asphalt.

One may even call up those who peopled the street, whom time has disguised or hidden away completely. Lucia Gore has dimples,—instead of those faded cheeks one remembers at the Institute,—and quick movements, and a bewildering prettiness, in spite of the skirts that made women look like decanters or tea-bells in 1830. She is coming down the gravel sidewalk with a swift step, a singular fire and eagerness of manner, more than one would suppose Miss Lucia to have once possessed.

And there is the elder Solley, already with that worn, wintry old face we know from his portrait at the Institute, and John Solley, the son, both with high-rolled collars, tall hats, and stiff cravats. Women said that John Solley was reckless, but one only notices that he is very tall.

"I 'm glad to see you are in a hurry, too, my dear. We might hurry up the wedding among us all," says the elder Solley, with a grim smile and a bow. "Ha! Glad to see you in a hurry"; and he passes on, leaving the two together. Lucia flushes and seems to object.

Is not that Mrs. Andrew Cutting in the front window of the gabled house directly behind them? Then she is thinking how considerate it is, how respectful to Main street, that John and Lucia are to marry.

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

LUCIA.

The past springs up quickly, even to little details. Mrs. Cutting wears a morning cap, has one finger on her cheek, and is wondering why John looks amused and Lucia in a temper. "He will have to behave himself," thinks Mrs. Cutting. "Lucia is—dear me, Lucia is very decided. I don't really know that John likes to behave himself." And all these people of 1830 are clearly interested in their own affairs, and care little for those who will look back at them, seventy years away.

LOVE climbs trees in the Hesperides, day in and out, very busy with their remarkable fruit, the dragon lying beneath with indifferent jaws. Do we observe how recklessly the young man reaches out, and how slightly he knows the nature of his footing? The branches of such apple-trees as bear golden fruit are notoriously brittle. He might drop into the lazy throat of Fate by as easy an accident as the observer into figures of speech, and the dragon care little about the matter. That indifference of Fate is hard, for it seems an expense for no value received by any one. We are advised to be as little melancholy as possible, and charge it to profit and loss.

It is well known that John Solley left Wimberton late one night in October, 1830. In the morning the two big stuccoed houses of Gore and Solley looked at each other across the street under the yellow arch of leaves with that mysterious expression which they ever after seemed to possess to the dwellers on Main street. And the Gores' housemaid picked up a glittering something from the fell of the bearskin rug on the parlor floor.

"Land! It 's Miss Lucia's 'gagement ring. She 's a keerless girl!" Hannah was a single woman of fifty, and spoke with strong moral indignation.

Some mornings later Mr. Solley came stiffly down his front steps, crossed the street under the yellow elms, and went in between the white pillars of the Gore house. Mr. Gore was a middle-aged man, chubby, benevolent, gray-haired, deliberate. He sank back in his easy-chair in fat astonishment.

"Oh, dear me! I don't know."

Lucia was called.

"Mr. Solley wishes to ask you—a—something."

"I wish to ask if my son has treated you badly," said Mr. Solley, most absurdly.

"Not at all, Mr. Solley."

Lucia's eyes were suddenly hot and shining.

"I beg your pardon, but if John is a scoundrel, you will do me a favor by telling me so."

"Where is he? I shall do nothing of the kind."

"I am about to write to my son."

"And that 's nothing to me," she cried, and went swiftly out of the room.

"Oh, I suppose he 's only a fool," said Mr. Solley, grimly. "I knew that. Spirited girl, Gore, very. Good morning."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Gore, mildly, rubbing his glasses. "How quickly they do things!"

Elderly gentlemen whose wives are dead and children adventuring in the Hesperides should take advice. Mrs. Cutting might have advised against this paragraph in Mr. Solley's letter:

"I have taken the trouble to inquire whether you have been acting as a gentleman should. Inasmuch as Miss Lucia seemed to imply that the matter no longer interests her, I presume she has followed her own will, which is certainly a woman's right. With respect to the Michigan lands, I inclose surveys. You will do well," etc.

But Mr. Solley had not thought of the Hesperides for many years as a more difficult piece of property to survey than another. Men and women followed their own wills there as elsewhere, and were quite right, so long as they did business honorably. Mr. Gore had been a managed and advised man all his wedded life, and had not found that it increased his happiness. That advice had always tended to embark him on some enterprise that was fatiguing.

"A good woman, Letitia," often ran Mr. Gore's reflections; and then, with a sense of furtiveness, as if Letitia somewhere in the spiritual universe might overhear his thought, "a little masterful—a—spirited, very."

But it was hard for Wimberton people to have a secret shut up among them. It was not respectful to Main street, with John Solley fleeing mysteriously in the night and coming no more to Wimberton, and Lucia going about with her nose in the air, impossible to sympathize with. Some months passed, and Lucia seemed more subdued, then very quiet indeed, with a liking to sit by her father's side, to Mr. Gore's slight uneasiness. She might wish him to do something.

He knew no more than Wimberton what had happened to send John westward and Lucia to sitting beside him in unused silence; but he differed from Wimberton in thinking it perhaps not desirable to know.

He would pat her hand furtively, and polish his glasses, without seeming to alter the situation. Once he asked timidly if it were not dull for her.

"No, father."

"I 've thought sometimes—sometimes—a—I don't remember what I was going to say."

Lucia's head went down till it almost rested on his knee.

"Father—do you know—where John is?"

"Why—a—of course, Mr. Solley—"

"No, no, father! No!"

"Well, I might inquire around—a—somewhere."

"No! Oh, promise me you won't ask any one! Promise!"

"Certainly, my dear," said Mr. Gore, very much confused.

"It is no matter," said Lucia, eagerly.

Mr. Gore thought for several minutes, but no idea seemed to occur to him, and it relieved him to give it up.

Months have a way of making years by a rapid arithmetic, and years that greet us with such little variety of expression are the more apt to step behind with faint reproach and very swiftly. Mr. Solley founded the Institute in 1840, and died. The Solley house stood empty, and Miss Lucia Gore by that time was living alone, except for the elderly maiden, Hannah. Looking at the old elms of Wimberton, grave and orderly, there is much to be said for a vegetable life. There is no right dignity but in the slow growths of time.

The elms increased their girth; the railway crept up the river; the young men went to Southern battle-fields, and some of them returned; children of a second generation walked in the Hesperides; the Institute was reduced to three beneficiaries; Main street smelled of tar from the asphalt sidewalks; Chester street was prosperous. Banks failed in '73, and "Miss Lucia has lost everything," said Wimberton gossip.

The Solley house was alternately rented and empty, the Gore house was sold, Miss Lucia went up to the Institute, and gossip in Wimberton woke again.

"Of course the Institute is not like other places, but then—"

"Miss Lucia was such a lady."

"But it 's a charity, after all."

"Very sensible of Miss Lucia, I 'm sure."

"She was engaged to old Institute Solley's son once, but it ended with a bump."

"Then Miss Lucia goes to the Institute who might have gone to the Solley house."

"Oh, that is what one does n't know."

"Miss Lucia a beneficiary! But is n't that rather embarrassing?"

"I wonder if she—"

"My dear, it was centuries ago. One does n't think of love-affairs fifty years old. They dry up."

"Respectable, and you pay a little."

"But a charity really."

That year the public library was built on Main and Gilbert streets, the great elm fell down in the Institute yard, Mrs. Andrew Cutting died at ninety-eight, with good sense and composure, and here is a letter written by Miss Lucia to Babbie Cutting. Babbie Cutting, I remember, had eyes like a last-century romance, never fancy-free, and her dolls loved and were melancholy, when we were children together under the elms in Wimberton. The letter is written in thin, flowing lines on lavender paper.

My dear Child: I am afraid you thought that your question offended me, but it did not, indeed. I was engaged to Mr. John Solley many years ago. I think I had a very hasty temper then, which I think has quite wasted away now, for I have been so much alone. But then I sometimes fell into dreadful rages. Mr. Solley was a very bold man, not easily influenced or troubled, who laughed at my little faults and whims more than I thought he should.

You seemed to ask what sudden and mysterious thing happened to us, but, my dear, one's life is chiefly moved by trifles and little accidents and whims. Mr. Solley came one night, and I fancied he had been neglecting me, for I was very proud, more so than ordinary life permits women to be. I remember that he stood with his hands behind him, smiling. He looked so easy and strong, so impossible to disturb, and said, "You 're such a little spitfire, Lucia," and I was so angry, it was like hot flames all through my head.

I cried, "How dare you speak to me so!"

"I don't know," he said, and laughed. "It seems perilous."

I tore his ring from my finger and threw it in his face. It struck his forehead and fell to the floor without any sound. There was a tiny red cut on his forehead.

"That is your engagement ring," he said.

"Take it away. I want nothing more to do with you," I cried—very foolishly, for I did, and my anger was going off in fright. He turned around and went from the house. The maid found the ring in the morning. Mr. Solley had left Wimberton that night. Well, my dear, that is all. I thought he would have come back. It seemed as if he might. I am so old now that I do not mind talking, but I was proud then, and women are not permitted to be very proud. Do your romances tell you that women are foolish and men are sometimes hard on them?

That is not good romance at all, but if you will come to see me again I will tell you much better romances than mine that I have heard, for other peoples' lives are interesting, even if mine has been quite dull.

Will you put this letter away to remember me by? But do not think of me as a complaining old woman, for I have had a long life of leisure and many friends. I do not think any one who really cares for me will do so the less for my living at the Institute, and only those we love are of real importance to us. It is kind of you to visit me. Your affectionate friend.

So half a century is put lightly aside; Miss Lucia has found it quite dull; and here is the year 1885, when, as every one knows, John Solley came back to Wimberton, a tall old man with a white mustache, heavy brows, and deep eyes. Men thought it an honor to the town that the great and rich Mr. Solley, so dignified a man, should return to spend his last days in Wimberton. He would be its ornamental citizen, the proper leader of its aristocracy. But Babbie Cutting thought of another function. What matter for the melancholy waste of years, fifty leagues across? Love should walk over it triumphant, unwearied, and find a fairer romance at the end. Were there not written in the books words to that effect? Babbie moved in a world of dreams, where knights were ever coming home from distant places, or, at least, where every one found happiness after great trouble. She looked up into Mr. Solley's eyes and thought them romantic to a degree. When she heard he had never married the thing seemed as good as proved. And the little old lady at the Institute with the old-fashioned rolled curls above her ears —what a sequel!

It was a white winter day. The elms looked so cold against the sky that it was difficult to remember they had ever been green, or believe it was in them to put forth leaves once more. The wind drove the sharp-edged particles of snow directly in Babbie's face, and she put her head down, covering her mouth with her furs. She turned in at the Solley house, and found herself in the drawing-room, facing that tall, thin, military-looking old man, and feeling out of breath and troubled what to do first. But Mr. Solley was not a man to let any girl whatever be ill at ease, and surely not one with cheeks and eyes and soft hair like Babbie Cutting. Presently they were experienced friends. Babbie sat in Mr. Solley's great chair and stretched her hands toward the fire. Mr. Solley was persuaded to take up his cigar again.

"I had not dared to hope," he said, "that my native place would welcome me so charmingly. I have made so many new friends, or rather they seemed to be friends already, though unknown to me, that I seem to begin life again. I seem to start it all over. I should have returned sooner."

"Oh, I 'm sure you should have," said Babbie, eagerly. "And do you know who is living at the Institute now?"

"The Institute? I had almost forgotten the Institute, and I am a trustee, which is very neglectful of duty. Who is living at the Institute now?"

"Miss Lucia Gore."

Mr. Solley was silent, and looked at Babbie oddly under his white eyebrows, so that her cheeks began to burn, and she was not a little frightened, though quite determined and eager.

"Miss Lucia lost all her money when the banks failed, and she sold the Gore house, and got enough interest to pay her dues and a little more; but it seems so sad for Miss Lucia, because people will patronize her, not meaning to. But they 're so stupid—or, at least, it does n't seem like Miss Lucia."

"I did not know she was living," said Mr. Solley, quietly.

"Oh, how could you—be that way!"

Mr. Solley looked steadily at Babbie, and it seemed to him as if her face gave him a clue to something that he had groped for in the darkness of late, as if some white mist were lifted from the river and he could see up its vistas and smoky cataracts. How could he be that way? It is every man's most personal and most unsolved enigma—how he came to be that way, to be possible as he is. Up the river he saw a face somewhat like Babbie's, somewhat more imperious, but with the same pathetic eagerness and desire for abundance of life. How could young John Solley become old John Solley? Looking into Babbie's eyes, he seemed able to put the two men side by side.

"At one time, Miss Barbara," he said,—"you will forgive my saying so,—I should have resented your reference. Now I am only thinking how kind it is of you to forget that I am old."

Babbie did not quite understand, and felt troubled, and not sure of her position.

"Mr. Solley," she said, "I—I have a letter from Miss Lucia. Do you think I might show it to you?"

"It concerns me?"

"Y-yes."

He walked down the room and back again.

"I don't know that you ought, but you have tempted me to wish that you would. Thank you."

He put on his glasses and read it slowly. Babbie thought he read it like a business letter.

"He ought to turn pale or red," she thought. "Oh, he ought n't to wear his spectacles on the end of his nose!"

Mr. Solley handed back the letter.

"Thank you, Miss Barbara," he said, and began to talk of her great-grandmother Cutting.

Babbie blinked back her sudden tears. It was very different from a romance, where the pages will always turn and tell you the story willingly, where the hero always shows you exactly how he feels. She thought she would like to cry somewhere else. She stood up to go.

"I 'm sorry I 'm so silly," she said, with a little gulp and trying to be dignified.

Mr. Solley looked amused, so far as that the wrinkles deepened about his eyes.

"Will you be a friend of mine?" he asked.

"Yes," said Babbie, plaintively, but she did not think she would. How could she, and he so cold, so prosaic! She went out into the snow, which was driving down Main street from the Institute. It was four by the town clock.

They said in Wimberton that Mr. Solley left his house at seven o'clock in the evening, and that Stephen, the gardener, held an umbrella in front of him to keep off the storm all the way up the hill to the Institute. And they said, too, that the lights were left burning in the Solley house, and the fire on the hearth, and that the book he was reading when Babbie went in lay open on the table. The fire burned itself out. Stephen came in late, closed the book, and put out the lights, and in the morning went about town saying that Mr. Solley was to enter the Institute as a beneficiary.

But it is a secret that on that snowy evening Mr. Solley and Miss Lucia sat in the great east parlor of the Institute, with a lamp near by, but darkness in all the distances about them. His hands were on his gold-headed cane; Miss Lucia's rolls of white curls were very tidy over her ears, and her fingers were knitting something placidly. She was saying it was "quite impossible. One does n't want to be absurd at seventy-five."

"I suppose not," said Mr. Solley. "I should n't mind it. What do you think of the other plan?"

"If you want my permission to be a beneficiary," said Miss Lucia, with her eyes twinkling, "I think it would be a proper humiliation for you. I think you deserve it."

"It would be no humiliation."

"It was for me—some."

"It shall be so no more. I 'll make them wish they were all old enough to do the same—hem—confound them!"

"Did you think of it that way, John?"

Mr. Solley was silent for some moments.

"Do you know, I have been a busy man," he said at last, "but there was nothing in it all that I care to think over now. And to-day, for the first time, that seemed to me strange. It was shown to me—that is, I saw it was strange. We have only a few years left, and you will let me be somewhat near you while they pass. Is n't that enough? It seems a little vague. Well, then, yes. I thought of it that way, as you say. Do you mind my thinking of it that way?"

Miss Lucia's eyes grew a little tearful, but she managed to hide it by settling her glasses. Seventy-five years in a small town make the opinions of one's neighbors part of the structure of existence. It was bitter, the thought that Main street tacitly patronized her.

"Why, no, I don't mind."

She dropped her knitting and laughed suddenly.

"I think, John," she said, "that I missed marrying a very nice man."

Mr. Solley's glasses fell off with surprise. He put them on again and chuckled to himself.

"My father used to call me a—hem—a fool. He used to state things more accurately than you did."

AFTER all, there was no other institute like Wimberton's. The standards of other places were no measure for our conduct, and the fact that such things were not seen elsewhere was a flattering reason why they should be in Wimberton; namely, only five beneficiaries, and one of them a rich man and a trustee. It was singular, but it suited Wimberton to be singular. One thing was plain to all, that if Mr. Solley was a beneficiary, then to be a beneficiary was a dignified, well-bred, and suitable thing. But one thing was not plain to all, why he chose to be a beneficiary. Babbie Cutting went up to the Institute, and coming back, wept for pure sentiment in her white-curtained room, with the etching on the wall of Sir Lancelot riding down by the whirling

river, the island, and the gray-walled castle of Shalott.

I remember well the great ball and reception that Mr. Solley gave at the Institute to celebrate his entry, and how we all paid our respects to the five beneficiaries, four old men, who were gracious, but patronizing, —one with gold eye-glasses and gold-headed cane,—and Miss Lucia, with the rolled curls over her ears. The Institute, from that time on, looked down on Main street with a different air, and never lost its advantage. It seemed to many that the second Solley had refounded it for one of those whims that are ornamental in the rich. Babbie Cutting said to her heart, "He refounded it for Miss Lucia."

There was nowhere in Wimberton such dignified society as at the Institute. Even so that the last visitor of all seemed only to come by invitation, and to pay his respects with proper ceremony:

"Sir, or madam, I hope it is not an inconvenient time," or similar phrase.

"Oh, not at all. It seems very dark around."

"Will you take my arm? The path is steep and worn, and here is a small matter of a river, as you see. I regret that the water is perhaps a trifle cold. Yes, one hears so much talk about the other side that one hardly knows what to think. There is no hurry. But at this point I say good night and leave you. When you were young you often heard good night said when the morning was at hand. May it be so. Good night."

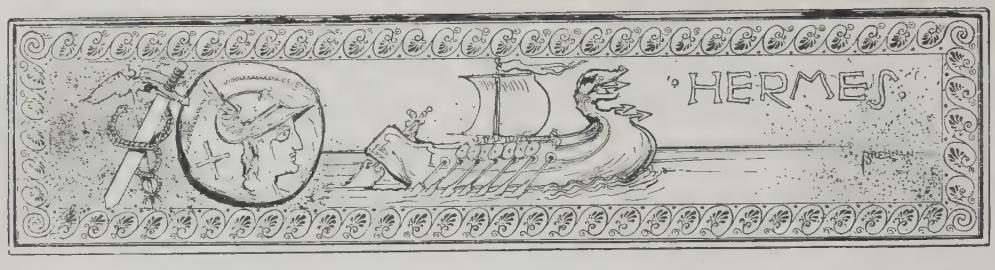
THE POET'S BEQUEST.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

WITH all its leafy voices spake to me
My guardian tree,
As I sat dreaming in my shady seat:
"I shall outlive thee."
Then answered I, dream-fashion, as was meet:
"This charge I give thee:
Make, then, his dreams as pleasant and as sweet,
Who shall hereafter fill this shady seat,
As mine for me,
Thou long-outliving, kindly, dooryard tree!"

With fragrant sighing, as I passed her place,
And half-hid face,
The wild rose spake beside the crumbling wall:
"I shall outlive thee."
Then I (as one who heeds a far-sent call):
"A charge I give thee,
O rose, solace and peace to him befall
(As once to me) who, by this crumbling wall,
Shall feel the grace
Of unknown things in thine averted face!"

Wherefore this legend do I leave for him
Who here outlives me:
"I drank the cup of joy, filled to the brim;
Nothing misgives me.
Drink thou thereof; and all once mine be thine;
Then, in thy turn, as glad the cup resign."



THE COMMERCIAL ASCENDANCY OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY THE HON. CARROLL D. WRIGHT,
United States Commissioner of Labor.

The industrial ascendancy of the United States has long been assured. According to careful estimates, the production of manufactured goods the present year will reach at least the value of $12,500,000,000. This sum is considered to be at least $450,000,000 in excess of the manufactured products of the United Kingdom and Germany, the chief competitors of the United States. The United Kingdom not many years ago held not only the ascendancy in manufactured goods in the world, but the supremacy. The United States has encroached rapidly upon that position until in many great lines her products vastly exceed those of Great Britain, while in the total they are much in excess. It took many years of the introduction of most improved methods, the application of highest skill, and all the energy of our iron-manufacturers to bring the production of pig-iron up to that of our great competitor, but for several years the amount of production in the United States has led that of England. The latest returns for this country show a production of nearly 12,000,000 long tons of pig-iron, while the production for Great Britain for the same period was 8,631,151 gross tons. The iron trade is basic in its nature, and, as a rule, when it flourishes all other industries flourish.

In the great field of agriculture, ascendancy has long been accorded to this country, and the United States has furnished the food-products to sustain the work of her great competitors in manufactures. According to Mr. Michael Mulhall, the United States employs the largest number of persons in agriculture of all the great countries except Austria, where 12,000,000 persons are employed. Germany comes next to the United States, and then France. The productivity of the agricultural labor of the different countries varies greatly, however. According to the same authority, an ordinary farm-hand in the United States raises as much grain as three in England, four in France, five in Germany, or six in Austria, which shows what an enormous waste of labor occurs in Europe, largely because the farmers are not possessed of the mechanical appliances used in the United States. This is seen when we examine the production of grain per capita of the persons employed. In the United States it is 350 bushels, in the United Kingdom 119, in France 98, in Germany 75, in Austria 64, and in Italy 39.

There is not so much variation in the productivity in manufactures as in agriculture, but, still, in the use of machinery it is great enough to give ascendancy to this country. In the United States it is 1940 foot-tons per inhabitant, in Great Britain 1470, in Germany 902, in France 910, in Austria 560, and in Italy 380. In these statements we find the basis for the phenomenal commercial expansion of the last few years.

It is only natural, when considering this industrial ascendancy of the United States, that one should consider the question as to

whether commercial ascendancy has either been reached or is in sight. To secure commercial ascendancy, the exports of a country must be greater than those of any other country; for the total exports of a country indicate its true position in commerce, as they usually consist of surplus products. Considering the exports of the products of three great nations, excluding the exports consisting of what are known as foreign-made articles,—that is, those articles which have been imported and then exported,—we have the following results:

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS OF THE UNITED STATES, GREAT BRITAIN, AND GERMANY FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1899.

	UNITED STATES.	GREAT BRITAIN.	GERMANY.
Imports	$ 798,845,571	$2,360,619,989	$1,236,888,380
Exports	1,252,903,987	1,289,971,039	949,957,960
Total	$2,051,749,558	$3,650,591,028	$2,186,846,340

This little table is exceedingly significant. By it it is seen that for the year 1899 the exports of Great Britain were slightly in excess of those of the United States; but taking the domestic exports from this country for the year ending March 31, the present year, we find that they are $1,309,142,217. British statistics for the same date are not at hand, but as British exports have not been increasing of late very rapidly, it is safe to conclude that at the present time the exports of the United States exceed those of any other country in the world. And this increase in exports has been very rapid. Taking the statistics from 1848 to the present time, it is found that from that year to 1875, inclusive, there were only three years when there was an excess of exports over imports. These years were 1858, when the excess was $8,672,620; 1862, when it was $1,313,824; and 1874, when it was $18,876,698. Since and including 1875 to the present time, there have been only four years when there was an excess of imports over exports. These years were 1875, when the excess of imports was $19,562,725; 1888, when it was $28,002,607; 1889, when it was $2,730,277; and 1893, when it was $18,737,728. It was not till 1873 that our total domestic exports reached the half-billion mark; they have never fallen below that since, except in the year 1875, when the decrease was less than $1,000,000. The billion mark was reached in 1892, but not again until 1897. Now, as we have seen, the figure is $1,309,142,217. While our exports have been constantly increasing, our imports have not increased. For the year ending December 31, 1899, they were $798,845,571, and this is only a little above the average of total imports since 1882. It must be remembered that the reverse is true for other countries. The exports of British produce from the United Kingdom are no greater to-day than they were a dozen years ago, while her imports have increased.

The trade relations of the United States with the principal countries, in relation to exports and imports, are shown in the two tables following:

EXPORTS FROM THE UNITED STATES TO THE PRINCIPAL COUNTRIES FOR YEARS ENDING JUNE 30, 1870, 1880, 1890, AND 1899.

COUNTRY.	1870.	1880.	1890.	1899.
United Kingdom	$243,316,828	$450,994,244	$444,459,009	$505,668,925
Germany	41,250,530	56,292,106	84,315,215	153,265,513
France	45,053,886	98,889,209	49,013,004	59,069,112
China	(a) 3,051,616	1,101,315	2,943,790	14,437,422
Japan	551,797	2,525,758	5,227,186	17,158,970
Italy	6,344,912	12,384,239	12,974,249	24,892,037
British North America	21,060,369	28,062,680	38,544,454	82,597,577

a. Including Hongkong.

IMPORTS FROM THE PRINCIPAL COUNTRIES FOR YEARS ENDING JUNE 30, 1870, 1880, 1890, AND 1899.

COUNTRY.	1870.	1880.	1890.	1899.
United Kingdom	$152,066,269	$210,613,694	$186,488,956	$118,472,048
Germany	27,015,321	52,211,237	98,837,683	84,242,795
France	42,731,138	69,344,412	77,672,311	62,145,337
China	(a) 14,565,527	21,769,618	16,260,471	18,619,268
Japan	3,052,026	14,510,834	21,103,324	26,716,493
Italy	6,641,566	10,317,686	20,330,051	24,832,713
British North America	36,265,328	33,214,340	39,396,980	31,586,332

a. Including Hongkong.

The above tables show the facts relative to the main body of our exports and imports for the last thirty years, the destination of such exports, and the countries from which our imports are drawn. They are very instructive. In 1870 we sent to the United Kingdom $243,316,828 worth of goods, and during 1899 we sent $505,668,925 worth, while for the same years we took from the United Kingdom $152,066,269 and $118,472,048 worth of goods; that is, while more than doubling our exports to the United Kingdom, we greatly reduced our imports. The difference in the figures for Germany is still more marked, although the amounts are not so large. We raised our exports for the period named from over $41,000,000 to over $153,000,000, but in imports we increased from over $27,000,000 to $84,242,795. The great differences, too, in the export trade to China and Japan, Italy, and British North America, are illustrative of our rapid commercial expansion, and while from these same countries, with the exception of the last, we have increased our import trade, the satisfaction of the increase in the export trade remains.

But the foregoing countries furnish old markets, those to which we have been exporting goods for many years, and while they show great increase in our export trade, we have been increasing it by including new markets, or those to which we exported only a few goods until recently. This view of our commercial ascendancy is shown in the growth of our Oriental trade. The sales of our products are rapidly increasing. Almost $6,000,000 worth of flour was sent to the far East last year, while only about $4,000,000 worth was sent the preceding year, and most of this went to China, Japan, and Asiatic Russia. A brief table has been constructed showing the exports of the United States to the principal ports of Asia and Oceanica for the fiscal years 1893, 1899, and 1900, the statements for the last-mentioned year being estimates based upon the actual exportations during the eight months of 1899.

EXPORTS OF THE UNITED STATES TO NEW MARKETS.

COUNTRY.	1893.	1899.	1900.
Japan	$ 3,189,711	$17,158,970	$ 26,000,000
China	3,900,457	14,437,422	15,000,000
Hongkong	4,214,602	7,637,041	8,000,000
Asiatic Russia	145,591	1,541,197	2,000,000
British Australasia	7,818,130	19,624,896	24,000,000
Hawaii	2,717,338	9,006,671	12,000,000
Philippines	154,378	401,258	2,000,000
All Asia and Oceanica	27,179,024	77,505,788	104,000,000

The foregoing statement is as satisfactory as all the figures relating to our export trade, and it shows clearly that wherever our goods become known, whether they are products of the soil or of our manufactories, they are sure to find consumers. These and the other statistics of our commercial relations demonstrate the fact that the United States is exporting largely in three great lines. One of these lines may fail,—we may not ship great quantities of coal,—but the exportation of

agricultural and manufactured products is sure to go on expansively, not only through the quality of the goods sent out, but through the opportunities from natural resources and other conditions of the United States to supply them. We are constantly exporting a great proportion of manufactured goods, and at the same time we are importing more foreign materials to be worked up in our manufactures; but it should be remembered that we are taking less and less of the completed products of foreign countries.

While the destination of our exports is always interesting, the character of them is still more interesting, and for this purpose there have been selected from the statistics of the Treasury Department those showing the greatest increase in the last thirty years. The following table shows the increase in the exports of leading articles for the years ending June 30, 1870, 1880, 1890, and 1899.

INCREASE OF EXPORTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

	1870.	1880.	1890.	1899.
Agricultural implements	$ 1,068,476	$ 2,245,742	$ 3,859,184	$ 12,432,197
Animals	1,045,039	15,882,120	33,638,128	37,880,916
Boots and shoes	419,612	441,069	662,974	2,711,385
Breadstuffs	72,250,933	286,764,807	154,925,927	273,999,699
Coal	1,306,358	2,058,080	6,856,088	13,661,028
Cotton, manufactures of	3,787,282	10,467,651	8,366,838	18,969,897
Drugs, chemicals, medicines, and dyes	2,360,461	4,174,070	6,224,504	10,995,289
Locks, hinges, and other builders' hardware	(a)	(a)	1,985,794	4,898,752
Machinery	2,350,892	6,070,740	14,232,330	44,285,363
Nails and spikes	265,951	287,939	471,760	1,864,596
Pipes and fittings	(b)	(b)	(b)	5,874,228
Provisions—meat and dairy products	29,175,539	132,488,201	136,962,278	175,508,608
Saws and tools	310,021	958,000	1,865,603	2,943,620
Steel rails	65,081	14,744	315,081	5,298,125

a. Not separately reported. *b*. Not reported separately prior to July 1, 1897.

The above table is only partial, but it is indicative. Many other articles might be added, but they would simply make the table cumulative in its character. The enormous increase in the export of breadstuffs proves that the United States is the bakery of the world. This gives this country an enormous power in many directions, but it is securing another power, unthought of a few years ago, in the exportation of coal. In 1870 we sent abroad only $1,306,358 worth, while last year we sent $13,661,028 worth, and during the last few months the coal exports have greatly increased. This is due in large measure to the scarcity of coal in Germany and some other European countries. American coal is much in demand in Austria, France, Japan, the Netherlands, and in Russia, and the consular officers of the United States at various points in these countries are called upon constantly to answer inquiries looking to the extensive importation of American coal. Recent information furnished the State Department testifies to the existence of serious coal famines in Russia and Germany, while our consul at Frankfort-on-the-Main has informed the public that never before in the history of Germany has there been such a demand upon the coal production of the country as at present. It does not take a very vivid imagination to contemplate the disastrous results of a decrease in the coal-supply of any great country. Everything must suffer—manufactures, shipping, transportation of all kinds, and especially the naval armament.

The United States, according to careful estimates, possesses at least fifty per cent. of the coal area of the whole world. The production of coal in this country at the present time is something like thirty per cent. of the total production of the world. The question may well be asked, Is the time coming when this country will furnish not only the food for the support of armies, both industrial and military, of some of our greatest competitors, but also the fuel food by which armies, navies, industries, and transportation are supported? Some years ago it was calculated by skilful engineers

that the coal-fields of the Appalachian range contained forty times as much coal as was contained in England before a pick was ever struck into it. These considerations must convince the American public that this country is in no danger of either a food or a fuel famine, for our supply of fuel is estimated to be equal to the demand for at least one thousand years.

With the capacity of feeding many countries, both in food and fuel, we are now encroaching upon foreign trade, and seriously, too, in the supply of manufactured products. In 1860 the exports of agricultural products constituted 81.13 per cent. of the total exports, the exports of manufactured articles being only 12.76 per cent. There has been a constant increase in the latter proportion until in the last year manufactures constituted 28.13 per cent. of the total exports, while agricultural products constituted 65.20 per cent.

There have been marked changes in certain articles. We used to import great quantities of iron and steel, especially steel rails. These things have almost disappeared from the import statistics of our country, except that during the past year there has been considerable importation of iron, owing to the enormous demand for structural purposes. In 1891 we had little or no production of tin-plate, the imports being over 1,000,000,000 pounds during that year. Last year we imported only 108,484,826 pounds, not much more than one tenth of the importations of 1891, while in place of manufacturing little or no tin-plate, we last year manufactured 791,371,484 pounds, and the domestic product ranks well in quality with the foreign. Our tools and machinery are gradually finding their way over the world. More than a generation ago agricultural implements of American make began to displace English tools. This was especially true of shovels and spades manufactured in Massachusetts of iron imported from Sweden and England. They were made light, strong, and durable, and displaced very rapidly English-made tools in the British colonies. Carpenters' tools and all the lighter tools of production have long been popular abroad; in fact, an ordinary tool taken out of the stock in trade of a hardware-dealer would take the prize in a foreign exposition in competition with foreign-made goods especially made for exhibition. The skill with which the American tools are made, their strength and lightness in comparison with foreign-made goods, constitute their attraction; but now machinery of complicated structure—locomotives and various other things—is being exported to different foreign countries. Egypt is trying our locomotives; they are sent to South America; even Germany and Russia order them. The best testimony in regard to the excellence of our locomotives, and which indicates that in the future we may look for a still larger use of them abroad, comes from Lord Cromer, the British minister plenipotentiary in Egypt. "Their choice," he says, "is simply due to the fact that American firms almost invariably offer engines built on standard designs of their own at lower prices and in less time, while the English and other European makers content themselves with their old designs, not being, as a rule, in the habit of manufacturing to standard designs of their own. We prefer," he says, "to adhere to our standards, but in cases where time and cost are of great importance, offers from America cannot be passed by."

When all the encouraging statistics showing the commercial ascendancy of the United States are considered, there may be a pessimistic conclusion when it is known that the enormous commerce shown by them is carried in foreign vessels, and some writers are very fond of treating of the decadence of the American carrying-trade. So, having shown some of the peculiar and significant aspects of our commerce, it is well to see where we stand relative to the transportation of the vast quantity of goods which make up the total imports and exports of our country. Goods must be brought in and carried out. In 1859 63.8 per cent. of the imports alone were carried in American vessels, and in 1899 only 12.4 per cent. were so carried; while in 1859 70 per cent. of the exports and in 1899 only 6.9 per cent. were carried in American vessels. In 1859 nearly 67 per cent. of the imports and exports of the United States were carried in American vessels, while in 1899 only 8.9 per cent. were so carried. The carrying-trade of a country, however, is not its commerce. The capacity to sell surplus goods is the true indication of its efficiency and energy. The quantity of the surplus goods indicates its productive capacity and real commercial power. The carrying-trade is virtually the express or transportation business. The decrease in the use of American vessels in the carrying-trade of America has been attributed very largely to hostile legislation, chiefly relating to the registry of foreign-built ves-

sels, the laws virtually prohibiting the American registry of a foreign-built ship. This may have had some influence in decreasing the carrying of our commerce in American vessels, but the chief reason is a purely economic one, and not one of legislation. American capital has been more profitably invested in the production and sale of goods than in the foreign express business, and whenever the time comes that capital invested in the carrying-trade is more profitable than in the production of goods, then the American marine service will extend its influence over all seas. The American producers have been quite content to let British and foreign ships carry their goods, for they have been able to carry them at cheaper rates than American shippers were willing to take, and at profits which would not content the American investor.

With this rapid review of the commercial interests of the United States, the question naturally arises whether commercial extension will go on and foreign markets for American-made goods be reached by our exporters. It must not be expected that increase in the future will be uniform. Industrial depressions and financial crises abroad must be reckoned with. It is gratifying to know from the statistics of our export trade that during the industrial depression from 1893 to 1898–99 there was a constant tendency to increase. There was an occasional falling off, but, on the whole, a positive and healthy growth in the volume of exports. This argues well for the future. A country devoted to machine-production always has a productive capacity somewhat larger than the real requirements for home consumption. All such countries are therefore constantly on the lookout for opportunities to dispose of surplus products in foreign markets. The United States is not alone in this aspect of the case, and it is comforting to our own commercial pride and interests to know that there is a steady gain in the appreciation abroad of American-made goods. We learn from the "Review of the World's Commerce," just published by the Bureau of Foreign Commerce of the Department of State, that this statement is true except where the quality of goods has been depreciated in order to secure cheapness. This is the case with bicycles, on account of the exportation of inferior wheels. But generally the word "American" is rapidly attaining world-wide celebrity, and the American stamp indicates a superior quality and excellence in a large number of articles exported. This is particularly true of machinery, agricultural implements, and all labor-saving inventions, furniture, boots and shoes, railroad, bridge, and other building supplies, hardware, and a great variety of articles constructed of iron and steel.

Something can be done through legislation. The reciprocity treaties are doing much to preserve our commercial ascendancy and to expand our foreign trade. These things, with our vast resources in the supply of raw materials, which all nations must have, would indicate that the commercial future of the United States is well assured. Blunders will occur, combinations of circumstances and conditions will interfere at times, but, taking a broad view, it must be admitted that the United States is now entering upon a period not only of industrial but of commercial ascendancy. Both labor and capital are interested in this ascendancy, and, with reasonable and sensible legislation, there should be no check beyond temporary interference in the growth of our foreign trade.

IN THE PANIC.

BY WILL PAYNE.

URNING the corner hurriedly, Miss Grosvenor saw that the run had begun. A file of savings-bank depositors, already a rod long, reached from the open door of the bank, forming along the inner edge of the broad flagging under the supervision of two policemen, making an odd little human fringe to the base of the mountainous building that towered in glass and granite fourteen stories above them.

Even as Miss Grosvenor passed, others came. They seemed to spring out of the flagging. There were working-men and a few dressed like clerks. There were women, many of them shabby and of a foreign aspect. One clutched a bank-book, and with the other hand led a girl of eight or nine

years, who moved along with the slow procession docilely, staring with a child's wonder. Nearer the door was a young and well-dressed woman, who bit her lip continually and kept her eyes restlessly averted from those who passed along the street. One could see that she was ashamed of being found in that out-at-elbows company, of standing out there in the street and confessing her anxiety for the few dollars she had on deposit. All eyes turned again and again to the open doorway ahead, through which the line slowly marched. There were nervous movements of lips and fingers. There was a restrained eagerness in the slow pressing on to the goal within, where the money lay.

The July sun beat down upon the stone sidewalk and the stone street. Foot-passengers hurried along the flagging. Wagons and cars rattled over the pavement. On every side, interminably, square after square of solid masonry arose. All seemed commonplace. All seemed enduring. Only there was this shabby little fringe like a human powder-train at the base of the bank.

"Panic!" the newspapers called it in staring head-lines. Banks and commercial houses were going over like dominoes. Stocks were falling. No man could borrow. All at once the firm ground of credit had quaked and opened in fissures.

The big square banking-room, with its tile floor and rosewood counters, looked enduring too. But the file of besieging depositors wound around two sides of it, ending at the brass wickets of the savings department in the corner.

Mr. Miller, the president, stood at the door of his small, glass-walled office in the opposite corner. Behind his smiling face, picturesquely framed in a pointed red beard, there was a certain blind resentment against these shabby people. They were the big, indubitable sign of that universal loosening and unrest which he felt like rising waters licking at the foundations of his bank. They advertised a distrust of the bank as in letters a mile high, at a time when to allay fear was to live, and to excite it was to perish. Well, they would get no money. The bank had at once taken advantage of that provision of the law which permitted it to require sixty days' notice before the withdrawal of savings deposits. He felt like shouting to them, "Go away! Keep cool, and all the trouble will be over!"

Then he saw Miss Grosvenor coming up to the little gate in the rosewood railing before his office. She smiled as their eyes met, and he waited for her to come to him.

There was no time when this handsome sister-in-law was not a satisfaction. But just now especially the man looked down at her with a faint smiling, which was a kind of confession. He liked even her costume, which was a pale sort of blue with a good deal of lace about it. The dress gave every advantage of her pretty figure. He liked her steady gray eyes and the dimple in her chin, and the little parasol, fringed with lace, which he called "swagger."

In his office, which was only ten feet square, Miss Grosvenor took the chair at the end of the desk, and Miller sat facing her. His face was composed, but there was still a faint smiling in his reddish-brown eyes. Quite unexpectedly to her and even to himself, he said quietly:

"I take a lot of stock in you, Anne," and an instant later he gave a little laugh at his own inconsequence.

But the woman understood. It was an expression of the good fellowship, the good understanding, the affection, that lay between them. Even so slight an expression from the undemonstrative man touched her sharply. It made her feel, too, that the crisis was actually at hand.

The financial details were dark to her, but her imagination supplied light enough. She knew that they were hanging by a thread, and that something was required of her. Her hands came together in her lap. Her heart was beating rapidly. Her lips parted from the effort of respiration. Her eyes clung to Miller's face.

"Yes, Walter," she said, and the man knew that she was ready.

Miller put his hand to his beard a moment.

"I sold your bank stock this morning," he said quietly. "You and Clara had a hundred shares apiece, you know. Of course Clara's will be gone up if the bank fails. But I sold yours at par, and I 've got the ten thousand dollars here for you now. I want you to take it away. Naturally, if the bank fails, I can't draw out any money to-morrow; or, for that matter, I could n't get anybody to buy the stock of a bank that had failed."

He smiled, and Miss Grosvenor understood that this sale of the bank stock was some sort of fiction; that in effect he had bought it himself, and drawn the money from the bank through some contrivance or other.

He stooped, opened a drawer in his desk, and took out a square package done up in

yellow paper,—just the sort of package one might come from a store with,—and laid it on the corner of the desk near her.

Miss Grosvenor looked down at the package. For a moment she seemed unable to get her eyes away from it. Miller felt in her the leap and quiver of the nerves which one feels in a well-broken, spirited horse that has been startled. In fact, her enthusiasm for the service which Miller was to require of her abruptly died out. This seemed to her so vulgar, so like taking somebody's spoons.

"What would you have me say if I were questioned about it?" she asked in a low voice, her eyes still on the package.

"Oh, it won't come to that," said Miller, coolly. "At most, if the bank fails, this is only ten thousand dollars out of twelve millions. This thing could n't have come at a worse time for me. I 'm a rich man, but I 've been running against the current too long. Just now I 'm fearfully tied up. If the bank fails, I don't know 's there 'd be a solitary dollar I could lay my hands on. I have some rights here. The panic is n't my fault. I don't ask anything for myself. But there are Clara and the children at the sea-shore. You know what they need. I 'd be ashamed of myself if I had n't the courage to look out for them. And it just comes to that—to the courage to maintain one's self. It 's a question of self-appreciation. My wife and children were not brought up to be beggars. I want to get this thing of the wife and children's maintenance out of the way. Then I can fight out the matter of the bank with a free hand. I intend to pull it through yet."

The sound of resolution, of steadiness, in his voice elevated her. She took up the package definitely and arose. She had a sense of coming into a man's sphere of action, taking her part in a man's fight—and she hated timorous women. Was not Walter making his bigger fight? It was part of her point of view that in such a crisis his women should stand by him and ask no questions, like those who loaded the muskets in other circumstances. She walked out of the office, her head up, with a touch of conscious erectness, carrying her yellow bundle conspicuously with a kind of pride.

At the gate in the railing, looking out at the line of besieging depositors, she saw a face in the line—that of a girl whom she identified as one of Clara's Sunday-school enthusiasms. The girl was looking at her. But there was no sign of recognition on Miss Grosvenor's part, and as though the girl had turned to her with a personal judgment, she gathered herself proudly and swept out, carrying her yellow package.

The girl had looked away quickly, confused at having met Miss Grosvenor's eye. Now she moved on patiently, a step at a time, with the slow line, holding her bank-book in her hand. She was not at all shabby, though Miss Grosvenor could at once have told that her neat little blue jacket, from the front of which the shirt-waist bosom puffily protruded, and her becoming hat got their effect of smartness with a small outlay of money. She was perhaps eighteen. There was still a touch of girlish color in her thin cheeks. Her dark hair was smoothly parted over her white brow. Her dark eyes kept turning to the wicket ahead. She had long known whom she would meet there. His eyes and hers had mutely exchanged glances. The young man's face was distinctly German—young, pale, with a jaunty little mustache, and a roll of dark hair above his high forehead. When the girl came up to the wicket she spoke to him in German.

"Well, Kurt, we thought it best to come," she said.

"Yes—with the others!" he said. There was a touch of reproach in his tone, and he bent over the pass-book without looking at her.

Minna saw that he took it as she had feared he would; and certainly it was not just nice to put Kurt's bank and Kurt's judgment thus under suspicion. She leaned close to the wicket and spoke softly in her intimate German.

"Thou knowest how nervous papa is, especially since he can get out no more. It is much to us, this fifteen hundred dollars—all we have. He was anxious. It was best to come, dear."

"Oh, yes, surely. It is right." The young man looked up at her with a certain contrition and with a quick outflow of affection. She was so patient, so sweet, so good! "Yes, it is right," he repeated. "You give notice now, you understand, and in sixty days—"

"Yes, I understand. Then, in sixty days we can draw the money. If the bank does n't fail, we will not wish to draw it; and if it should fail, then we will be safe."

Kurt opened his lips to speak, to explain. But he felt a helplessness against this ignorance. Why say to her, "If the bank fails, your notice will amount to nothing; you will lose your money just the same"?

Minna added, with a touch of gaiety, "But certainly the bank will not fail."

"Oh, the bank fail! Certainly not." Kurt smiled indulgently, as though the bare suggestion called for charity. The superior smile became quickly more personal as he looked at her. "I will come down to-night if I can," he said.

"Yes, do."

Others were pressing for a place at the wicket, and she nodded brightly, and turned away.

The young man's eyes sent a last glance after her—the dear girl! He went on with his work. Three o'clock came. The front door was shut. The file of depositors began to shorten, recruits being cut off. The pressure of work lessened. The clerks had the big bank to themselves. Two of them, in the cage next to Kurt, were working together over a ledger.

"Will the old shebang pull through?" Kurt heard one say in a low voice.

"Dunno," the other answered sullenly. "Be a tight squeeze, I guess. You bet I drew my money out yesterday—had to make a payment on my house." The man drew the corner of his mouth sarcastically, without looking up.

Kurt stared at them in blank astonishment. The bank to fail! Mr. Miller's bank! What could the fellows be dreaming of?

"Wish I had my money out of here," the other muttered. "I 've a good mind to draw it right now, rules or no rules." The man gave a rebellious glance about, his nether lip protruding angrily.

Something came into Kurt's throat; but as yet he was simply overwhelmed with astonishment. He laid down his pen, and walked out of the cage in a kind of daze. A small door behind the big vault gave into a passage that led to a lavatory. Opening this door, Kurt surprised Schwartz reading a newspaper. Schwartz was one of the bank's watchmen. He regularly borrowed the paper that Kurt got from the old folk in Hamburg. But it was the "Daily News" that he was reading now, standing in a corner of the passage, his watchman's cane hung over his arm. He had folded the paper to a narrow strip which he held up to the electric light, reading clumsily through his glasses. As the door opened he started guiltily. But it was only Kurt.

"What 's up?" the young man asked.

The watchman peered down the passage suspiciously. Then he bent to Kurt, laying a heavy hand on the youth's shoulder, and holding up his newspaper.

"See, Kurt," he whispered in a guttural confidence. "Barnes has failed, and so has the Packers' Bank at Cincinnati. That means good-by to Willy Miller and this bank."

The youth looked up at him with a kind of appeal. "God! You don't mean the bank is going to fail?"

"Sure. They know it already up in front. They are sending for the clearing-house committee. Thomas told me, though Old Nick only knows how Thomas knows. He knows everything."

Thomas was the watchman who stood near the officers' desks, and "up in front" was the space about Miller's office where the management sat.

Kurt went back to the teller's cage. His hands worked on mechanically. He was thinking of Minna. He had got them to deposit the money in the bank. He had got them to let it remain there. And Minna—the girl's face kept coming up to him, so patient, so good, working away with her little music-teaching and her little German-teaching—a mere girl, too. Now and then a start of hot tears came to his eyes as he set his teeth together and boiled with a rage to rush "up in front," and tear the money out of their hands by main force.

Presently he heard the man next him saying again, "I 've a good mind to take my money right now."

There were some packages of bills in the teller's drawer in Kurt's cage.

After that the passage of time itself became fantastical, so that little incidents stretched out interminably, and an hour went by in a wink, until he was walking on Michigan Avenue, looking up at a big house, Minna by his side.

He knew it was Miller's house, and that they were going in.

As they turned from the flagging and began to ascend the broad stone steps, there was a quailing in the pit of his stomach. His nerves ached. But Minna went up confidently, and pushed the bell-button as though she lived there.

A footman appeared, holding the door only a little ajar, his aged, chalky, large-boned face peering out cautiously.

Kurt was nearest the door. "From the bank," he said without premeditation. Minna stepped up with a little friendly nod, and smiled as though she were going in as a matter of course. Her face was familiar

enough, and at once the footman was throwing the door wide open.

"Where is Mr. Miller?" Minna asked.

"In the library," said the footman.

"This way," said Minna to Kurt, and the two began to move down the hall quite at home.

The footman stared after them a moment in mere bewilderment. He made a move to overtake them. But who could tell? All sorts of people were coming at will.

The second apartment on the right-hand side of the hall was the music-room. Minna led the way in there without hesitation, knowing that the library was just beyond. The room was unlighted. The heavy doors to the drawing-room in front were closed, but a light shone strongly between the curtains that hung in the library door. It was absolutely still. They advanced half-way across the room, and stopped by a common impulse, for a singular scene lay disclosed beyond the curving curtains.

A dozen men sat about the long library table. Their head-gear was carelessly disposed on the table itself and on convenient chairs. Some of them were smoking. Midway of the table a man with a lean, colorless, square face, under bushy eyebrows and a shock of iron-gray hair, was figuring silently on a big sheet of paper. Miller sat at the upper end of the table. His brows were contracted in a slight, anxious scowl. A half-smoked, unlighted cigar was between the fingers of the hand that rested on the table. With a kind of covert restlessness he watched the man who was figuring. The other faces about the table were waiting. One, next to Miller, was stout, bald, and sanguine. A serene, well-composed one framed in silver-white beard was farther down. A big man whose double chin overflowed his shiny white collar rested his plump white hands on the table, and turned a pencil end for end with a silent, nervous motion.

Kurt mechanically identified them one by one. Each name stood for a great bank. In a moment he caught the significance of the conjunction of these names. It was the clearing-house committee—a Sanhedrim of finance. It could say that this house should survive, that the other should perish. It gave decisions from which there was no appeal.

Abruptly, without looking up, the chairman began to speak.

"You've tied up one million eight hundred thousand dollars in one way and another in advances to that Electrical Development Company of yours, Miller, practically loans of the banks' funds to yourself. What do you expect us to do for you?" he demanded. His hard gray eyes looked at Miller challengingly.

Kurt felt Minna's hand pulling on his arm. It came to her then, with awe, that Miller, too, stood before his judges. With noiseless steps she and Kurt moved back toward the door.

"Not out in the hall," she whispered. "The servants won't let us stay. Over here in the corner. We won't listen."

They stole to the dim farthest corner and sat down, shadowed by the big drama that had suddenly opened before them. They knew that Miller stood up; that he was talking. At times a loud, angry clash of voices came out to them. Then the argument went on swiftly in lower tones.

Presently, without warning, Miller stepped to the doorway. He rolled out first one and then the other wing of the double door behind the curtains, closing in the library and the committee, leaving himself in the music-room. He walked rapidly to the hall, disappearing. The waiting couple heard his step; then, a moment later, a sound in the drawing-room as though he had gone in there.

"Come," Minna whispered. They arose and glided to the hall. But as they turned toward the drawing-room door, Miss Grosvenor came running down the stairs, and darted in there ahead of them. They hesitated a moment, and drew back to the music-room.

When Miss Grosvenor ran in, Miller sat on the farther side of the room. He had slid far down in his chair, his legs sprawling. He looked tired and worn. His linen was soiled with the dust and sweat of the day. His reddish hair was rumpled. There were dark lines under his eyes. She saw in his face, in his attitude, a man tormented, pulled out to the breaking-point. A slight smile moved his bearded lips, and she felt, too, that his courage sufficed, that he had himself in hand.

She sat down quickly near him, leaning toward him.

"How has it gone, Walter?" she breathed.

"It has n't gone yet, Anne," he replied quietly. "It turns mostly on some loans that I 've made to the Electrical Development Company. They say I had no right to make them. So Buford is figuring on taking that affair off my hands. He 'll cut deep if he does it. You see, I 'm a lame duck just now, and the question is whether it 's best to pluck me altogether or just to take off a wing or so. A man can do nothing. It 's all in their

hands, and they will decide it according to their jealousies and self-interests, and what not."

"But if they decide against you?"

"Then it 's all up." He spoke quite serenely.

"It is n't fair!" Miss Grosvenor exclaimed fiercely under her breath. She looked angrily in the direction of the library. She felt a big rage against this committee that was calmly deliberating Miller's fate. "There is no justice in it," she went on hotly. "I hope you 'll use every advantage you can get. A man ought to."

Miller gave a little laugh.

"Yes, that 's what the committee thinks," he said.

"Oh, well—" Miss Grosvenor began; then she checked herself. "I suppose it 's the rule all around," she added helplessly.

"Yes, it 's the rule," said Miller. "I don't know 's it 's so bad a rule, take it all around. Otherwise, I suppose I 'd be running a little grocery-store, as my father began doing. Only if a man happens to be the under dog—" the banker sighed. "Well, we must wait."

For some minutes neither spoke. The stillness grew oppressive. To the woman they seemed in some way cut off from the world, waiting. In spite of her striving, fear stole over her—a big fear. She felt its crushing weight at the center of her heart. She had an inexpressible wish to escape, to be softly snatched away, to slip back at once to some dreamed condition of sweetness and security.

Then both she and Miller were aware of a soft stir in the hall, of some mumbled words. The face of the old footman appeared in the doorway, dubious, bewildered, apologetical. Directly behind him appeared a young woman and a young man.

Miss Grosvenor was mechanically identifying the girl as the one she had seen in the line of depositors—Clara's Sunday-school enthusiasm. Miller recognized the young man as one of his clerks.

The footman melted ineffectually away, and the two young people stepped into full view. Minna crossed the threshold first. Kurt stepped to her side, and the two waited picture-like. The girl's soft eyes passed over Miss Grosvenor and rested on Miller. Kurt was quite white. A package wrapped in newspaper protruded from the pocket of his sack-coat, and one hand rested upon it. His straw hat was in the other hand. His wave of hair was disordered. He had eaten nothing since the hasty bite at noon. He had worked hard and suffered. There was a quailing in his stomach, and he felt a kind of cold limpness in his nerves and sinews. But he was standing up by Minna without faltering. She had shown him what to do. There was no motion in his mind of drawing back. The girl spoke.

"There has been a mistake, Mr. Miller. Kurt has made a mistake, and we wished to see you about it—without waiting." Her voice was clear and sweet, like her face. The note of youth and innocence was in it.

Miller waited, completely surprised. As for Miss Grosvenor, her eyes were on Minna.

"He was a teller to-day," the girl went on steadily. "I had some money in the bank. He had deposited it there for me. He heard, or thought, that the bank might fail, so I would lose the money. He was excited and confused. So he drew out the money for me. Then we saw that was n't right. The bank might—might—" In the moment of faltering over the right word to express their doubt respecting the bank, her eyes fell, and by a subtle inflection Miss Grosvenor felt at once all the effort it had cost this girl to make her simple declaration. Miss Grosvenor's eyes were still fixed on the girl's face, and there was an odd constriction at her heart.

"It might be too late to-morrow, sir," Minna went on, looking up at Miller again. "So we came to-night."

"Yes," said Miller, kindly.

"We brought back the money," Minna added. She looked at Kurt.

The young man took the package from his pocket, as though her look had given him the cue. He started forward nervously and laid the package on a chair, as Miller did not offer to take it. He stood very close to Miss Grosvenor, but he seemed not aware of her. He was looking only at the banker.

"I was put on in the savings department to help out to-day," he began rapidly. His voice shook, and the hand next Miss Grosvenor, with which he fumbled for his pocket, trembled visibly. "I could n't bear that she should lose her money. It 's all they have, and her father is n't well. So—I took it, sir. I took it and signed her name to a receipt." Tears started to his eyes. He was overwrought. "I took it," he repeated. "I will confess it anywhere—anywhere that—" He choked over the word.

Minna stepped beside him and slipped her hand through his arm.

"He did n't think," said her clear, steady voice. "As soon as he thought it over he saw it was wrong."

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

MISS GROSVENOR.

Her touch quieted the young man. His hand still fumbled tremulously about his pocket. He bit his lip.

Miller's eyes were downcast. "I understand," he said in a low voice, without looking up. "You 'd best take the money back to the bank in the morning."

"But if the bank should—should n't—" Kurt stopped helplessly.

There was a pause. Then the banker lifted his eyes to the two faces above him.

"Yes, the bank may not be open to-morrow," he said quietly; and with a quick throb that was in some way one of pain as much as of pleasure, Miss Grosvenor felt him coming up to this situation—as trying in its way as the larger one—with the same steady courage.

"So—we could n't give it back then—maybe—and we came to you," Minna explained. Miller's suggestion had evidently confused her. She looked at him in a troubled way.

"That is, you take me for the bank?" he asked, with the touch of a smile.

"Why—of course, it seemed so—" Minna was answering, and she was still evidently confused.

Miller smiled a little more. He looked up at the girl kindly.

"Well, take the money home," he said. "Keep it. I say so. Now that it 's done, it does n't matter. You need n't bother about it."

Nothing could have been more kindly than the banker's manner. There was even an affectionate quality in it. Kurt stared his surprise.

Minna's lips parted. Her eyes shone softly. Her surprise was very pretty. But in an instant she seemed confused again. A little line came in her forehead; she looked at the banker in a troubled, appealing way.

"But—but—is that right, Mr. Miller?" she pleaded.

The banker still looked at her with his faint, kindly smile. Even her confusion was charming.

"I say so," he said. "And I am the bank, am I not?"

"But—but—" The line in her brow grew deeper. Abruptly tears sprang to her eyes. Her graceful body bent appealingly toward the banker. "We are poor people, Mr. Miller," she cried out in distress. "We don't understand these things. But Kurt must n't do wrong. You see that."

The appeal came straight out of her youth and innocence and love. Miller stood up. His hand went out, and for a second touched her shoulder lightly.

"Yes, yes," he said quickly; "I see that. Leave the money here. It is better. You have done right." He glanced at the young man, and repeated, as for him, "You have done right."

"Thank you," said the girl, shyly and uselessly. The two made as to go. But Minna turned back, still very close to Miller, looking into his face. "You won't blame Kurt?" she said softly.

"Not a bit," said Miller. "If the bank stays, he will stay."

"Thank you," she said again.

"Thank you, sir," said the young man, and they went out together.

For an instant both Miller and Miss Grosvenor looked down at the package of money wrapped in a newspaper. Miss Grosvenor was first to speak.

"I suppose I might put it with my ten thousand," she said, with a short and bitter laugh.

In the instant she felt herself put aside in some subtle way as being ineffectual, unhelping, unimportant. She had the sense of a queer, potential sort of kinship between that gentle, unknowing girl and the hardy, sophisticated banker. The girl's courage matched his, and her own courage in taking the money seemed so poor, so shabby. It was like being found without one's clothes. She felt that in some way she had failed her brother-in-law—and she liked him so well.

Abruptly she bent forward and clapped her hands to her face.

"It makes me ashamed, Walter," she said, her head bowed.

Miller looked down at her sympathetically. The picture of youthful love and innocence which had been before them made its appeal to him, too.

"Yes—our lost paradise," he said kindly. "It 's pretty. It 's beautiful. But if we 're to go back to it, you know, we must go back to the grocery-store, too, or to something even simpler than that. A house on Michigan Avenue and a place at the sea-shore mean things not paradisal. You can't make a fortune or keep one in Eden. That girl can do it, of course, and she can make her young man do it. But we 've paid a good deal for our sophistication. And don't we like the sophistication pretty well, too? Would you rather be Miss Grosvenor of Michigan Avenue or Anne What's-her-name of Halsted street?"

Miss Grosvenor dropped her hands in her

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"HER TOUCH QUIETED THE YOUNG MAN."

lap and looked down at them rather pathetically. "I think I 'd rather be Anne What's-her-name—if I could," she said in a low voice.

The picture that had been before them troubled her heart. That other girl seemed to come straight out of the dreamed condition of sweetness and security. Her courage had been so fine, so beautiful. Miss Grosvenor looked up at Miller appealingly.

"That ten thousand dollars, Walter," she said plaintively.

"Yes," said Miller; "it 's uncomfortably naked, I admit. It 's a trick. But, in the main, it 's no different from a lot of other things. A good many other ten thousands that go to the making of a Miss Grosvenor or a charitable Mrs. Miller have about the same flavor. For my part, I think they 're worth while. I like the money. Of course the other thing does appeal. It—does—seem—safe." He let the words drop one by one, and looked steadily at his sister-in-law. "Still, if you wish, the ten thousand will go back to the bank."

He sat down as leaving it all to her. Miss Grosvenor was tracing lines with her finger over the arm of her chair.

"Oh, I don't know," she sighed helplessly.

After a while she heard the snapping of Miller's watch-case. It was growing late. The stillness of the house again oppressed her. In some way it seemed like the emptiness of her life. She had no more argument. She simply sat, waiting. There grew up in her a conviction that the decision would be against them. If only in some way she could begin over again!

It seemed to her that she felt before she heard the stirring at the library door; that a sense other than hearing quailed from the strident cry, "Oh, Miller!"

Miller arose. For an instant, as he stepped toward the door, he looked at her, his eyebrows drawn in a scowl which expressed simply a stubborn, belligerent readiness. She felt his courage, but it did not help her.

During the long wait that followed she had a fear of stirring, lest the slightest motion might in some way touch off the avalanche and bring the very house crashing about her.

At intervals the murmurous sound of voices reached her through the closed door. After a while she knew that the men were coming into the hall. There was a sound of steps and of voices. Once or twice she heard a subdued laugh. The front door was opening and closing as the men went out rapidly in groups.

Then the door closed with a kind of definiteness. It was still. She knew it was all over, whatever it was. She took her nether lip between her teeth and laid her hands tightly on the arms of her chair.

Miller appeared in the doorway. His face seemed composed. He stepped across swiftly and stooped slightly above her chair. Then she saw a quiet smiling, and she knew at once before he said:

"It 's all right, Anne. The bank won't fail."

She sprang up, stammering, "Oh, Walter!" The next instant he had put his arm over her shoulder comfortingly as though she were a child, and she was crying a little.

"It was trying, was n't it?" he said soothingly. "But it 's all right now."

Suddenly Miss Grosvenor made a pirouette, whirling clear around, and faced him again, beaming. She was bubbling over with happiness. She did not philosophize, but at once, as though a bad dream had gone by, she felt her life, full, warm, sparkling as ever.

"It 's just splendid!" she declared in simple, pointless exuberance.

Miller smiled down at her. "Yes, it 's all right," he said.

Her eyes fell on the package wrapped in newspaper. "Oh, and now the poor things won't lose their money. I 'm so glad of that!"

It seemed to her the crowning stroke of good fortune. She threw back her head and gave a laugh. "But I believe I 'll keep my ten thousand, now that I have it," she declared.

Miller looked down at her humorously, perhaps a little satirically. "Yes, it 's a good joke now, is n't it?" he said.

Miss Grosvenor sobered. She looked down a moment. When she lifted her eyes he saw doubt in them.

"Was it just because I was afraid—a little while ago?" she asked.

"That you wanted to be so good?" Miller replied, and laughed. "Well, being afraid is a powerful incentive to goodness." He laughed again and put out his hands and caught her by the shoulders.

"You see it is n't worth while to be afraid," he said. "Keep your head up and your hand steady. Is n't it better to be Miss Grosvenor than Anne What's-her-name?"

"Yes—now," she admitted.

But after she had gone up-stairs to her own room, in blue and gold, she kept thinking, "Was it just because I was afraid?"

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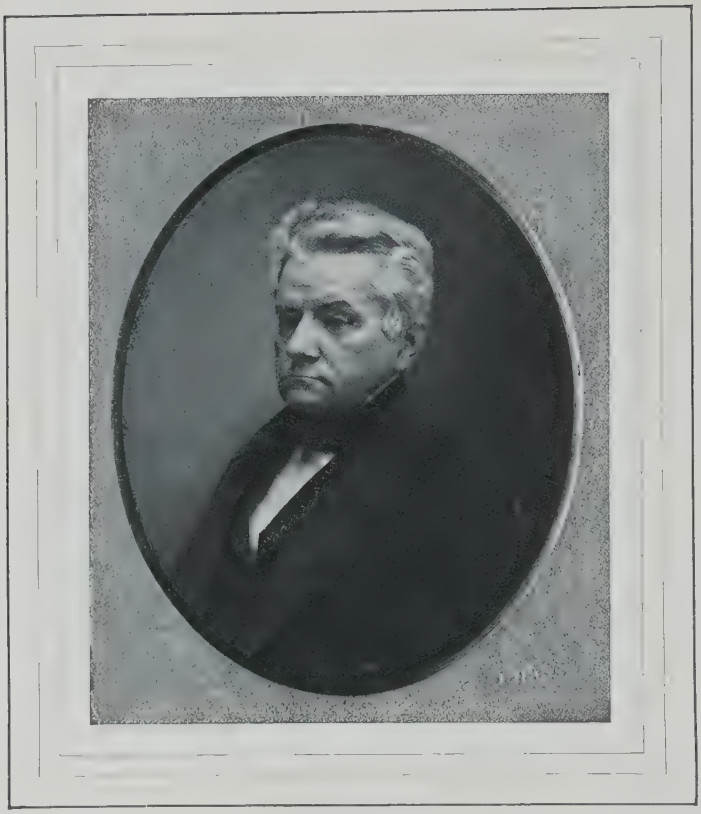


FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.

LOWELL MASON.

MEMORIES OF A MUSICAL LIFE.

BY WILLIAM MASON.

We take pleasure in presenting to our readers, in the present and succeeding papers, the reminiscences of one who is now the recognized dean of the musical profession in America. The life of Dr. William Mason is almost coeval with the development of organized musical culture in America, in which he has taken an honorable and influential part. His large acquaintance, including many famous members of his profession in both Europe and America, has furnished a fund of lively and significant anecdote, which is hardly intermitted to the end of the series. Incidentally, however, Dr. Mason does a substantial service to his art in making record also of his impressions and opinions, which his assured position in the musical world relieves of the suspicion of professional bias. Particularly interesting are his comments on the playing of the great pianists—Liszt, Rubinstein, Paderewski, and others.

To Mr. Gustav Kobbé acknowledgment should be made for suggesting and evoking these memories, and for assistance in their preparation.—Editor.

I.

I AM the third son of Lowell Mason of Medfield, Massachusetts, and of Abigail Gregory of Westborough, Massachusetts, his wife, and I was born in Boston on January 24, 1829.

The difference between Boston and New York as musical centers is largely due to my father. He made Boston a self-developing musical city. New York has received its musical culture from abroad.

My father manifested a remarkable fondness for music at an early age. His parents did not intend that he should take up music as a profession, but his talent was not neglected. In 1812, before he was twenty, he heard of an opening in a bank in Savannah,

Georgia, and having secured the position, he went there. After business hours he continued his studies in music with an instructor named F. L. Abel, under whom he made rapid progress. He soon attempted composition, his first efforts being hymn-tunes and anthems. He arranged a collection consisting of a group of selections from William Gardiner's "Sacred Melodies," to which he added some of his own compositions. For this collection he vainly endeavored to find a publisher in Philadelphia and Boston, until chance brought to Savannah a Boston organ-builder, W. M. Goodrich, who had come to set up an organ. He induced my father to go to Boston in person, with the result that the work was submitted to Dr. G. K. Jackson, the organist of the Handel and Haydn Society, and received his approval. It was published in 1822, with the title, "The Boston Handel and Haydn Society's Collection of Music," and was an instant success, finding its way into singing-schools and church choirs throughout New England. Some of my father's hymn-tunes have become famous. It has been said that his missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," has been sung in more languages than any other sacred tune. Among the many popular tunes which he composed are "Boylston," "Hebron," "Olivet," and "Bethany"; and I know that one of his collections of sacred melodies brought him in over a hundred thousand dollars in royalties.

FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.

WILLIAM MASON AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.

LOWELL MASON'S CAREER.

THE success of my father's first venture led him to leave Savannah and settle in Boston. Then, as now, the Handel and Haydn Society was largely recruited from church choirs, but in those days its concerts were few, and these were almost entirely devoted to church music. Rarely was a "work" offered to the public. Outside the realm of church music, the society's repertory consisted of "The Messiah," "The Creation" (and more frequently fragments from these), the "Dettingen Te Deum" by Handel, and the "Intercession" by M. P. King, who has

long since been forgotten. For five years my father was president of the society, and served as musical director, the special employment of a conductor not having been authorized until 1847.

Meanwhile he was constantly aiming at the introduction of popular education in music. It was through his efforts—and strenuous efforts they were—that music was introduced into the Boston public schools. To bring this about he first taught classes of children free of charge, and gave concerts to illustrate the practicability of his plans. When finally musical education was made a part of the Boston public-school system, the city council refused to make any appropriation for it, and he served as instructor for a year gratuitously, beginning work in 1837 in the Hawes Grammar School, South Boston. The experiment was a complete success. Music was generally introduced into the public schools, and my father was made superintendent of the department. The seeds he sowed then are still bearing fruit. This was part of his labor which created in Boston a self-developing musical activity. While Dr. Samuel G. Howe was engaged in organizing the Perkins Institution for the Blind in 1832, at his request my father devised a system of musical instruction for the blind.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GESSFORD & VAN BRUNT.
WILLIAM MASON IN 1899.

FIRST BEETHOVEN SYMPHONY IN AMERICA.

ABOUT 1830 an English musician, Mr. George James Webb, settled in Boston. He was a

gentleman of high culture, thoroughly educated in music, played the organ well, and was a good vocal teacher. His talents and his personal charm were promptly recognized. My father became intimate with him, and in 1833, with the coöperation of certain influential gentlemen of Boston, they founded the Boston Academy of Music, my father taking charge of the special department of church music, while Mr. Webb devoted himself chiefly to secular music and voice-culture. Instrumental concerts were also given at the academy, and there, on February 10, 1841, occurred the first performance in America of a Beethoven symphony, the Fifth, which was played by an orchestra of twenty-three, under the direction of Henry Schmidt.

MUSICAL CONVENTIONS.

My father originated the idea of assembling music-teachers in classes. In 1838, when the experiment was not more than three years old, one hundred and thirty-four teachers, representing ten States, assembled at the academy. From these assemblages grew the musical conventions which my father held throughout New England and in some of the other States. Choir-singers and other musically inclined people from the towns lying within the surrounding district would gather at a central point, and he would hold a musical convention lasting for several days, drilling the singers in church music, but also, where he found sufficient advancement, in music of a higher order. The Worcester festivals may be traced to these conventions.

EARLY MUSICAL TRAINING.

I had shown my fondness for music at a very early age. When I was a child, my father was the organist of the Bowdoin Street Congregational Church in Boston, of which Lyman Beecher had been the pastor. When I was seven years old, he placed me unexpectedly on the organ-bench at a public service, and while the choir sang the tune of "Boylston," I played the accompaniment. Up to this time I had had but little instruction in pianoforte-playing. My mother used to sit by me and guide me in the way of careful practising, and thus I had acquired considerable facility for those days, though now I have a feeling of compassion for any one who had to listen to me. I became useful to my father as an accompanist, and when he went to musical conventions he took me along with him, and I would play the piano accompaniments while he conducted.

WEBSTER AND CLAY.

It was at about this time that my father took me with him on a trip to Providence. In those days the entrance to the cars was from the side, and we took seats nearly opposite the door. My father called my attention to a very dignified and impressive-looking man in the front corner of the car, saying: "William, the gentleman in the corner is Daniel Webster. Go over and wish him good morning." I promptly obeyed, and marching over to him, said, "Good morning, Daniel Webster." He asked my name, and I replied, saying my father was "over there," and then he exchanged greetings with my father. I was somewhat awed by his great dignity, and remember very well his piercing eyes.

About the year 1842 I went to Maysville, Kentucky, to stay with the family of my uncle, Mr. E. F. Tucker. My health had not been good, and the change of residence was thought to be judicious. My uncle was at the head of some factory in Maysville, and one day, after I had been there for some time, a gentleman called at the house to see him about some business connected with the factory. My aunt called me, and, presenting me to the gentleman, requested me to show him the way to the factory. This gentleman was Henry Clay. I remember his urbanity, and his friendly conversation attracted me. This time it was not the eye which was noticeable, but the mouth, which was unusually large.

FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE.

Returning to Boston after a year, I was sent to Newport, Rhode Island, to study under the Rev. T. T. Thayer, who was a Congregational clergyman in that place. In a short time after my arrival I began playing the organ at the services in his church, and continued this with regularity until my return to Boston a few years later. At Boston I became the organist at the Congregational church in Winter street, at which my father was music-conductor.

I played in public about the year 1846, in one of the concerts of the Boston Academy of Music, given in the Odeon, which was then the principal concert-hall in Boston. On this occasion I had the accompaniment of a string quartet. This was my first regular appearance in public. About this time, too, I began taking pianoforte lessons of Mr. Henry Schmidt, to whom reference has been made as the conductor of Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony" on the occasion of the first per-

formance of this work in Boston. Mr. Schmidt's instrument was the violin, but he was also an excellent pianoforte teacher, and to his careful and skilful instruction I owe very much. I remember that in those days I was more fond of playing—if my habit of improvising in a loose or inaccurate way can be so called—than of careful practising and close attention to detail. When my lesson-hour arrived I used to trust much to luck, and thus occasioned poor Mr. Schmidt a deal of trouble and vexation. He begged and entreated me to be careful, and after a while a spirit of contrition overcame me, and so, on a certain occasion, I really did practise carefully and to my best ability during the interval between my lessons. When Mr. Schmidt made his appearance, however, I became so nervous and apprehensive lest my work should not show to advantage that the very thing I dreaded took place, and I stumbled through my piece in a distressing manner. I do not wonder that my teacher's patience was tried, and he rebuked me with severity, saying that he believed I had not practised at all since the previous lesson. I received this all very meekly, but when he took his departure I pitched the music into a corner, and did not practise until he made his appearance for the following lesson. At this lesson, however, I played with great accuracy and spirit, much to my gratification and somewhat to my surprise. Mr. Schmidt warmly commended my work, and attributed it to the fact that I had *now* practised industriously and carefully. I had enough sense to know that the successful result was owing to the practice I had previously done, and which needed time to produce its results. This bit of experience I commend to pianoforte students for careful consideration, to show that acts are not always immediately followed by desirable results.

During the season of 1846 I played the pianoforte part throughout the series of six concerts of chamber-music given by the Harvard Musical Association. I remember that Mr. Blessner played the violin and Mr. Groenvelt the violoncello, but cannot recall the names of the players of the second violin and viola. These concerts were given at the pianoforte warerooms of Mr. Jonas Chickering, 334 Washington street, Boston. I still have the programs. String quartets by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven were played, also piano trios by Beethoven, Reissiger, and Mayseder.

It is difficult to realize the crudity of musical taste in those days. I remember that in 1840 my father conducted a convention in Vermont—I think in Woodstock. We went by rail as far as we could, and then traveled a number of hours by coach. We were received by the dignitaries of the town, and conducted to the house in which we were to stay. While we were shaking off the dust of travel, we heard the sounds of drum and fife. Looking out of the window, we found that these instruments headed a small procession which had come to escort us to the church. The drum and the fife were the instrumental outfit of the town; so, led by these, my father and I marched with the magnates of the place to the church. I still remember how foolish I felt.

In 1846 my father was preparing to hold a convention in Augusta, Maine. Mr. Webb was to go with him, and I was sent to his house the evening before they were to start to let him know about the arrangements. Though I knew Mr. Webb very well, I had never had occasion to go to his house. At this time I was seventeen years old. When I was shown into the drawing-room, I saw Mr. and Mrs. Webb and their daughter, a girl then not yet fourteen. I had not been in the house half an hour before I was deeply in love with her. I found that she was going to Augusta, and I decided at once that I would go, too. So the next day we all started together. She and I grew to be good friends, but the idea of an engagement between us was not to be thought of at that time, and while I lived in Germany we were not permitted to correspond. For five years I did not see her; but when I came back I hastened to her father's house. The sequel I shall tell later.

DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE.

It having been decided that I should continue my musical studies in Europe, I sailed from New York for Bremen on the side-wheel steamer *Herrmann* in May, 1849, accompanied by Mr. Frank Hill of Boston, who had already attained some distinction as a pianist. My intention was to go directly to Leipsic to study with Moscheles. One of our fellow-passengers was Julius Schuberth, the music-publisher of Hamburg, who had been in America on business. Arriving at Bremen, we learned that the insurrection had not yet been suppressed, and that within two or three days there had been bloodshed in the streets of Leipsic. For this and other reasons I gladly accepted Mr. Schuberth's in-

vitation to visit him, first making a short trip to Paris with Hill.

MEETING WITH MEYERBEER.

I ARRIVED in Paris shortly after six o'clock in the morning, and went to the Hôtel de Paris, in the Rue de Richelieu. In those days, at that early hour, Paris was as quiet as an American town at midnight. There were three of us in the party. We secured two rooms, and my friends remained up-stairs, while I returned to the porter's lodge below to have my passport sent to the Bureau of Police to be viséd. The porter went out to attend to this, and I was left alone in the lodge.

Shortly afterward a man entered, of medium height, well dressed, and with a good deal of manner. He addressed me in French, but when I asked him if he could speak English he began conversing fluently in that language. He asked if I was from England and a stranger in Paris. When I told him I was from America, he exclaimed, "Ah, that 's farther off." Then, noticing the passport, which was uncommonly large and was bound like a book, he asked, "Is that an American passport? Please let me have a look at it. I 'm curious to see it." Bound in with the passport were a number of blank leaves to be used for the visés of various consuls. "Young man," said my chance acquaintance, "you have leaves enough there to travel about Europe for twenty years." Then he inquired if I was traveling for pleasure or on business.

"I have come over to study music."

"Ah, composition?"

"No; mainly piano, but also theory and composition."

"And where?"

"I expect to go to Leipsic to study with Moscheles, Hauptmann, and Richter. Eventually I hope to go to Liszt."

"Well, well, you 've chosen good men. Moscheles knew Beethoven."

Then, with a few friendly words, he left the lodge and entered the hotel. Just as he was leaving the porter returned.

"Who is the gentleman?" I asked, pointing after the disappearing form.

"Meyerbeer, the composer."

The porter then took me into the courtyard and pointed out the room which Meyerbeer occupied, calling my attention to the fact that his window and mine almost faced each other.

"If you look out of your window about eleven o'clock," said the porter, "you will see Mme. Garcia and Roger, the tenor, coming here to rehearse their rôles in the new opera with the composer."

Meyerbeer was so affable at our chance meeting that I think I could easily have followed it up and have seen more of him; but when a boy is in Paris for the first time, he has other things to think of. Moreover, I did not realize that at the end of the century the work which Meyerbeer was then rehearsing would still be in the repertory of every first-class opera-house. I knew that he was a distinguished composer, but I did not for a moment imagine that his work would live so long. As I now look back through the perspective of time, I realize the opportunity I missed, and thank the freak of fortune which threw in his way, if only for a few moments, a young man who was too careless to improve the chance acquaintance.

From Paris I returned to Schuberth's in Hamburg. He was an active, enterprising, pushing business man, with a large acquaintance in the musical world, and the knowledge of how to put it to the best use. I remained in Hamburg for some time. Boy-like, I had spent all my money in Paris, and was now obliged to wait for a remittance from home. In Hamburg I met Carl Mayer of Dresden, a fine pianist of the Hummel school, and Mortier de Fontaine, who was very well known in his day as a Beethoven-player—had, in fact, won considerable fame as the first pianist to perform Beethoven's "Sonata, Op. 106," in public. That was his label.

LISZT'S FEAT OF MEMORY.

FROM Hamburg I went to Leipsic, but Schuberth did not lose sight of me. Whenever he came there he looked me up, and was very kind in introducing me to people whom it was well for me to meet. He knew Liszt very well, and having taken a fancy to a composition of mine, "Les Perles de Rosée," which was still in manuscript, he said: "Let me have it for publication. Dedicate it to Liszt. I can easily get Liszt to accept the dedication. I am going directly from here to Weimar, and will see him about it. At the same time, I will prepare the way for your reception later as a pupil."

Not long afterward I received a letter from Schuberth in which he told me that when he handed the music to Liszt, the latter looked at the manuscript, hummed it over, then sat down, and played it from

memory. Then, going to his desk, he took a pen, and accepted the dedication by writing his name at the top of the title-page. Encouraged by this, I wrote a letter to Liszt, expressing my desire to become one of his pupils, and asking what my chances were. Unfortunately, I misinterpreted his reply, and received the impression that it amounted to a refusal; but at the same time he gave me a cordial invitation to attend the festival about to take place in Weimar in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Goethe's birth. I still have this letter, which is dated August 18, 1849. Had I understood then that Liszt was ready to accept me as a pupil, I should have taken up my residence at Weimar at once, instead of waiting until I learned my mistake, as I did during a call which I paid to Liszt nearly four years later.

FIRST MEETING WITH LISZT.

However, I went to Weimar with Mr. Hill to attend the Goethe festival, arriving there early in the afternoon of the day before it began.

The third day of the festival we called on Liszt, who was then living in the Hotel zum Erbprinzen, and were received most cordially. Schlesinger, the Paris publisher, was there with his little daughter, who was precocious as a pianist and played several Chopin waltzes. Liszt was very busy with his guests, so that our visit was limited, and nothing was said about my coming to Weimar to study except that Liszt said he never received pupils for regular lessons; but that those who lived in Weimar (and there were only three or four in those days) had frequent opportunities of hearing and meeting artists who visited him. Having misinterpreted his letter, I accepted these remarks as a further politely worded refusal to receive me. So I returned to Leipsic to continue my studies there.

MOSCHELES, BEETHOVEN, AND CHOPIN.

Moscheles, with whom I studied in Leipsic, had been a pupil of Dionysius Weber in Prague. At that time Beethoven was still a newcomer, and was regarded with skepticism by the older men, whose ideas were formed and who could not get over their first unfavorable impressions of him. Beethoven was a profound man and had strong individuality. He was eagerly accepted by the younger men, Moscheles among them; but Dionysius Weber regarded him as a monstrosity, and would never allow Moscheles to learn any of his music. Consequently, Moscheles practised Beethoven in secret, and when he grew up he prided himself on being a Beethoven-player, and wrote a life of Beethoven, which, however, is largely based on Schindler's.

At about the time I went to Leipsic the attitude of Moscheles toward Chopin was very like what Dionysius Weber's had been toward Beethoven. One of the daughters of Moscheles was very fond of playing Chopin, but her father forbade it. Afterward she married and went to London, where she played Chopin to her heart's content. It is curious how men who in their younger days are pioneers become so conservative as they grow older that they are like stone walls in the paths of progress. They forget that in their youth they laughed at or criticized their elders for the same pedantry of which they themselves afterward become guilty.

THE INTIMACY OF MOSCHELES AND MENDELSSOHN.

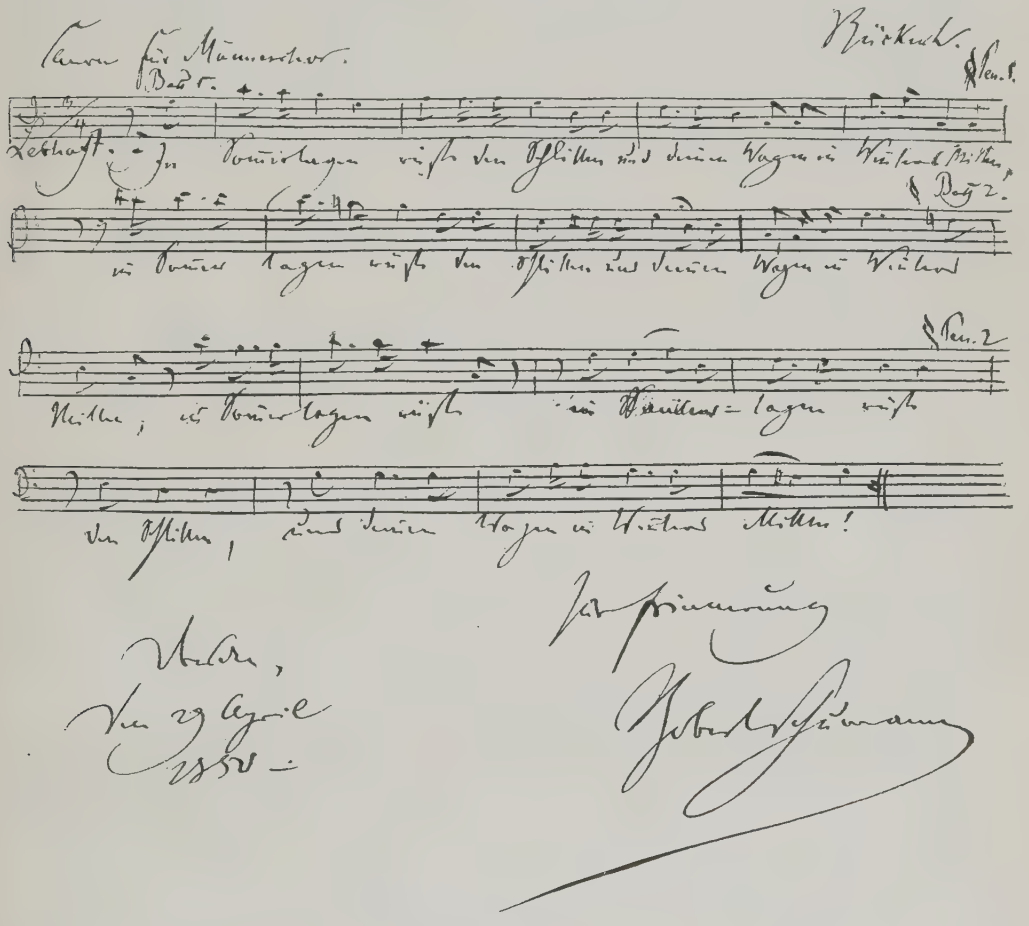
Moscheles and Mendelssohn had been warm friends. Moscheles, in particular, prided himself on the composer's friendship. No one to-day can understand the influence which Mendelssohn had upon his contemporaries, by whom his music and his personality were fairly worshiped. Comparisons were made between him and Beethoven to the latter's disadvantage. I remember an excellent musician saying to me, "Beethoven does have consecutive fifths now and then, Mendelssohn never." He did not realize that these apparent violations of technical rules were part of Beethoven's rugged strength, while Mendelssohn's scrupulous adherence to them was evidence of weakness.

Mendelssohn's death was a great shock to Moscheles. Mendelssohn had often visited him, and there was such profound musical sympathy between them that they were able to improvise together on two pianos. They understood each other so well that one of them would improvise a theme, which the other would follow. After a while they would interchange their rôles, the second piano taking up the theme, the first piano subordinating itself. This is not in itself an extraordinary feat, but it illustrates the musical sympathy which existed between Mendelssohn and Moscheles.

SCHUMANN.

For some years prior to 1844 Schumann lived in Leipsic. It was his habit to compose intensely all day, and then to walk to a beer-cellar at the upper end of the Grimmaische

Strasse. There he would sit at a table with one of his most trusted friends, an odd-looking but able musician and piano-teacher named Wenzel. There were two or three other musicians who frequented the place and were generally at the same table. Schumann enjoyed being among friends, but disliked nothing more than the restraint of social functions. No doubt there was a large consumption of beer, after the fashion of the Germans on such occasions, but to a



AUTOGRAPH OF ROBERT SCHUMANN.

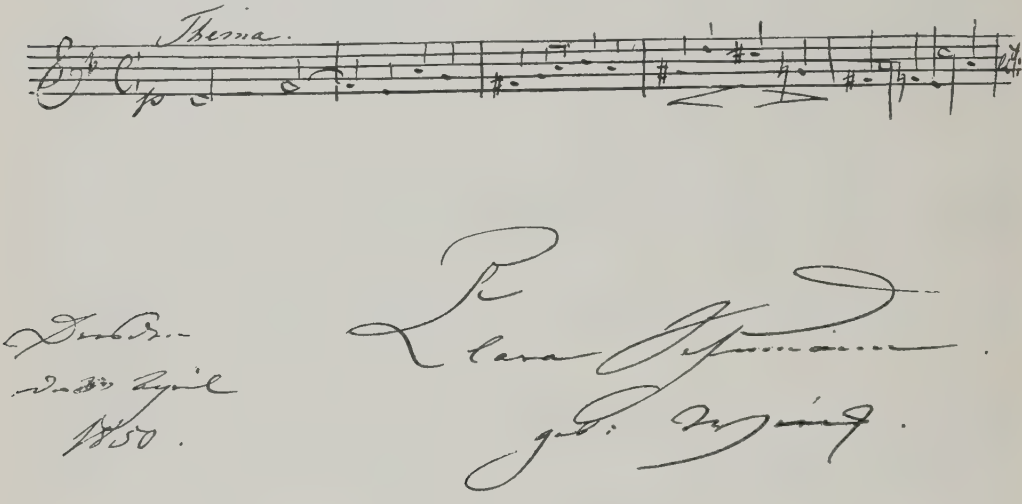
musical student who could sit within hearing there was afforded a golden opportunity of absorbing musical ideas.

SCHUMANN'S "SYMPHONY NO. 1, B FLAT."

WHEN I went to Germany, Schumann was living in Dresden, but he made frequent visits to Leipsic. I knew little or nothing of Schumann's music, for Mendelssohn then dominated the musical world; but the first orchestral composition of Schumann's that I ever heard placed him far above Mendelssohn in my estimation. It was at the second concert I attended at the Gewandhaus in Leipsic, and the work was the "First Symphony." I was so wrought up by it that I hummed passages from it as I walked home, and sat down at the piano when I got there, and played as much of it as I could remember. I hardly slept that night for the excitement of it. The first thing I did in the morning was to go to Breitkopf & Härtel's and buy the score, the orchestral parts and piano arrangements for four and two hands, and in these I fairly reveled.

I grew so enthusiastic over the symphony that I sent the score and parts to the Musical Fund Society of Boston, the only concert orchestra then in that city, and conducted by Mr. Webb. They could make nothing of the symphony, and it lay on the shelf for one or two years. Then they tried it again, saw something in it, but somehow could not get

the swing of it, possibly on account of the syncopations. Before my return from Europe in 1854, I think they finally played it. In speaking of it, Mr. Webb said to my father: "Yes, it is interesting; but in our next concert we play Haydn's 'Surprise Symphony,' and that will live long after this symphony of Schumann's is forgotten." Many years afterward I reminded Mr. Webb of this remark, whereupon he said, "William, is it possible that I was so foolish?"



AUTOGRAPH OF MME. SCHUMANN.

Only a few years before I arrived at Leipsic, Schumann's genius was so little appreciated that when he entered the store of Breitkopf & Härtel with a new manuscript under his arm, the clerks would nudge one another and laugh. One of them told me that they regarded him as a crank and a failure because his pieces remained on the shelf and were in the way.

I often saw Schumann in Leipsic, and I heard him conduct his cantata, "The Pilgrimage of the Rose." His conducting was awkward, as he was neither active nor of commanding presence. However, I liked his looks, as he seemed good-natured, though perhaps not like a man with whom one might easily become acquainted. This impression, however, may be due to anecdotes which I had heard regarding his lack of sociability.

SCHUMANN'S ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

Up to the time of Mendelssohn's death his followers and the small body of musicians who appreciated Schumann had rubbed pretty hard together. Naturally, Moscheles and Schumann had not been intimate. But Moscheles felt Mendelssohn's loss so keenly that he cast about for some one to take his place, and finally decided to make overtures to Schumann by inviting him to his house to supper. What occurred there was told to me by a fellow-pupil. He said that while the company was gathering in the drawing-room, Schumann sat in a corner apparently absorbed in thought, without looking at any one or uttering a word. He did not impress my friend as morose, but rather as a man whose thoughts were at the moment in an entirely different sphere. Supper was announced, and the guests being seated, it was discovered that there was a vacant place at the table. Moscheles looked about for Schumann, but he was not there. The host and several guests went back to the salon to look for him, and found him sitting in his corner, still deep in thought. When aroused, he said, "Oh, I had n't noticed that you had gone out." Then he went in to supper, but hardly said a word. What a contrast there was between his personality and that of the ever-affable, polished Mendelssohn! There is the same contrast between their music: Schumann's profound, and appealing to us most when we wish to withdraw entirely within the very sanctuary of our own emotions; Mendelssohn's smooth-finished and easily understood.

Early in 1844 Schumann had moved to Dresden, and I called upon him in that city and received a pleasant welcome, contrary to my expectation, for I had heard much of his reticence. Judging by the brief entry in my

diary, nothing of importance was said. I could not see Mme. Schumann, because she was giving a lesson. This was on April 13, 1850. I called again later in the month, and Schumann gave me his musical autograph, a canon for male voices; and the next day I received an autograph from Clara Schumann. In 1880 I learned from Mme. Schumann that the canon referred to had already been published at the time when I received it from Schumann. (See Op. 65, No. 6.)

Afterward, when I met Wagner I could not help contrasting his lively manner and glowing enthusiasm with Schumann's reserve, which, however, was by no means repellent. Indeed, if I had been the greatest living musician, instead of a mere boy student, Wagner could not have received me with more kindness, or have talked to me more delightfully during the three memorable hours of my life which were spent with him.

My instructor in harmony was Moritz Hauptmann, than whom there was no greater authority of his time. He was the cantor of the Thomas Schule, the position which Bach once held. He was a most lovable man, mild and pleasant in disposition and manner, and deeply interested in the welfare of his pupils. His autograph is one of the most curious in my book, and is an excellent example of his technical knowledge. It is a *Spiegel-Canon* ("looking-glass canon"). When held up to the mirror the reflection shows the answer to the canon in the related key. I also took lessons in instrumentation from Ernst Friedrich Richter, a pupil of Hauptmann.

A VISIT TO WAGNER.

My parents joined me in Leipsic in January, 1852, and in the spring of that year we planned a tour which was to take us to Switzerland in June.

In Leipsic I made the acquaintance of a man named Albert Wagner, meeting him quite frequently at the restaurant where I took my meals. While I was planning the tour, I chanced to mention it to him, and when he heard that I was going to Zürich, he said: "My brother, Richard Wagner, lives there. I will give you a letter of introduction to him." This was the first intimation I had that Albert was a brother of the composer. I suppose he had not thought it worth while to tell me. Richard was still under a political cloud in Saxony, and was compelled to live in exile on account of the part he had taken in the revolution of 1848; nor was his reputation as a composer then so general that Albert would have thought his kinship much to boast of.

We reached Zürich on June 5, 1852, and, armed with the letter, I at once made my way to Wagner's chalet, which was situated on a hill in the suburbs. It was then about ten o'clock in the morning.

When I asked the maid who opened the door if Herr Wagner was at home and to be seen, she answered, as I had feared she would, that he was busily at work in his study, and could not be disturbed. I handed her my letter of introduction, asked her to give it to Herr Wagner, and to say to him that I was expecting to remain in Zürich three or four days, and would call again and perhaps be fortunate enough to find him disengaged.

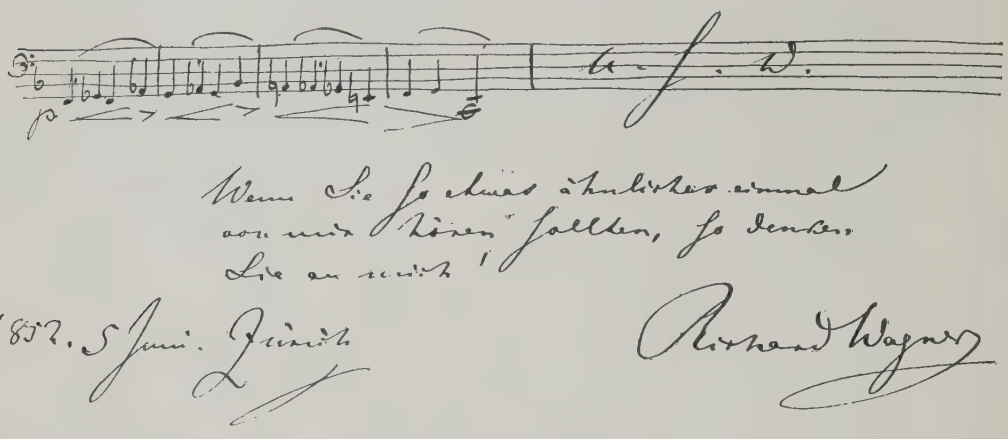
Just as I was turning to leave, I heard a voice at the head of the stairs call out, "Wer ist da?" I told the maid to deliver my letter immediately. As soon as Wagner had glanced through it, he exclaimed, "Kommen Sie herauf! Kommen Sie herauf!"

At that time Wagner was known, and that not widely, only as the composer of "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," and "Lohengrin." I had heard only "The Flying Dutchman," but considered it a most beautiful work, and was eager to meet the composer.

Wagner's first words, as I met him on the landing at the head of the stairs, were: "You 've come just at the right time. I 've been working away at something, and I 'm stuck. I 'm in a state of nervous irritation, and it is absolutely impossible for me to go on. So I 'm glad you 've come." I remember perfectly my first impression of him. He looked to me much more like an American than a German.

After asking about his brother, he began questioning me in a lively way about his friends in Leipsic, about the concerts and opera there, and the works that had been given. He also asked most kindly after my own affairs—what I was doing, with whom I had studied, how long I intended to remain, what my plans were for the future, and most particularly about musical matters in America. In some way Beethoven was mentioned. After that the conversation became a monologue with me as a listener, for Wagner began to talk so fluently and enthusiastically about Beethoven that I was quite content to keep silent and to avoid interrupting his eloquent oration.

As he warmed up to the subject, he began to draw comparisons between Beethoven and Mendelssohn. "Mendelssohn," he said, "was a gentleman of high degree and refinement;



AUTOGRAPH OF RICHARD WAGNER.

a man of culture and polished manner; a courtier who was always at home in evening dress. As was the man, so is his music, full of elegance, grace, finish, and refinement, but carried without variance to such a degree that at times one longs for brawn and muscle. Yet it is music that is always exquisite, fairy-like, and fine in character. In Beethoven we get the man of brawn and muscle. He was too inspired to pay much attention to conventionalities. He went right to the pith of what he had to say, and said it in a robust, decisive, manly, yet tender way, brushing aside the methods and amenities of conventionalism, and striking at once at the substance of what he wished to express. Notwithstanding its robustness, his music is at times inexpressibly tender; but it is a manly tenderness, and carries with it an idea of underlying and sustaining strength. Some years ago, when I was kapellmeister in Dresden, I had a remarkable experience, which illustrates the invigorating and refreshing power of Beethoven's music. It was at one of the series of afternoon concerts of classic music given at the theater. The day was hot and muggy, and everybody seemed to be in a state of lassitude and incapacity for mental or physical effort. On glancing at the program, I noticed that by some chance all of the pieces I had selected were in the minor mode—first, Mendelssohn's exquisite 'A Minor Symphony,' music in dress-suit and white kid gloves, spotless and *comme il faut;* then an overture by Cherubini; and finally Beethoven's 'Symphony No. 5, in C Minor.'" At this point Wagner rose from his chair, and began walking about the room. "Everybody," he continued, "was listless and languid, and the atmosphere seemed damp and spiritless. The orchestra labored wearily through the symphony and overture, while the audience became more and more apathetic. It seemed impossible to arouse either players or listeners, and I thought seriously of dismissing both after the overture. I was very reluctant to subject Beethoven's wonderfully beautiful music to such a crucial test, but after a moment's reflection I appreciated the fact that here was an opportunity for proving the strength and virility of it, and I said to myself, 'I will have courage, and stick to my program.'"

Wagner stopped walking a moment, and looked about the room as if searching for something. Then he rushed to a corner, and seizing a walking-stick, raised it as if it were a baton.

"Here is Beethoven," he exclaimed, "the working-man in his shirt-sleeves, with his great herculean breast bared to the elements."

He straightened himself up, and, giving the stick a swing, brought it down with an abrupt "Ta-ta-ta-tum!"—the opening measure of Beethoven's "C Minor Symphony":

The whole scene was graphically portrayed. Then throwing himself into a chair, he said: "The effect was electrical on orchestra and audience. There was no more

apathy. The air was cleared as by a passing thunder-shower. There was the test."

When Wagner spoke of Mendelssohn, his tone of voice indicated the gentle refinement of the courtier and his music. When he mentioned Beethoven, his manner was animated and full of enthusiasm.

Wagner's enthusiasm, his openness in taking me at once into his musical confidence, fascinated me, and gave me an insight into the wonderful vitality and energy of the man. He was planning a tramp through the Tyrol, about a week later, with a professor from the Zürich University. "Come along with us," he said. "Alle guten Dinge sind drei" ("All good things are three"). However, I did not feel at liberty to leave my parents to continue their trip alone, as I was acting as interpreter for them. Of course Wagner was not then what he afterward became in the eyes of the world. I now know what I missed.

A WAGNER AUTOGRAPH.

BUT I did not leave Wagner's house without what many musicians, to whom I have shown it, consider one of the most interesting musical autographs ever penned. It is autographic from beginning to end, even to the lines of the staff; for when I asked Wagner for his autograph, he drew them himself on a sheet of blank paper, and then wrote what is evidently the germ of the dragon motive in "The Ring of the Nibelung." It is dated June 5, 1852, and it is particularly interesting that he should have written this motive at that time. From his correspondence with Liszt, it is clear that he had not yet finished the poem of the "Walküre," and had not yet begun the score of the cycle. He wrote the books of the "Ring" backward, but in the composition of the cycle he began with the "Rheingold," in the autumn of the year in which I met him. The dragon motive occurs in the "Rheingold," but in quite a different form. He began the "Walküre" in June, 1854, two years later, completing it in 1856. In the meantime, in the autumn of 1854, he also began the music of "Siegfried," and it is in the first act of this music drama, written more than two years after I had met him, that we find the dragon motive exactly as it is written in my autograph, except that it is transposed a tone lower, and that the length of the notes is changed, though their relative value is the same, dotted halves being substituted for quarters. The passage will be found on page 7 of Klindworth's piano-score of "Siegfried." This, I believe, is the only place in the four divisions of the "Ring" where the motive appears in this form.

Added significance and value are given to the autograph by the lines which Wagner wrote under it, and which are signed and dated: "Wenn Sie so etwas ähnliches einmal von mir hören sollten, so denken Sie an mich!" ("If you ever hear anything of mine like this, then think of me.") Even this was characteristic of the man. "Siegfried" was not heard until nearly a quarter of a century after he had written a passage from it in my autograph-book—*but it was heard.*

(To be continued.)

THE PRAYING-MATCH.

A STORY OF THE DUTCH SETTLEMENT.

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ.

I.

HE quivering heat of the August mist enshrouded the world, the white glare driving men and horses to any shelter that bush or tree afforded.

"Pa, come right in here!" called the soft voice of a woman standing on a brown porch. "It 's too hot fer ye in them pea-vines, an' I see Sister Ziby Ensminger an' Sister Lyddy Gunderman lightin' out in the road. We 'll hear something from Pegram Settlement now. Wash yer hands, an' let their nag cool off a little afore ye unhitch."

Pa shuffled hastily into the kitchen, while Mrs. Gladden dusted off the spotless wooden chairs. Up the flower-bordered walk proceeded two pudgy figures, one in a shirt-waist and brown skirt, the other in cheap mourning, with a wispy black veil floating from the apex of a straw bonnet. The hostess met them with an unaffected gladness. A visit like this meant food and drink of gossip for the thirsty souls of these two people. The visitors were seated in broad rockers on the porch, and then ensued a perfect volley of inquiries and answering shots of replies as to the health of everybody in the families and relationship. After this preliminary skirmish, Sister Ziba—she of the mourning—got out her thread knitting, and Sister Lyddy Gunderman offered to shell a pan of late pease for dinner. Pa Gladden had been fluctuating between the doorway and his chair for some time, and his wife dismissed him with an admonition to give the little mare a good feed.

"I 'm afraid I 'll miss somethin' thet I want ter hear erbout," confessed the small and rosy man; "'pears like it allers is thet way."

"Go 'long, pa," replied his spouse, indulgently. "We 'll keep off the settlement tell yer get back."

"Yer see," she added, as soon as his back was fairly turned, "pa has been 'lowin' ter go over ter yer place all week, an' he 's plumb wild, he 's so intrusted erbout young Imbody an' his new wife thet was brung from the Agricultural College."

"It was Brother Asahel we came to see," reproved the widow, in her deep voice. "We want ter consult him. Sence old Square Hebbs air passed over, we hain't any adviser outside the settlement."

Had the gift of a star been cast at Mrs. Gladden's feet she could not have been more surprised. Pa, her little rosy, easy husband, chosen consultant in the Pegram Settlement affairs, just as old Squire Hebbs had often been! It seemed too great an honor for Drusilla to comprehend.

"We feel our losses over to Pegram nowadays," began Lyddy Gunderman, softly, from the pease. "You see, sence Ziba's man 's gone an' Brother Imbody ain't himself—"

"My great soul!" exclaimed Mrs. Gladden. "Air he daft?"

"Sence old Adam Imbody air forgittin' himself," finished Mrs. Ensminger, in a dignified way, "we air bound ter hev good an' sensible counsel from a brother of the Cross-roads church, ef it 's ter be got. Drusilly, your kettle 's a-bilin' dry."

The hostess was completely lost in the contemplation of her husband's greatness.

"Pa air a master hand at arrangin' things," she finally observed. "It war only the other day he war called ter New California ter appraise Widder Chapman's five pigs, two cows, an' a new set of harness. Sister Chapman told me she could put full trust in pa. Thar, he 's comin' now."

She did him instant obeisance by bringing out the stuffed parlor rocker, and insisted on his seating himself in state.

"They want ter consult with ye, pa," she announced, with trembling rapture, "an' it 's about thet Imbody trouble."

Pa fell into a judicial attitude at once.

"What air wrong at Pegram, Sisters Lyddy and Ziby? It hev been ez peaceful a church ez one could find in a day's journey. What 's wrong?"

"Well, you heerd of young Adam marryin', Brother Asahel," began she with the pease; "thet hev made trouble fer all of us."

"What air wrong, what air wrong? I seen the two ridin' past me last week. She air what I call a delectable woman."

"A what?" exclaimed his wife.

"A delectable woman, Drusilly. You don't understand words, it 's plain ter see. 'Delectable' means good, nice, fresh, sweet, I reckon; an' it do just suit young Sister Imbody, as I seen her."

"Well, I swan!" exclaimed the astonished Mrs. Ensminger. "I am s'prised, Brother Asahel; but I reckon you mean it all right."

"I suttunly do," retorted pa, from his supremacy. "It hain't a word in jest common use, mebbe, but I mean it jest ez I mean it when I say Sister Ziby Ensminger air a sister of perspicacity."

The visiting women looked at each other in wonder, but held their peace. Neither had the most remote idea what the word meant.

"To return to the settlement, Sister Ziby," pursued pa, grandly; "what air the trouble?"

"It 's the old Imbodys, Brother Asahel," replied the widow, in more common language. "They air raisin' Cain erbout thet marryin'. Old Brother Adam was sot on Etha Delp; she air only fifteen, but there 's thet long neck o' Delp woods runnin' inter the Imbody land. Old Brother Adam says no good 'll ever come from marryin' a stranger from a city, with a city's wicked ways."

"I don't hold with him," tersely responded pa. "Marryin' can't stand interferin' with. Providence, the Lord, or somethin', ez you an' I know, sisters an' Drusilly, p'ints its finger regardless of fathers an' mothers. Old Brother Adam may not like it, but he must swaller it."

"He won't swaller it," laughed Lyddy; "it sticks in his throat terrible. An' he is carryin' on scand'lous. They 've been holdin' prayer-meetin's of the relatives every night, beseechin' the Lord thet young Adam may see the errer of his ways an' return to his father's house fer forgiveness, jest like the prodigal son."

Pa's eyes were very good to see.

"He 's feedin' on husks, probable. Well, thet girl air good, sweet husks, by her looks." He broke off, seeing a gleam in the eyes of the women. "D' ye mean ter say, Sister Ziby, thet old Adam Imbody air holdin' prayer-meetin's ter pray fer somethin' ter happen ter dissolve thet marryin'? I can't believe it."

"It air so. It 's raisin' feelin' everywhar, fer the folks do like young Sister Salome. Some one told her erbout the prayin', an' she wants ter go back ter whar she comes from; but Adam won't hev thet noways, an' properly. The settlement air beginnin' ter take sides."

Pa shook his head gently.

"I know how I 'd feel ef a lot o' prayin' war bein' done ag'in' me. But I 'd wrastle right ag'in' it with my prayers. God air not only fer old Adam Imbody," he cried excitedly. "Do he think he 's got a first mor'gidge, an' no one else in this whole 'tarnal universe ain't goin' ter get a hearin'? What do old Adam Imbody calkilate air goin' ter happen?" he went on. "Does he expect a special cyclone er stroke o' lightnin' ter wither up thet young sister thet his son went off ter the Agricultural College an' courted fair an' honest? I can tell him the Lord ain't doin' business thet way, not this summer, or any other summer."

The faces of the two women cleared visibly. Evidently pa had expressed their feelings and sympathies and backed up their judgment. The widow began cautiously.

"I hain't finished the hull o' it," she said slowly. "Brother Adam war not content with them private meetin's, an' they not workin' out anything, so last Wednesday night, at the regular church prayer-meetin', he cut loose, an' nigh ter prayed us all dumb. Every one told it, of course. The settlement will turn out next week. It 's goin' ter disgrace our church. Now, can't you think up somethin', Brother Asahel, ter down thet old Adam? He must be come up with, an' we air dependin' on you ter do it. Yer a man o' peace an' contrivin', an' we air a-lookin' ter you, brother, ter help."

Pa rose up excitedly.

"This air a duplex matter, sisters," he began. "I 'll jest study on it a leetle while after dinner, an' then see if we can't run this form of devilment to earth. It 's a plumb trick of Satan, it air, an' must be met an' squelched."

It was only after the visitors had put on their bonnets to leave that Pa Gladden allowed himself to say, with an air of most convincing authority:

"I calkilate, Sisters Ziby an' Lyddy, thet me an' Drusilly will be at thet prayer-meetin' next week ef we kin get Aby Early ter tend our stock. I hope you 'll hold out ag'in' mentionin' the reasons I 'm comin'. I 'm a-plannin' ter rout the Old Nick outer our Brother Adam, an' jest ye reckon thar 'll never be another public prayer-meetin' o' thet kind after next Wednesday."

After their departure pa came down from

his dignified perch long enough to say to his partner of thirty years' joys and sorrows:

"It 's a misforchin fer ye, Drusilly, thet yer so keen at gossipin'. I 'll likely hev ter keep back things from ye I would love ter tell ye, ef I war not ter be called ter sit in judgment on 'em. I 'm goin' ter circumvent thet errin' brother. I hain't got it planned out teetotally, but it 'll come ter me. It 's goin' ter take some powerful thinkin' ter engineer this through, Drusilly."

Whereupon Drusilly chided herself in her heart with the conscientiousness of a child, and vowed to learn, at that late day, all the reticence becoming the wife of a great man.

II.

Dip and sweep of ground all about, pasture, field, and meadow, a shining river crossed by a moss-covered bridge, two turnpike roads, well traveled and dusty, forty or more houses in a radius of a mile, a plain gray frame church upon an elevation—that was the Pegram, or Dutch, Settlement. A hundred years had passed away since, straggling in, two or three families year after year, the virgin wilderness was broken and the settlement made. The Ritters, the Ensmingers, the Imbodys, the Gundermans, the Hetricks, the Delps, the Geeders, the Omerods, and the Gants came first. Others followed, and from these first few families had sprung a settlement, a township, a county, a region tinged with ultra-conservatism indeed, but an honest people who lived peacefully through long lives and were content. They were always Protestants, and, in consequence of the repeated visits and ministrations of one of the earliest circuit-riders, Methodists for many generations. In their expansion they spread to the north, to the west, and to the south; but to the east they were neighbored by a people of New England extraction, who worshiped in the same faith at the Crossroads church. The Crossroads Settlement was never radical, save by comparison with the Dutch Settlement. It sent its sons and daughters out into the world, however, gave them more and more advantages ungrudgingly, while the latter, in true patriarchal fashion, kept their sons and daughters from contact with the outside world, and intermarried them with stock of which they knew the intimate history.

Of all the conservatives old Adam Imbody was the worst. He was "old Adam Imbody" at forty because young Adam Imbody was so distinct a personality at fifteen that he could not be overlooked. Even then the will of father and son was like two sharp swords, sheathed but ready. Young Adam wanted to be something besides a tiller of the soil, but old Adam would not hear to it. The youth finally accepted that destiny, but proceeded to do so in a fashion that set the Dutch Settlement wild. If he was to be a farmer, he would be an educated farmer. When he was twenty-one he came into possession of three thousand dollars left him by an uncle of his mother. Then the Imbody swords clashed, and young Adam went away to the State Agricultural College, with a determination to succeed in life and to make a home for himself where there should be no clash of wills to fret him and to rouse his worst passions.

By nature he was frugal and industrious. By nature he was not studious. By desire he overcame his nature. He spent three years at the college, not being able to take a degree on account of early educational defects, but absorbing what he could for use in his future life in a practical way that many envied. He lived a steady, studious life. Vice seemed folly to him. He was stalwart, handsome, and, in time, presentable. The college professors encouraged him, and it was at one of the social functions to which they invited him that he met Salome Graham, an orphan girl.

She was a young teacher in a primary school, but did not like the work. In three months they were engaged to marry, and she turned all her thought and energy to a preparation for her future life. The two planned and dwelt for six months in an ideal Arcady. Then Adam married Salome, wrote a brief letter to his family, and started the next day for his former home, proudly aware that he had the foundation for his success and his home well in hand. He had never intended to take Salome to his parents, and had arranged a temporary home with an old friend of his turbulent boyhood until the cottage he had rented was repaired and they could take possession.

The old friend, Keren Anspach, was not very discreet and wise of speech. She was not sorry to serve young Adam Imbody, for she had once had a long property dispute with the father, and young Adam had sided with her. She had given him goodies over the lane fences many times, and long kept for him an ill-tempered dog his father had ordered him to drown. She now made Salome welcome, and was at once won by the young woman's friendless state, her love

for Adam, and her desire to adjust herself to her future life.

It was well that Salome had a stout refuge, for the Imbody swords clashed day and night. Adam went home only once, then to claim his few possessions, his cow and mare and the light buggy he had purchased with his first earnings. Then he looked his mother in the eyes, and told her he would come back when they were willing to welcome his young wife, and not before. No word of complaint made he, nor would he speak of any difficulty. He was deeply imbued with religious principles, but, above that, he claimed the ownership of his own soul and its convictions. He was a man, and must follow his way; that was his creed.

They were both busy and happy, she in fitting up the cottage, and he in arranging his work for the next year. Each night they knelt, hand in hand, to pray for their happiness; but beyond this their life, their work, their existence, was a vital prayer to the Spirit of existence in all energy and honesty.

It was into this happiness of hope and work that the knowledge that it was attacked by persistent prayer fell like a bomb. The Dutch Settlement was not only tinged with faith, but as a religious community it was profoundly reverent. Prayer was resorted to by the community in times of illness, trouble, and drought, and for the individual. Family prayer-meetings were called on occasions, and faithfully attended. Adam understood this better than Salome, and kept the fact of his father's action from her. Not so old Keren Anspach.

"Some one will tell her to see if she 'll care. I 'll tell her myself."

It hurt Salome more than either would have suspected that it would. For a week she said nothing, but, to Adam's astonishment and indignation, grew pale and nervous. He had thought Salome a wholesome, sensible woman, and he did not understand her varying moods.

"I am afraid that you are not happy here," he said one night when there had been no word spoken for a long time.

She wheeled about and looked at him steadily.

"Adam, it 's those prayers going on. I feel them. They wall me in, they suffocate me. What have I done that such a thing should come upon me? Think of a people —people who mean to do right—on their knees asking God to blight me, to ruin my life, to make you creep back, like a whipped hound, to cry for forgiveness at your father's feet!"

Her passion was a revelation to Adam. He stared at her, and enjoyed it as a new possession. She was very handsome, roused up in this way, yet he tingled with anger at her words. He had passively resented the prayers, but not fiercely as now, when she put before him all the just hurt that was in her. What could he do? It was not a matter for interference. Surely any man could pray as he pleased.

"What can I do?" he asked helplessly, taking her into his arms.

She sobbed like a tired child.

"Nothing," she answered, and it seemed to him true.

He forbade Keren to tell her more, but she chided him for it.

"I imagine more if I don't know than when I do. Don't keep it from me, any of it. I will tell you if I cannot endure it."

He found out in a few weeks that she dreaded a public appearance at church or at the village store. He imagined he saw a look in her face as of one who is hunted. Then, and only then, he went to Elder Becks and asked his aid. He was met with the cold comfort that expostulation with his father had been all in vain.

It was a few days after this that he met Lyddy Gunderman. Something in her smile made him stop to exchange words.

"We 'd like yer wife to be a little more cordial, Adam," she said, "an' come ter sewin'-circle. We hain't mixed up in thet prayin' business."

Adam caught at a straw.

"It seems to me women ought to stand by women. That praying is about killing her. Can't it be stopped? Public sentiment is about the only thing that will do it."

"I reckon ye mean public feelin' ag'in' it," repeated Lyddy, simply.

"That 's it exactly," replied Adam—"public feeling. My hands are tied absolutely. Can't something be done?"

"Somethin' 's got ter be done," said Lyddy, softly. "He prayed them prayers in public meetin' t' other night. Next Wednesday the county 'll be there to hear. Somethin' must be done."

Adam looked at her round, good-humored, non-expressive face, and groaned.

"I feel like doing great wickednesses," he said, "only I am sure the way to stop it will be found. We have been trying to be patient."

Lyddy glanced at his pale face and nodded.

"Yes, ye hev been. Nobody 'd blamed ye much ef ye 'd gone out there an' given yer pa a little chastisin'. But yer not thet kind."

Adam smiled grimly.

"No, no; I never thought of that, Sister Gunderman: but I 've been exercising patience to keep my tongue still."

He was aware of a certain sympathy by the extra cordiality of those he met. He hastened home to Salome. Her work was unfinished, the dinner forgotten. Her eyes were wet with tears.

"Adam."

"Yes, dearest."

"Let me go back to the city for a while. Your father prayed publicly against me the other night. He prayed for your return to your father's house, for your repentance, even as a prodigal son. He prayed there for your deliverance from my power. Adam, what does it mean? Keren was so angry."

"Hush, hush!" he cried, holding her to his heart.

"I cannot endure it. These prayers seem in the very air. They are whispered to me in the rustling of the leaves and the wind, and I cannot get away from them. When I try to pray I cannot. God seems so far away. Adam, I am more unhappy than ever before in my life. Why did n't you tell me? Why have I to endure such an undeserved scorn and persecution? I am alone, far from all who ever knew me. I am horribly unhappy, Adam. Let me go."

Adam leaned against the door-frame, white with his anguish. The justice of her demand and her complaint excused her querulousness. A wild idea came into his mind. He kneeled down beside her, and put her head on his shoulder.

"Salome," he whispered gently, "I have no one but you; for while in this life I may become at peace with my family, this thing has been such I can never forget. I would rather pass my life here where I was born, and where I may become of some use to the community; but listen. Salome, wait a little. If this goes on much longer we will leave Pegram Settlement forever. You shall not suffer any longer, and wherever you go, I go with you, my dear love."

III.

THE prediction of Sister Lyddy Gunderman proved true in regard to the next Wednesday evening prayer-meeting. All through the late afternoon, one especially hot and close, the outlying members of the settlement church began driving up to the post-office and general store. By the time the early darkness came all the hitching-rails were occupied, and late-comers had to ride boldly to the church lot, and thus prematurely disclose the secret of their coming. There was a crowd about when the lamps were lighted, and, as the hour of eight came near, the church filled to its doors.

Internally and externally it was a very bare edifice. The old custom of dividing the sexes still held, and the line of demarcation down the middle aisle was always occupied by the staid and elderly members. Rows of lamps with tin reflectors were hung along the walls, but the middle of the church was always in semi-gloom. At the head of the line of elderly people, and on the front seat, sat old Adam Imbody, grim and silent, his lips moving as if rehearsing his expected prayer. About and behind him were the neighbors and friends of a lifetime. The Widow Ensminger, with her wispy veil afloat, came in with plump Mrs. Gladden, while Lyddy Gunderman guarded a black-eyed niece of hers from too bold glances over the division-rail. At the heels of two bent-over deacons Pa Gladden came in amiably. Elder Becks went about anxiously to shake hands with seldom seen members. Presently a woman in the rear of the church started a wild, sweet strain about free grace and undying love, in which all joined. In the second stanza the voices wavered and nearly died away, for up the woman's aisle passed hurriedly the fine, stalwart form of young Adam Imbody, with his wife Salome, in white, at his side. He placed her upon a front seat which seemed to have been saved somehow, and, contrary to custom, he took his seat beside her, and in front of the very bench where his mother sat fiercely erect. Recent assurances of support in their trying ordeal had given them courage to face it.

The hymn over, there came the utter stillness that presages the storm. Then Elder Becks, in a voice trembling with anxiety, prayed for peace and harmony. By an old custom, the oldest member of the Dutch Settlement, Deacon Malchus Delp, always prayed next when he was able to be present. He now meandered along at length, uttering trite and meaningless phrases, and finally reached his "Amen" with audible sighs of relief from the young people. Old Adam Imbody usually came next in order, and he did not fail this time. Still straight, strong, and full of voice, he rose up, shook back his thick and shaggy hair, and cast a keen glance

over the congregation. He had always been a "master prayer," and his voice now rang out like a trumpet.

"Lord, we come before thee this evening to give thee thanks fer all our marcies past an' present. Thou art knowin' of our faults an' failin's an' tribulations onspeakable. We ast thee fer our church an' our community an' our members, present an' absent. We ast thee fer our strivin' bretheren an' our backslidin' bretheren. We ast thee ter bring the backslidin' ter return. O Lord, hear a father's prayers, an' a mother's prayers, an' a hull kin's prayers, an' a church's prayers, an' bring back a backslidin' brother an' son ter the church an' the home. Open his eyes, Lord, ter his sin, an' let his moral blindness fall from him ter-night. Make him forsake the ways of sin an' return ter righteousness an' his father's house, even as the prodigal returned after his journey inter a strange land an' ter a far country. Open his eyes, O Lord Almighty, 'liven his speerit, an' pour down grace. Thou knowest in the Holy Scripters thet it air plainly writ thet the wise son will deliver himself from the stranger thet flattereth with her words; thet none thet go to her return again, but will take hold on the paths of death. O Lord, thou hast more joy in heaven over a sinner thet repenteth than over them thet air a-leadin' a straight life. Bring back this precious one o' the fold, fer he is a-destroyin' his soul. Bring him back, O Lord, bring him back, fer our prayers air followin' arter him, an' will not let him be, neither day ner night. Bring back the sinner, an' let there be rejoicin' in the fold. Amen."

Having cast this forth with all his strength, old Adam sat down, wiping his forehead on a bandana handkerchief.

A low murmur of disapproval went through the congregation like a wave. The elder jumped up to start a hymn, but Sister Ziby stood bolt upright, the wind coming through the windows and tossing her wispy veil like the plume on the helmet of Navarre.

"We air here ter-night, Lord, not ter worship thee in marcy an' union, but ter listen ter personal feelin's spit out in prayer. We hope we do come in the right frame of mind when we do recommend thet the hull congregation go ter prayin' fer the one of us thet sets up ter be a headlight ter others, an' air blinded ez an obstinate steer. O Lord, rain down thy Speerit whar it air badly needed, an' show Brother Imbody the errer of his ways before it air too late. Amen."

Horror-stricken, Elder Becks rose and held up his hand, but from the rear of the room the voice of Keren Anspach came shrill and clear.

"Almighty Father, have marcy upon a poor stranger girl among us thet air the victim of an old man's wicked rage. Thou hast always been the refuge fer the helpless an' the rock fer the defenseless. Hear our prayers—the real heart-prayers of the hull congregation—fer this young soul thet hez sorely been tried in a fiery furnace of affliction. Grant thet thy love may sustain her, an' the love of her husband, our young brother, an' the love of all right-seein' people. Amen."

The church was as still as death. Again the singer in the rear started another quavering hymn, but the people were too excited to sing. Old Adam Imbody sat bolt upright, frowning. Mrs. Imbody was sobbing angrily. Salome sat quietly by Adam, but those near her saw that she was weeping.

Again the elder advanced to speak, but one of his meekest deacons was erect like a slim pine.

"God of love," he said fervently, "our brother has quoted Scripter ag'in' his son's wife. Scripter air always ready fer any cause, an' I, espousin' the cause of this young brother an' his lawful wife, hev ter remind this officer of our church thet the Scripter hez said a man should rejoice with the wife of his youth, thet she is a tree of life ter him, thet marriage is honorable ter all, thet a man should leave father an' mother an' cleave ter his wife, thet this here hull matter hain't got no part ner place in a church prayer-meetin', thet it air disgracin' ter us ter 'low the persecution of a stranger, an' thet thou wilt put a strong brake on our brother's expressin' hisself ag'in on this here matter. Amen."

"Amens" came from various benches.

Old Adam lifted up a defiant face, but there was the light of fear dawning in him. The voice of a church-member with whom he had several times been in disagreeable controversy was now ringing through the edifice. He caught sentences here and there that stabbed him and his prejudice like knife-thrusts—"Persecution of innocent party"; "Conduct unbecoming a church leader"; "Obstinate contumacy"; "Deacons should be grave, and not double-tongued, of pure conscience, not lifted up with pride."

To be accused of conduct unbecoming a church officer! This was the idea that brought the old man to the first consciousness of his error. The congregation was

against him, Adam Imbody, head and front of the settlement church. Could it be that he was wrong? Was he in the devil's hands?

His face fell forward into his hands. In a second the congregation was on its feet, singing in a wild ecstasy, "There is a fountain filled with blood." Then came Pa Gladden's mildest voice, raised for the occasion.

"Dear Lord," he began, "thou knowest our downsettin's an' uprisin's, an' our thoughts afar off. Thou knowest the devil is wrastlin' fer our brother's soul, an' we don't want him ter git it. The devil hez so fer got holt on our brother thet he hez ast the Lord ter break up a new home, which is the apple of God's eye in petickler. Our brother wanted a miracle ter wipe out jest what was bound ter happen by God's own law o' love. We pray thee, O Lord, ter drive out thet old devil an' ter fill our errin' brother's heart with redeemin' love,—O Lord, redeemin' love,—thet will so fill him thet he will fergit the past an' be marciful fer all time. Freshen his memory, O Lord, so he will remember how his father onct wanted him ter marry a neighbor girl, an' he went over Bone Dry Creek an' married his present good an' faithful wife. O Lord, let this here meetin' be a reconciliation, one thet will quicken sech faith thet every one here kin enymost feel thet thou war a-comin' down among us with visible grace. Amen."

A storm of "Amens" rattled out over the old man's bowed head.

Then his son's voice went up in one short, fervent sentence.

"O merciful God, thou who canst see how souls are tried, incline the heart of my father to me. Amen."

Then another voice, like a sweet flute, trembling at first, then clear and resolute:

"My Father in heaven, grant that no longer I be a bone of contention in this family and community. For the sake of the dear Christ, who blessed peacemakers, let my prayer for peace be heard. Teach me the prayer, 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.' Let me abide in the love of my husband, my home, this my adopted church. Amen."

The old man raised his head. He saw before him a straight, slim girl, her eyes shining like stars after rain, her red lips parted, her whole being radiant with pure purpose and high courage. Her eyes were on him, and she invited him by them. He rose, staggered a step, and felt a small, cool hand leading him until his own was grasped in another, larger, rougher, firmer.

"THET war the effort of my life, Drusilly," said Pa Gladden, as they went down the hill. "I don't keer whether I ever do anything ag'in; thet was wuth livin' fer. I feel like I hed heerd all the angels singin' fer hours. Jest whisper erbout thet thar when my last hour air comin'. The thort o' thet prayin'-match air wuth carryin' over the river."

"DEAR HEART, WHERE HAST THOU WANDERED?"

BY L. FRANK TOOKER.

DEAR heart, where hast thou wandered?
What happier regions stay
Thy lingering feet, whose coming changed
My winter into May?

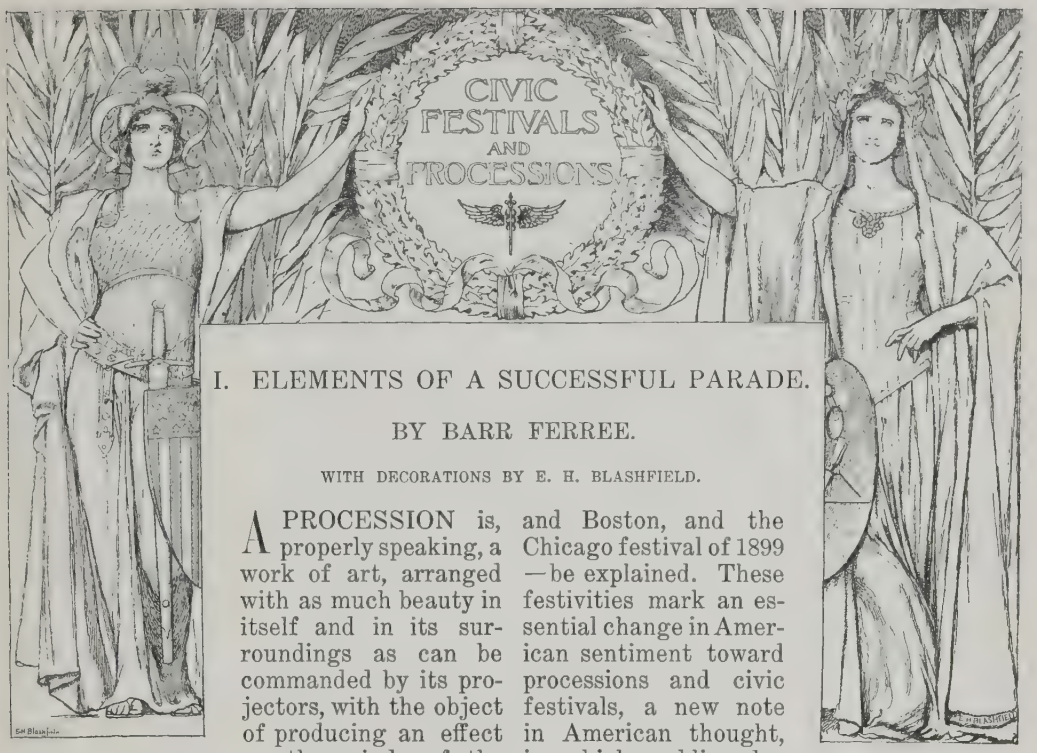
Now all our slopes are burgeoned
In summer's lavish mood,
And deep within the grove the thrush
Has belled the solitude.

The laurels set the hillside
With many a spectral light;
Seen through the dusk, they stand like nymphs,
Expectantly in flight.

But somewhere thou dost linger,
Implacable, afar,
Though high within the twilight sky
Gleams cold our trysting-star.

The brooks we loved still murmur,
Though now through dells of gloom;
The very hills have lost with thee
Their moiety of bloom.

Still, each leaf whispers of thee;
In every path once trod
By thy dear feet, thy spirit yet
Speaks from remembering sod.



I. ELEMENTS OF A SUCCESSFUL PARADE.

BY BARR FERREE.

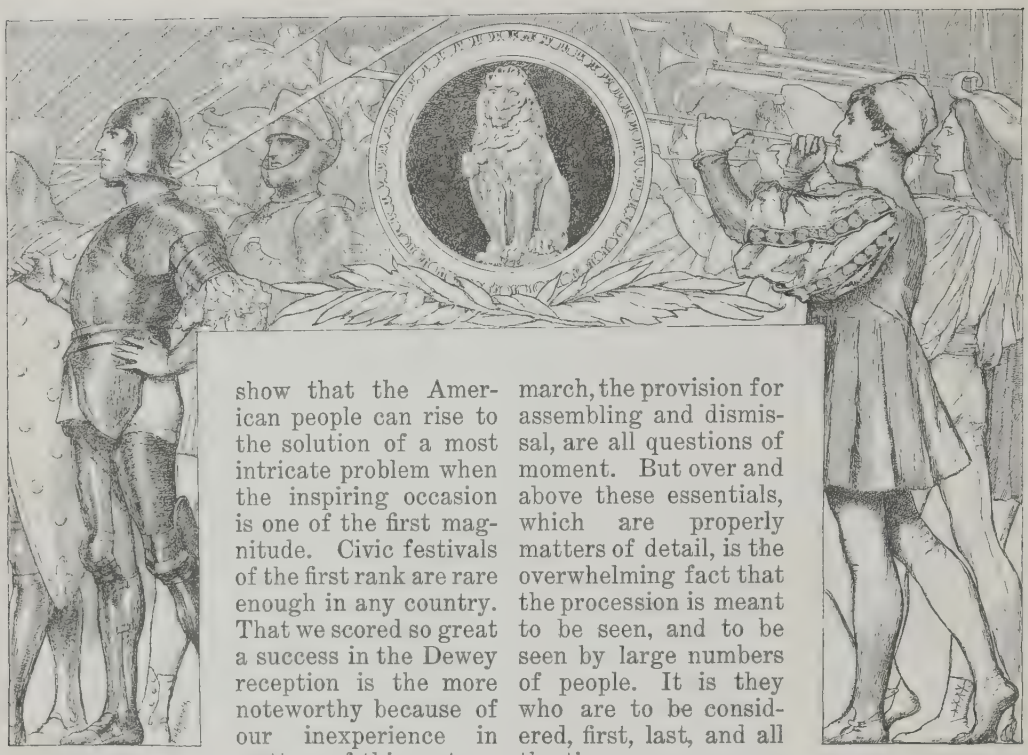
WITH DECORATIONS BY E. H. BLASHFIELD.

A PROCESSION is, properly speaking, a work of art, arranged with as much beauty in itself and in its surroundings as can be commanded by its projectors, with the object of producing an effect on the minds of the spectators. That effect may be one of grandeur, as in the ceremonial triumphs of previous times; or of solemnity, as in a state funeral or great ecclesiastical function; or of gaiety, best illustrated, in our own day, by "civic" or commercial parades, with their tableaux or "floats"; or of mass, as when a great crowd of voters and enthusiasts walk the streets of a city or town in honor of a political candidate or a popular hero.

It does not matter if we have lost the true conception of the procession; it is still a work of art. Every great parade of the past proves this; every unsuccessful and inartistic effort of our own day only serves to bring it into greater relief. Processions were better understood in earlier days than in ours, and the Renaissance period seems to have offered the world the last of the great artistic parades, yet the tide seems to have turned. The modern spectator, like his predecessor in antiquity, in the middle ages, and in the Renaissance, is demanding art in the public festival and parade, just as he is, more and more, demanding art in his public and private life.

On no other grounds can the popular interest in some recent great festivals—the peace festivals in Philadelphia and Washington, the Dewey receptions in New York and Boston, and the Chicago festival of 1899—be explained. These festivities mark an essential change in American sentiment toward processions and civic festivals, a new note in American thought, in which public play is recognized as having a distinct civic value. Not faultless, any of them, they were, as a whole, so far in advance of any similar attempt in this country as to be worthy of the highest praise.

The public festival in America, planned on a great scale, carried out with the nicest adjustment to surroundings, taking advantage of every resource of our time, and consummated in a perfectly satisfactory manner, is something entirely new. Continental Europe is more familiar with such functions than are we, because, while even there they have sadly dwindled from the splendor of gayer times, they have an hereditary place in public life that makes them a natural means of expressing popular enthusiasm. Enthusiasm in America has not yet been trained in any channel, but delights in its spontaneity and misdirectedness, rejoices in haphazard effectiveness, and is generally satisfied with the simplest results, albeit these are sometimes produced only by the mightiest efforts. But the tremendous enthusiasm shown in New York and in the whole country in the reception accorded to Admiral Dewey,—a reception unique in American history, though there have been other festivals that might be bracketed with it,—and the splendid festivities arranged on that occasion,



show that the American people can rise to the solution of a most intricate problem when the inspiring occasion is one of the first magnitude. Civic festivals of the first rank are rare enough in any country. That we scored so great a success in the Dewey reception is the more noteworthy because of our inexperience in matters of this sort.

A procession is virtually the only form of public festival that exists in America. We do not have free performances at the theaters, free shows in the streets and public squares for the people, free games open to all, free dances for those who delight in that pastime, nor free banquets save for our "city fathers" and high officials. Most of these things form an integral part of the public festival in Europe. In America we are virtually limited, in the larger cities, to parade, open-air concerts, and orations at public meetings; fireworks and illuminations constitute our single form of scenic entertainment. Our chief dependence is on the parade and the illuminations,—as distinguished from fireworks,—and it is to these that the attention of the American citizen is most directed on the occasion of a public festival.

First of all, it is evident that every procession and every public festival must be conducted in an orderly manner and for a set purpose. The important thing is the impression the spectacle will make on the populace. The arrangement of so many persons in a moving column, the assigning of proper places to various organizations, companies, regiments, delegations, and participants, the selection of the line of march, the provision for assembling and dismissal, are all questions of moment. But over and above these essentials, which are properly matters of detail, is the overwhelming fact that the procession is meant to be seen, and to be seen by large numbers of people. It is they who are to be considered, first, last, and all the time.

Variety in form and color is fundamental. The procession must be saved from monotony. The most patriotic soul wearies of the seemingly endless parade of soldiers arrayed in identical costume. The most distinguished citizens, unless well known, are uninteresting if grouped in large numbers without distinguishing mark or ornament. And since, in any large gathering, the individual loses his identity, and it is chiefly mass that counts, it follows that variety in costuming and in paraphernalia is a consideration of prime importance. The art of a procession is the art of color; and the chief reason for the success of processions in older times was because the use of color was better understood than with us. No processions were ever so gorgeous as those of Italy in the golden age of Italian art, when the walls and houses glowed with color, and the people were moving symphonies of the richest tones of a time that delighted in the utmost brilliancy.

So, if we would have our festal processions successful, have them, as they should be, works of art, the color-scheme of the parade itself is of vital importance. Obviously the colorist must be called in to direct this feature, though I think this has not yet been done in America. In the recent

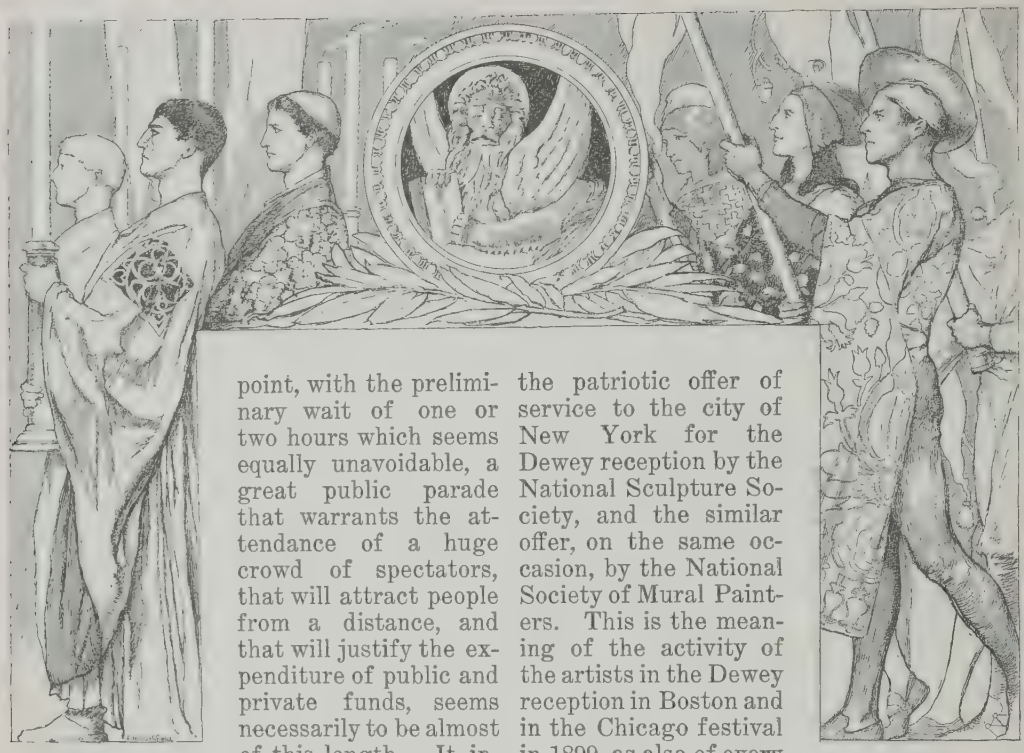
festivities, indeed, artists have been called into service, but only so far as related to the decoration of streets and buildings. Though we have not yet had processions arranged definitely as color-schemes, we have had a good deal of color in them. The gay uniforms of our militia and the regalia of our civic organizations testify to a half-understood sense of the value of color; and the applause that invariably welcomes a richly garmented company shows how keenly alive the spectators are to an appreciation of the most important element in a successful pageant. Color, and plenty of it,—rich, vivid, beautiful, harmonious color,—is greatly to be desired. But a mere bringing together of color is not sufficient. It must be massed, arranged, harmonized. The moving figures in the hands of the parade-designer become the pigments with which his picture is prepared.

With color goes variety. Popular interest is maintained only by change and variety. It is quite as essential that a procession be made interesting as that it be a successful color-scheme, and interest is most readily obtained by a succession of changes. Mass, again, is important. Colors and changes must be grouped in sufficiently large numbers to count seriously in the actual effect. A parade should not be all variety any more than it should be a rude aggregation of colors. Almost as much is lost by too rapid changes as is gained by any change at all.

The practical problems involved in the treatment of variety and massing are of considerable difficulty. An identical uniform for several regiments, for example, speedily becomes monotonous and wearisome. The spectators soon lose their interest, and watch impatiently for something new. A fresh note of interest runs through a crowd the moment a new uniform is seen coming down the street after a long succession of sameness. Yet there is value in monotony, there is impressiveness in a long parade of men similarly attired, and impressiveness is one of the important functions of a procession. Some of our great civic processions, notably political parades, in which apparently countless men march through the streets of a great city in honor of their candidate, have had impressiveness of numbers and identity of costume as the chief source of their strength.

Closely connected with mass is proportion, as related to the introduction of special features and their successful absorption in the pageant. The parade must not only be complete in parts, but it must be complete as a whole, and a due proportion must be maintained between every part if the whole picture is to be satisfactory. Special features must not be crowded together at one point, or interest will lessen, and what is hoped to be a gain will prove a positive loss.

Mass is somewhat different from number. A parade being a moving, living picture in color, mass properly refers to the quantity of color in each division or section. Number is the procession itself as a whole. It is unavoidable that a parade, to be a success, must be composed of a large number of persons. Tiresome as it is to view a parade requiring four or five hours to pass a single



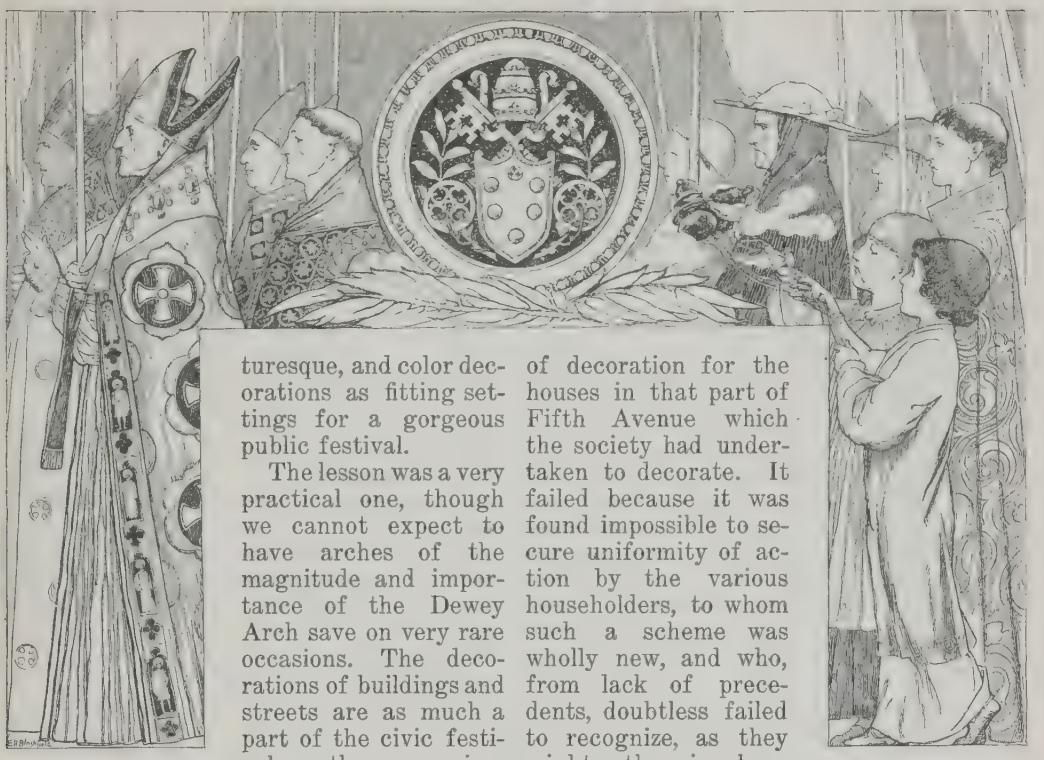
point, with the preliminary wait of one or two hours which seems equally unavoidable, a great public parade that warrants the attendance of a huge crowd of spectators, that will attract people from a distance, and that will justify the expenditure of public and private funds, seems necessarily to be almost of this length. It involves a great fatigue on the part of all concerned, participants and spectators alike; yet, in a country that rejoices in big things as does our land, a big parade, a procession so long that it becomes a virtue and a necessity to leave before it has completely passed, is the only sort that really achieves a popular success.

Number, proportion, mass, variety, arrangement, color, appear, therefore, as the elements to be considered in the planning of a great public procession; and it will be successful just as far as these elements are successfully treated and the problems they contain are solved. The solution will depend on the material available.

But the procession is not the only element that needs to be considered in a public festival. The streets must be decorated and marked with distinguishing features that become an integral part of the affair. The houses, the squares, the streets are much more than a frame to the procession-picture; they are a part of it, and their arrangement and decoration become as much a part of the whole as the ordering of the parade itself. This is the meaning of the courts of honor erected in Philadelphia for the Peace Jubilee in 1898, and the Grand Army of the Republic celebration in the same city in 1899. This is the meaning of the patriotic offer of service to the city of New York for the Dewey reception by the National Sculpture Society, and the similar offer, on the same occasion, by the National Society of Mural Painters. This is the meaning of the activity of the artists in the Dewey reception in Boston and in the Chicago festival in 1899, as also of every scheme of public decoration on the occasion of a procession anywhere.

The Dewey Arch in New York, which, as it neared completion, attracted almost as much public interest as the stately procession which followed, marked, as never before, the value of the artist in the designing of public festivals; and the measure of its success was so great that it seems impossible to believe that that value will ever be doubted again. It was not the first instance of the kind, but it was the first in which artistic coöperation was carried out on a large scale, and for which there was provided a fairly liberal amount of public money.

Two important public services were rendered by the work of the artists in the Dewey decorations. One was the service to the artists, the other the service to the public. The artists learned, in a new and wholesome way, the value of coöperation among themselves. They learned, in a most practical manner, that many men of many minds could unite in a single work without losing their personality, and produce a monument greater and more interesting than the unaided effort of any one of them. The public, for its part, saw the value of this co-operation, and also learned, in a very striking manner, the value of architectural, sculp-

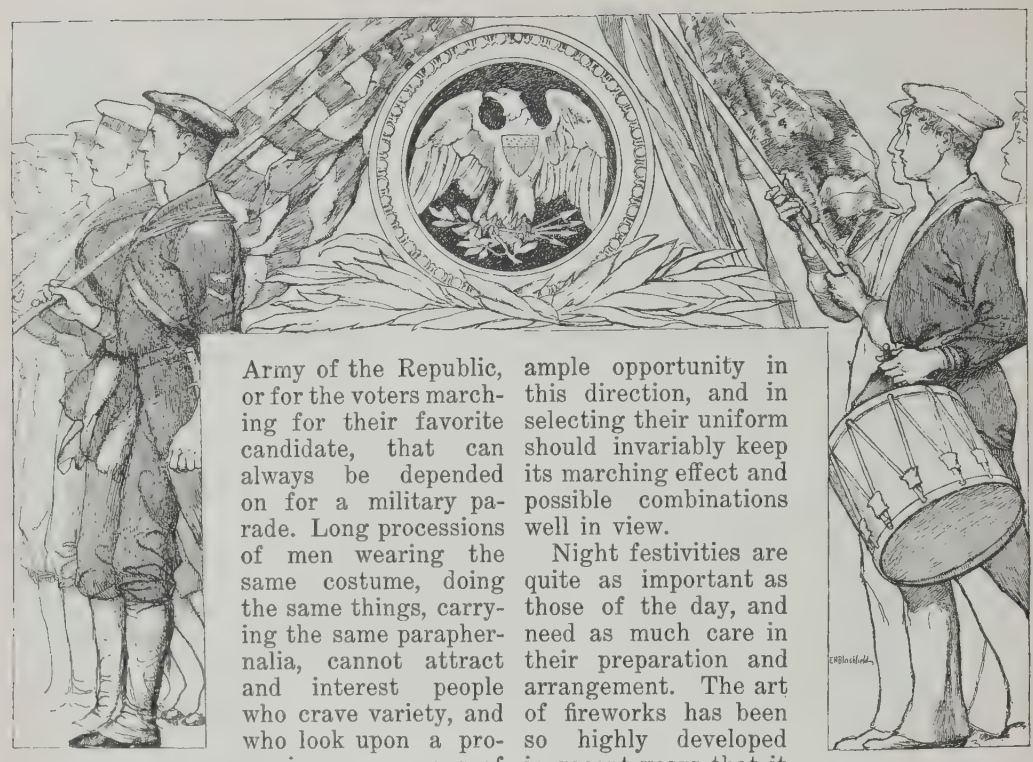


turesque, and color decorations as fitting settings for a gorgeous public festival.

The lesson was a very practical one, though we cannot expect to have arches of the magnitude and importance of the Dewey Arch save on very rare occasions. The decorations of buildings and streets are as much a part of the civic festival as the procession. One cannot be divorced from the other. The skill and care that have gone to the making of a successful parade must be utilized in the arrangement of a suitable scheme of decoration wherever the procession is to pass. In former times the union of those two things was considered so vital as to be accepted as a matter of course. The picturesque houses of old Europe readily lent themselves to the picturesque quality of the parade. And no house or palace or public building was ever so rich and complete in itself that the people spared themselves in its decoration. Gorgeous tapestries were hung from windows; costly carpets were stretched over bare walls or helped to decorate balconies. Garlands and flowers, flags and banners, were displayed at every point. If there was not a master of ceremonies, or a central committee of designers, it was because there was so well developed a sense of color and of fitness in the community that every one knew just what to do and how to do it. And the public delight in the festival was the greater because so many helped in making it a success.

A somewhat ambitious effort was made in New York, at the Dewey reception, by the National Society of Mural Painters, to secure the adoption of a uniform and general scheme of decoration for the houses in that part of Fifth Avenue which the society had undertaken to decorate. It failed because it was found impossible to secure uniformity of action by the various householders, to whom such a scheme was wholly new, and who, from lack of precedents, doubtless failed to recognize, as they might otherwise have done, the real value of united action. Another time the difficulties in the way of carrying out such a scheme may be fewer; and, as a matter of fact, only a few weeks later it was found entirely feasible to assign certain streets in Boston to different artists for the Dewey reception in that city, whereby a variety of color-schemes was carried out with considerable success. But if the New York plan failed in its most ambitious proposal, it was not without value. The mere suggestion alone directed people's thoughts in new directions, and the Mural Painters succeeded so far as to cause a general use of the navy colors, blue and white, as the leading model for many separate decorations. These not only offered a notable variety, but showed, in a very admirable way, the value of broad masses of color in street decorations.

The principles that help to make a great parade successful apply to the smallest occasion of a similar nature, civic or military. With the civic parade the difficulties are greater, because there is not the variety of costume or the popular interest that seems an essential part of all military gatherings. It is not possible to provoke the same enthusiasm in the march of the Odd Fellows, the Masons, the Knights Templar, the Grand

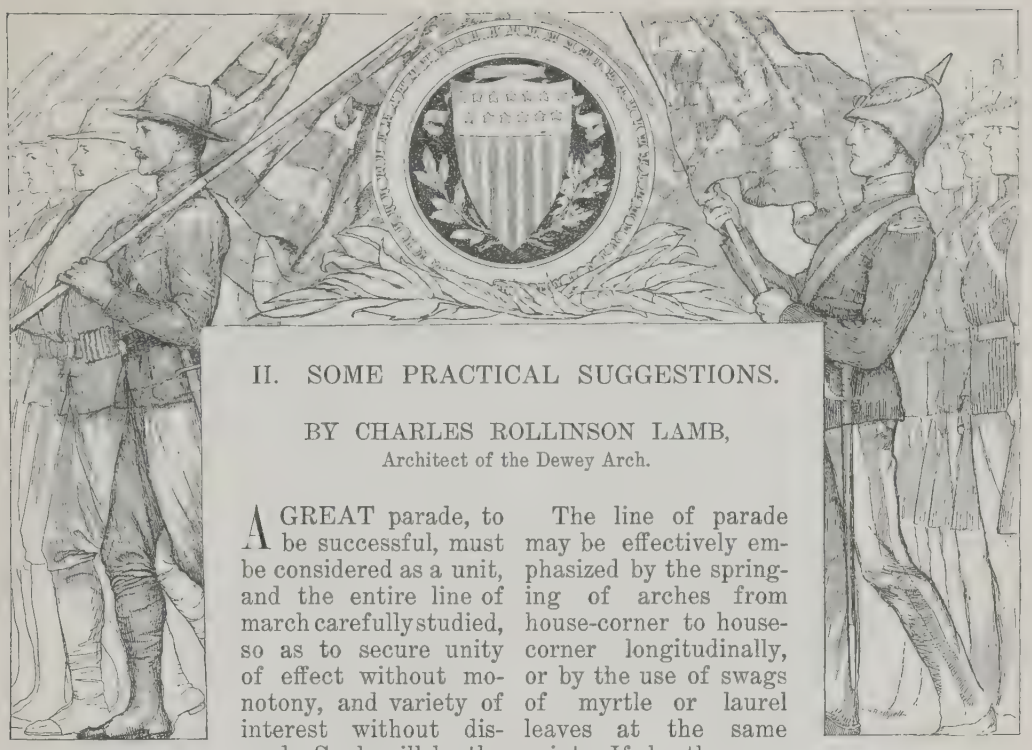


Army of the Republic, or for the voters marching for their favorite candidate, that can always be depended on for a military parade. Long processions of men wearing the same costume, doing the same things, carrying the same paraphernalia, cannot attract and interest people who crave variety, and who look upon a procession as a means of public entertainment. The Masons long ago showed how to vary the unavoidable monotony of their great parades by arranging their men, at intervals, in squares, triangles, and other symbolic figures—a lesson that the managers of citizens' parades might well take to heart. Changes in costume are more difficult, especially where a single costume has been adopted for a large body of men. But to insist on uniformity is to ignore the fundamental fact that a parade, unless it be a funeral procession, is a festival, and a festival is a very gay affair indeed—all jollity and life and color, with our men, and women too, dressed out in their finest and bravest. A garland of flowers around the hatband, a posy on the coat-lapel, a flag on the upturned cane, a sash of bright ribbon, or gloves of different colors in different rows, will brighten the dullest parade greatly, and turn it from a solemn function into a thing of gaiety.

A little free scope in the matter of clothing will go a great way. Capes of different colors, waistcoats and shirts of vivid hue, if properly chosen and artistically combined, will turn a series of black-garmented men into kaleidoscopes of color, and at small expense. Political organizations especially have ample opportunity in this direction, and in selecting their uniform should invariably keep its marching effect and possible combinations well in view.

Night festivities are quite as important as those of the day, and need as much care in their preparation and arrangement. The art of fireworks has been so highly developed in recent years that it is only a question of sufficient funds and a proper site for display and observation to secure a gorgeous result and a great popular success. Yet it is in less ambitious efforts, in which the people are dependent on their own resources, that we need more study and practice. We have almost lost the art of public illumination in cities, partly because it is so easy to turn on the gas and roll up the curtains, and partly because of the fear of conflagration which may result from carelessness or inattention. It is difficult to get over these latter evils, though electricity, with its easily arranged incandescent lamps, is helping to solve the problem very rapidly. The art of illumination is too beautiful to be lost without a protest; and its importance realized, and the proper safeguards provided, it must speedily obtain popularity.

After all, the whole question of civic festivals, of illuminated festivities and daylight parades and celebrations, is one of appreciation. Enough has been done, in the last year or two, to turn the thoughts of the people in the right direction. The greater the attention given to the conduct of these affairs, the greater must be the success that will attend them. The key of the whole matter is the artistic effect.



II. SOME PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

BY CHARLES ROLLINSON LAMB,
Architect of the Dewey Arch.

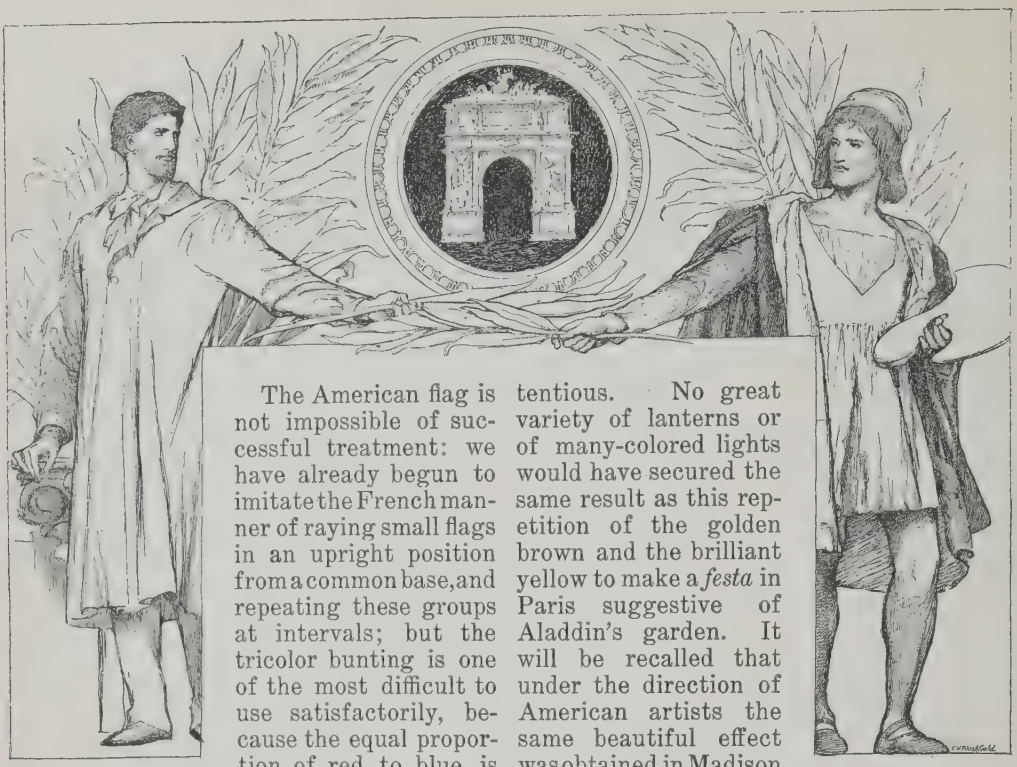
A GREAT parade, to be successful, must be considered as a unit, and the entire line of march carefully studied, so as to secure unity of effect without monotony, and variety of interest without discord. Such will be the result if those having charge of the decoration of the line of march will remember two cardinal ideas: first, that the most effective element is repetition, if only of flagpoles; and, second, that further interest is awakened if, at varying intervals in such line of repetition, a new note is struck, or a new arrangement, whether in color or form, is introduced, leaving to the climax of the parade one specially fine composition, at which the mind of the observer, having been brought to it by definite steps, can rest satisfied with the artistic effect.

Although repetition is the simplest and most practicable feature, how infrequently, in any parade, has such repetition been either desired or secured! The erection of poles for flags, gonfalons, or banners at the intersection of streets gives a group of four upright lines, which, if repeated at each intersection, at once establishes a definite note. If the center of the block is again taken for some repetitive feature, either sculptural figures or smaller poles with streamers, or both combined, this again, by repetition, makes a distinct addition to the effect. The intervening space between this and the corner can be broken once more, possibly by a single pole, thus giving on each block a composition of three points of interest.

The line of parade may be effectively emphasized by the springing of arches from house-corner to house-corner longitudinally, or by the use of swags of myrtle or laurel leaves at the same point. If, by the combined action of the householders, festoons of laurel could be carried along the house-fronts, at a uniform level above the street, this feature in itself would materially aid the effect of unity which it is so desirable to secure in the decoration.

All stands erected by private owners, under permits from the city, should be restricted to one form and one color, preferably to a dark tone, so as to prevent the obtrusiveness of raw pine-wood, or the garishness of hastily and ill-arranged bunting. Such restriction could be made without difficulty in the permits as issued, and would in itself go far to secure an artistic result. The sympathetic aid of the householders might be more difficult to obtain, but properly worded suggestions, on the part of the central committee, would achieve much in this direction.

The Stars and Stripes, though not the most successful piece of decoration, can still be so treated as successfully to combine with any scheme; but to do this it should be massed over doorways or stands, or, if used separately, should be hung repetitively from the windows along the entire line of parade, preferably on one of the upper stories, so as to give a continuous line of red, white, and blue from house to house.



The American flag is not impossible of successful treatment: we have already begun to imitate the French manner of raying small flags in an upright position from a common base, and repeating these groups at intervals; but the tricolor bunting is one of the most difficult to use satisfactorily, because the equal proportion of red to blue is not a fortunate color-combination. It would therefore be advisable that the committee in charge should select those symbolic colors which would be appropriate, and use them in such quantity as would give a definite color-scheme to the entire line. The suggestion made by the National Society of Mural Painters that the naval colors, blue and white, reinforced with gold and natural green foliage, should be used in the Dewey reception parade was probably the first recognition given of the necessity of other colors than the patriotic red, white, and blue.

In any statement of the principles of pageantry decoration too much emphasis cannot be laid upon this necessity of repetition in color as well as in unit or design. Who that has ever seen a festival in Paris, or any other large foreign city, has failed to realize that much of the effectiveness of the result has been secured by the simplest means? The great orange, pumpkin-like lanterns, which on such occasions are hung in all the trees of Paris, the small fairy-lights, which by invisible wires are supported from post to post, from tree to tree, from bridge to quay, and from quayside back to bridge again—these are the simplest means of illumination, the least expensive or pretentious. No great variety of lanterns or of many-colored lights would have secured the same result as this repetition of the golden brown and the brilliant yellow to make a *festa* in Paris suggestive of Aladdin's garden. It will be recalled that under the direction of American artists the same beautiful effect was obtained in Madison Square, New York, during the Columbian celebration.

Americans being deeply interested in politics, the political parade will always be one method of expressing our belief not only in a particular party, but in the popular form of government. And yet, what political parade has ever been treated seriously, in a dignified and artistic way? What vast sums are thrown away in unorganized, mediocre, and ineffective results! When will one of our great political parties, appreciating the possibilities, intrust the effect to artists of experience, relying upon the idea that the better the result artistically, the more effective will be the presentation of their side of the argument?

The general principles here enunciated, while applicable to day processions, are not less pertinent in regard to torch-light parades. The possibilities of processions at night are endless. The power of varied illumination, the treatment of burning flambeaux, repeated at definite intervals, the continuous lines of lights, etc., increase the success of any night celebration, as against a day festival.

The cheapening and development of electricity have trebled the resources of the artist in this direction.

THE CARFIELD-SLATER ADDITION.

A STORY OF THE WESTERN BOOM.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

CARFIELD first heard of the boom when Harvey Slater came into the store one evening and announced that a firm from Kansas City had bought up the old Mills tract below town, and was laying it out in city lots. The next day confirmed the report. A number of strangers appeared on the streets, buggies drove hastily to and from the suburbs, and Still Valley real estate, heretofore only mildly active, acquired golden pinions and soared. This, you must know, was Kansas in '87, when booms were born overnight.

It was not until the following afternoon that Carfield was really bitten by the fever. Then he dropped across to Sam Handley's real-estate and loan office. Sam's buggy was hitched at the door, and a number of men, some of them unknown to Carfield, were inside. They were discussing values, and Carfield heard front-foot rates that staggered him. Sam—his hat on, and with the usual tobacco-stains on his shirt-front—sat at a small table, writing. A citizen lounged over and interrupted him.

"What 's the cheapest lots you got, Sam?"

"Two hunderd and fifty."

"Where are they?"

"Oh, dern' 'f I know! We don't show no lots at that price."

Carfield's pulse quickened. He was young and eager. Here was a boom indeed. Later, when the others had drifted out, he began with assumed carelessness:

"Well, Sam, folks have found out at last that we 've got a town here, too, have they? They thought all along that Wichita was the only place on earth. Still Valley 's got ten times more to make a town out of. I said over a year ago—"

"Yes, an' then's when you ought to bought. You could 'a' got the old Mills farm a year ago fer three thousand dollars. These fellers give five fer it, an' they 'll pull out twenty, you mark my words!"

Carfield's eyes glistened.

"What else is there out that way?"

"Nothin'. Nobody wants to sell now unless they get the rise."

Carfield watched Sam gloomily as he went on writing. The real-estate man finished presently, and inclosed the document in a big yellow envelop, the flap of which he lapped generously with his tongue and rubbed down vigorously with a soiled hand. Then, as he dipped his pen, he paused.

"By gum!" he announced. "I just remember. The' 's a ten-acre piece out below the lime-kill. B'longs to a woman that bought it a year ago fer fourteen hunderd. She was in last week an' wanted to sell fer eighteen. Mebbe she 's gone up, though."

Carfield experienced a quick revulsion to hope.

"I say, Sam, what 's the matter with going out there right now?"

"Nothin' at all. Got any money with you—'nough to make a payment, I mean?"

Carfield ran over to the bank while Handley posted his letter, and presently they were urging his gray nag southward.

"Only direction fer the town to grow," Sam explained as they proceeded. "Build anywhere without puttin' a shovel in the ground. Paper-mill an' glass-works before Christmas, an' a hunderd thousand popilation in five years. I tell you we 've got the things to bring 'em! Coal, an' water, an' stone, an' natural gas, an' oil, an' everything else under the shinin' sun to make a town out of. Wichita ain't got a thing to go on except wind—not a thing!"

"That 's what 's the matter!" assented Carfield. "I always said so. And there 's going to be a lot of people get left out there before long—you see if there ain't!"

As they drove along, Sam pointed out lots and plots that had changed hands in the past forty-eight hours, and named prices. Some of them had changed two or three times, and at startling advances. There was no hesitation on Carfield's part when the owner of the ten-acre tract—a hard-featured and sullen woman—demanded two thousand dollars for her property. He paid

her two hundred to bind the bargain, and Handley, who was a notary, drew up a receipt and a bond for a deed, both of which she signed with scarcely a word. The men drove back to town, jubilant.

"By gum, that was a great deal you got!" gurgled Handley. "You 'll make double what you give fer it in a month."

"But she did well enough, too," Carfield urged defensively. He did not wish to appear as having taken advantage of a woman.

"Course she did. She made six hunderd dollars. She 's satisfied. Don't you worry!"

Carfield's own satisfaction grew.

"I 'm not going to sell it in the piece, Sam," he declared presently. "I 'm going to lay it off in lots. It 'll make fifty lots—fifty lots of fifty by a hundred and twenty each, taking out streets and alleys. Those lots will be worth, even out there, three hundred dollars apiece inside of a month, and go like hot cakes. I 'll get fifteen thousand dollars out of that tract, as certain as you live!"

The real-estate man caught the spirit of inflation.

"By gum, that 's so!" he agreed.

Then he slapped his leg and laughed as they drove through the spring evening. He was ungainly, unkempt, and careless of speech. His whole life had been spent in an atmosphere of real-estate schemes and deals; but through it all he had maintained a certain hearty manner and blunt frankness that passed in those days as integrity. For his day and business Sam Handley was honest enough, and there was no lack of sincerity in the gleeful assent which he gave to Carfield's plan for sudden riches. He was willing that Carfield should get as much as he could out of the deal, and he would help him to the extent of selling all the lots possible, at a reasonable commission. They drove at once to the court-house to file the bond, and then, in spite of a prohibitory law, had something cheerful together in the back room of Carfield's store.

But the next morning Carfield decided to let Harvey Slater in on the ground floor, so to speak. Slater seemed a good fellow, and then Carfield did not have the eighteen hundred cash to complete the deal. Slater did not have the money either, as it turned out, but with Carfield's indorsement he could get it of the Farm National, and this he did promptly, at the rate of twelve per cent., which was low in those days, and only accorded to prompt and reliable citizens.

Matters were soon in full swing. The Carfield-Slater and many other additions were being platted, and there were would-be purchasers waiting only till the lots were ready to offer. Corn-fields far south of the last suburban shanty were being laid out with streets, alleys, and boulevards, and a carload of gasolene street-lamps had been ordered for these new annexations. The car line, which had been running a one-mule car every half-hour to hold its franchise, now agreed to put on ten-minute service and to extend its track to the city limits—a rash promise, for the limits themselves were racing at the rate of something less than a mile a day toward the next county. Companies were organized with almost any amount of capital stock to start packing-houses, paper-mills, colleges, glass-works, and a number of other desirable industries, and each day the two papers told of these things in head-lines and phraseology which, though sufficiently ornate for the ordinary affairs of life, seemed pitifully feeble, now, in contrast with the facts they were made to convey. The number of people to be employed by each enterprise was announced, the number of houses needed to accommodate them, the skilful diplomacy used in securing for Still Valley these great manufacturing plants, which would otherwise almost certainly have gone to Wichita, or to some other insignificant and unworthy place—these things and many more were set forth in paragraphs that fairly reeked with adjectives and dollar-marks. Everybody was building or planning to build. Everybody was busy. Everybody was borrowing money at any rate of interest. Everybody was doubling the investments of yesterday, everybody was getting rich, everybody was happy.

It is true that most of the accruing profits were in the form of paper. One third cash, balance in one and two years, were the usual terms, and it was the "one third cash" only that gave any trouble. But even the banks had fallen in somewhat with the march of progress, and were ready to accommodate liberally, with a corresponding rate of interest. Then there was much talk of money flowing in from the East for investment, and though later it was discovered that most of this money came in the form of first-mortgage loans rather than for expenditure, still it came,—it was there,—and, anyway, it was not a time for petty hesitation and doubt. Carfield and Slater simply laughed at a would-be purchaser who offered them five thousand dollars for their entire tract. Even when he made it six thousand, and was ready

to lay down the entire amount in cash,—a thing almost without precedent,—they were only a little more polite, a bit more kindly, but still firm in their refusal.

They had themselves acquired other properties by this time, some of which they had transferred again at satisfactory margins in the form of notes, and some of which they still held. As for their addition, it was barely on the market a day before they had disposed of two lots at three hundred and fifty each, whereupon they had promptly advanced the price to five hundred, and were gravely doubtful about selling even at this figure. Business at Carfield's store languished somewhat and was confided to the clerks. He had an impulse now and then to make them a present of it altogether. Most of his time he passed at Sam Handley's real-estate office, or driving about in a buggy with Slater. They hardly knew how rich they were by this time, or how much they owed. It was so with everybody. There was no time to strike a balance. And, anyway, the balance of to-day would fall short to-morrow, so what was the use?

THE change came in September. There are those in Still Valley who fix it to the day. It is said by these that on the 5th, at twelve o'clock noon, there came a hot wind out of the West that set the blood in one's veins to steaming, and curled up the corn-blades like lamp-lighters. A sand-storm came with it, and real estate was lifted and borne by the wings of the air into crack and crevice, however minute—it is believed by some through solid walls and even window-glass. Commerce was cut off as with a knife. Trains came in, the paint and steel scoured as with sand-paper. When it was over, stores resumed business. Building went on steadily, the car line was extended daily, street-lamps bloomed nightly in distant corn-fields. New factories were getting under way; the daily papers had larger head-lines, and were more glowing and emphatic than ever. People still marked up their property with each new sunrise, only—they no longer bought.

In fact, nearly everybody had something to sell. There was no stampede. They were not even eager to sell as yet. But neither did they wish to buy. First they stopped marking up. Then there were those who offered to shade values a little, as a personal favor. Others adopted lottery and gift schemes to get their additions started. Then some properties that had been bought on six months, instead of the usual one and two years, went by default, or became descriptive detail in foreclosure suits. Still there was no confession that the boom was over. These were but the natural results of a few rash investments. The boom—the real boom—had come to stay. It was solid growth, and not a boom. The Farm National did not fail until December.

OUT of the wreck and crumble of it all Carfield emerged with a number of things. He had a fund of experience, for one thing, and his business. These were valuable. Also, he had the addition and most of the mortgaged properties acquired with Slater, while their twelve-per-cent. obligations to the banks were all his own.

For Slater had gone down with the great majority who were either financially disabled or dishonest, and the difference was not material to those who were left to hold the bag, so to speak. Carfield was one of the latter, and the bag he held was of goodly proportions. It required now but a brief and simple calculation to reveal the fact that the thousands he owed ran well into two figures. Against this, his real estate, upon which he was still free to place whatever valuation he chose, was of no value whatever as an offset. In fact, it was worse than that, for the properties being vacant, they yielded no income, while various "city improvements" had made the yearly tax-levy a bugbear. As for selling anything, no one by this time even suggested a thing so manifestly absurd.

It is true the two dailies, struggling against fate, still got out their explosive head-lines, now and then, to announce that "something" was "in the air," the materialization of which would start busy wheels to turning, and saws and hammers to echoing once more in Still Valley. But these mysterious atmospheric elements failed to crystallize. The 20-point head-lines presently went back into their dusty cases, and the secrets of the air remained unsolved.

There were few strangers in Still Valley now. Sam Handley's real-estate office was deserted, and Handley himself, having furbished up an early and somewhat picturesque knowledge of law, had been admitted to the bar, and was reaping an aftermath of profit foreclosing many of the mortgages he had assisted into being. As for the real-estate business *per se*, it was dead, utterly. Livery buggies no longer hastened to and from the outlying districts. No more at night the gasolene street-lamps marked newly graded streets and made tattered corn-rows cheery.

Boys threw stones at the glass boxes and the little tin reservoirs above. The hastily set posts were thrown up by the frost, and leaned tipsily in various directions. The tinkle of the street-car bell was forgotten by the jack-rabbit and the tip-tail, and additions with pleasant names merged back into their agricultural beginnings. The fever had passed. Those who knew said that another attack would be due in seventeen years, by which time there would be a new generation to acquire experience and corner lots.

There were some queer readjustments at this period. Men whom a year before mayors and magnates had delighted to honor found now none so poor as to do them reverence. You saw them idling helplessly on the street-corners,—perhaps talking vaguely of the prosperity they were going to bring about presently,—or you met them drifting aimlessly along the desolate streets, staring stonily at the icy pavements. The handsome club which they had helped to organize posted their accounts and suspended them for non-payment of dues.

There were others even less fortunate—older men who had retired from business, and who, when the fever came, invested their all. These boasted for a time of how much they had made in the boom, and, later, surrendered palatial homes to the mortgagees. In fact, those who had really made money had in nearly every instance invested their profits in great store buildings or costly residences, beneath which lay the unyielding and undying Eastern mortgage.

Carfield was glad now that he had not given away his business. It was still fairly profitable, and with his undivided attention might be made more so. He was regarded as solvent and honorable. He would pay out in time, if not crowded, though the twelve-per-cent. interest went on, day and night and Sundays, sleepless and unsatisfied. It was a weary problem, and he must face it alone.

In the spring some men wanted to fence up the addition and put it in corn. He gave them permission, hoping the result might at least offset the taxes. There was no result. He did not even get back money loaned them.

And so passed two uneventful years—weeks and months made swift and bitter by the ever-recurring interest, and the renewal, or slender partial payment, of notes. Carfield did not become morose or disgruntled. The West laughs even in its direst extremity, and Carfield was of the West, Western. Optimistic by nature, at times he even allowed himself to hope that something might happen—something unexpected that would put him on his feet and square with the world. Sometimes at his desk he permitted himself to dream that a railroad had cut through and wanted the addition, or that the government would suddenly need it for—well, for anything that would make it bring him ten thousand dollars, or five thousand, or even two thousand. But railroads had stopped building, and the government seemed to have forgotten Still Valley. At night he often dreamed things not much more absurd, and whether day or night, he woke presently to realize that it was simply a matter of earn and pay. It was a slow, sickening business. It required all the force of his young, vigorous body and cheerful disposition to grapple with it.

There were the hard days, too, cloudy, cold, depressing days when trade was dull and his undertaking quite hopeless. And there were the nights when sleep would not come, and the demon of temptation stood by his bed and urged repudiation and flight far away from it all. But with sunshine and morning there returned some sort of renewed purpose and strength to battle on. He meant to be free of debt. He wondered how it would seem to know that he owed no living man a dollar—to be rid of renewal and interest. He said, jokingly, sometimes, that he would be without object in life if he were out of debt, but there were days when the desire to be so became a sort of mania, and he felt that he would be almost willing to give life itself if by so doing he might but die a free man.

It was on one of the hard days that Billy came. Carfield heard a slight shuffling sound on the floor near him, and turned to see two men at his elbow. One was a small man with chin-whiskers, middle-aged and insignificant; the other taller and younger, with tanned, cow-boy face and sun-bleached, sandy mustache. Both were roughly, almost meanly, dressed, and seemed to be wrestling with some embarrassment. Carfield believed them customers, and rose.

"What is it to-day?" he asked encouragingly.

The tall man looked at his companion, and the look was returned helplessly. Then the tall man found voice, though so gently as to be scarcely audible.

"You better set it before Mr. Carfield, Billy," he drawled. "As man to man, you better do it."

The little man coughed, and his eyes wandered aimlessly about the store. Then his voice issued, also with no apparent force behind it, almost without sound.

"Is—might there be some place—could you come outside to consider a little private matter?" he managed to say at last.

Half amused and wondering, Carfield led them to his room in the rear. He supposed they wanted credit. When the door was closed and they were seated, the tall man once more appealed to his companion.

"Now, Billy," he urged gently, "you better set it before Mr. Carfield. Don't keep nothin' back, because Mr. Carfield is a gentleman, an' it must be a fair deal."

Carfield's curiosity grew. Billy cleared his throat twice, and wiped his mouth with his hand. Then he began cautiously and with apparent reluctance:

"It 's something we want to put to you about the piece o' land you own out south o' the lime-kill. We 've got what you might call a—a sort o' claim on it, es you might say, an' I says to Lexington, my pardner here, 'We 'll go to Mr. Carfield,' I says, 'at the start, an' be free an' outspoken, as man to man.' You see, we—"

"What *is* your claim?" interrupted Carfield, rather sharply.

The little man dodged and seemed disqualified for further statement. His companion prodded him to continue.

"Go right on, Billy," he drawled. "Con-vey facts to Mr. Carfield."

Billy, thus admonished, continued:

"Mr. Carfield, it 's come to us, private-like, that they 's gold an' secret treasure hid on that there land o' yourn, an' bein' we got instru-ments that lo-acates what 's above the earth an' con-cealed below, we come to git con-sent to take it up, an' to make agreement about how much to share all around."

At the close of this momentous speech Billy subsided, and both he and Lexington regarded Carfield with timid anxiety. The latter did not answer immediately. Tales of buried treasure were not wanting in a section that had been one of feud and bloodshed when the Civil War broke out. Just at first a thrill of boyish romance and possibility of relief from his burdens swept over him. He was holding it to his heart a little, in spite of skepticism and the inclination to smile. Presently he asked quietly:

"How much is it? How did it get there?"

"Con-vey facts to Mr. Carfield, Billy," urged his companion.

"It 's reckoned at eighty thousand dollars," said Billy, reluctantly, as if the shock might affect Carfield's heart. "It was got fer eight hundred head o' fat steers thet he sold to the gove'nment."

"That who sold to the government? Who owned the steers?"

"We don't know his name—at least not fer shore. It was a stranger thet lived on the place then. He did n't own it, but jest rented it, an' it had more land than they is now. A man by the name of Anderson owned all the land out there then."

Carfield remembered that the name of Anderson appeared in his transcript of title, and nodded.

"Eight hundred head o' fat cattle," continued Billy, getting warmed up, but still very mild and deliberate, "to the gove'nment, fer the soldiers, at a hundred dollars apiece; an' then, as it was gettin' too hot in these parts about that time, unless a feller took one side er the other, an' was n't safe to travel with money, he buried what he got, an' sighted the place from a tree on one *side*, an' a stone on the *end*, an' measured it off an' made a map of the place, so 's he 'd know where to dig when he got back. Then he went to Mexico to keep out of the war, an' he married a Mexican sinner-eater—"

"A what? Oh, yes. A señorita—go on."

"An' they had a little boy, an' the man died. But before he died he give the map to the sinner-eater, an' told her when the war was over to come an' dig up the money."

Billy paused. It was the old story with slight variation, and a tired look had come into Carfield's face.

"Well," he said, "and did n't she come?"

"No," proceeded Billy. "She waited till the boy got about sixteen, then *she* died, too, an' *he* come. He come with two Greasers, ten years ago, an' camped out there an' dug. That 's how we come to know. Mr. Casey, the man thet was on the place then, told us, an' drawed us off a map to show where Garshy dug. Garshy was the boy's name."

"So, then, *you* 've got a map, too," commented Carfield, with more interest. "But the Mexican, Garcia, why did n't he find it?"

"Con-vey facts, Billy," once more admonished Lexington.

"Well, you see," resumed Billy, "the tree was gone, an' the stone was taken away to build wall out of, so they could only guess es close es they could to where they *had* been, an' then measure an' dig a hole, an' then go back an' guess an' measure an' dig again. They kep' a-doin' that all one fall, an' then went away, but they never found it."

"You 're sure they never found it?"

"Oh, yes, I 'm shore, fer Mr. Casey says they went away a-quarrelin' because one of the Greasers wanted to stay an' keep on a-diggin'. Then when they got down by Humboldt the Greasers killed the boy fer what money he had along, an' got away into the Nation. So you see, the money don't belong to nobody now. It 's buried in a little copper kittle, an' they might 'a' missed it by a' inch er ten feet, it would n't 'a' made any difference, but with our instru-ment fer lo-acatin' secret treasure we can find it."

The tired look returned to Carfield's face.

"Where *is* your instrument?" he asked.

The treasure-hunters looked at each other.

"As man to man, Billy, let Mr. Carfield see it," urged Lexington.

From an inside pocket in his faded coat Billy drew forth a limber piece of whalebone, one end of which was pushed into the cork of a two-ounce, wide-mouthed vial. The vial was filled with some dark substance, and when Billy held the opposite end of the whalebone between his thumb and forefinger, with the bottle in the air, it vibrated like an inverted pendulum.

"They 's gold er precious coin close t' here," declared Lexington, "jedgin' from the way it beats. I s'pose you got some outside."

Carfield nodded. Presently the instrument in Billy's hands swung farther in each direction, and all at once, with continued increase of momentum, dropped over entirely at a point approximating the position of the safe in the front office. The treasure-hunters smiled triumphantly.

Carfield smiled, too. It was the old, old self-deception of the planchette and the forked stick, differently applied. He knew before he tried that he could make it vibrate in any direction at will and with no apparent effort. In fact, it was so easy to do that Carfield himself was almost deceived by it. The very ghost of a thought seemed to set the thing going. He humored them by making it swing in the direction of the safe, or toward his gold watch, which he took out and laid on the table. It would be cruel to undeceive them.

"Where did you get it?" he asked presently.

"From a man thet come through. He makes 'em an' lo-acates treasure 'most everywhere. He give it to us fer fifteen dollars."

Carfield handed it back, saying cordially: "Well, boys, you can go ahead and dig wherever you want to. All I ask is that you will fill up the holes and give me a third of whatever you find. That 's the law, I believe, in this State, anyway."

The treasure-hunters seemed as much gratified as if they had the treasure already. They said they would like to camp on the place, to which Carfield also consented. They shook hands with him when they left, and invited him, in a voice full of significance, to come out in the evening, and maybe they 'd have something to show him. They were going to "lo-acate" by daylight, and dig the treasure up after dark.

Carfield had no intention of going out, but after closing up that night, he did so on his wheel. He found them digging by the light of a lantern, and, as he had anticipated, near to where the map indicated the locality of the treasure. The instrument had led straight to the spot, and they were in great hopes. They already had a hole of some proportions. Carfield sat down on the edge of it to watch. He had no faith in the finder, but it was of course possible that any hole in this part of the field might bring to light the precious copper kettle, provided, always, that there was one. There was something mysterious and fascinating in watching the two earnest men digging silently by the dim lantern-rays. Carfield tried to imagine how it would seem to hear one of the shovels suddenly strike metal and to see the yellow coins spill out on the dark earth. He could close his eyes and picture it all, and the glory of going to the bank to-morrow and paying everything—everything in full. There had been such things in his dreams.

He stayed until midnight, when the well was nearly six feet deep. Every few minutes Billy would stop and "lo-acate," the instrument always tipping to the center of the hole. But at six feet a sort of slate was reached, which had evidently not been disturbed since the creation. The treasure-hunters were obliged to confess then that there must be mineral or some other substance which had disturbed their science. Carfield left them filling up the hole.

But Billy and Lexington did not immediately lose faith in their limber whalebone and mysteriously filled bottle. They located and dug again and again, and almost daily visited Carfield, and held half-whispered interviews in the back room. To Carfield it was a diversion that, little by little, became almost a hope. If they were persistent and dug by the map they might strike it after all. When presently the diggers ran out of funds, he advanced small sums to keep them in provisions, and as winter came on allowed

them to erect a shanty out of old lumber which they had collected. Now and then he went out, and they looked over the ground and studied the map together. The whalebone and bottle fell quite into disrepute at length, even with Billy, whose faith in it was the last to die.

When spring came, the two men put in a crop on the place and dug for the gold between times. Lexington was first to give it up, and went back to Texas, where he had been a herder of cattle. He disposed of his interest in the crop and treasure to Billy for a modest sum, which Carfield advanced, and Billy repaid out of a few days' marketing.

Carfield had by this time become really attached to Billy, who was good-natured, honest, and credulous. It was this last quality, perhaps, that made the little man perseveringly dig on. Various fortune-tellers and dreams "es plain es day" told him that the treasure was there, and he found comfort in this nebulous counsel. He confessed to Carfield one day, with the voice and air of mystery which he always used on such occasions, that a "seventh daughter of a seventh daughter" was at the Rocket House, and would go with him and point out the exact place to dig, upon payment in advance of fifty dollars in cash—a liberal proposition which Carfield, however, declined to consider, though he proposed to give her ten per cent. of the treasure if found. This he held to be a still more generous offer; but the seeress regarded it as a reflection upon her skill and her female relatives, and rejected it with scorn.

It was not until a year later that Billy, too, finally surrendered, and with his poor team and rickety wagon returned southward, whence he came. He had grown to love the pleasant little farm, and had talked fondly of buying it when the "little copper kittle" should come to light. He would doubtless have been willing to go on for the remainder of his life, working the place on shares, and digging for the treasure at intervals; but Carfield had decided to plant the land in apple-trees, which had recently become profitable in that section.

For there had been no revival of the boom. Values of outlying properties had sagged back to an intrinsic agricultural, or horticultural, basis, and Carfield, in common with many others, had concluded that through intrinsic values only the salvation of the West lay. Besides, Billy's search for the gold had long since degenerated into unsystematic and hopeless prospecting—holes dug here and there at random—in accordance with certain signs and charms gathered from a greasy dream-book, or devised from his own imagination. Carfield had told him at length of his plans for the orchard, and so the little man departed, —a forlorn picture as he drove away,—promising to write to Carfield; and this he did some weeks later, assuring him of his continued respect "as man to man." The orchard Carfield put out at once. He knew something of fruit-raising from his youth, and he looked forward to the care of the young trees as a pleasant outdoor diversion that would later yield a substantial and profitable return.

Indeed, during the next few years Carfield found this little plot of ground his greatest solace. He fenced it substantially, regardless of streets, alleys, and boulevards, tile-drained the low places, and the young trees under his anxious care made gratifying progress. Days when the way ahead seemed dark; when interest, bills, and notes were falling due, and his own collections seemed impossible; when everybody in the store made mistakes, and things were at sixes and sevens—on days like this, an afternoon under the sky, pruning and caring for the young trees, seemed to drive the cobwebs from his brain and the shadows from his heart. Up and down the long rows he would walk, snipping back the thrifty shoots into shapeliness, rubbing off incipient water-sprouts, scraping about the roots for borers, pressing at last the slender yielding trees a bit more toward the southwest, whence come the strongest and longest-enduring Kansas winds. Sometimes he would lay his hand in the main forks, noting, during the first years, that the limbs were smaller than his fingers, and wondering how it would seem when these should be large enough to bear the weight of those who would come by and by to gather from them a rich harvest.

Of course the trees could not bear profitably for some time. He could not expect material return for eight years from planting, but half this time was gone presently, and on some of his larger trees there were a few beautiful, ruddy apples.

But now, indeed, there fell dark days upon the West. Crops failed. Lands that were green with promise in May withered and scalded in the fires of August. Rain-makers came and went. Drought after drought made tinder of the corn, and behind ran political disorders like fire along the fields.

Men with unpaid mortgages and overdue interest rose up and cursed the East for a great golden vampire that was draining their life-blood. Most of them struggled on, starved, pinched, and paid. Others there were who cursed still louder, repudiated, and ran for office. When they were elected they announced that the millennium was near.

The town reflected these conditions. Commerce decayed. People no longer bought luxuries or borrowed money to pay for them. They were paying or renouncing old scores now, and in either case trade suffered. Merchants walked up and down their stores staring gloomily at unsold stock, or turning soberly the pages of unbalanced ledgers wherein the ink of the last entries was beginning to turn brown. Then they grimly ciphered up two columns of results and wondered how long they could hold out. "A man who can make a living in Kansas could get rich on Wall street," was the observation at this period of one who had tried both and found difficulties only in the former. Some gave it up presently. These, like their brethren of the fruitless fields, reviled the East with fervor, and so became their rivals for political preferment.

City treasuries became depleted. Prohibition, the cause of much former animosity and many feuds, was overshadowed by sterner measures. When the electric lights, that had been the pride and boast of Still Valley, were shut off, and citizens stumbled home in the dark, or were incidentally sandbagged at the street-corners, the saloons, ostensibly and legally non-existent, were allowed to transgress openly and pay a liberal monthly fine to the city. It was only when their sins became too flagrant that there followed brief spasms of morality, darkness, and sand-bags.

Upon the heels of all this came the World's Fair, and swept from circulation whatever little remnant of loose cash the West contained. During the succeeding winter merchants in Still Valley failed at the rate of two per month. Carfield himself might have gone to the wall, but for Sam Handley, who by this time had become not only city attorney, but the recognized legal staff of his financially crippled townsmen.

The young merchant had come to the attorney one morning with a long face. The commercial agencies, he said, were hounding him for special reports. The banks were uneasy. A stampede of his creditors was imminent. The old twelve-per-cent. boom notes had kept him down, and now that trade had gone to pieces the fight was too hard.

Carfield had expected that Sam would advise the usual form of assignment, and a subsequent arrangement with his creditors to continue until such time as he could pay in full. That he would do, of course, sometime—sometime when trade improved and the orchard came into bearing. But Handley, who had only grinned and nodded now and then during the recital, offered, instead, to loan Carfield, at reasonable interest, a sum sufficient to settle with the banks and the more restless of his creditors.

"Look here, Carfield," he said, "*you* don't want to fail. You 're not the failin' kind. Them other fellers hes nearly all failed before—two er three times, some o' them. They 'd 'a' failed pretty soon, anyway, bad times er good. They 'll all fail again inside o' the nex' ten years. A man can't stop it when he once begins, an' *you* don't want to begin. An' now I tell you, Carfield, I 've got some money over yonder in the bank,—I keep a little along to let out now an' then,—an' I was jest a-thinkin' this mornin' where 'd be a good place to put it. *I* 'm not afraid o' your failin', an' you can have it jes 's well es not. I rather you had it then to put it out on any mortgage round here at the same rate. Trade 's goin' to be good next year, an' then things 'll be comin' *your* way."

Dazed and astonished beyond words, Carfield had gratefully accepted this offer, and was thus tided over a hard place. His problem, however, was by no means solved. Sam's prophecy of good trade with the coming year had been premature. If commerce improved, the change was very slight—almost unnoticeable. That the West was getting on its feet again was a fact more patent to those at a distance than to men in the throes of its accomplishment. Eastern papers began to print paragraphs and, later, columns on the "Return of Prosperity to the West," while those upon the scene of action, though grateful, were still in doubt.

It was, nevertheless, true. The current phrase that Kansas could have more rain in April, when she did n't need it, and less in August, when she did, than any spot on the globe, fell into disrepute. One good season followed another, and a car-load of mortgages were paid off in that State alone.

Also, there came political regeneration. To denounce the East was no longer a bid for popularity and successful nomination. Calamity-howlers went back to their neglected fields and offices. The few still lingering

about the State capital became political junk, tossed here and there for a time, discarded at last altogether.

Still commerce lagged, or revived but feebly. People would not readily forget their hard-earned lessons of economy. Try as he would, Carfield could not reduce the principal of his debt to Handley, and began more and more to rely upon the returns from his orchard for final liquidation. Another orchard, no larger than his own, and but four years older, had just yielded a harvest that brought to the owner of it three thousand dollars. In a year or two more, Carfield reasoned that his must begin to bear profitably. Business would improve, too, with good crops, and when he was out of debt he would buy for cash only. That was his dream now —to owe no man a dollar.

But the ways of providence are, as ever, inscrutable, especially in Kansas.

One afternoon in August, as Carfield walked down the long rows, trimming and shaping, or pausing to regard fondly the wonderful apples that gleamed here and there amid the green, he realized all at once that there was an unusual quality in the air. It had been a warm day, even for August, and he had perspired profusely. Now, however, his flesh was burning dry, and the stirless air about him had in it the baking quality of fire. He breathed strangely, too—in long sighs, as though the oxygen had been drawn from the atmosphere. There was something weird and dream-like about it all, that made him afraid. Looking at his watch, he saw that it was between five and six o'clock, and then, all at once, he could not see the figures on the dial!

Through a deepening, unearthly gloom he stumbled and panted toward the open road to the west. Then he knew. Above the far horizon there was a band of writhing copper; above that, sweeping like a tidal wave across the sky, a boiling sea of blackness. From this, inky and terrible against the copper, there extended to the earth a mighty, twisting, resistless column of midnight—the cyclone!

One glance convinced him that its course lay through the southern outskirts of the city and directly toward him. His only safety lay in fleeing across its path. As he raced northward he realized that there was a humming sound in the air, and that it grew momentarily louder. Then almost immediately it became as the roar of a thousand Niagaras. In the blackness he felt his foot touch planking. He remembered a small bridge there, and plunged over to a ravine and the shallow water below. An instant later leaves, brush, shingles, rails—the whole medleyed gleaning of the wind—lay upon him.

It became still. Cool water trickled against his face. Dazed and half choked, Carfield dragged himself to daylight and air. He was unhurt; the narrow ditch had saved him. It was no longer dark, and a downpour of rain had set in. Where the cyclone had passed there was an open way. Not a tree, not a fence, not a house, had been left standing. He thanked God now that there had been so few of the houses. Crowds had already gathered about the wrecks of them when he arrived. A woman and two children had been killed. Others had broken limbs and bruises, and were provided with medical attendance. Carfield headed a subscription for the unfortunates, and set out through the pouring rain for the store. Here the storm had not touched.

It was calm and beautiful next morning, and Carfield arose early. He had known before he reached the orchard what he would find there. He had known, but not fully. He had expected to find the young trees torn and shattered and strewn. But not until he gazed upon it all did he quite realize the grotesque savagery of the wind. Along the north wall were two rows almost untouched. Next to this was a clean open way, and below it, in shocks, windrows, and pyramids, his beautiful young trees. It was as if some mighty fiend, with a hatred for whatever was green and of the earth, had paused here for a moment's sport. The work of six years was gone! The trees remaining did not count.

Carfield walked slowly, picking his way amid the tangled ruin. Here and there he paused to regard some fantastic bit of twisting or uprooting, and presently stopped before what had been one of his largest and finest trees. It crowned a confused heap now, and its roots were turned upward to the sky. Beyond was a deep pit from whence it had been wrenched. Carfield, gazing down into this, noticed something flat and curved like the handle of a pitcher. Leaning over, he took hold of it, and found it heavy. He pulled hard, and from the loose earth came a small vessel such as is sometimes used for stewing. The cover slipped off as it was dragged back to daylight. Carfield's heart stopped, and his joints became as water. The ground in front of him was yellow with tarnished gold!

It was a dream, of course. He knew it could not be true. It was only a variation

of dreams he had had before, and he would waken presently to feel on his palms for an instant the fleeting impress of the coins, then to find them gone. But he wanted it to *seem* real, and he would make it last as long as possible. He filled his hands with the yellow pieces and clutched them tight. They did not go. Then he opened one hand a little, and looked at the dates that lay uppermost. They were in the forties and fifties, and they did not blur and melt and change as such things had always done before in his dreams. He looked up at the sun. It was there. The large tree, with its roots sprangled to the sky, had not stirred; its broken and twisted branches were unchanged. What if it were not a dream! What if this time it were true! He suddenly opened both hands wide, and gazed into them. Oh, it must be true—it was true! He gave a quick, sobbing cry:

"It is—it is true—and I have *found the gold!*"

TEN pieces at a time—it was in double eagles—Carfield conveyed the treasure to his several pockets, pausing now and then to make sure that no one was near. The gathering did not require long. There were forty handfuls—eight thousand dollars in all. With years of retelling the sum had been exaggerated just ten times. He threw some loose dirt over the little copper vessel, corroded thickly without and tarnished black within, and set out for town with bulging, dragging pockets. Into those of his coat his hands were plunged deeply. He walked fast. His brain was acting swiftly.

There was no other title to the treasure. The original owner and his heirs were dead. He had long since learned that even their names were forgotten by men now living in Still Valley. The law gave one third of any treasure to the owner of the land, two thirds to the finder. He was both owner and finder. It was all his!

Then presently he walked slower. A picture had come to him of a bent, bearded, insignificant man in a battered wagon and behind a wretched team, setting his face southward in the September afternoon—Billy, after two years of faithful effort, forlorn and discouraged, yet bidding him a gentle, even tender good-by, and assuring him of his continued regard "as man to man." It was true that he had well-nigh ceased digging before this. He would not have found the gold had he continued, for the map was wrong, and they had been looking much too far to the east. He had nothing really to do with it now, still—

In front of the telegraph office Carfield paused, hesitated a moment, and went in.

But it was not until some days later that Billy arrived. He had been a distance from the railroad. The telegram had been delayed in consequence. He had made some attempt in the matter of dress, and there was an eager, half-foolish smile on his face. The message had given no facts—simply telling him to come, and adding, "Good news." Carfield led Billy to the back room where they had held their first conference. They were barely seated when Sam Handley entered. He grinned from one to the other and shook hands, first with Carfield, and then, long and cordially, with Billy. The little man's face was working with expectation. Carfield looked at him, and said:

"Well, Billy, the cyclone tore up my apple-trees. Under one of them I found the treasure. There was eight thousand dollars of it instead of eighty. It was in a stew-pot and not a kettle, and is now down in the bank. I consider that you are entitled to half of it. I—that is, things might have been different, you know. I might not have noticed the old pot—I would n't have been thinking about it, you see, if you had never been here."

Carfield stumbled and floundered a little in his attempt to justify his decision, as if he himself and not Billy were to gain by it. As for Billy, he opened his mouth, presumably with some intention of uttering thanks, but only gasped a little. To him there was no appreciable difference between eight and eighty thousand dollars, but that he was to share equally in the treasure, after all, staggered him. Carfield cleared his throat.

"Look here, Billy; you always liked that place, did n't you?"

Billy nodded quickly, and managed to reply in the affirmative. Carfield continued.

"Then I 'll tell you, Billy," he said, "I 'll make you a proposition. You don't have to take it, you know, if you don't want to. That place cost me two thousand dollars before there was much of any boom. It 's rich land for a truck-farm, as you know,—better than when I bought it, because of the drain-tile I put in,—and there 's still enough trees left on the north wall for a little orchard. I need just six thousand dollars to set me square with the world. Now, Billy, if you want the place and two thousand dollars in cash, leaving me the balance to square up with, Mr. Handley will

make you out a deed, and the place and the two thousand dollars are yours. I want to be fair, and you don't have to do it, you know, if you don't want to. You can have the whole four thousand if—"

But Billy had found voice by this time, and put out his hand to check further speech on the part of Carfield.

"Wait—hold on, Mr. Carfield," he said eagerly. "I 've wanted that place every day fer six years, an' so hes Lexington. You 're fair, Mr. Carfield, more than fair, an'—"

"Sam," interrupted Carfield, "make out a deed to Billy, quick, before he changes his mind."

"To me an' to Lexington," corrected Billy. "I 'll go shares with Lexington, so 's it 'll be fair all around, as—"

"As man to man," finished Carfield.

"As man to man," echoed Billy.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Home Censorship of the Theater.

THE two great plagues which threaten American society to-day are the sensational press and the sensational theater. These institutions are conducted upon the same principle, or lack of principle, and upon the same general lines. The theory upon which they act is that the great bulk of the public, the mass from which they draw the greater part of their revenue, is not only incapable of appreciating what is intellectual, instructive, wholesome, or inspiring in the printed page or in the drama, but is addicted naturally to what is morbid, abnormal, audacious, startling, or unclean, and will pay handsomely for the gratification of a depraved appetite. In other words, the scheme is to make money by pandering to vice, at the cost of the wholesale demoralization of the youth who are to be the backbone of the American nation of the future.

The policy is not only diabolical, but fatuous. That it has proved temporarily successful cannot be disputed. Journals which outrage truth, common sense, and decency still circulate by the million, and fortunes have been made by the villainous exploitation of wholly worthless and abominable plays. But evils of this kind, in the long run, work their own remedy. There is not, perhaps, any reason for expecting a sudden or speedy revival of public morality, but, sooner or later, dishes reeking of one particular spice pall upon the palate, and in most cases satiation is followed by disgust. The sensational newspaper, which is permitted to publish the most revolting details of the police courts, can avail itself of a wider variety of horror and impurity than the theater, which, luckily, cannot, for obvious reasons, exceed certain limits, and is thus condemned to a damnable iteration which must, in time, become tiresome. These limits have been reached, or, at all events, very nearly reached, and already there are indications that mere vulgarity, which is no longer a novelty, is losing its power to attract the crowd. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the motive that fills the benches at a notoriously coarse play is curiosity, and when this once has been satisfied, or disappointed, as it is apt to be, it ceases to exist and cannot easily be revived. For this reason an epidemic of stage indecency, such as that with which we have recently been afflicted, is seldom of long duration. Moreover, the theaters responsible for it will not readily rid themselves of the contamination. When they revert to the cleaner drama they will find that they have fallen lower in the scale of respectability and have alienated their former patrons without securing others to fill their places.

This is a consolatory reflection, backed up by experience, but much and irremediable mischief has been done. The hardening influence of familiarity is proverbial. The growing insusceptibility on the part of New York audiences to any shock from the commission upon the stage of gross offenses against good taste, good manners, and good morals, has long been noted, with something like dismay, by old playgoers, and as city theaters are largely supported by out-of-town visitors, the deterioration would appear to be typical. Words, gestures, actions, and innuendos which would have been resented, instantly and fiercely, fifteen or twenty years ago, now excite merriment only, not indignation. Nor is this callousness a phenomenon peculiar to the cheaper theaters, or what are supposed to be less cultivated audiences. It is even more conspicuous in the most fashionable houses. The truth cannot be stated too plainly—unmistakable references of the most objectionable and vicious sort, smoking-room pleasantries, are habitually and freely uttered before young women presumably reared in all imaginable delicacy and refinement, and are heard without the least apparent embarrassment. Insidious poison of this kind, which saps the foundations of modesty and slowly deadens all the finer instincts, is incomparably more dangerous to the moral health of the community than the clumsy and brazen vulgarity which carries its own antidote with it.

To say that the evil amounts to a national peril

would scarcely be an exaggeration. How to deal with it is a problem by no means easy of solution. The difficulties in the way of the most obvious and most practical remedy, an official censorship, seem to be insuperable. Jealousy of State rights would prevent the establishment of any central national authority, even if there were no other obstacles to such an arrangement, and recent experience has shown us only too clearly what would be the result of any attempt in the direction of local censorships. With such power in the hands of politicians as would be inevitable, the last state of the stage would be worse than the first.

But the case is not absolutely hopeless. Much could be effected in the way of theatrical reform if only the parents and guardians of the young could be aroused to a sense of the responsibility that rests upon them. The daily press, even the most corrupt, ignorant, and unscrupulous part of it, may be depended upon to indicate the nature of every new play that is produced. If it is impure, the details are always described with loving relish. No hallucination on the subject is possible. The father who permits his daughter to attend such a performance disgraces himself, does her a grievous wrong, and becomes a partner in a nefarious and contemptible enterprise. It is by the young, not by the old, that the theater is mainly supported. Let the elders exercise a little discrimination and rightful authority, and guard their daughters against pollution as carefully as they protect them from hardship, and every manager, out of sheer necessity, will become a censor on his own account.

Changes of Taste in Fiction.

THE story of action, or romantic novel, appears for the time to be in complete possession of the popular field of fiction. After sporadic advances, over a considerable space of time, it has finally carried the citadel of public fancy with a rush. It has come into its own without any battle of the schools such as we are told followed the youthful challenges of Hugo and Dumas *père*, some seventy years ago. But the latter were more truly prophets, and therefore more worthy of being distrusted in their own country. And, indeed, the authority which they wrested from the reading world is virtually the royal grant on which the present band of conquering romancers have come into power.

It is a little singular, however, that these new story-tellers have gained the front rank in the lists of popular reading without some opposition from the sturdy band of realists and humorists who were on the ground. They have not even suffered harassment from the critics, who have been wont, if not to defend the established order of things, at least to picket the debatable ground against wholesale invasion. The reason for all this peace may be found, perhaps, in the confusion of styles and qualities which has prevailed in the realm of fiction for at least a decade, and also in the fact that during the same period the occasional brilliant foray of a historical novel has accustomed the critical world to the romantic standard.

It has made for peace, also, that these dashing romancers, who are so bloodthirsty in the sphere of their imaginations, are so unostentatious as men and women on the common plane of bread and butter. They harry nobody's sportive ewe lamb; they seek to gore nobody's plow-ox. They will not even pose as geniuses. While their books are selling by hundreds of thousands, they look innocent of having done anything; they accept lionizing, if at all, in a spirit of helpless martyrdom, and preferably go quietly about the disbursement of their profits in the ways that promote their personal comfort and private dignity. They are as unlike the children of romance as the most sensible and commonplace of mortals. Truly, they have the art, in every sense, of being artless.

It may be suspected that the juvenile air and vigor of the novel of action has had a mollifying effect on the introspective and analytical realists, who by their silence seem to say: "These *enfants terribles* are not of our family; it is not for us to suppress them; let them romp without hindrance, that the ruthless hand of ennui may the sooner fall upon them."

There can be no doubt that in the long run the romancers have the greatest success with the most people, as the continued vogue of Walter Scott and the elder Dumas amply proves, a vogue which the lasting merit of those writers as amply justifies. The mass of the readers of the world are opportunists; they read for the hour, and take what the hour affords; they prefer an objective story in which men and women have rapid and exciting experiences; if stories in the preferred romantic mold come from the press faster than they can be generally read (as has, perhaps, recently happened), they are prone to catch up with the press by ignoring, maybe, the greatest success of its kind in order to feast on the novel of the hour. When a writer who is prospecting for a new field produces a novel of great and commanding merit, yet of a different character, his book is taken up with more or less avidity by the mass of novel-readers, other writers follow in a similar vein, and a new taste seems to obtain. The great novels of the world, no matter the school to which they may be referred, satisfy a universal taste, and survive to nourish the minds of new generations.

Country Clubs and Inns.

IN these summer days, with all the world more or less a-travel, a new and peculiar importance attaches to the casual home, the *pied à terre*, the tent of the night, of the countryside. The excellence of the old-time tavern, in certain parts of America, must have been very considerable—notably along post-roads in the neighborhood of large cities—to have left so agreeable a tradition; but for the most part it is the tradition rather than the guest that lingers about the wayside inn of to-day. Was it not Goethe who remarked that the French always took in the train of their armies the French theater and the French kitchen? Remembering this, there are times when the bored and hungry traveler might almost hanker

backward for a French conquest of America. For it must be owned that the average country hotel affords a much worse sort of provender for man than for beast, with a plentiful lack of appetizing delicacy in its serving. It falls very far short of representing American resources in cookery, in which we have something of the English heaviness, a dash of French imaginative lightness, some Dutch, German, and Spanish qualities combined with much native originality. Withal we are the best-fed and the cheapest-fed people in the world. And yet in our villages, where the average living is wholesome and varied and toothsome, the tavern cooking is likely to be a marvel of dull commonplace in substance, ingeniously repellent in the serving.

We were told that the vogue of the bicycle was to bring with it a revival of the good old country inn; but although it has multiplied the cheap road-houses, the sport has not taken a sufficiently strong hold upon those whose standard in refined living would be likely to exact much of the country Boniface. More is to be expected in this direction of the automobile, the price of which will soon be low enough to enlist large numbers in its use, without being so low as to invite neglect of it. It will be odd if the civilizing influences that follow upon good roads do not include the good cooking which the rapidly increasing leisure class now demands.

Meantime, "the return to the country," which is a notable and fortunate sign of the times, has produced a substitute for the inn in the country club, to which the popularity of golf has given a great impetus. Formerly the club or "casino" was merely a meeting-place of a summer community; it has now become a permanent, all-year feature of suburban life, affording admirable opportunities for sensible and healthful exercise or rest. It is everywhere carrying into the country the city standards of comfortable and refined living, and eventually it must have a wholesome influence upon private hostelries. It has proved a thoroughly successful experiment in coöperation.

What the country club is doing for restricted circles, the inn could be made to accomplish in a broader way. Fancy a company of capitalists bent on a fair return on idle funds. Let them make a careful study of a community, say at a radius of forty miles from a large city. Let them establish at half a dozen quiet spots along the lines of greatest suburban travel, or near points of interest, model inns, where one may be sure of having good food attractively cooked, with clean and respectful service, in agreeable surroundings, with some of the esthetic accompaniments now demanded in the American home—how long would it be before such an inn would be discovered and patronized? The person is not to be found who would not recommend to his friends the charms of an attractive and well-kept inn, enhanced by simple appointments, such as snowy linen, an old blue table-service, shining glass and silver, a bowl of fresh flowers, and respectful, intelligent, and neatly dressed servants. The demand for such entertainment is largely in excess of the supply, and those who minister to it are sure to profit largely by their enterprise. Meanwhile, the good time coming may be hastened if those who long for it will not refrain from asking in a gently expectant way for the desirable things which they do not see.

Social science, which has already done much in the analysis of the human ration, may well give a little more attention to the larger bearings of the problem. The food question has a moral aspect which cannot be ignored. Mr. Tesla, in the suggestive paper which we printed last month, pointed out that the lack of good, nutritious food is the chief element in the reduction of the mass of the world's physical energy. The same is doubtless true of its moral energy. While one cannot go so far as to indorse the dictum of the economist that "good is only good to eat," we may fall back on Dr. Johnson's apt saying: "There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."

OPEN LETTERS

The Industrial Color-Line in the North.

ASIDE from barbers, hotel and domestic servants, and a few isolated branches of labor along these lines, colored people find it almost impossible to obtain employment in Northern States. Almost every branch of labor is dominated by labor unions. As a rule, all races are eligible to become members of these unions except the colored race. Consequently, when a colored man seeks employment he is refused, ostensibly because he is not a union man; if he applies to a union he is usually denied admission, either directly or indirectly, because he is a colored man. It is only fair to admit that it is not every labor union that makes such discriminations against colored men, but the majority of them certainly do. Union men, however, are naturally loath to admit that any discriminations are made by them.

Of the thousands of miles of railway in the North, with its tens of thousands of manipulators, the only work, as a rule, that is open to negroes

is that of porters on trains—the most menial and ill-paid occupation within the gift of a railway corporation. Why? Because all railway unions have laws, either written or unwritten, prohibiting colored men from work. True, at the formation of the American Railway Union in Chicago, a hot debate ensued as to whether the constitution should contain the usual clause proscribing colored men. It was finally decided in the negative, because, as Mr. Debs argued, such an action against negroes would injure the union's cause in the eyes of the public. A very humane and philanthropic conclusion! Of course the innocent and confiding public concludes that the doors of the A. R. U. are thrown wide open to colored men because it has no constitutional law to the contrary.

Of all the cities north of Mason and Dixon's Line there are only three—Cleveland, Detroit, and Indianapolis—where street-railway employees are generous enough to allow colored men to work with them, and in these cities it is on an extremely limited scale.

In March, 1896, Superintendent Worrell of the Philadelphia and West Chester trolley line employed two colored motor-men. The white employees entered a protest and finally quit work. The result was that President Shiner ordered the dismissal of the colored men. From that day to this the management of no other street-railway in the "City of Brotherly Love" has had the courage to employ colored men, despite the importunities of leading citizens, both colored and white. And so it is through the entire field of desirable labor in the North—there is no place for the colored man.

The American Federation of Labor, as is well known, is merely a union of unions. One of its fundamental laws is that no union shall be admitted into its domain that has a written law discriminating against men because of color. This would seem to place almost the entire field of organized labor in the position of deprecating discriminations against color. Many, if not most, of the great labor organizations originally had written laws debarring colored men from membership. Now, when a labor union with such a law wishes to enter the American Federation of Labor, all it has to do is to eradicate that objectionable clause, and then continue to discriminate against colored men as before.

I believe that this discrimination is due more to apathy than to wilfulness on the part of the masses of the laboring element. The sentiment of most labor leaders seems to be in favor of recognizing the rights of colored men, but there is a narrow-minded element in labor circles that favors keeping colored men down, and right-minded men seem to lack either the courage or the manhood to oppose it. But whether a few men, or the entire force of labor, are responsible, the result is the same.

Many attempt to explain the absence of colored people from the industries of the North by saying that colored men like, and are capable of performing, nothing but menial work; that they are kept out of labor unions because of inefficiency, and not because of color. To refute such arguments, look to the South, where colored men are to be found by the hundreds in nearly every walk of life working side by side with white men. In many of the mills and factories of the South it is difficult to tell whether white or colored are in the majority. It is an every-day occurrence in the South to see white locomotive engineers and colored firemen seated in the same cabs. Still the North feels called upon to denounce the South for injustice to negroes.

One argument offered by employers of the North, and accepted by many colored persons as conclusive, is that white men will not work by the side of colored men—a proposition as cowardly as it is absurd. I doubt if there is one white man in a hundred who is so prejudiced against colored men that he would absolutely refuse to work with them, if it came to a practical test.

Again, employers often say to colored people: "You have not enough skilled mechanics among you; you have not enough educated men to compete with white labor. Educate and train your men in the trades, and *then* come to us, and if our white employees refuse to work with you, we will discharge them and put on entire forces of colored men." It is my candid opinion that such advice and promises are seldom given in good faith. And even if such employers would do all they promise, I believe the theory is wrong. The thought of a semi-warfare between colored and white working-men is extremely distasteful to me. What I should like to see is this: If two colored men are given employment in a large establishment, and twenty white men say, "If these negroes work here we will quit," instead of raising the cry, "Where can we find twenty colored men to take their places?" there should be such a spirit of justice and love of fair play fostered between the two races that it would be easy to find twenty more white men who would be willing to work with the two colored men, and thus prove to the world that it is the height of folly to have entire forces of colored men in one establishment, and entire forces of white men in another. The only way to create such a sentiment is through the Christian churches. It is the work of the church to unlock the doors of manual labor to the colored race in the North. The church is the one earthly tribunal before which oppressed humanity may confidently plead for justice and sympathy.

James Samuel Stemons.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Fables for the Fair.

I. THE WOMAN WHO TALKED WELL.

THERE was once a Woman who had Remarkable Conversational Powers. Her Friends admired her Very Much. Once they planned a Dinner Party in her Honor. To this Party they invited a Man who was what is known as The Life of the Occasion. He was One of Those People who Set the Table in a Roar. The Hostess had Planned for him to Take Out the Woman of the Conversational Powers. To her Surprise, he Refused, Politely but Forcibly, to do this.

"Why, I thought you would Enjoy each other So Much!" said the Hostess. "She is such a Fascinating Talker—so Brilliant! You, of All People, would Appreciate Her."

"On the Contrary," said the Man who could Set the Table in a Roar. "Far From It. That Woman Irritates me Beyond Endurance. Every Time I Open my Mouth, she Knows What I am Going to Say beforehand, and, More than That, she Talks All the Time herself. I am sorry to Disoblige you, but you must give me Somebody Else."

"Here is a List of the Ladies," said the Hostess. "Take your Choice."

"I will take This One," said he, "for she Stutters."

This teaches us that Birds of a Feather occasionally Prefer to Flock Apart.

II. THE WOMAN AND HER THEORY.

THERE was once a Woman who had a Theory that Man did not care for Too Much Intellectuality in her Sex. After this Theory she shaped her Actions, which showed her to have been a Remarkable Woman. One day a Man asked her if she Belonged to his Sister's Ibsen Club.

"Oh, no," she answered; "I cannot understand Ibsen at all."

The Next Time he Called he brought her a Bunch of Violets and asked her if she read Maeterlinck.

"No; I think it is very silly," she replied.

Then the Man brought her a Box of Chocolates, remarking, "'Sweets to the Sweet'—do you not think Shakspere was right?"

The Woman saw that she was Making Progress. Now was her Time to Stop, but this she Did not Perceive.

"Shakspere?" said she. "Oh, yes, I have read a Little of His Works, but I do not see Much Sense in them, to tell the Truth."

"Nay, nay," said the Man, "this is too much. Not to Understand Ibsen shows that you are a Good Woman; to think Maeterlinck Silly augurs well for your Intelligence; but not to see Much Sense in Shakspere implies that you are Uneducated."

And he did not Call Again.

This teaches us that it is Possible to Get Too Much of a Good Thing.

III. THE WOMAN WHO HAD BROAD VIEWS.

THERE was once a Woman who Held Very Broad Views. Of these Views she Often Spoke, as is the Habit of Those who Hold them. But though she was Very Advanced, she had her Little Plans, just like the Rest of Us. One Day she was Talking with a Man who was Interested In Her, and therefore, as she thought, in Her Views. For even Advanced Women make this Error Occasionally.

"If I were Married," she said, "I should Never for One Moment expect My Husband to Confide his Past to me. I should Consider it to be none of My Business. Nor should I feel that he was Necessarily Immoral if he Looked at Any Other Woman but Me. For that is Idiotic, considering that Men are only Human."

The Man smiled Approvingly.

"You are Quite Right," he said. "If More Women were Like You, the World would be a Happier Place. But Few are so Broad-minded."

"And then," said the Woman, "I should Expect the Same Tolerance from Him; for Women are Only Human, too."

The Man drew Away his Chair. "I fear," said he, somewhat Coldly, "that you are Carrying Matters a Little Too Far. The Constitution of Society requires Some Foundation. There are Certain Things a Man has a Right to Exact from His Wife."

And he Engaged Himself to a Recent Graduate of a Convent School.

This teaches us that the Broad Road is More than Likely to Lead to Destruction.

IV. THE WOMAN WHO COULD NOT SEW.

THERE was once a Woman who was so extraordinarily Clever as to be able to persuade a Man that she was Beautiful. But she was not Domestic. She wrote Fascinating Letters which made the Man believe that to have Any One like That in the House he would Willingly Hire a Housekeeper. But he was Set in his Ways, which was one of the Reasons why she liked him so much. One Day he stole up behind her as she sat Composing a Fascinating Letter to him, and saw a Large Hole in her Stocking.

"I am afraid This will not Do," he said, and Broke the Engagement.

Afterward the Woman attended Classes in Domestic Science, including Sewing, but her Efforts were Unavailing.

This teaches us that it is Sometimes too Late to Mend.

V. THE WOMAN WHO PLAYED "CYRANO."

THERE was once a Woman who was very Plain. She was also Clever. She had a Friend who was far from being Either. Her Friend was much Interested in a Brilliant Man who was an Author. The Author begged to Correspond with her, but she knew that he would not Care to Keep it Up long, because she could not write Clever Letters, nor Understand them, for that matter.

"I will write them for you," said the Plain Woman. "I think it would be Amusing, and I should Like to be Amused."

"Oh, How Kind you Are!" said her Friend, Gratefully.

The Woman had seen "Cyrano," and so she knew how These Things Worked.

She wrote many Letters, and also taught her Friend to Play Up to them subsequently in Conversation. Finally the Author got to the Point where he, as it were, offered to Share his Desk with her.

"It is now Time for a Coup d'État," said the Woman. "You must Tell him the Truth, and Let him See Who it Is that he Really Loves."

Her Friend was Frightened, and when the Author came again she Confessed.

"You have been Laboring Under a Delusion," she said. "I cannot Tell a Lie, because you would Certainly Find me Out later. She wrote them."

"Who? That Thin One?" said the Author, in Surprise. "You don't Say so!"

"Shall I Call her Down?" said the Friend, sadly.

"Not by a Great Deal!" said the Author, Decidedly. "Why do we Want her?"

"Why!" exclaimed the Friend, "Don't you want to Marry her?"

"You Precious Little Idiot!" said the Author. "Do you Imagine that A Man Marries a Portfolio? Now, don't cry, or you 'll make your Lovely Eyes all Red."

This teaches us that Literature is One Thing and Life Another.

Josephine Daskam.

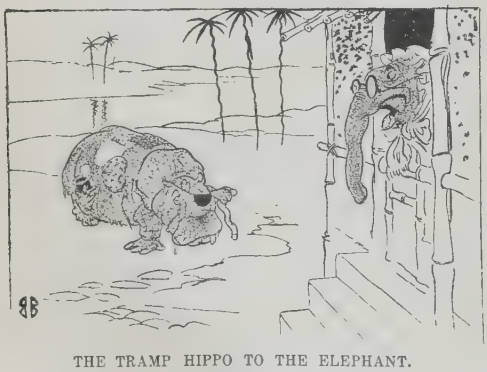
The Point of View.

YOUNG 'Arry—name was 'Awkins—
Growed up to be a clown,
An' everybody thought 'im
The 'omeliest boy in town.

Why, all eggreed a plainer
Young man was never saw—
Excep' old Missis 'Awkins,
Young 'Arry 'Awkins' maw.

She seemed to think she could n't
Be complimentin' one
No 'igher way 'n tell 'im
"'E looked so like 'er son!"

Catharine Young Glen.



THE TRAMP HIPPO TO THE ELEPHANT.

"Please, marm, won't ye help a poor feller wot ain't had nothin' ter eat since yesterday—'ceptin' a ton o' hay?"

THE SLOTH TO THE VAMPIRE.

"You must really excuse the state things are in, my dear, but we have been house-cleaning, and everything is *upside down.*"

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.)

"THE CORN-FIELD" OR "COUNTRY LANE." PAINTED BY JOHN CONSTABLE

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY T. COLE.

ORIGINAL IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

TIMOTHY COLE DEC 1899

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

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AMUSEMENTS OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

I: THE PALACE OF THE DANCE.

BY JEAN SCHOPFER.

FOR an ordinary visitor the days passed at the Exposition are divided into two distinct parts. In the first place, you go to see the specialties which interest you, the fine arts, mechanics, jewelry, or agricultural products. If you have no specialty, you are at least of a certain nationality, and you feel it a duty to examine its products. If American, you will hasten to the pavilion of the United States, with cupolas and colonnades in the style of the Capitol at Washington, or to the Hall of Mechanics, at Vincennes, where spin the powerful and deep-voiced turbines, and where you have the satisfaction of seeing, in various forms, the steel that Pittsburg sends to the whole world. If German, you delight in contemplating the industrial progress the empire has realized in recent years, and in inspecting the always increasing number of articles whereon might be written the "Made in Germany" which provoked so much alarm in England. Wherever you are, you feel obliged to pass through endless galleries, to inspect a vast quantity of interesting things. You go from the Champ-de-Mars to the Invalides, from the left side of the Seine to the right, from the colonial exhibition to the municipal, from the municipal to the international, and when you have devoted half a day to such a visit, you are out of breath, exhausted. You then seek a restaurant, and, seated before a good dinner, heave a sigh of satisfaction, and exclaim:

"At last my duty is accomplished; thank Heaven, evening is here, and now let us enjoy ourselves!"

The same sigh of satisfaction is drawn at the close of each day, in anticipation of expected pleasures, by hundreds of thousands of people, who desire, after the labor of sight-seeing is over, to amuse themselves, to see something new.

And to amuse the millions of cosmopolitans, from the Shah of Persia and the princes of the extreme Orient to the citizen of Oregon and the inhabitant of Buenos Ayres, from the Canadian to the Australian, from the Bulgarian to the Scotchman, those whose business it is to entertain the crowds, be they from North or South, from West or East, have journeyed to Paris. India has sent her bayaderes, glittering with gold and silver plaques; Java her hieratic dancers,

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looking like delicate-limbed idols; from the wilds of Algeria come the fire-eaters; from China, masked and noisy actors; from sunny Spain, supple Gitanas, whose blue-black hair lies in hard outlines on their pale, amber-colored foreheads; from Japan, the most famous jugglers; from everywhere have hastened to Paris, to form the amusements of the Exposition, all those who parade their persons, sing, act, or dance, all those who are applauded and admired under the artificial light of the stage.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

A MODERN GREEK DANCE.

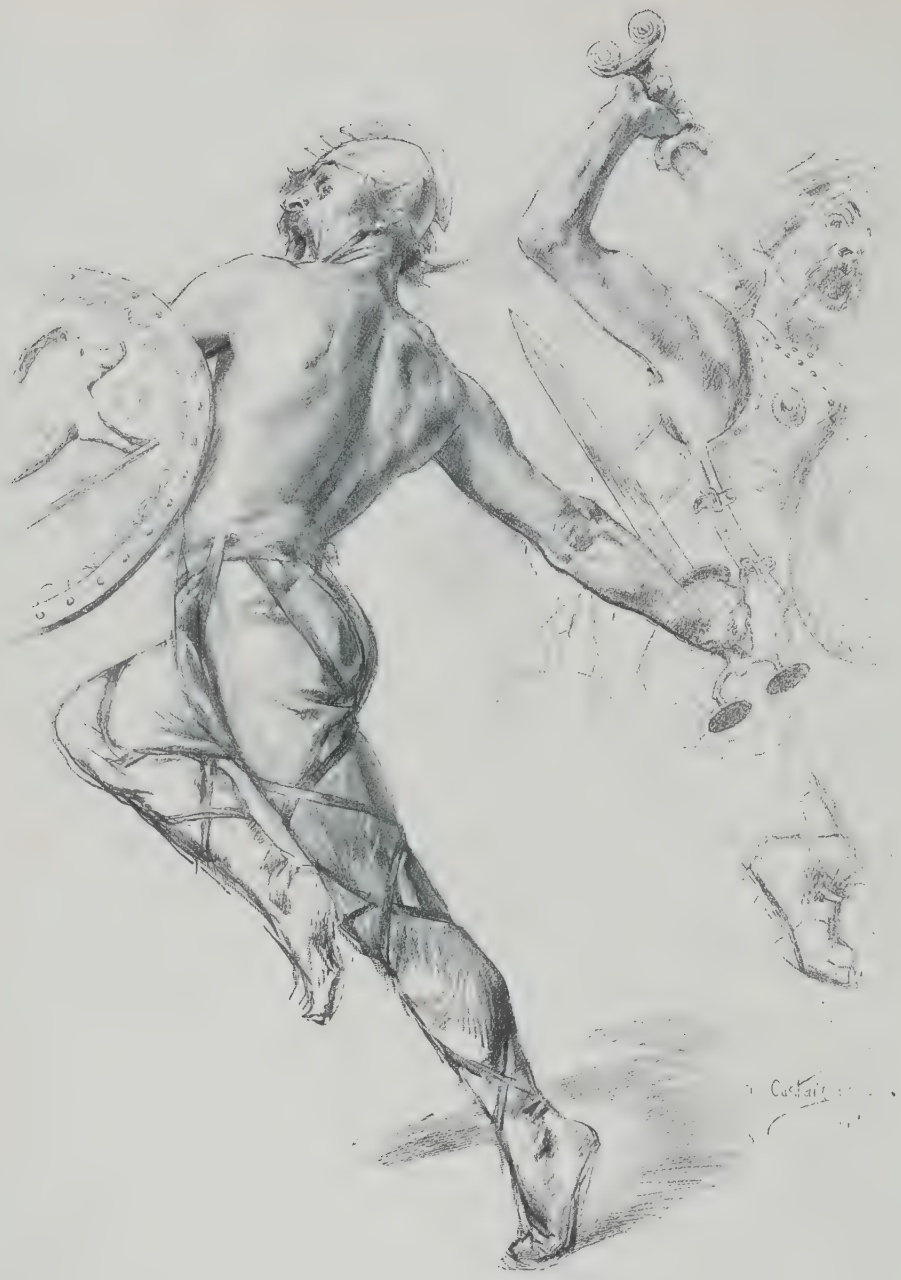
In Paris itself artists, poets, writers, and actors have vied with one another in ingenuity; their most remarkable inventions have been held in reserve for this summer. Paris has a reputation to uphold. Foreigners call it "gay Paris." By the way, Paris is not gay only; it is serious, too, sometimes even tragic. Parisians work and toil with the same fervor with which they seek entertainment; but the Paris of hard work is unknown to strangers, who generally take no thought of it when they visit the "Ville Lumière."

Paris is gay; it is proud of it, and rightly so. We have only one life on this earth; should we spend it all in business and cares? The daily task accomplished and the bread earned, let us laugh, for laughter is the right of man alone. The foreigners who have come to France demand, in amusements, more of a Paris exhibition than they would of one in London or Berlin. This seems wholly proper.

What does the Exposition offer to the crowd on pleasure bent? In the evening let us stroll along the Rue de Paris, under the trees of the Cours la Reine, beside the river. Dazzling advertisements are lighted; here we pass before a brilliantly illuminated theater in front of which, occasionally, poets, dramatic authors, or well-known actors do not hesitate to make a witty and extemporaneous address to the passers-by; farther on are the poet-singers of Montmartre, and across the way may be seen some ultra-modern marionettes; here stands a town of the middle ages, with steeples, and streets bordered with sharp, overhanging gables from which

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

THE ROMAN SATURNALIA.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

THE GALLIC DANCE OF THE SWORDS.

project grimacing gargoyles. Let us follow the throng. and among the varied amusements provided for our curiosity find the ones that surpass, by their spectacular merit, the pleasure of the moment—the ones which will live in cosmopolitan memories and perpetuate the tradition of a brilliant and artistic Paris.

ONE of the best ideas which has been developed by the organizers of the Exposition is that of a Palace of the Dance. It represents a sight which all, without regard to nationality, can enjoy. But as interesting as the idea itself is the manner of carrying it out. We are not given a repetition of the great chorographic spectacles that we can

see in London or New York, nor a duplicate, necessarily inferior, of the artistic ballets of the Paris opera-house, with their quadrilles of dancers trained to the dance from the age of twelve, and their stars of princely income. No; at the Palace of the Dance the rare opportunity offered by the advent of an exposition has been seized upon to put before the public the dances of different countries and epochs.

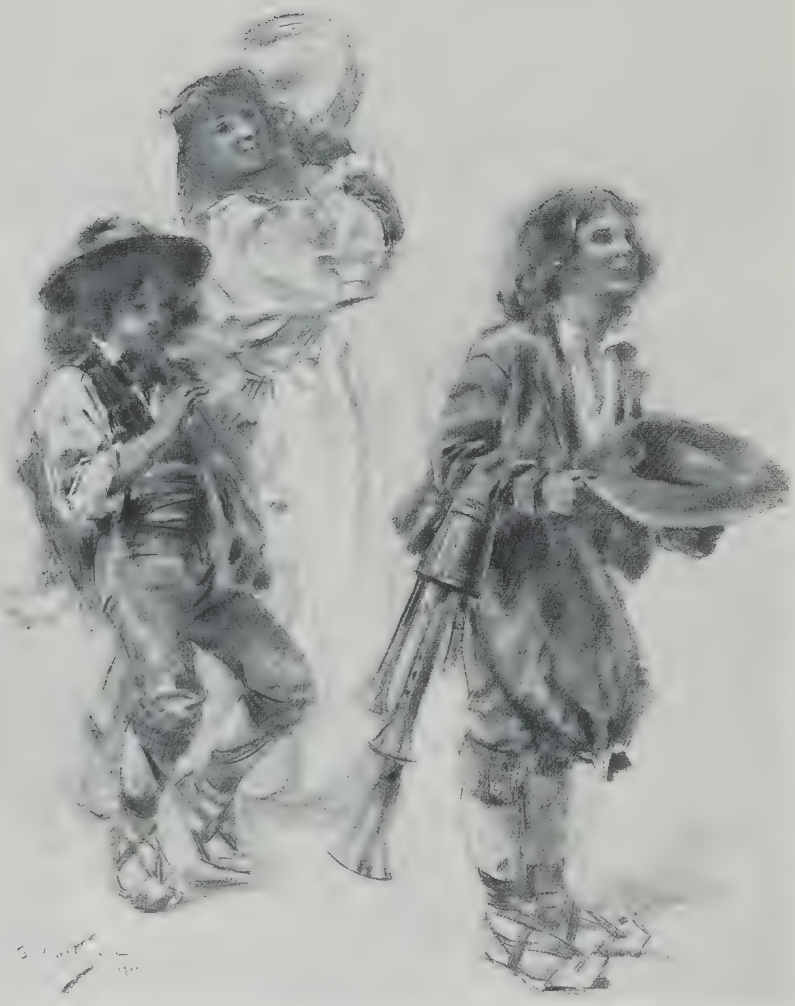
I remember once reading in the guide-book of a German museum of instruments of torture that a history of civilization could be written from the study of the sinister objects exposed in the museum. I do not doubt it, but I am sure that a history of civilization could as well, and even better, be traced from the dances that each nation has invented for a delight to the eye. It is a poetic, a charming, a winged history that is told to us by the dances throughout the ages.

Naturally, a careful choice has been made, and a few flowers only have been plucked from the rich field. To enhance the beauty of the spectacle, and to do away with whatever might be too didactic in a chronological exposition of the different epochs, three ballets have been organized. In the first, "To whom the Crown?" are to be seen modern dances—English, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Greek, etc.; in the second, "The Shepherd's Hour," come popular dances, the Sabotière of Brittany and the gay Farandole of Provence; finally, in the third, "The Kingdom of the Dance," figure the principal dances of ancient times.

Dancing has existed ever since the era of man. The need of swaying the body in rhythmical movements is as natural to man as that of exclamation and song. Primitive man manifested his joy and gratitude at victorious struggles by heavy dances performed before his idols; later, about the temples ornamented with sculptured gods he still danced, but his steps were more refined and complicated. In Greece and Egypt dances were sacred, and it is interesting to notice the constant union between the dance and religion. This union continued even throughout early Christianity, where dances were performed in the churches during certain parts of the service, and in the cemeteries. Even yet the inhabitants of the Balearic Islands have retained the dance in religious festivals.

Egyptian science was world-renowned, and the Egyptians liked to represent in dances, which we can fancy as being slow and rhythmical, the courses of the stars. But one understands the impossibility of reproducing them on a narrow modern stage, and here we see revived a brighter one, the Wasp's Dance. The dancing-girl pretends to have been bitten by a wasp, searches for it in her garments, which she in part casts

DANCE OF THE BUFFOONS IN MEDIEVAL TIMES.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

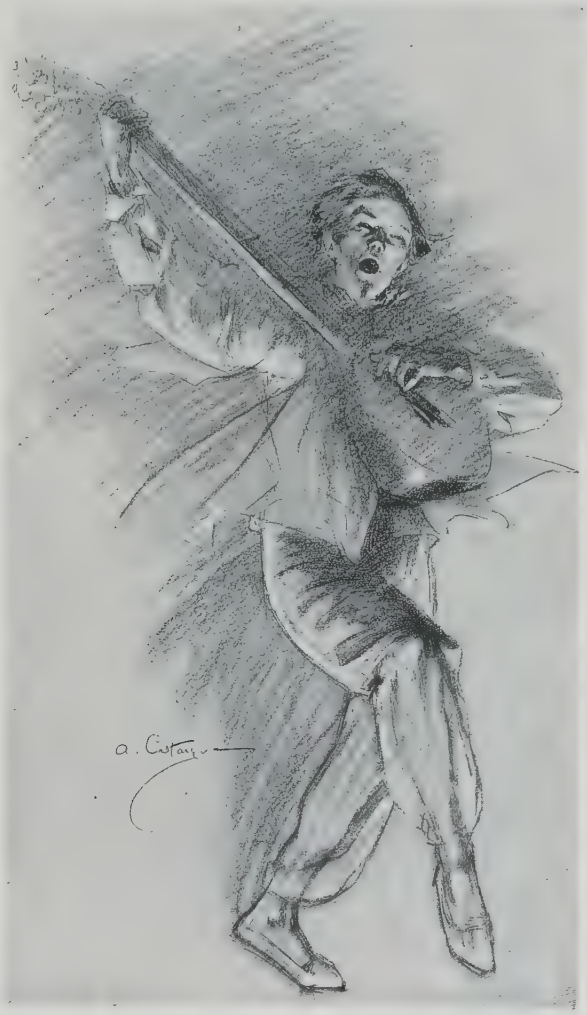
ITALIAN PIFFERARI.

off, and with which she finally clothes herself again, all the while following the measure of the music, accentuated by the brass crotala and the cymbals.

Among artistic Greeks the dances were closely associated with the entire organization of public and private life. They were either religious, tragic, warlike, or domestic. Before the altars of the gods they were sacred, and, unrolled in harmonious procession at the theater, they assumed an imitative form, and mimicked in cadenced gestures the sentiments declaimed by the chorus. The warlike ones represented combats, and because of the agility and suppleness that they imparted to the body, they were considered a necessary exercise to those destined to the career of arms; the domestic ones were given, accompanied by songs and music, at the close of banquets, flute-players and dancers being as necessary to the Athenian as postprandial eloquence is to the American banqueter of the present day. They were everywhere, appearing at the fêtes of the harvest, at the coming of spring, with the dance the Crane, and at the vintage. Greek vases illustrate them in an abundant and precise manner. In another material the statuettes of Tanagra perpetuate for us the exquisite grace of

Grecian dancers, and the suppleness of the bodies draped in filmy stuffs.

Modern Greece, more than any other country, has preserved a number of its ancient dances. For the moment we are shown only a Megarian dance. The women, clothed in white garments, like the virgins of the Panathenæa, and bound together by scarfs, which they hold in their hands, form a long row, and balance five steps back and three



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

AN ITALIAN BUFFOON.

forward obliquely. The music is indirectly inspired by popular Greek airs, which have never been published, and which have been collected in an ingenious manner for the ballet by means of a phonograph.

There are two kinds of enjoyment in the dance: first, the pleasure of dancing, through the natural desire for movement and rhythm; then the enjoyment of the spectacular dance, the one which is enacted before the motionless spectator, for the idle pleasure of the eye. The Greeks, with whom the sentiment of harmony was innate, never considered the dance merely as a spectacle. At the solemn or joyous moments of their lives they took part in the dance, and the vision of Sophocles is never to be forgotten, as naked he led the chorus of youths dancing the pæan around the trophies piled up on the sea-shore, after the victory of Salamis.

Rome offers us nothing of the kind. The Roman citizen would have believed his dignity compromised if he had abandoned himself to the dance. "No sober man dances," says Cicero, "unless he is a fool." So Rome possessed the spectacular dance alone, and

THE PROVENÇAL FARANDOLE AND THE TARASQUE.

was represented only by the mimes and by the ballets. The dances in which all joined were noisy and coarse. The Saturnalia give us a vivid image of a popular festival; then the slaves took the place of their masters and were served by them. The Saturnalia, however, rapidly degenerated into orgies, where there was no law but one's fancy. Processions of grotesque personages and masked figures, fauns and satyrs, nymphs and bacchantes, intermingled and formed improvised dances without rhyme or reason.

In the Palace of the Dance the Orient is revived in the bayaderes of India. Here again the dances, more voluptuous, possess only a spectacular merit, and, like most of the Oriental dances, can be admitted on a European stage only after having been greatly modified. Clothed in wide silken trousers of striped pattern that reach to the ankles, which are encircled by golden bracelets, and with the bodies covered with a mantle of soft and transparent texture that is draped about them with great art, the bayaderes mimic, to the strains of slow and monotonous music, love-scenes, avowals, coquetry, and refusals. The characteristic charm of the Hindu dances lies in the fact that the body alone has part in them, the head, arms, and lower limbs having no share.

From ancient Gaul is given the Dance of the Swords, set in a scene in the center of which is erected a dolmen. The dancers spring over their swords; then, holding them aloft, they form rose- and cross-shaped figures, striking their swords together and following the varied cadence of the music. This dance still exists, in a modified form, in Scotland and in the provinces of the Basques.

The Palace of the Dance gives us nothing from the first centuries of the Christian era. Religious dances existed, but a revival of them would belong to the domain of archæology. The organizer of these historical dances, following the most precise documents, does not aim at a dry revival, but offers us brilliant and vivacious spectacles.

We next are carried back to a dance of the middle ages, the Branle. Dancers advance and turn about, joining hands, and singing some one of the old popular songs that have retained their charm in their very naïveté. Each province has its special branles—the Branle of the Horses, the Goose Branle, or the Branle of the Firebrands. The last still exists in certain parts of France, and is danced about bonfires lighted in the public places or in the forests, either on the first Sunday in Lent or on midsummer eve.

Indeed, you can see a branle of the

middle ages in the streets of Paris, without entering the Palace of the Dance. Passing through a deserted byway in Passy or in the Quartier St. Pierre de Chaillot, you may come across a group of little girls dancing, and singing songs of the antiquity of which they are certainly ignorant.

> Nous n'irons plus au bois;
> Les lauriers sont coupés.

These are, without doubt, the branles preserved intact for the joy of little children.

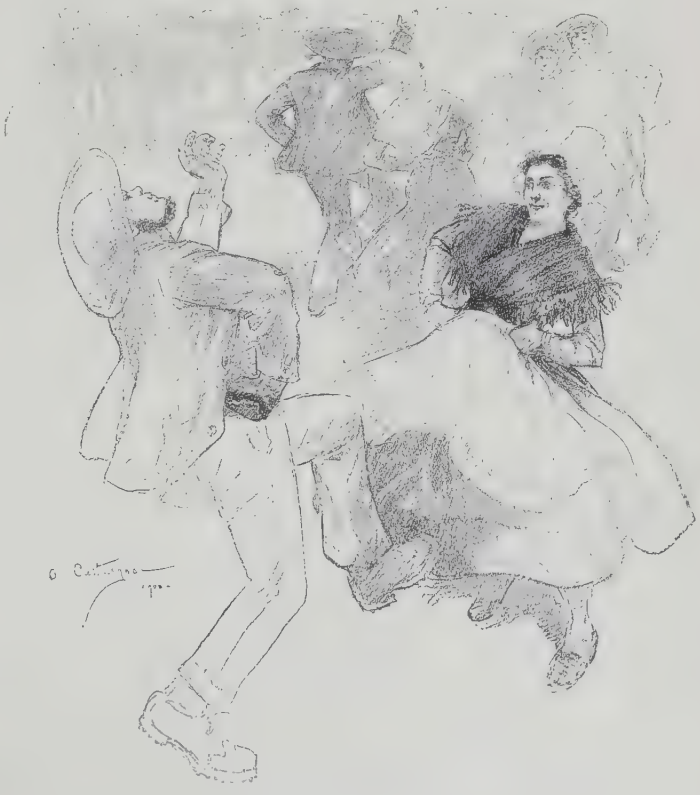
We are shown, also, modern ballets from the Italian Renaissance. The luxuriousness of costume, the pomp of procession, the harmony of music and verse, the grace of steps and attitudes, unite in forming a magnificent spectacle. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the courts of princes delighted in sumptuous ballets, wherein kings and queens did not disdain to perform. Francis I, Charles V, and Catherine de' Medici were pleased to take part in them, and later on the "Sun King," Louis XIV, appeared in the ballets of Versailles. At the end of the sixteenth century originated the Pavan, then the Minuet, and finally the Gavot, dear to the eighteenth century, exquisite dances taken up again by fashion during these later years, and which we often see well danced at the theaters and in drawing-rooms. These the Palace of the Dance, zealous to show only unfamiliar things, did not find necessary to restore. It gives us from the seventeenth century a Dance of Buffoons, taken from a ballet produced at the court of Savoy in 1634. Its title is "Truth, the Enemy of Appearance," and we find in it the fancy of the epoch for complicated allegories. "False News," "Scandal," "Deceit," "Frauds," and "Lies" appear in it. Finally, "Time" drives away "Appearances," with all its falsehoods, and "Truth," accompanied by the "Hours," appears in a final ballet.

From Italy come the personages of the eternal comedy, harlequins, columbines, pierrots, and pifferari. Pierrot bewails his sad lot, but laughs and dances; Columbine flirts with Harlequin, who smiles triumphant; the pipes play a thin and shrill music, and the couples mingle and intermingle.

> And their songs blend with the moonlight—
> The calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,
> Which makes the birds dream in the trees,
> And the water, the silvery, lithe water,
> In the marble fountains, sobs with ecstasy.

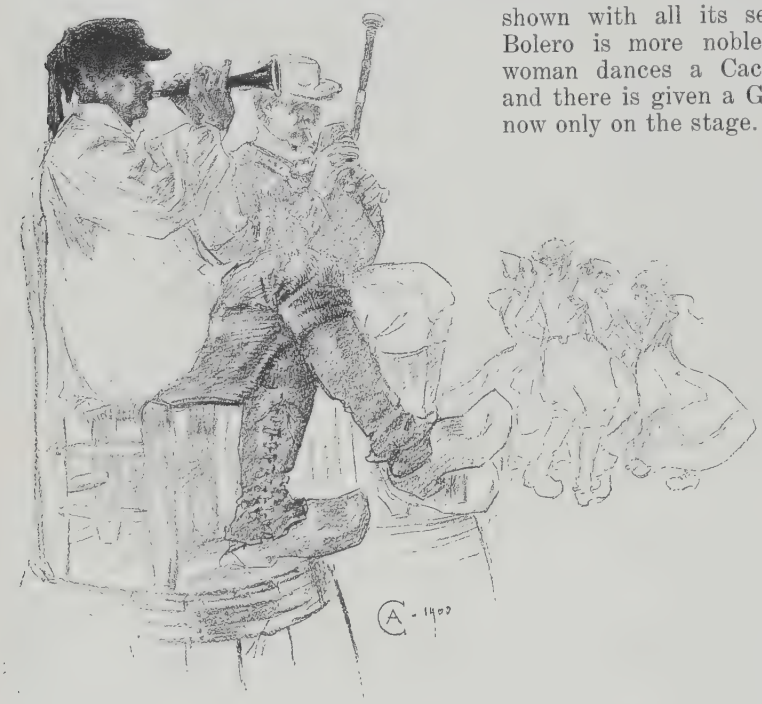
With the ballets, the popular fêtes are carried on. Here is one of those kermesses that the genius of Rubens has immortalized, with their noisy gaiety, their overflowing joy, the coarse frankness of their sport. Seated on a wine-cask, a fiddler plays; peasants dance on the beaten ground, embrace the maids, and, meanwhile, drink deep draughts.

Then we come to modern and popular dances. These are the ones that have retained their primitive originality: fashion,



LA BOURRÉE (AUVERGNE).

leveler of all things, has not touched them. In them are revived the most remote traditions. To every man possessing the sentiment of the historical and the consciousness of the innumerable ties binding us to the past, it is pleasant to know that the rhythmical



A BRETON ORCHESTRA.

movements that he can still contemplate, and in which he can even take part, have expressed the joy of living and the merriment of his obscure ancestors.

Here is a Gavot of Brittany, to-day the same that it was in the middle ages; and here a Farandole from Provence, with the monster "La Tarasque," full of the spirit of the past, and such as we may see to-day in the bright and dusty little towns of Provence. Here, too, is a Wine Dance, of pagan origin. From Auvergne we have the celebrated Bourrée. A troupe of Basques reproduce curious dances of men, one of which draws its origin from the Dance of the Swords of Celtic times.

England shows her well-known clowns and her adroit, quick jigs; Russia, flat-faced dancers, who leap and pirouette, strike the floor with their heels, and, crouching, run across the stage, while the rest of the troupe sing, utter screams, and, at times, raise their shoulders in a curious movement. Italy appears with the Tarantella of the happy borders of the Gulf of Naples, and with a rural dance, the Pecorée, wherein figure shepherds stepping to the sound of rustic pipes. Spain comes and triumphs. The crowd is never tired of gazing at its well-known dances. The Fandango is shown with all its seductive grace; the Bolero is more noble, more reserved; a woman dances a Cachucha on a table; and there is given a Guaracha, to be seen now only on the stage.

Modern Greece has retained, and here presents, some of its ancient slow dances. However, there were other ancient Greek dances more vivacious, more *risquées*, even vulgar, of which Greek vases give us full proof. Types of these we can find in Greek modern dances.

There is lacking in this collection of popular dances only a "cake-walk." It would have had a certain success, and would have shown to Europeans the innate qualities of suppleness and grace of the American negro, with which is mingled a real sentiment of the comic.

If America has not sent her negro dancers, at least she triumphs in Loie Fuller, with her inimitable Fire Dance. This is the boldest and most marvelous invention that has ever appeared in spectacular dancing in any epoch. The splendor of the "Arabian Nights" pales before the sumptuous magic of this body about which beat innumerable waves of flame, unceasingly renewed. Between the dream-world and the reality, Loie Fuller peoples the darkness with never-to-be-forgotten apparitions.

But the Palace of the Dance does not monopolize the dances of the Exposition: one finds them everywhere. Never have I seen an exposition in so great an uproar. At every street-corner one is challenged by the hoarse beat of drums, by shrill flutes, by fifes and snare-drums, by violins and guitars. In countless halls there are foreign troupes

exhibiting: they dance in the pavilion of Morocco, as well as in that of Turkey; in the pavilion of Persia, as well as in the Street of Algiers; in the Chinese pavilion, in Old Paris, in Spain in the Time of the Moors. It is as if we had united in demanding of the dance that it bring back in a living form old and long-lost civilizations.

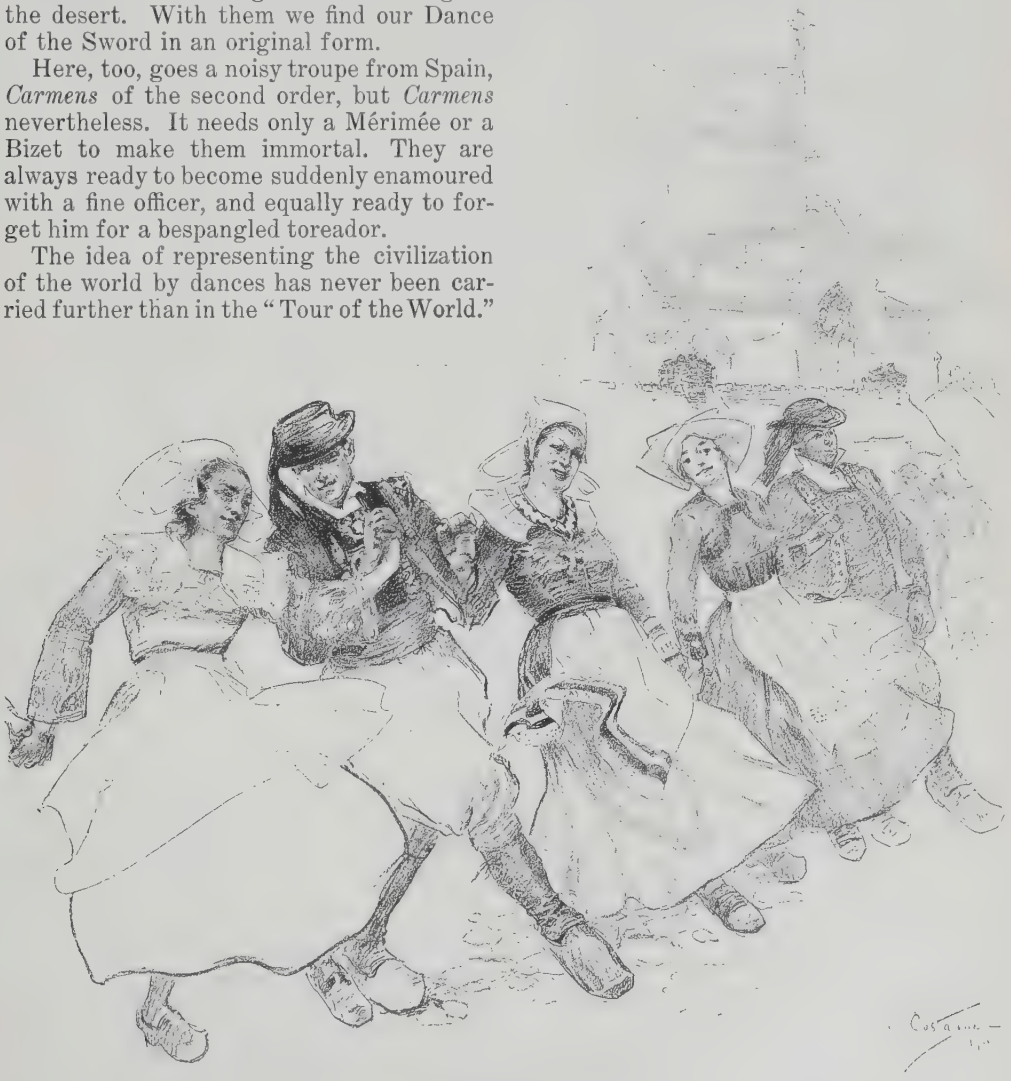
From the far borders of Algiers have come the Ouled-Naïls. They are closely veiled, so that one can see only their flashing eyes under their arching brows, between which a blue flower is outlined on the dark skin.

From Morocco come companies of players, who go from café to café, subsisting upon the alms there obtained. With them are huge turbaned scoundrels whom one would not care to meet at nightfall on the edge of the desert. With them we find our Dance of the Sword in an original form.

Here, too, goes a noisy troupe from Spain, *Carmens* of the second order, but *Carmens* nevertheless. It needs only a Mérimée or a Bizet to make them immortal. They are always ready to become suddenly enamoured with a fine officer, and equally ready to forget him for a bespangled toreador.

The idea of representing the civilization of the world by dances has never been carried further than in the "Tour of the World." This is a huge circular panorama, the background of which represents on canvas some admirable scenes in the two hemispheres. Here, for instance, is Greece, with the Parthenon, or the Piræus; here is Spain, there Constantinople and the Bosporus; here is Japan, with a delightful tea-house and its delicate and childlike *mousmés;* here Java, and there Ceylon. Before each painted scene is a stage on which the inhabitants of the country depicted on the canvas disport themselves and successively go through the dances peculiar to their race. I was present on the opening day, and found the spectacle one of the greatest interest.

There I found the Javanese, of the color of gingerbread, their women diminutive, but



THE BRETON GAVOT.

THE SPANISH DANCE.

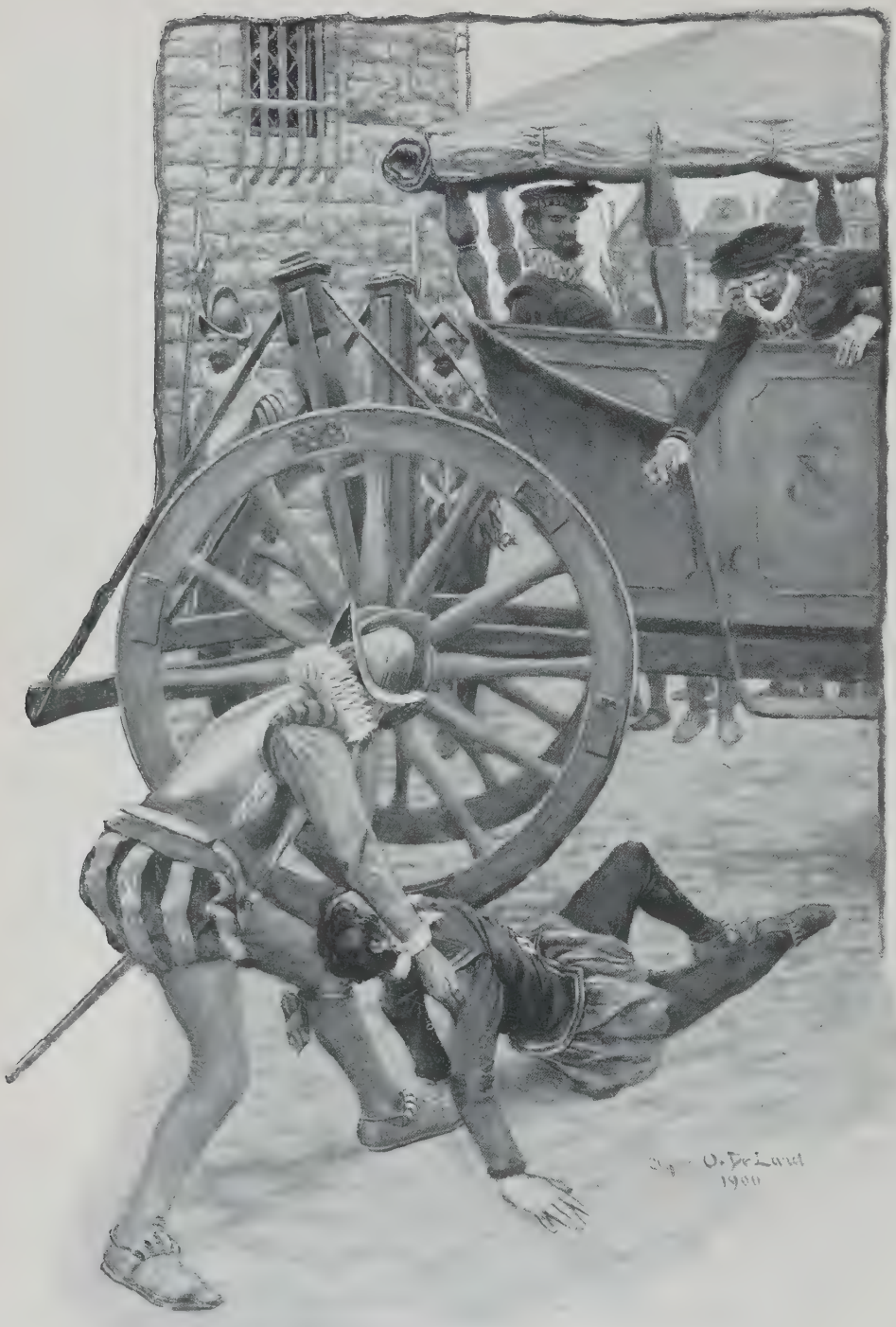
how charming! They had been the delight of artists and the surprise of the Exposition of 1889. They dress their heads with feathers, and drape their slender bodies with soft materials, but leave their gold-encircled arms bare, for it is their arms that take the principal part in their dance. Here we are far from the contortions of the African and the too expressive mimicries of the Spaniard. The arms are crossed and uncrossed, sway and fall to the rhythm of the strange melody of the *gamelong*, while the little Javanese men squat on their heels and strike together in cadence vases of strange shapes and different material. Raised upon their round and delicate wrists, their slender hands are upturned, then rise and expand like flowers. Meanwhile the dancers, nearly motionless, and always distant and impassive, show with expressive arms the sacred poses of their idols. Truly it was a dream of the far East, that dance in the Javanese village at the Exposition of 1889.

I have seen the Javanese again in the

"Tour of the World," but here they are placed between the Japanese and the Cingalese, with their stage only a step from those of their neighbors, and the old illusion is more difficult to create. They dance, indeed, and there is always their fine art; but when they pause, and the gamelong is hushed, suddenly one hears a barbaric music —the music of the Cingalese, who rise in their turn. Dressed in a fantastic garb, with trousers of several thicknesses, and with many pendants dangling from their elaborate head-dresses, they begin a processional dance, following in single file a leader who has the manner of a conjurer, and appears to call upon some spirit invisible to the spectators. It is all noisy and in well-accented time. The spectators follow them closely with their eyes, but I watched the little Javanese goddesses, and that which I saw filled me with wonder. They seated themselves, but not one of them was curious enough to look at the dance of their neighbors; there was not a turn of the head to see those hoarse-voiced men and their contortions: it was as if they did not exist. With an indifference Oriental and magnificent, they sat motionless and unseeing, filled, no doubt, with far-off dreams. They had not a glance for the men whom the chance of the Exposition had brought from their far-off island to a meeting with them on this narrow stage. Returning home through the crowds that hurry on to new scenes, I cannot keep from comparing our breathless curiosity with the fine impassiveness of these little Javanese. We have the historic sense in the highest degree; we are eager to feel the most varied emotions, to be in turn Spaniard, Russian, Japanese, or Puritan. We understand moods of thought and feeling the furthest removed from our own. This the Javanese do not understand; they must be astonished at our curiosity, if they comprehend it at all. They live for themselves in their little corner of life, following the advice of Montaigne, to concern one's self in nothing with the affairs of one's neighbors. All their wisdom concerns itself with being themselves alone.

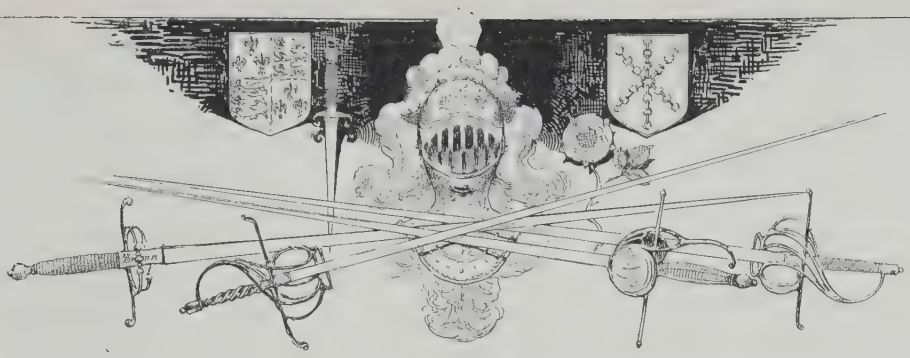
And is not this one of the "Amusements of the Exposition"—this being in the presence of two such varied moods of feeling, and meditating on the little dancers of the panorama?

A FLEMISH KERMESS



DRAWN BY CLYDE O. DE LAND.

"SOME ONE SHOUTED 'ASSASSIN!'" (SEE PAGE 502.)



THE HELMET OF NAVARRE.

By Bertha Runkle.

I. A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

AT the stair-foot the landlord stopped me.

"Here, lad, take a candle. The stairs are dark, and, since I like your looks, I would not have you break your neck."

"And give the house a bad name," I said.

"No fear of that; my house has a good name. There is no fairer inn in all Paris. And your chamber is a good chamber, though you will have larger, doubtless, when you are Minister of Finance."

This raised a laugh among the tavern idlers, for I had been bragging a bit of my prospects. I retorted:

"When I am, Maître Jacques, look out for a rise in your taxes."

The laugh was turned on mine host, and I retired with the honours of that encounter. And though the stairs were the steepest I ever climbed, I had the breath and the spirit to whistle all the way up. What mattered it that already I ached in every bone, that the stair was long and my bed but a heap of straw in the garret of a mean inn in a poor quarter? I was in Paris, the city of my dreams!

I am a Broux of St. Quentin. The great world has never heard of the Broux? No matter; they have existed, these hundreds of years, Masters of the Forest, and faithful servants of the dukes of St. Quentin. The great world has heard of the St.Quentins? I warrant you! As loudly as it has of Sully and Villeroi, Trémouille and Biron. That is enough for the Broux.

I was brought up to worship the saints and M. le Duc, and I loved and revered them alike, by faith, for M. le Duc, at court, seemed as far away from us as the saints in heaven. But the year after King Henry III was murdered, Monsieur came to live on his estate, to make high and low love him for himself.

In that bloody time, when the King of Navarre and the two Leagues were tearing our poor France asunder, M. le Duc found himself between the devil and the deep sea. He was no friend to the League; for years he had stood between the king, his master, and the machinations of the Guises. On the other hand, he was no friend to the Huguenots. "To seat a heretic on the throne of France were to deny God," he said. Therefore he came home to St. Quentin, where he abode in quiet for some three years, to the great wonderment of all the world.

Had he been a cautious man, a man who looked a long way ahead, his compeers would have understood readily enough that he was waiting to see how the cat would jump, taking no part in the quarrel lest he should mix with the losing side. But this theory jibed so ill with Monsieur's character that not even his worst detractor could accept it. For he was known to all as a hotspur—a man who acted quickly and seldom counted the cost. Therefore his present conduct was a riddle, nor could any of the emissaries from King or League, who came from time to time to enlist his aid and went away without it, read the answer. The puzzle was too deep for them. Yet it was only this: to Monsieur, honour was more than a pretty word. If he could not find his cause honest, he would not draw his sword, though all the curs in the land called him coward.

Thus he stayed alone in the château for

a long, irksome three years. Monsieur was not of a reflective mind, content to stand aside and watch while other men fought out great issues. It was a weary procession of days to him. His only son, a lad a few years older than I, shared none of his father's scruples and refused point-blank to follow him into exile. He remained in Paris, where they knew how to be gay in spite of sieges. Therefore I, the Forester's son, whom Monsieur took for a page, had a chance to come closer to my lord and be more to him than a mere servant, and I loved him as the dogs did. Aye, and admired him for a fortitude almost more than human, in that he could hold himself passive here in farthest Picardie, whilst in Normandie and Île de France battles raged and towns fell and captains won glory.

At length, in the opening of the year 1593, M. le Duc began to have a frequent visitor, a gentleman in no wise remarkable save for that he was accorded long interviews with Monsieur. After these visits my lord was always in great spirits, putting on frisky airs, like a stallion when he is led out of the stable. I looked for something to happen, and it was no surprise to me when M. le Duc announced one day, quite without warning, that he was done with St. Quentin and would be off in the morning for Mantes. I was in the seventh heaven of joy when he added that he should take me with him. I knew the King of Navarre was at Mantes—at last we were going to make history! There was no bound to my golden dreams, no limit to my future.

But my house of cards suffered a rude tumble, and by no hand but my father's. He came to Monsieur, and, presuming on an old servitor's privilege, begged him to leave me at home.

"I have lost two sons in Monsieur's service," he said: "Jean, hunting in this forest, and Blaise, in the fray at Blois. I have never grudged them to Monsieur. But Félix is all I have left."

Thus it came about that I was left behind, hidden in the hay-loft, when Monsieur rode away. I could not watch his going.

Though the days passed drearily, yet they passed. Time does pass, at length, even when one is young. It was July. The King of Navarre had moved up to St. Denis, in his siege of Paris, but most folk thought he would never win the city, the hotbed of the League. Of M. le Duc we heard no word till, one night, a chance traveller, putting up at the inn in the village, told a startling tale. The Duke of St. Quentin, though known to have been at Mantes and strongly suspected of espousing Navarre's cause, had ridden calmly into Paris and opened his hôtel. It was madness—madness sheer and stark. Thus far his religion had saved him, yet any day he might fall under the swords of the Leaguers.

My father came, after hearing this tale, to where I was lying on the grass, the warm summer night, thinking hard thoughts of him for keeping me at home and spoiling my chances in life. He gave me straightway the whole of the story. Long before it was over, I had sprung to my feet.

"Do you still wish to join M. le Duc?" he said.

"Father!" was all I could gasp.

"Then you shall go," he answered. That was not bad for an old man who had lost two sons for Monsieur!

I set out in the morning, light of baggage, purse, and heart. I can tell naught of the journey, for I heeded only that at the end of it lay Paris. I reached the city one day at sundown, and entered without a passport at the St. Denis gate, the warders being hardly so strict as Mayenne supposed. I was dusty, foot-sore, and hungry, in no guise to present myself before Monsieur; wherefore I went no farther that night than the inn of the Amour de Dieu, in the Rue des Coupejarrets.

Far below my garret window lay the street —a trench between the high houses. Scarce eight feet off loomed the dark wall of the house opposite. To me, fresh from the wide woods of St. Quentin, it seemed the desire of Paris folk to outhuddle in closeness the rabbits in a warren. So ingenious were they at contriving to waste no inch of open space that the houses, standing at the base but a scant street's width apart, ever jutted out farther at each story till they looked to be fairly toppling together. I could see into the windows up and down the way; see the people move about within; hear opposite neighbours call to each other. But across from my aery were no lights and no people, for that house was shuttered tight from attic to cellar, its dark front as expressionless as a blind face. I marvelled how it came to stand empty in that teeming quarter.

Too tired, however, to wonder long, I blew out the candle, and was asleep before I could shut my eyes.

CRASH! Crash! Crash!

I sprang out of bed in a panic, thinking

Henry of Navarre was bombarding Paris. Then, being fully roused, I perceived that the noise was thunder.

From the window I peered into floods of rain. The peals died away. Suddenly came a terrific lightning-flash, and I cried out in astonishment. For the shutters opposite were open, and I had a vivid vision of three men in the window.

Then all was dark again, and the thunder shook the roof.

I stood straining my eyes into the night, waiting for the next flash. When it came, it showed me the window barred as before. Flash followed flash; I winked the rain from my eyes and peered in vain. The shutter remained closed as if it had never been opened. Sleep rolled over me in a great wave as I groped my way back to bed.

II. AT THE AMOUR DE DIEU.

When I woke in the morning, the sun was shining broadly into the room, glinting in the little pools of water on the floor. I stared at them, sleepy-eyed, till recollection came to me of the thunder-storm and the open shutters and the three men. I jumped up and ran to the window. The shutters opposite were closed; the house just as I had seen it first, save for the long streaks of wet down the wall. The street below was one vast puddle. At all events, the storm was no dream, as I half believed the vision to be.

I dressed speedily and went down-stairs. The inn-room was deserted save for Maître Jacques, who, with heat, demanded of me whether I took myself for a prince, that I lay in bed till all decent folk had been hours about their business, and then expected breakfast. However, he brought me a meal, and I made no complaint that it was a poor one.

"You have strange neighbours in the house opposite," said I.

He started, and the thin wine he was setting before me splashed over on the table.

"What neighbours?"

"Why, they who close their shutters when other folk would keep them open, and open them when others keep them shut," I said airily. "Last night I saw three men in the window opposite mine."

He laughed.

"Aha, my lad, your head is not used to our Paris wines. That is how you came to see visions."

"Nonsense," I cried, nettled. "Your wine is too well watered for that, let me tell you, Maître Jacques."

"Then you dreamed it," he said huffily. "The proof is that no one has lived in that house these twenty years."

Now, I had plenty to worry about without troubling my head over night-hawks, but I was vexed with him for putting me off. So, with a fine conceit of my own shrewdness, I said:

"If it was only a dream, how came you to spill the wine?"

He gave me a keen glance, and then, with a look round to see that no one was by, leaned across the table, up to me.

"You are sharp as a gimlet," said he. "I see I may as well tell you first as last. Marry, an you will have it, the place is haunted."

"Holy Virgin!" I cried, crossing myself.

"Aye. Twenty years ago, in the great massacre—you know naught of that: you were not born, I take it, and, besides, are a country boy. But I was here, and I know. A man dared not stir out of doors that dark day. The gutters ran blood."

"And that house—what happened in that house?"

"Why, it was the house of a Huguenot gentleman, M. de Béthune," he answered, bringing out the name hesitatingly in a low voice. "They were all put to the sword—the whole household. It was Guise's work. The Duc de Guise sat on his white horse, in this very street here, while it was going on. Parbleu! that was a day."

"Mon dieu! yes."

"Well, that is an old story now," he resumed in a different tone. "One-and-twenty years ago, that was. Such things don't happen now. But the people, they have not forgotten; they will not go near that house. No one will live there."

"And have others seen as well as I?"

"So they say. But I 'll not let it be talked of on my premises. Folk might get to think them too near the haunted house. 'T is another matter with you, though, since you have had the vision."

"There were three men," I said, "young men, in sombre dress—"

"M. de Béthune and his cousins. What further? Did you hear shrieks?"

"There was naught further," I said, shuddering. "I saw them for the space of a lightning-flash, plain as I see you. The next minute the shutters were closed again."

"'T is a marvel," he answered gravely. "But I know what has disturbed them in

their graves, the heretics! It is that they have lost their leader."

I stared at him blankly, and he added:

"Their Henry of Navarre."

"But he is not lost. There has been no battle."

"Lost to them," said Maître Jacques, "when he turns Catholic."

"Oh!" I cried.

"Oh!" he mocked. "You come from the country; you don't know these things."

"But the King of Navarre is so stiff-necked a heretic!"

"Bah! Time bends the stiffest neck. Tell me this: for what do the learned doctors sit in council at Mantes?"

"Oh," said I, bewildered, "you tell me news, Maître Jacques."

"If Henry of Navarre be not a Catholic before the month is out, spit me on my own jack," he answered, eying me rather keenly as he added:

"It should be welcome news to you."

Welcome was it; it made plain the reason of Monsieur's change of base. Yet it was my duty to be discreet.

"I am glad to hear of any heretic coming to the faith," I said.

"Pshaw!" he cried. "To the devil with pretences! 'T is an open secret that your patron has gone over to Navarre."

"I know naught of it."

"Well, pardieu! my Lord Mayenne does, then. If when he came to Paris M. de St. Quentin counted that the League would not know his parleyings, he was a fool."

"His parleyings?" I echoed feebly.

"Aye, the boy in the street knows he has been with Navarre. For, mark you, all France has been wondering these many months where St. Quentin was coming out. His movements do not go unnoted like a yokel's. But, i' faith, he is not dull; he understands that well enough. Nay, 't is my belief he came into the city in pure effrontery to show them how much he dared. He is a bold blade, your duke. And, mon dieu! it had its effect. For the Leaguers have been so agape with astonishment ever since that they have not raised a finger against him."

"Yet you do not think him safe?"

"Safe, say you? Safe! Pardieu! if you walked into a cage of lions, and they did not in the first instant eat you, would you therefore feel safe? He was stark mad to come to Paris. There is no man the League hates more, now they know they have lost him, and no man they can afford so ill to spare to King Henry. A great Catholic noble, he would be meat and drink to the Béarnais. He was mad to come here."

"And yet nothing has happened to him."

"Verily, fortune favours the brave. No, nothing has happened—yet. But I tell you true, Félix, I had rather be the poor innkeeper of the Amour de Dieu than stand in M. de St. Quentin's shoes."

"I was talking with the men here last night," I said. "There was not one but had a good word for Monsieur."

"Aye, so they have. They like his pluck. And if the League kills him it is quite on the cards that the people will rise up and make the town lively. But that will not profit M. de St. Quentin if he is dead."

I would not be dampened, though, by an old croaker.

"Nay, maître, if the people are with him, the League will not dare—"

"There you fool yourself, my springald. If there is one thing which the nobles of the League neither know nor care about it is what the people think. They sit wrangling over their French League and their Spanish League, their kings and their princesses, and what this lord does and that lord threatens, and they give no heed at all to us—us, the people of France. But they will find out their mistake. Some day they will be taught that the nobles are not all of France. There will come a reckoning when more blood will flow in Paris than ever flowed on St. Bartholomew's day. They think we are chained down, do they? Pardieu! there will come a day."

I scarcely knew the man; his face was flushed, his eyes sparkling as if they saw more than the common room and mean street. But as I stared the glow faded, and he said in a lower tone:

"At least, it will happen unless Henry of Navarre comes to save us from it. He is a good fellow, this Navarre."

"They say he can never enter Paris."

"They say lies. Let him but leave his heresies behind him and he can enter Paris to-morrow."

"Mayenne does not think so."

"No; but Mayenne knows little of what goes on. He does not keep an inn in the Rue Coupejarrets."

He stated the fact so gravely that I had to laugh.

"Laugh if you like; but I tell you, Félix Broux, my lord's council-chamber is not the only place where they make kings. We do it, too, we of the Rue Coupejarrets."

"Well," said I, "I leave you, then, to make kings. I must be off to my duke. What 's my scot, maître?"

He dropped the politician, and was all innkeeper in a second.

"A crown!" I cried in indignation. "Do you think I am made of crowns? Remember, I am not yet Minister of Finance."

"No, but soon will be," he grinned. "Besides, what I took is little enough, God knows. Do you think food is cheap in a siege?"

"Then I pray Navarre may come soon and end it."

"Amen to that," said old Jacques, quite gravely. "If he comes a Catholic it cannot be too soon."

I counted out my pennies with a last grumble.

"They ought to call this the Rue Coupebourses."

He laughed; he could afford to, with my silver jingling in his pouch. He embraced me tenderly at parting, and hoped to see me again at his inn. I smiled to myself; I had not come to Paris—I, to stay in the Rue Coupejarrets!

III. M. LE DUC IS WELL GUARDED.

I STEPPED out briskly from the inn, pausing now and again to inquire my way to the Hôtel St. Quentin, which stood, I knew, in the Quartier Marais, where all the grand folk lived. Once I had found the broad, straight Rue St. Denis, all I need do was to follow it over the hill down to the river-bank; my eyes were free, therefore, to stare at all the strange sights of the great city—markets and shops and churches and prisons. But most of all did I gape at the crowds in the streets. I had scarce realized there were so many people in the world as passed me that summer morning in the town of Paris. Bewilderingly busy and gay the place appeared to my country eyes, though, in truth, at that time Paris was at its very worst, the spirit being well-nigh crushed out of it by the sieges and the iron rule of the Sixteen.

I knew little enough of politics, and yet I was not so dull as not to see that great events must happen soon. A crisis had come. I looked at the people I passed, who were going about their business so tranquilly. Every one of them must be either Mayenne's man, or Navarre's. Before a week was out these peaceable citizens might be using pikes for tools and exchanging bullets for good mornings. Whatever happened, here was I in Paris in the thick of it! My feet fairly danced under me; I could not reach the hôtel soon enough. Half was I glad of Monsieur's danger, for it gave me chance to show what stuff I was made of. Live for him, die for him—whatever fate could offer I was ready for.

The hôtel, when at length I arrived before it, was no disappointment. Here one did not wait till midday to see the sun; the street was of decent width, and the houses held themselves back with reserve, like the proud gentlemen who inhabited them. Nor did one here regret his possession of a nose, as he was forced to do in the Rue Coupejarrets.

Of all the mansions in the place, the Hôtel St. Quentin was, in my opinion, the most imposing; carved and ornamented and stately, with gardens at the side. But there was about it none of that stir and liveliness one expects to see about the houses of the great. No visitors passed in or out, and the big iron gates were shut, as if none were looked for. Of a truth, the persons who visited Monsieur these days preferred to slip in by the postern after nightfall, as if there had never been a time when they were proud to be seen in his hall.

Beyond the grilles a sentry, in the green and scarlet of Monsieur's men-at-arms, stood on guard, and I called out to him boldly.

He turned at once; then looked as if the sight of me scarce repaid him.

"I wish to enter, if you please," I said. "I am come to see M. le Duc."

"You?" he ejaculated, his eye wandering over my attire, which, none of the newest, showed signs of my journey.

"Yes, I," I answered in some resentment. "I am one of his men."

He looked me up and down with a grin.

"Oh, one of his men! Well, my man, you must know M. le Duc is not receiving today."

"I am Félix Broux," I told him.

"You may be Félix anybody for all it avails; you cannot see Monsieur."

"Then I will see Vigo." Vigo was Monsieur's Master of Horse, the staunchest man in France. This sentry was nobody, just a common fellow picked up since Monsieur left St. Quentin, but Vigo had been at his side these twenty years.

"Vigo, say you! Vigo does not see street boys."

"I am no street boy," I cried angrily. "I know Vigo well. You shall smart for cheeking me, when I have Monsieur's ear."

"Aye, when you have! Be off with you, *coquin*. I have no time to bother with you."

"Imbecile!" I sputtered. But he had turned his back on me and resumed his pacing up and down the court.

"Oh, very well for you, monsieur," I cried out loudly, hoping he could hear me. "But you will laugh t' other side of your mouth by and by. I 'll pay you off."

It was maddening to be halted like this at the door of my goal; it made a fool of me. But while I debated whether to set up an outcry that would bring forward some officer with more sense than the surly sentry, or whether to seek some other entrance, I became aware of a sudden bustle in the courtyard, a narrow slice of which I could see through the gateway. A page dashed across; then a pair of flunkeys passed. There was some noise of voices and, finally, of hoofs and wheels. Half a dozen men-at-arms ran to the gates and swung them open, taking their stand on each side. Clearly, M. le Duc was about to drive out.

A little knot of people had quickly collected—sprung from between the stones of the pavement, it would seem—to see Monsieur emerge.

"He is a bold man," I heard one say, and a woman answer, "Aye, and a handsome," ere the heavy coach rolled out of the arch.

I pushed myself in close to the guardsmen, my heart thumping in my throat now that the moment had come when I should see my Monsieur. At the sight of his face I sprang bodily up on the coach-step, crying, all my soul in my voice, "Oh, Monsieur! M. le Duc!"

Monsieur looked at me coldly, blankly, without a hint of recognition. The next instant the young gentleman beside him sprang up and struck me a blow that hurled me off the step. I fell where the ponderous wheels would have ended me had not a guardsman, quick and kind, pulled me out of the way. Some one shouted, "Assassin!"

"I am no assassin," I cried; "I only sought to speak with Monsieur."

"He deserves a hiding, the young cur," growled my foe, the sentry. "He 's been pestering me this half-hour to let him in. He was one of Monsieur's men, he said. Monsieur would see him. Well, we have seen how Monsieur treats him!"

"Faith, no," said another. "We have only seen how our young gentleman treats him. Of course he is too proud and dainty to let a common man so much as look at him."

They all laughed; the young gentleman seemed no favourite.

"Parbleu! that was why I drew him from the wheels, because *he* knocked him there," said my preserver. "I don't believe there 's harm in the boy. What meant you, lad?"

"I meant no harm," I said, and turned sullenly off up the street. This, then, was what I had come to Paris for—to be denied entrance to the house, thrown under the coach-wheels, and threatened with a drubbing from the lackeys!

For three years my only thought had been to serve Monsieur. From waking in the morning to sleep at night, my whole life was Monsieur's. Never was duty more cheerfully paid. Never did acolyte more throw his soul into his service than I into mine. Never did lover hate to be parted from his mistress more than I from Monsieur. The journey to Paris had been a journey to Paradise. And now, this!

Monsieur had looked me in the face and not smiled; had heard me beseech him and not answered—not lifted a finger to save me from being mangled under his very eyes. St. Quentin and Paris were two very different places, it appeared. At St. Quentin Monsieur had been pleased to take me into the château and treat me to more intimacy than he accorded to the high-born lads, his other pages. So much the easier, then, to cast me off when he had tired of me. My heart seethed with rage and bitterness against Monsieur, against the sentry, and, more than all, against the young Comte de Mar, who had flung me under the wheels.

I had never before seen the Comte de Mar, that spoiled only son of M. le Duc's, who was too fine for the country, too gay to share his father's exile. Maybe I was jealous of the love his father bore him, which he so little repaid. I had never thought to like him, St. Quentin though he were; and now that I saw him I hated him. His handsome face looked ugly enough as he struck me that blow.

I went along the Paris streets blindly, the din of my own thoughts louder than all the noises of the city. But I could not remain in this trance forever, and at length I woke to two unpleasant facts: first, I had no idea where I was, and, second, I should be no better off if I knew.

Never, while there remained in me the spirit of a man, would I go back to Monsieur; never would I serve the Comte de Mar. And it was equally obvious that never, so long as my father retained the spirit that

was his, could I return to St. Quentin with the account of my morning's achievements. It was just here that, looking at the business with my father's eyes, I began to have a suspicion that I had behaved like an insolent young fool. But I was still too angry to acknowledge it.

Remained, then, but one course—to stay in Paris, and keep from starvation as best I might.

My thrifty father had not seen fit to furnish me any money to throw away in the follies of the town. He had calculated closely what I should need to take me to Monsieur, with a little margin for accidents; so that, after paying Maître Jacques, I had hardly two pieces to jingle together.

I had browsed my fill in the duke's library; I could write a decent letter both in my own tongue and in Italian, thanks to Father Francesco, Monsieur's Florentine confessor, and handle a sword none so badly, thanks to Monsieur; and I felt that it should not be hard to pick up a livelihood. But how to start about it I had no notion, and finally I made up my mind to go and consult him whom I now called my one friend in Paris, Jacques, the innkeeper.

'T was easier said than done. I had strayed away from the friendly Rue St. Denis into a network of dark and narrow ways that might have been laid out by a wily old stag with the dogs hot on him, so did they twist and turn and double on themselves. I could make my way only at a snail's pace, asking new guidance at every corner. Noon was long past when at length I came on laggard feet around the corner by the Amour de Dieu.

Yet was it not fatigue that weighted my feet, but pride. Though I had resolved to seek out Maître Jacques, still 't was a hateful thing to enter as suppliant where I had been the patron. I had paid for my breakfast like a lord, but I should have to beg for my dinner. I had bragged of Monsieur's fondness, and I should have to tell how I had been flung under the coach-wheels. My pace slackened to a stop. I could not bring myself to enter the door. I tried to think how to better my story, so to tell it that it should redound to my credit. But my invention stuck in my pate.

As I stood striving to summon up a jaunty demeanour, I found myself gazing straight at the shuttered house, and of a sudden my thoughts shifted back to my vision.

Those murdered Huguenots, dead and gone ere I was born, had appeared to me as plain as the men I passed in the street. Though I had beheld them but the space of a lightning-flash, I could call up their faces like those of my comrades. One, the nearest me, was small, pale, with pinched, sharp face, somewhat rat-like. The second man was conspicuously big and burly, black-haired and -bearded. The third and youngest—all three were young—stood with his hand on Blackbeard's shoulder. He, too, was tall, but slenderly built, with clear-cut visage and fair hair gleaming in the glare. One moment I saw them, every feature plain; the next they had vanished like a dream.

It was an unholy thing, no doubt, yet it held me with a shuddery fascination. Was it indeed a portent, this rising of heretics from their unblessed graves? And why had it been shown to me, true son of the Church? Had any one else ever seen what I had seen? Maître Jacques had hinted at further terrors, and said no one dared enter the place. Well, grant me but the opportunity, and I would dare.

Thus was hatched in my brain the notion of forcing an entrance into that banned house. I was an idle boy, foot-loose and free to do whatever mad mischief presented itself. Here was the house just across the street.

Neglected as it was, it remained the most pretentious edifice in the row, being large and flaunting, a half-defaced coat of arms over the door. Such a house might well boast two entrances. I hoped it did, for there was no use in trying to batter down this door with the eye of the Rue Coupejarrets upon me. I turned down the side street, and after exploring several muck-heaped alleys found one that led me into a small square court bounded on three sides by a tall house with shuttered windows.

Fortune was favouring me. But how to gain entrance? The two doors were both firmly fastened. The windows on the ground floor were small, high, and iron-shuttered. Above, one or two shutters swung half open, but I could not climb the smooth wall. Yet I did not despair; I was not without experience of shutters. I selected one closed not quite tight, leaving a crack for my knife-blade. I found the hook inside, got my dagger under it, and at length drove it up. The shutter creaked shrilly open.

A few good blows knocked in the casement. I followed.

I found myself in a small room bare of everything but dust. From this, once a porter's room, I fancied, I passed out into a hallway dimly lighted from the open window behind

me. The hall was large, paved with black and white marbles; at the end a stately stairway mounted into mysterious gloom.

My heart jumped into my mouth, and I cringed back in terror, a choked cry rasping my throat. For, as I crossed the hall, peering into the dimness, I descried, stationed on the lowest stair with upraised bludgeon, a man.

For a second I stood in helpless startlement, voiceless, motionless, waiting for him to brain me. Then my half-uttered scream changed to a quavering laugh, as my eyes, becoming used to the gloom, discovered my bogy to be but a figure carved in wood, holding aloft a flambeau long since quenched.

I blushed with shame, yet I cannot say that now I felt no fear. I thought of the panic-stricken women, the doomed men, who had fled at the sword's point up these very stairs. The silence seemed to shriek at me, and I half thought I saw fear-maddened eyes peering out from the shadowed corners. Yet for all that—nay, because of that—I would not give up the adventure. I went back into the little room and carefully closed the shutter, lest some other meddler should spy my misdeed. Then I set my feet on the stair.

If the half-light before had been full of eery terror, it was naught to the blackness now. My hand on the rail was damp. Yet I mounted steadily.

Up one flight I climbed, groped in the hot dark for the foot of the next flight, and went on. Suddenly, above, I heard a noise. I came to an instant halt. All was as still as the tomb. I listened; not a breath broke the silence. It never occurred to me to imagine a rat in this house of the dead, and the noise shook me. With a sick feeling about my heart I went on again.

On the next floor it was lighter. Faint outlines of doors and passages were visible. I could not stand the gloom a moment longer; I strode into the nearest doorway and across the room to where a gleam of brightness outlined the window. My shaking fingers found the hook of the shutter and flung it wide, letting in a burst of honest sunshine. I leaned out into the free air, and saw below me the Rue Coupejarrets and the sign of the Amour de Dieu.

The next instant a cloth fell over my face and was twisted tight; strong arms pulled me back, and a deep voice commanded:

"Close the shutter."

Some one pushed past me and shut it with a clang.

"Devil take you! You 'll rouse the quarter!" cried my captor, fiercely, yet not loud. "Go join monsieur." With that he picked me up in his arms and walked across the room.

The capture had been so quick I had no time for outcry. I fought my best with him, half strangled as I was by the cloth. I might as well have struggled against the grip of the Maiden. The man carried me the length of the house, it seemed; flung me down upon the floor, and banged a door on me.

IV. THE THREE MEN IN THE WINDOW.

I TORE the cloth from my head and sprang up. I was in pitch-darkness. I dashed against the door to no avail. Feeling the walls, I discovered myself to be in a small, empty closet. With all my force I flung myself once more upon the door. It stood firm.

"Dame! but I have got into a pickle," I thought.

They were no ghosts, at all events. Worried as I was,I rejoiced at that. I could cope with men, but who can cope with the devil? These might be villains,—doubtless were, skulking in this deserted house,—yet with readiness and pluck I could escape them.

It was as hot as a furnace in my prison, and as still as the grave. The men, who seemed by their footsteps to be several, had gone cautiously down the stairs after caging me. Evidently I had given them a fine fright, clattering through the house as I had, and even now they were looking for my accomplices.

It seemed hours before the faintest sound broke the stillness. If ever you want to squeeze away a man's cheerfulness, like water from a rag, shut him up alone in the dark and silence. He will thank you to take him out into the daylight and hang him. In token whereof, my heart welcomed like brothers the men returning.

They came into the room, and I thought they were three in number. I heard the door shut, and then steps approached my closet.

"Have a care, now, monsieur; he may be armed," spoke the rough voice of a man without breeding.

"Doubtless he carries a culverin up his sleeve," sneered the deep tones of my captor.

Some one else laughed, and rejoined, in a clear, quick voice:

"Natheless, he may have a knife. I will open the door, and do you look out for him, Gervais."

I had a knife and had it in my hand, ready

to charge for freedom. But the door opened slowly, and Gervais looked out for me—to the effect that my knife went one way and I another before I could wink. I reeled against the wall and stayed there, cursing myself for a fool that I had not trusted to fair words instead of to my dagger.

"Well done, my brave Gervais!" cried he of the vivid voice—a tall, fair-haired youth, whom I had seen before. So had I seen the stalwart blackbeard, Gervais. The third man was older, a common-looking fellow whose face was new to me. All three were in their shirts on account of the heat; all were plain, even shabby, in their dress. But the two young men wore swords at their sides.

The half-opened shutters, overhanging the court, let plenty of light into the room. It had two straw beds on the floor and a few old chairs and stools, and a table covered with dishes and broken food and wine-bottles. More bottles, riding-boots, whips and spurs, two or three hats and saddle-bags, and various odds and ends of dress littered the floor and the chairs. Everything was of mean quality except the bearing of the two young men. A gentleman is a gentleman even in the Rue Coupejarrets—all the more, maybe, in the Rue Coupejarrets. These two were gently born.

The low man, with scared face, held off from me. He whose name was Gervais confronted me with an angry scowl. Yeux-gris alone—for so I dubbed the third, from his gray eyes, well open under dark brows—Yeux-gris looked no whit alarmed or angered; the only emotion to be read in his face was a gay interest as the blackavised Gervais put me questions.

"How came you here? What are you about?"

"No harm, messieurs," I made haste to protest, ruing my stupidity with that dagger. "I climbed in at a window for sport. I thought the house was deserted."

He clutched my shoulder till I could have screamed for pain.

"The truth, now. If you value your life you will tell the truth."

"Monsieur, it is the truth. I came in idle mischief; that was the whole of it. I had no notion of breaking in upon you or any one. They said the house was haunted."

"Who said that?"

"Maître Jacques, at the Amour de Dieu."

He stared at me in surprise.

"What had you been asking about this house?"

Yeux-gris, lounging against the table, struck in:

"I can tell you that myself. He told Jacques he saw us in the window last night. Did you not?"

"Aye, monsieur. The thunder woke me, and when I looked out, I saw you plain as day. But Maître Jacques said it was a vision."

"I flattered myself I saw you first and got that shutter closed very neatly," said Yeux-gris. "Dame! I am not so clever as I thought. So old Jacques said we were ghosts, did he?"

"Yes, monsieur. He told me this house belonged to M. de Béthune, who was a Huguenot, and killed in the massacre."

Yeux-gris burst into joyous laughter.

"He said my house belonged to the Béthunes! Well played, Jacques! You owe that gallant lie to me, Gervais, and the pains I took to make him think us Navarre's men. He is heart and soul for Henri Quatre. Did he say, perchance, that in this very courtyard Coligny fell?"

"No," said I, seeing that I had been fooled and had had all my terrors for naught, and feeling much chagrined thereat. "How was I to know it was a lie? I know naught about Paris. I came up but yesterday from St. Quentin."

"St. Quentin!" came a cry from the henchman. With a fierce "Be quiet, fool!" Gervais turned to me and demanded my name.

"Félix Broux."

"Who sent you here?"

"Monsieur, no one."

"You lie."

Again he gripped me by the shoulder, gripped till the tears stood in my eyes.

"No one, monsieur; I swear it."

"You will not speak! I 'll make you, by Heaven."

He seized my thumb and wrist to bend one back on the other, torture with strength such as his. Yeux-gris sprang off the table.

"Let alone, Gervais! The boy 's honest."

"He is a spy."

"He is a fool of a country boy. A spy in hobnailed shoes, forsooth! No spy ever behaved as he has. I said when you first seized him he was no spy. I say it again, now I have heard his story. He saw us by chance, and Maître Jacques's bogy story spurred him on instead of keeping him off. You are a fool, my cousin."

"Pardieu! it is you who are the fool," growled Gervais. "You will bring us to the rope with your cursed easy ways. If he is a spy it means the whole crew are down upon us."

"What of that?"

"Pardieu! is it nothing?"

Yeux-gris returned with a touch of haughtiness:

"It is nothing. A gentleman may live in his own house."

Gervais looked as if he remembered something. He said much less boisterously:

"And do you want Monsieur here?"

Yeux-gris flushed red.

"No," he cried. "But you may be easy. He will not trouble himself to come."

Gervais regarded him silently an instant, as if he thought of several things he did not say. What he did say was: "You are a pair of fools, you and the boy. Whatever he came for, he has spied on us now. He shall not live to carry the tale of us."

"Then you have me to kill as well!"

Gervais turned on him snarling. Yeux-gris laid a hand on his sword-hilt.

"I will not have an innocent lad hurt. I was not bred a ruffian," he cried hotly. They glared at each other. Then Yeux-gris, with a sudden exclamation, "Ah, bah, Gervais!" broke into laughter.

Now, this merriment was a heart-warming thing to hear. For Gervais was taking the situation with a seriousness that was as terrifying as it was stupid. When I looked into his dogged eyes I could not but think the end of me might be near. But Yeux-gris's laugh said the very notion was ridiculous; I was innocent of all harmful intent, and they were gentlemen, not cutthroats.

"Messieurs," I said, "I swear by the blessed saints I am what I told you. I am no spy, and no one sent me here. Who you are, or what you do, I know no more than a babe unborn. I belong to no party and am no man's man. As for why you choose to live in this empty house, it is not my concern, and I care not a whit about it. Let me go, messieurs, and I will swear to keep silence about what I have seen."

"I am for letting him go," said Yeux-gris.

Gervais looked doubtful, the most encouraging attitude toward me he had yet assumed. He answered:

"If he had not said the name—"

"Stuff!" interrupted Yeux-gris. "It is a coincidence, no more. If he were what you think, it is the very last name he would have said."

This was Greek to me; I had mentioned no names but Maître Jacques's and my own. And he was their friend.

"Messieurs," I said, "if it is my name that does not please you, why, I can say for it that if it is not very high-sounding, at least it is an honest one and has ever been held so down where we live."

"And that is at St. Quentin," said Yeux-gris.

"Yes, monsieur. My father, Anton Broux, is Master of the Forest to the Duke of St. Quentin."

He started, and Gervais cried out:

"Voilà! who is the fool now?"

My nerves, which had grown tranquil since Yeux-gris came to my rescue, quivered anew. The common man started at the very word St. Quentin, and the masters started when I named the duke. Was it he whom they had spoken of as Monsieur? Who and what were they? There was more in this than I had thought at first. It was no longer a mere question of my liberty. I was all eyes and ears for whatever information I could gather.

Yeux-gris spoke to me for the first time, gravely:

"This is not a time when folks take pleasure-trips to Paris. What brought you?"

"I used to be Monsieur's page down at St. Quentin," I answered, deeming the straight truth best. "When we learned that he was in Paris, my father sent me up to him. I reached the city last night, and lay at the Amour de Dieu. This morning I went to the duke's hôtel, but the guard would not let me in. Then, when Monsieur drove out, I tried to get speech with him, but he had no use for me."

The bitterness I felt over my rebuff must have been in my voice and face, for Gervais spoke abruptly:

"And do you hate him for that?"

"Nay," said I, churlishly enough. "It is his to do as he chooses. But I hate the Comte de Mar for striking me a foul blow."

"The Comte de Mar!" exclaimed Yeux-gris.

"His son."

"He has no son."

"But he has, monsieur. The Comte de—"

"He is dead," said Yeux-gris.

"Why, we knew naught—" I was beginning, when Gervais broke in:

"You say the fellow 's honest, when he tells such tales as this! He saw the Comte de Mar at his father's side!"

"I thought it must be he," I protested. "A young man who sat by Monsieur's side, elegant and proud-looking, with an aquiline face—"

"That is Lucas, that is his secretary," declared Yeux-gris, as who should say, "That is his scullion."

Gervais looked at him oddly a moment, then shrugged his shoulders and demanded of me:

"What next?"

"I came away angry."

"And walked all the way here to risk your life in a haunted house? Pardieu! too plain a lie."

"Oh, I would have done the like; we none of us fear ghosts in the daytime," said Yeux-gris.

"You may believe him; I am no such fool. He has been caught in two lies; first the Béthunes, then the Comte de Mar. He is a clumsy spy; they might have found a better one. Not but what that touch about ill-treatment at Monsieur's hand was well thought of. That was Monsieur's suggestion, I warrant, for the boy has talked like a dolt else."

"I am no liar," I cried hotly. "Ask Jacques whether he did not tell me about the Béthunes. It is his lie, not mine. I did not know the Comte de Mar was dead, and this Lucas of yours is handsome enough for a count. I came here, as I told you, in curiosity concerning Maître Jacques's story. I had no idea of seeing you or any living man. It is the truth, monsieur."

"I believe you," Yeux-gris answered. "You have an honest face. You came into my house uninvited. Well, I forgive it, and invite you to stay. You shall be my valet."

"He shall be nobody's valet," Gervais cried.

The gray eyes flashed, but their owner rejoined lightly:

"You have a man; surely I should have one, too. And I understand the services of M. Félix are not engaged."

"Mille tonnerres! you would take this spy —this sneak—"

"As I would take M. de Paris, if I chose," responded Yeux-gris, with a cold hauteur that smacked more of a court than this shabby room. He added lightly again:

"You think him a spy; I do not. But in any case, he must not blab of us. Therefore he stays here and brushes my clothes. Marry, they need it."

Easily, with grace, he had disposed of the matter. But I said:

"Monsieur, I shall do nothing of the kind."

"What!" he cried, as if the clothes-brush itself had risen in rebellion, "what! you will not?"

"No," said I.

"And why not?" he demanded, plainly thinking me demented.

"Because I know you are against the Duke of St. Quentin."

Whatever they had thought me, neither expected that speech.

"I am no spy or sneak," said I. "It is true I came here by chance; it is true Monsieur turned me off this morning. But I was born on his land, and I am no traitor. I will not be valet or henchman for either of you, if I die for it."

I was like to die for it. For Gervais whipped out his sword and sprang for me. I thought I saw Yeux-gris's out, too, when Gervais struck me over the head with his sword-hilt. The rest was darkness.

V. RAPIERS AND A VOW.

I CAME to my senses slowly, to hear loud, angry voices. As I opened my eyes and stirred, the room reeled from me, and all was blank again. Awhile after, I grew aware of a clashing of steel. I lay wondering thickly what it was and why it had been going on while my head ached so, till at length it dawned on my dull brain that swords were crossing. I opened my eyes again, then.

They were fighting each other, Yeux-gris and Gervais. The latter was almost trampling on me, Yeux-gris had pressed him so close to the wall. Then he forced his way out, and they drove each other round in a circle till the room seemed to spin once more.

I crawled out of the way and watched them, bewildered, absorbed. I had more reason to thrill over the contest than the mere excellence of it,—which was great,—since I was the cause of the duel, and my very life, belike, hung on its issue.

They were both admirable swordsmen, yet it was clear from the first where the palm lay. Anything nimbler, lighter, easier than the sword-play of Yeux-gris, I never hope to see in this imperfect world. The heavier adversary was hot, angry, breathing hard. A smile hovered over Yeux-gris's lips; already a red disk on Gervais's shirt showed where his cousin's sword had been and would soon go again, and deeper. I had forgotten my bruise in my interest and delight, when, of a sudden, one whom we all had ignored took a hand in the game. Gervais's lackey started forward and knocked up Yeux-gris's arm. His sword flew wide, and Gervais slashed his arm from wrist to elbow.

With a smothered cry, Yeux-gris caught at his wound. Gervais, ablaze with rage, sprang past him on his creature. The man gaped with amazement; then, for there was no time for parley, leaped for the door. It

was locked. He turned, and with a look of deathly terror fell on his knees, crouched up against the door-post. Gervais lunged. His blade passed clean through the man's shoulder and pinned him to the door. His head fell heavily forward.

"Have you killed him?" cried Yeux-gris.

"By my faith! I meant to," came the answer. Gervais was bending over the man. With an abrupt laugh he called out: "Killed him, pardieu! He has come off cheap."

He raised the fellow's limp head, and we saw that the sword had passed just over his shoulder, piercing the jerkin, not the flesh. He had swooned from sheer terror, being, in truth, not so much as scratched.

Gervais turned to his cousin.

"I never meant that foul trick. It was no thought of mine. I would have turned the blade if I could. I will kill Pontou now, if you say the word."

"Nay," answered the other, faintly; "help me."

The blood was pouring from his arm; he was half swooning. Gervais and I ran to him, and, between us, bathed the cut, bandaged it with strips torn from a shirt, and made a sling of a scarf. The wound was long, but not deep, and when we had poured some wine down his throat he was himself again.

"You will not bear me malice for that poltroon's work, Étienne?" Gervais asked, more humbly than I ever thought to hear him speak. "That was a foul cut, but it was no fault of mine. I am no blackguard; I fight fair. I will kill the knave, if you like."

"You are ungrateful, Gervais; he saved you when you needed saving," Yeux-gris laughed. "Faith! let him live. I forgive him. You will pay me for my hurt by yielding me Félix."

Gervais looked at me. While we had worked side by side over Yeux-gris he seemed to have forgotten that he was my enemy. But now all the old suspicion and dislike came into his face again. However, he answered:

"Aye, you would have been the victor, had it not been for Pontou. You shall do what you like with your boy. I promise you that."

"Now, that is well said, Gervais," returned Yeux-gris, rising, and picking up his sword, which he sheathed. "That is very well said. For if you did not feel like promising it, why, I should have to begin over again, with my left hand."

"Oh, I give you the boy," Gervais repeated rather sullenly, turning away to pour himself some wine.

I could not but wonder at Yeux-gris, at his gaiety and his steadfastness. He had hardly looked grave through the whole affair; he had fought with a smile on his lips, and had taken a cruel wound with a laugh. Withal, he had been the constant champion of my innocence, even to drawing his sword on his cousin for me. Now, with his bloody arm in its sling, he was as debonair and careless as ever. I had been stupid enough to imagine the big Gervais the leader of the two, and I found myself mistaken. I dropped on my knee and kissed my saviour's hand in all gratitude.

"Aha," said Yeux-gris, "what think you now of being my valet?"

Verily, I was hard pushed.

"Monsieur," I said, "I owe you much more than I can ever pay. If you were any man's enemy but my duke's, I would serve you on my knees. But I was born on the duke's land, and I cannot be disloyal. You may kill me yourself, if you like."

"No," he answered gravely, "that is not my *métier*."

Gervais laughed.

"Make me that offer, and I accept."

Yeux-gris turned to him with that little hauteur he assumed occasionally.

"You are helpless, my cousin. You have passed your word."

"Aye. I leave him to you."

His sullen eyes told me it was no newborn tenderness for me that prompted his surrender. Nor had I, truth to tell, any great faith in the sacredness of his word. Yet I believed he would let me be. For it was borne in upon me that, despite his passion and temper, he had no wish to quarrel with Yeux-gris. Whether at bottom he loved him or in some way dreaded him, I could not tell; but of this my fear-sharpened wits were sure: he had no desire to press an open breach. He was honestly ashamed of his henchman's low deed; yet even before that his judgment had disliked the quarrel. Else why had he struck me with the hilt of the sword?

"I leave him to you," he repeated. "Do as you choose. If you deem his life a precious thing, cherish it. When did you learn a taste for insolence, Étienne? Time was when you were touchy on that score."

"Time never was when I did not love courage."

"Oh, it is courage!" With a sneer he turned away.

"Gervais," said Yeux-gris, "have the kindness to unlock the door."

Gervais wheeled around, his face an angry question.

Yeux-gris answered it with cold politeness:

"That Félix Broux may pass out."

"By Heaven, he shall not!"

"You gave your word you would leave him to me. Did you lie?"

"I do leave him to you!" Gervais thundered. "I would slit his impudent throat; but since you love him, you may have him to eat out of your plate and sleep in your bosom. I will put up with it. But go out of that door till the thing is done, sang dieu! he shall not!"

"If he goes straight to the duke, what then? He will say he found us living in my house. What harm? We are no felons. Let him say it."

"And put Lucas on his guard?" returned Gervais. He was angry, yet he spoke with evident attempt at restraint. "Put Lucas on the trail? He is wary as a cat. Let him get wind of us here, and he will never let us catch him."

"Well," said Yeux-gris, reluctantly, "it is true. And though I will not have the boy harmed, he shall stay here. I will not put a spoke in the wheel. We will take no risks till Lucas is shent. The boy shall be held prisoner. And afterward—"

"I will come myself and let him out," said Gervais, and laughed.

I glanced at my protector, not liking to think of that moment, whenever it might be, "afterward." He went up to Gervais.

"My cousin, are we friends or foes? For, faith! you treat me strangely like a foe."

"We are friends."

"I am your friend, since it is in your cause that I am here. I have stood at your shoulder like a brother—you cannot deny it."

"No," Gervais answered; "you stood my friend,—my one friend in that house,—as I was yours. I stood at your shoulder in the Montluc affair—you cannot deny that. I have been your ally, your servant, your messenger to mademoiselle, your envoy to Mayenne. I have done all in my power to win you your lady."

A shadow fell over Yeux-gris's open face.

"That task needs a greater power than yours, my Gervais."

He regarded Gervais with a rueful smile, his thoughts of a sudden as far away from me as if I had never set foot in the Rue Coupejarrets. He shook his head, sighing, and said, with a hand on Gervais's shoulder: "It 's beyond you, cousin."

Gervais brought him back to the point.

"Well, I 've done what I could for you. But you don't help me when you let loose a spy to warn Lucas."

"He shall not go. You know well, cousin, you will be no gladder than I when that knave is dead. But I will not have Félix Broux suffer because he dared speak for the Duke of St. Quentin."

"As you choose, then. I will not touch a hair of his head, if you keep him from Lucas."

Once more he turned away across the room. My bewilderment was so great that the words came out of themselves:

"Messieurs, is it Lucas you mean to kill?"

Yeux-gris looked at me, not instantly replying. I cried again to him:

"Monsieur, is it Lucas or the duke?"

Then Yeux-gris, despite a gesture from Gervais, who would have told me nothing I might ask, exclaimed:

"Why, Lucas!"

He said it in such honest surprise and with such a steady glance that the heavy fear that had hung on me dropped from me like a dead-weight, and suddenly I turned quite dizzy and fell into the nearest chair.

A dash of water in the face made me look up, to see Yeux-gris standing wet-handed by me.

"Mon dieu!" he cried, "you were as white as the wall. Do you love so much this Lucas who struck you?"

"No," I said, rising; "I thought you meant to kill the duke."

"Did you take us for Leaguers?"

I nodded.

He spoke as if actually he felt it important to set himself right in my eyes.

"Well, we are none. We are no politicians, but private gentlemen with a grudge to pay. I care not what the parties do. Whether we have the Princess Isabelle or Henry the Huguenot, 't is all one to me; I am not putting either on the throne. So if you have got it into your head that we are plotting for the League, why, get it out again."

"But you are enemies to the Duke of St. Quentin?"

He answered me slowly:

"We do not love him. But we do not plot his death. He goes his way, unharmed by us. We are gentlemen, not bravos."

"And Lucas?"

"Lucas is my cousin's enemy, and, being a great man's man, skulks behind the bars of the Hôtel St. Quentin and will not face

my cousin's sword. So to reach him takes a little plotting. Do you believe me?"

I looked into his gray eyes, that had flashed so hotly in my defence, and I could not but believe him.

"Yes, monsieur," I said.

He regarded me curiously.

"The duke's life seems much to you."

"Why, monsieur, I am a Broux."

"And could not be disloyal to save your life?"

"My life! Monsieur, the Broux would not seek to save their souls if M. le Duc preferred them damned."

I expected he would rebuke me for the outburst, but he did not; he merely said:

"And Lucas?"

"Oh, Lucas!" I said. "I know nothing of him. He is new with the duke since my time. I do not owe him anything, save a grudge for that blow this morning. Mon dieu, monsieur, I am thankful to you for befriending me. Dying for Monsieur is all in the day's work; we expect to do that. But, my faith, if I had died just now, it would have been for Lucas."

At this moment a long groan came from the end of the room. We turned; the lackey was waking from his swoon, under the ministration of Gervais. He opened his eyes; their glance was dull till they fell upon his master. And then at once they looked venomous.

Gervais kicked him into fuller consciousness.

"Get up, hound. It is time to meet Martin."

The wretch scrambled shakily to his feet, and stood clutching the door-jamb and eying Gervais, terror writ large on his chalky countenance. Yet there was more than terror in his face; there was the look you see in the eyes of a trapped animal that watches its chance to bite. Yeux-gris cried out:

"You dare not send that man, Gervais."

"Why not?"

"Because the moment he is clear of the house he will betray you. Look at his face."

"He shall swear on the cross!"

"Aye. But you cannot trust the oath of such as he."

"What would you? We must send."

"As you will. But you are mad if you send him."

Gervais pondered a moment, his slower wits taking in the situation. Then he seized the man by the collar, fairly flung him across the room into the closet, and bolted the door upon him.

"I will settle with him later. But you are right. We cannot send him."

Yeux-gris burst into laughter.

"My faith! we could not have more trouble if we were heads of the League than this little duel of yours is giving us. Why, what if we are seen? I will go."

Gervais started.

"No; that will not do."

"Eh, bien, then, what will you propose?"

But it was some one else who proposed. I said to Yeux-gris:

"Monsieur, if all your purpose is against Lucas and no other, I am your man. I will go."

"What, my stubborn-neck, you?"

"Why, monsieur, I owe you a great debt. While I thought you meant ill to M. le Duc, I could not serve you. But this Lucas is another pair of sleeves. I owe him no allegiance. Moreover, he nearly killed me this morning. Therefore I am quite at your disposal."

"Now, I wonder if you are lying," said Gervais.

"I do not think he is lying," Yeux-gris said. "I trow, Gervais, we have got our messenger."

"You tell me to beware of Pontou, because he hates me, and then would have me trust this fellow?" Gervais demanded with some acumen.

I said: "Monsieur, you do not seem to understand how I come to make this offer."

"To get out of the house with a whole skin."

I had a joy in daring him, being sure of Yeux-gris.

"Monsieur," I said, "I should be glad to leave this house with my skin whole or broken, so long as I left on my own feet. But you have mentioned the very reason why I shall not betray you. I do not love you and I do not love Lucas. Therefore, if you and M. Lucas are to fight, I ask nothing better than to help the quarrel on."

He stared at me with an air more of bewilderment than aught else, but Yeux-gris's ready laughter rang out.

"Bravo, Félix! I am proud of you. That is an idea worthy of Cæsar! You would set your enemies to exterminate each other. And I asked you to be my valet!"

"Which do you wish to see slain?" demanded the black Gervais.

I answered quite truthfully:

"Monsieur, I shall be pleased either way."

I know not how he relished the answer, for Yeux-gris cried out at once:

"Bravo, Félix, you are a paragon! I have not wit enough to know whether you are as simple as sunshine or as deep as a well, but I love you."

"Monsieur," I answered, as I think, very neatly, "if I am a well, truth lies at the bottom."

"Well, Gervais?" demanded Yeux-gris.

Gervais bent his lowering brows on his cousin.

"Do you say, trust him?"

"Aye, I would trust him. For never yet did villain turn honest, nor honest man false, in one short hour. When he was asked to serve against the duke he showed his stuff. He was no traitor; he was no coward; he was no liar. I think he is not those now."

Gervais was still doubtful.

"It is a risk. If he betrays—"

"What is life without risks?" cried Yeux-gris. "I thought you too good a gambler, Gervais, to falter before a risk."

"Well," Gervais consented, "I leave it to you. Do as you like."

Yeux-gris said at once to me:

"This Lucas, as I told you, is too cowardly to meet my cousin in open fight. Since he got the challenge he has never stuck his nose out of doors without two or three of the duke's guard about him. Therefore we have the right to get at him as we can. We have paid a man in the house to tell of his movements. He is to fare out secretly at night on a mission on which M. le Duc purposes to send him with one comrade only. M. Gervais and I will interrupt that little journey."

"Very good, monsieur. And I?"

"You will meet our spy and learn the hour of the expedition. Last night, when he told us of the plan, it had not been decided."

"Then he will be the other man I saw in the window? I shall know him."

"You have sharp eyes and a sharp brain, youngster. But he will not know you. Therefore you can say you come from the shuttered house in the Rue Coupejarrets. You will meet him in the little alley to the north of the Hôtel St. Quentin. Do you know your way to the hôtel? Well, then, you are to go down the passageway between the house and M. de Portreuse's garden—you cannot mistake it, for on two sides of the house is the street, on the third the garden, and on the fourth the alleyway. Half-way down the alley is an arch with a small door. In that arch our man, Louis Martin, will meet you. Do you understand?"

I repeated the directions.

"You have learned your lesson. You will ask him the hour—only that."

"And you will take oath not to betray us," commanded Gervais.

I took out the cross that hung on my rosary. I was ready to swear. Gervais prompted:

"I swear to go and come straight, and speak no word to any but Martin."

With all solemnity I swore it on my cross.

"That oath will be kept," said Yeux-gris. He held out a sudden hand for the cross, which I gave him, wondering.

"I swear that we mean no harm whatsoever to the Duke of St. Quentin." He kissed the cross and flung the chain back over my neck.

At last I saw the door unlocked. Yeux-gris even returned to me my knife.

"Au revoir, messieurs."

Gervais, sullen to the last, vouchsafed no answer, but Yeux-gris called out cheerily, "Au revoir."

VI. A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH.

NOTHING in life can be so sweet as freedom after captivity, safety after danger. When I gained the open street once more and breathed the open air, no one molesting or troubling me, I could have sung with joy. I fairly hugged myself for my cleverness in getting out of my plight. As for the combat I was furthering, my only doubt about that was lest the skulking Lucas should not prove good sword enough to give trouble to M. Gervais. It was very far from my wish that he should come out of the attempt unscathed.

But as I went along and had more time to ponder the matter, other doubts forced themselves into my reluctant mind. Put it as I pleased, the affair smacked too much of secrecy to be quite savoury. It was curious, to say the least, that an honest encounter should require so much plotting. Also, Lucas, coward and rascal though he might be, was Monsieur's man, doing Monsieur's errand, and for me to mix myself up in a plot against him was scarcely in keeping with my vaunted loyalty to the house of St. Quentin. My friend Gervais's quarrel might be just; his manner of procedure, even, might be just, and yet I have no right to take part in it.

And yet Monsieur had signified plainly enough that he was no longer my patron.

For my birth's sake I might never work against him, but I was free to do whatever else I chose. Monsieur himself had made it necessary for me to take another master, and assuredly I owed something to Yeux-gris. I had reason to feel confidence in his honour; surely I might reckon that he would not be in the affair unless it were honest. Lucas was like enough a scoundrel of whom Monsieur would be well rid. And lastly and finally and above all, I was sworn, so there was no use worrying about it. I had taken oath, and could not draw back.

I hurried along to the rendezvous, only pausing one moment at the street-corner to buy sausages hot from the brazier, which I crammed into my mouth as I ran. But after all was there no need of haste; the little arch, when I panted up to it, was all deserted.

No better place for a tryst could have been found in the heart of busy Paris. Only the one door opened into the alley; M. de Portreuse's high garden wall, forming the other side of the passage, was unbroken by a gate, and no curious eyes from the house could look into the deep arch and see the narrow nail-studded door at the back where I awaited the rat-faced Martin.

I stood there long, first on one foot and then on the other, fearful every moment lest some one of Monsieur's true men should come along to demand my business. No one appeared, either foe or friend, for so long that I began to think Yeux-gris had tricked me and sent me here on a fool's errand, when, all at once, a low voice said close to my ear:

"What seek you here?"

I jumped at finding a little, pale, sharp-faced man at my side—the man of the vision. He had slipped through the door so suddenly and quietly that I was once more tempted to take him for a ghost. He eyed me for a bare second; then his eyes dropped before mine.

"I am come to learn the hour," said I.

"Did you not hear the chimes ring five?"

"Oh, no need for disguise. I am come from the two in the Rue Coupejarrets. They bade me ask the hour."

He favoured me with another of his shifty glances.

"What hour meant they?"

I said bluntly, in a louder tone:

"The hour when M. Lucas sets out on his secret mission."

"Hush!" he cried. "Hush! Don't say names aloud—his or the other's."

"Well," I said crossly, "you have kept me waiting already more time than I care to lose. How much longer before you will tell me what I came to know?"

He looked at me sharply for another brief instant before his eyes slunk away from mine.

"You should have a password."

"They gave me none. They told me to say I came from the shuttered house in the Rue Coupejarrets, and that would be enough."

"How came you into this business?"

"By a back window."

He gave me another suspicious glance, but making nothing by it, he rejoined:

"Eh, bien, I trust you. I will tell you."

He clutched my arm and drew me to the back of the arch, where the afternoon shadows were already gathered.

"What have you for me?" he demanded.

"Nothing. What should I have?"

"No gold?"

"No."

"He promised me ten pistoles to-day. He did not give them to you?"

"I tell you, no."

"You are a thief! You have them!"

He stepped forward menacingly; so did I. He then fell back as abruptly.

"Nay, it was a jest; I know you are honest. But he promised me ten pistoles."

"He did not give them to me," I said. "Perhaps he was not so convinced of my honesty. He will doubtless pay you afterward."

"Afterward!" he retorted in a high key. "By our Lady, he shall pay me afterward! The gutters will run gold then, will they? Pardieu! I will see that a good stream flows my way. But one cannot play to-day with to-morrow's coin. He said I should have ten pistoles when I let him know the hour."

"I cannot mend that. It lies between you and him. I have not seen or heard of any money."

Martin edged up close to the door of retreat and waxed defiant.

"Then all I have to say is, he may go whistle for his news."

Now, had I but thought of it, here was an easy road out of a bad business. If Martin would not tell the hour of rendezvous, Lucas was saved, Monsieur's interests not endangered, yet at the same time I was not forsworn. But touch pitch and be defiled. You cannot go hand and glove with villains and remain an honest man. I returned directly:

"As you choose. But M. Gervais carries a long sword."

He started at that and made no instant

reply, seeming to be balancing considerations. Then he gave his decision.

"I will tell you. But your M. Gervais is wrong if he thinks I can be slighted and robbed of my dues. I know enough to make trouble for him, and I know where to take my knowledge. He will not find it easy to shut my mouth afterward, except with good broad gold pieces."

"*Enfin*, are you telling me the hour?" I said impatiently. I was ill at ease; my only wish was to get the errand done and be gone.

He laid a hand on my shoulder and made me bend to him, and even then spoke so low I could scarce catch the words.

"They have fixed positively on to-night. They will leave by this door and take the route I described last night to M. Gervais. They will start as soon as the streets are quiet, sometime between ten and eleven. They must allow an hour to reach the gate, and the man goes off at twelve. In all likelihood they will not set out before a quarter of eleven; M. le Duc does not wish to be seen or recognized."

So they planned to kill Lucas at Monsieur's side? Yeux-gris had not dared to tell me that. But he had looked me straight in the face and sworn on the cross no harm was meant to M. le Duc. Natheless, the thing looked ugly. My heart leaped up at the next words:

"Also Vigo will go."

"Vigo!"

"Not so loud! You will have the guard on us! Yes, he is to go. At first Monsieur did not tell even him. He desired to keep this visit to the king so secret. But this morning he took Vigo into his confidence, and nothing would serve the man but to go. He watches over Monsieur like a hen over a chick."

"Then it will be three to three," I said. I thought of Gervais, Yeux-gris, and Pontou, for of course I would take no part in it.

"Three to two; Lucas will not fight."

Lucas must be a poltroon, indeed!

"But Vigo and Monsieur—" I began.

"Aye, they are quick enough with their swords. Your side must be quicker, that 's all. If you are sudden enough you can easily kill the duke before he can draw."

Talk of words like thunderbolts! All the thunder of heaven could not have whelmed me like those words. Yeux-gris and his oaths! It *was* the duke, after all!

I could not speak. I looked I know not how. But it was dusky in the arch.

"It sounds simple," he went on. "But, three of you as you are, you will have trouble with Vigo. That is all. I have told you all. I must get back before I am missed. Good luck to the enterprise."

Still I stood like a block of wood.

"Tell M. Gervais to remember me," he said, and opening the door, passed in. I heard him lock and bolt it after him, and his footsteps hurrying down the passageway.

Then I came to myself and sprang to the door and beat upon it furiously. But if he heard he was afraid to respond. After a futile moment that seemed an hour I rushed out of the arch and around to the great gate.

The grilles were closed as before, but the sentry's face, luckily, was strange to me.

"Open! open!" I shouted, breathless. "I must see M. le Duc!"

"Who are you?" he demanded, staring.

"My name is Broux. I have news for M. le Duc. Let me in. It is a matter of life and death."

"Why, I suppose, then, I must let you in," that good fellow answered, drawing back the bolts. "But you must wait here till—"

The gate was open. I took base advantage of him by sliding under his arm and shooting across the court up the steps to the house. The door stood open, and a couple of lackeys lounged on a bench in the hall.

"M. le Duc!" I cried. "I must see him."

They jumped up, the picture of bewilderment.

"Who are you? How came you here?" cried the quicker-tongued of the two.

"The sentry opened for me. Where am I to find M. le Duc? I must see him! I have news!"

"M. le Duc sees no one to-day," the second lackey announced pompously.

"But I must see him, I tell you," I repeated. I had completely lost what little head I ever had; it seemed to me that if I could not see M. le Duc on the instant I should find him weltering in his gore. "I must see him," I cried, parrot-like. "It is a matter of life and death."

"From whom do you come?"

"That 's my affair. Enough that I come with news of the highest moment. You will be sorry if you do not get me quickly to M. le Duc."

They looked at each other, somewhat impressed.

"I will go for M. Constant," said the one who had spoken first.

Constant was Master of the Household;

M. le Duc had inherited him with the estate and kept him in his place for old time's sake. He was old, fussy, and self-important, and withal no friend to me.

"I had rather you fetched Vigo," I said.

"Oh, Vigo will not come. He is with Monsieur. If I bring M. Constant, it is the best I can do for you."

I had recovered myself sufficiently by this time to remember the nature of lackeys, and gave the messenger the last silver piece I had in the world. He regarded it contemptuously, but pocketed it and departed in leisurely fashion up the stairs.

The other was not too grand to cross-examine me.

"What sort of news have you? Do you come from the king?" he asked in a lowered voice.

"No."

"From M. de Valère?"

"No."

"Then who the devil are you?"

"Félix Broux of St. Quentin."

"Ah, St. Quentin," he said, as if he found that rather tame. "You bring news from there?"

"No, I do not. Think you I shall tell you? This news is for Monsieur."

"It won't reach Monsieur unless you learn politeness toward the gentlemen of his household," he retorted.

We were getting into a lively quarrel when Constant appeared on the stairway—Constant and the lackey who had fetched him, and two more lackeys, and a page, all of whom had somehow scented that something was in the wind. They came flocking about us as I said:

"Ah, M. Constant! You know me, Félix Broux of St. Quentin. I must see M. le Duc."

Constant's face of surprise at me changed to one of malice. He had suffered much at the hands of the pages, as a slow, peevish old dotard must. I had played many a prank on him, but I had not thought he would revenge himself at such a time as this. He looked at me with a spiteful grin, and said to the men:

"He lies. I do not know him. I never saw him."

"Never saw me, Félix Broux!" I cried, completely taken aback.

"No," maintained Constant. "You are an impostor."

"Impostor! Nonsense!" I cried out. "Constant, you know me as well as you know yourself. I say I must see the duke; his life is in danger!"

Constant was paying off old scores with interest.

"An impostor," he yelled shrilly, "or else a madman—or an assassin."

"That is the truth," said some one, laying a heavy hand on my shoulder.

I turned; two men of the guard had come up, my friend of just now and my foe of the morning. It was the latter who held me and said:

"This is the very rascal who sprang on Monsieur's coach-step in the morning. M. Lucas threw him off, else he might have stabbed Monsieur. We were fools enough to let him go free. But this time he shall not get off so easy."

"I am innocent of all thought of harm," I cried. "I am M. le Duc's loyal servant. I meant no harm this morning, and I mean none now. I am here to save Monsieur's life."

"He is here to kill Monsieur; he is an assassin!" screamed Constant. "Flog him, men; he will own the truth then!"

"I am no assassin!" I shouted, struggling in their grasp. "This is a foul lie! Let me go, villains, let me go! I tell you, Monsieur's life is at stake—Monsieur's very life, I tell you!"

They paid me no heed. Not one of them—save that lying knave, Constant—knew me as other than the shabby fellow who had acted suspiciously in the morning. They were dragging me to the door in spite of my shouts and struggles, when suddenly a ringing voice spoke from above:

"What is this rumpus? Who talks of Monsieur's life?"

The guards halted dead, and I cried out joyfully:

"Vigo!"

"Yes, I am Vigo," the big man answered, striding down the stairs. "Who are you?"

I wanted to shout, "Félix Broux, Monsieur's page," but a sort of nightmare dread came over me lest Vigo, too, should disclaim me, and my voice stuck in my throat.

"Whoever you are, you will be taught not to make a racket in M. le Duc's hall. By the saints! it 's the boy Félix."

At the friendliness in his voice the guards dropped their hands from me.

"M. Vigo," I said, "I have news for Monsieur of the gravest moment. I am come on a matter of life and death. And I am stopped in the hall by lackeys."

He looked at me sternly.

"This is not one of your fooleries, Félix?"

"No, M. Vigo."

"Come with me."

VII. A DIVIDED DUTY.

THAT was Vigo's way. The toughest snarl untangled at his touch. He had more sense and fewer airs than any other; he saw at once that I was in earnest, and Constant's voluble protests were as so much wind. The title does not make the man. Though Constant was Master of the Household and Vigo only Equery, yet Vigo ruled every corner of the establishment and every man in it, save only Monsieur, who ruled him.

He said no word to me as we climbed the broad stair; neither reproved me for the fracas, nor questioned me about my coming. He would not pry into Monsieur's business; and, save as I concerned Monsieur, he had no interest in me whatsoever. He led the way straight into an antechamber, where a page sprang up to bar our passage.

"No one may enter, M. Vigo, not even you. M. le Duc has ordered it. Why, Félix! You in Paris!"

"I enter," said Vigo; and, sweeping Marcel aside, he knocked loudly.

"I came last night," I found time to say under my breath to my old comrade before the door was opened.

The handsome secretary, whom I had taken for the count, stood in the doorway looking askance at us. He knew me at once and wondered.

"You cannot enter, Vigo. M. le Duc is occupied."

He made to shut the door, but Vigo's foot was over the sill.

"Natheless, I must enter," he answered unabashed, and pushed his way into the room.

"Then you must answer for it," returned the secretary, with a scowl that sat ill on his delicate face.

"*You* shall answer for it, if it turns out a mare's nest," said Vigo, in a low, meaning voice to me. But I hardly heard him. I passed him and Lucas, and flew down the long room to Monsieur.

M. le Duc was seated before a table heaped with papers. He had been watching the scene at the door in surprise and anger. He looked at me with a sharp frown, while the deer-hound at his feet rose on its haunches growling.

"Roland!" I said. The dog sprang up and came to me.

"Félix Broux!" Monsieur exclaimed, with his quick, warm smile—a smile no man in France could match for radiance.

I had no thought of kneeling, of making obeisance, of waiting permission to speak.

"Monsieur," I cried, half choked, "there is a plot—a vile plot to murder you!"

"Where? At St. Quentin?"

"No, Monsieur. Here in Paris. In the streets to-night, when you go to the king."

Monsieur sprang to his feet, his hand on his sword. Lucas turned white. Vigo swore. Monsieur cried:

"How, in God's name, know you that?"

"You have been betrayed, Monsieur. Your plan is known. You leave the house to-night, near a quarter of eleven, to go in secret to the king. You leave by the little door in the alley—"

"Diable!" breathed Vigo.

"They set on you on your way—three of them—to run you through before you can draw."

"But, ventre bleu! Monsieur is not alone."

"No; he walks between you and M. Lucas."

Not one of them spoke. They stared at me as if I were something uncanny. I, a raw country boy, disclosing a perfect knowledge of their most intimate plans!

"How know you this?" Monsieur demanded of me. But he was not looking at me. His keen glance went first to Lucas, then to Vigo, the two men who had shared his confidence. The secretary cried out:

"You cannot think, Monsieur, that I betrayed you?"

Vigo said nothing. His steady eyes never left Monsieur's face.

"No," answered Monsieur to Lucas, "I cannot think it." And to Vigo he said: "I shall accuse you when I accuse myself. But none knew this thing save our three selves." And his gaze went back to Lucas.

"It is not likely to be he," I said, impelled to be just to him though I did not like him, "for they were going to kill him as well."

Lucas started, then instantly recovered himself.

"A comprehensive plot, Monsieur," he said, with a smile.

"Then who was it?" cried Monsieur to me. "You know. Speak."

"There is a spy in the house—an eavesdropper," I said, and then paused.

"Aye?" said Monsieur. "Who?"

Now, the answer to this was easy, yet I flinched before it; for I knew well enough what Monsieur would do. He feared no man, and waited on no man's advice. And if he was a good lover, he was a good hater. He would not inform the governor, and await the tardy course of justice, that would prob-

ably accomplish—nothing. Nor would he consider the troubled times and the danger of his position, and ignore the affair, as many would have deemed best. He would not stop to think what the Sixteen would have to say to it. No; he would call out the guards and slay the plotters in the Rue Coupejarrets like the wolves they were. It was right he should, but—I owed my life to Yeux-gris.

"His name, man, his name!" Monsieur was crying.

"Monsieur," I returned, flushing hot, "Monsieur—"

"Do you know his name?"

"Yes, Monsieur, I know his name, but—"

Monsieur looked at me in surprise and frowning impatience. Quickly Lucas struck in:

"Monsieur, I have grave doubts of the boy's honesty."

"Doubts!" cried Monsieur, with a sudden laugh. "It is not a case for doubts. The boy states facts."

He seated himself in his chair, his face growing stern again. The little action seemed to make him no longer merely my questioner, but my judge.

"Now, Félix Broux, let us get to the bottom of this."

"Monsieur," I began, struggling to put the case clearly, "I learned of the plot by accident. I did not guess for a long time it was you who were the victim. When I found out that, I came straight here to you. Monsieur, there are four men in the plot, and one of them has stood my friend."

"And my assassin!"

"He is a black-hearted villain!" I acknowledged. "For he swore no harm was meant to you. He swore it was only a private grudge against Lucas. But when one of them let out the truth I came straight to you."

"That is likely true," said Vigo, "for he was ready to kill the men who barred his way."

"You were in a plot to kill my secretary!"

"Ah, Monsieur!" I cried.

"You—Félix Broux!"

I curled with shame.

"M. Lucas had struck me," I muttered; "I thought the fight was fair enough. And they threatened my life."

Monsieur's contemptuous eyes shriveled me as flame shrivels a leaf.

"You—a Broux of St. Quentin!"

Lucas, who had watched me close all the while, as they all three did, said now:

"I believe he is a cheat, Monsieur. There is no plot. He has learned of your plan through the eavesdropper he speaks of and thinks to make credit out of a trumped-up tale of murder."

"No," answered Monsieur, with a sudden smile. "You may think that, Lucas, for he is a stranger to you. But I know him. He was a fool sometimes, but he was never dishonest. You used to be fond of me, Félix. What has happened to make you consort with my enemies?"

"Ah, Monsieur, I love you. I have always loved you," I cried. "I am not lying now, nor cheating you. There is a plot. I learned it and came straight to you, though I was under oath not to betray them."

"Then, in Heaven's name, Félix," burst out Vigo, "which side are you on?"

Monsieur began to laugh.

"That is what I should like to know. For, by St. Quentin, I can make nothing of it."

"Monsieur," insisted Lucas, "whatever he was once, I believe him a trickster now."

Monsieur bent his keen eyes on me.

"No; he is plainly in earnest. Therefore with patience I look to get some sense out of this snarl of a story. Something is there we have not yet fathomed."

"Will Monsieur let me speak?"

"I have done naught but urge you to do so for some time past," he answered dryly.

"Monsieur, you know my father would not let me leave St. Quentin with you, three months back. But at length he said I should come, and I reached Paris last night and, since it was late, lodged at an inn. This morning I came to your gate, but the guard would not let me enter. I was so mad to see you, Monsieur, that when you drove out I sprang up on your coach-step—"

"Ah," said Monsieur, a new light breaking in upon him, "that was you, Félix? I did not know you; I was thinking of other matters. And Lucas took you for a miscreant. Now, I *am* sorry."

If I had been a noble he could not have spoken franker apology. But at once he was stern again.

"And because my secretary took you in all good faith for a possible assassin and struck you to save me, you turn traitor and take part in a plot to set on him and kill him! I had believed that of some hired lackey, not of a Broux."

"Monsieur, I was wrong—a thousand times wrong. I knew that as soon as I had sworn. And when I found it was you they meant, I came to you, oath or no oath."

"There spoke the Broux!" cried Monsieur,

with his brilliant smile. "Now you are Félix. Who are my would-be murderers?"

We had come round in a circle to the place where we had stuck before, and here we stuck again.

"Monsieur, I would tell you all before you could count ten—tell you their names, their whereabouts, everything—were it not for one man who stood my friend."

Monsieur's eyes flashed.

"You call him that—my assassin!"

"He is an assassin," I was forced to answer; "even Monsieur's assassin—and a perjurer. But—but, Monsieur, he saved my life from the other, at the risk of his own. How can I pay him back by betraying him?"

"According to his own account, he betrayed you."

"Aye, he lied to me," I said brokenly. "Yet, Monsieur, if it were your own case, and one had saved your life, were he the scum of the gutter, would you send him to his death?"

"To whom do you owe your first duty?"

"Monsieur, to you."

"Then speak."

But I could not do it. Though I knew Yeux-gris for a villain, yet he had saved my life.

"Monsieur, I cannot."

The duke cried out:

"This to me!".

There was a silence. I stood with hanging head, the picture of a shame-faced knave. Shame so filled me that I could not look up to meet Monsieur's sentence. But when I had remembered the good hater in Monsieur, I should have remembered, too, the good lover. Monsieur had been fond of me at St. Quentin. As I waited for the lightning to strike, he said with utmost gentleness.

"Félix, let me understand you. In what manner did this man save your life?"

Now, that was like my lord. Though a hot man, he loved fairness and ever strove to do the just thing, and his patience was the finer that it was not his nature. His leniency fired me with a sudden hope.

"Monsieur, there are four of them in the plot. But one cannot be as vile as the others, since he saved my life. Monsieur, if I tell you, will you let that one go?"

"I shall do as I see fit," he answered, all the duke. "Félix, will you speak?"

"Monsieur, if you will promise to let him go—"

"Insolence, sirrah! I do not bargain with my servants."

His words were like whips. I flinched before his proud anger, and for the second time stood with hanging head awaiting his sentence. And again he did what I could not guess. He cried out:

"Félix, you are blind, besotted, mad. You know not what you do. I am in constant danger. The city is filled with my enemies. The Leagues hate me and are ever plotting mischief against me. Every day their mistrust and hatred grow. I did a bold thing in coming to Paris, but I had a great end to serve—to pave the way into the capital for the Catholic king and bring the land to peace. For that, I live in hourly jeopardy, and risk my life to-night on foot in the streets. If I am killed, more than my life is lost. The Church may lose the king, and this dear France of ours be harried to a desert in the civil wars!"

I had braced myself to bear Monsieur's anger, but this unlooked-for appeal pierced me through and through. All the love and loyalty in me—and I had much, though it may not have seemed so—rose in answer to Monsieur's call. I fell on my knees before him, choked with sobs.

Monsieur's hand lay on my head as he said quietly:

"Now, Félix, speak."

I answered huskily:

"Monsieur, would you have me turn Judas?"

"Judas betrayed his *Master*."

It was my last stand. My last redout had fallen. I raised my head to tell him all.

Maybe it was the tears in my eyes, but as I lifted them to M. le Duc, I saw not him, but Yeux-gris—Yeux-gris looking at me with warm good will, as he had looked when he was saving me from Gervais. I saw him, I say, plain before my eyes. The next instant there was nothing but Monsieur's face of rising impatience.

I rose to my feet, and said:

"Kill me, Monsieur; I cannot tell you."

"Nom de dieu!" he shouted, springing up.

I shut my eyes and waited. Had he slain me then and there it were no more than my deserts. I could not but open my eyes again.

"Monsieur," said Vigo, immovably, "shall I go for the boot?"

I opened my eyes then. Monsieur stood quite still, his brow knotted, his hands clenched as if to keep them off me.

"Monsieur," I said, "send for the boot, the thumbscrew, whatever you please. I deserve it, and I will bear it. Monsieur, it is not that I will not tell. It is something stronger than I. I *cannot*."

He burst into an angry laugh.

"Say you are possessed of a devil, and I will believe it. My faith! though you are a low-born lad and I Duke of St. Quentin, I seem to be getting the worst of it."

"There is the boot, Monsieur."

Monsieur laughed again, no less angrily.

"That does not help me, my good Vigo. I cannot torture a Broux."

"There Monsieur is wrong. The lad has been disloyal and insolent, if he is a Broux."

"Granted, Vigo," said M. le Duc. But he did not add, "Fetch the boot."

Vigo went on with steady persistence. "He has not been loyal to Monsieur and his interests in refusing to tell what he knows. And if he goes counter to Monsieur's interests he is a traitor, Broux or no Broux. He has no claim to be treated as other than an enemy. These are serious times. Monsieur does not well to play with his dangers. The boy must tell what he knows. Am I to go for the boot, Monsieur?"

M. le Duc was silent for a moment, while the hot flush that had sprung to his face died away. Then he answered Vigo:

"Nevertheless, it is owing to Félix that I shall not walk out to meet my death to-night."

The secretary had stood silent for a long time, fingering nervously the papers on the table. I had forgotten his presence, when now he stepped forward and said:

"If I might be permitted a suggestion, Monsieur—"

Monsieur silenced him with a sharp gesture.

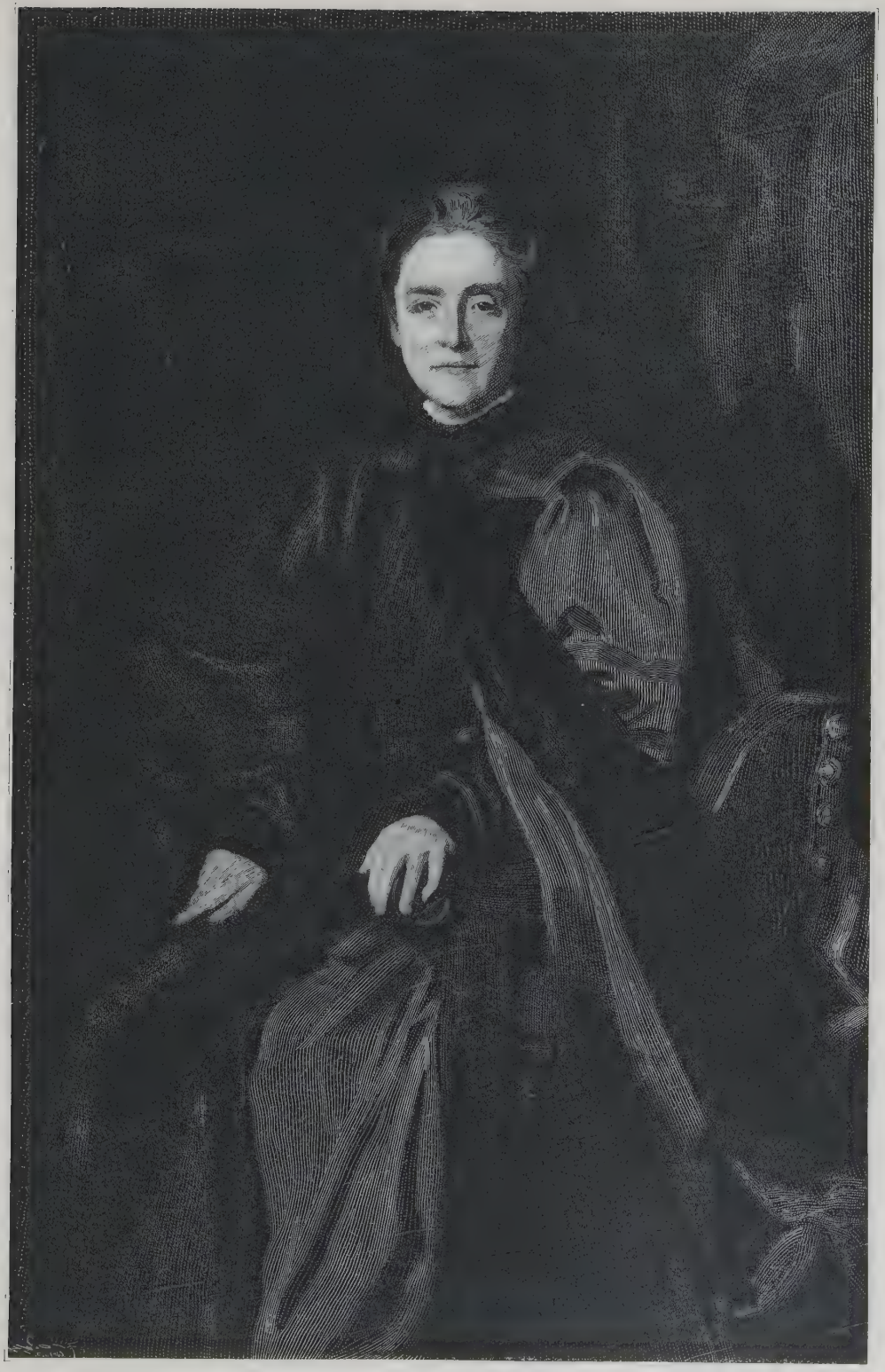
"Félix Broux," he said to me, "you have been following a bad plan. It is not possible for any man to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. You are either my loyal servant or my enemy, one thing or the other. Now, I am loath to hurt you. You have seen how I am loath to hurt you. I give you one more chance to be honest. Go and think it over. If in half an hour you have decided that you are my true man, well and good. If not, by St. Quentin, we will see what a flogging can do!"

(To be continued.)

"THE SUMMER SEEMED IMMORTAL."

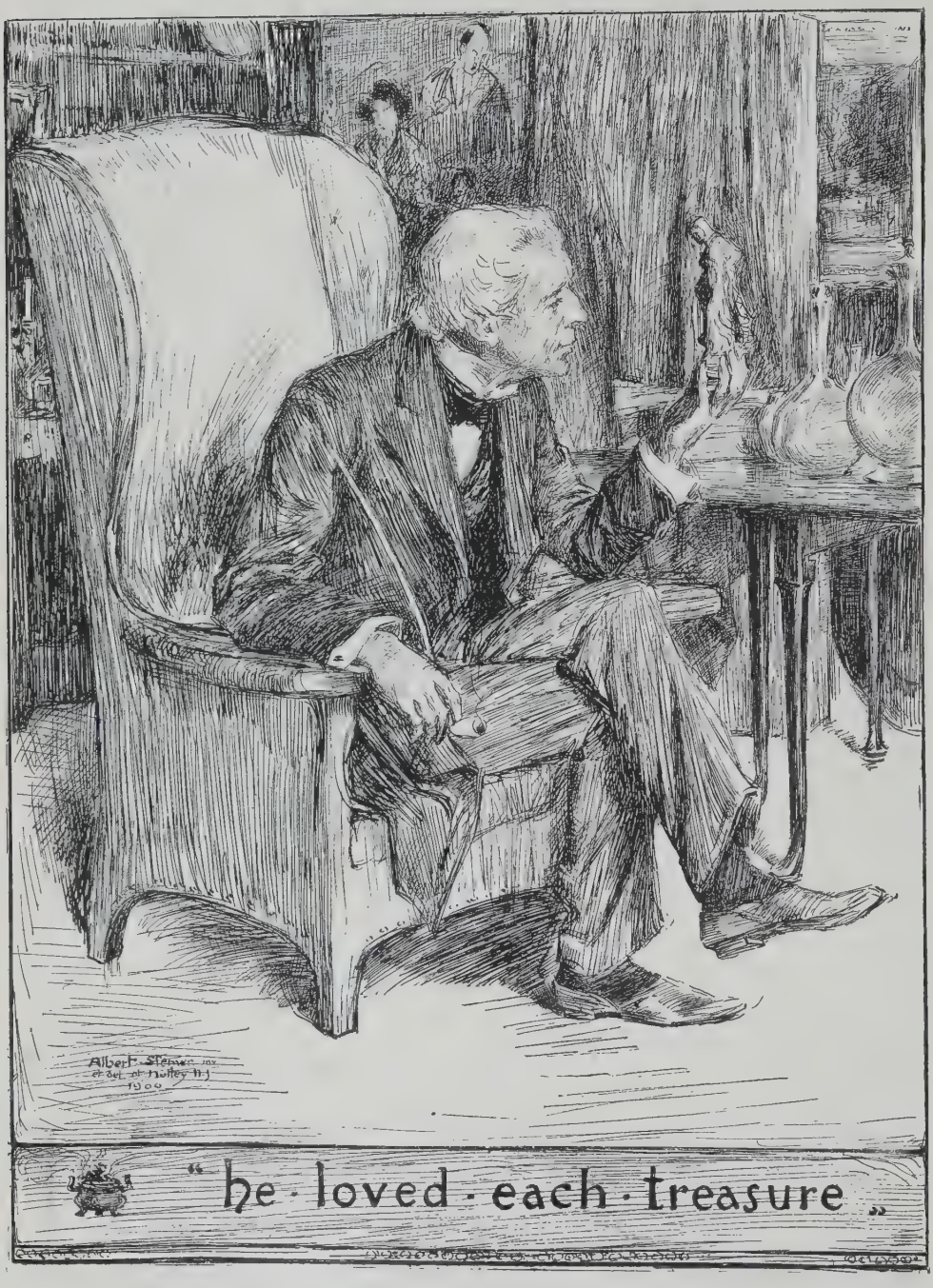
BY JOSEPH RUSSELL TAYLOR.

THE summer seemed immortal in its prime
Upon the high hill-meadow, scenting air
With its white frost of boneset, and its rare
Incense of primrose in a golden clime:
And through the silence of the cricket-chime
The dove was like intoning memories
In pregnant silence and Arcadian ease
Deep in a mellow interim of time.
But in the woods I felt a breath of change
Through all that lotus-eating languor blow;
I heard a gossiped word from oak to oak
Sound, like the skirts of summer passing; and lo,
Wandering Odysseus in my veins awoke,
The seasons stepped, and all the world was strange.



ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF. PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDERICK HOLLYER.

EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE. I: MISS M. CAREY THOMAS, PRESIDENT OF BRYN MAWR COLLEGE. PAINTED BY JOHN S. SARGENT.



"he · loved · each · treasure"

THE OLD COLLECTOR *by Beatrice Hanscom*

'T IS strange to look across the street
And feel that we no more shall greet
Our middle-aged, precise, and neat,
Old-fashioned neighbor.
It seems, in his unlighted hall,
His much-prized pictures on the wall
Must miss his presence, and recall
His loving labor.

His manner was serene and fine,
Fashioned on some Old-World design.
His wit grew keener with the wine,
And kindlier after;
And when the revelry rang high,
No one could make more apt reply;
Yet, though they sometimes marked his sigh,
None heard his laughter.

He held as foolish him who dotes
On politics or petticoats;
He vowed he 'd hear no talk of votes
Or silly scandals.
No journeys tempted him; he swore
He held his world within his door,
And there he 'd dwell till life was o'er,
Secure from vandals.

"Why should I roam the world again?"
He said. "Domingo shows me Spain;
The dust of travel then were vain.
What springtime chances
To match my Corot there! One glance
Is worth a year of actual France.
The real ne'er equals the romance,
Nor fact our fancies."

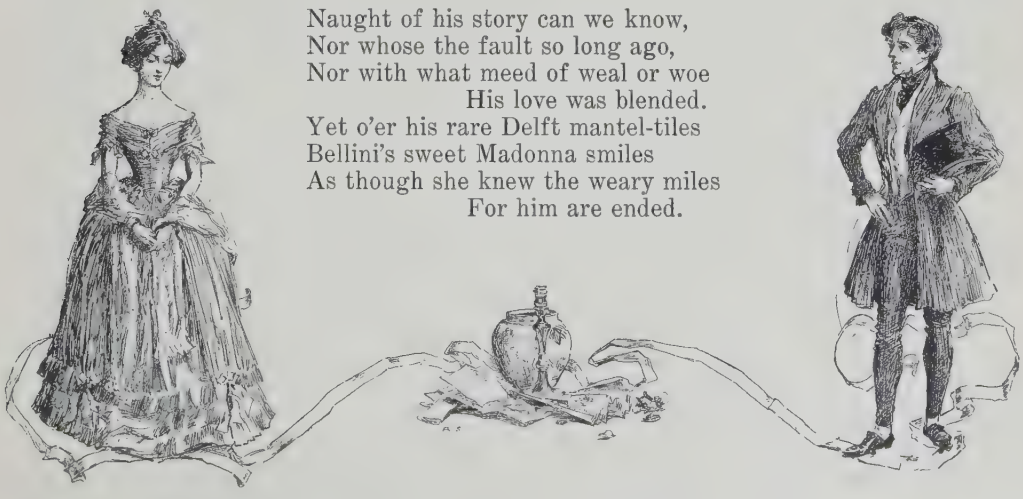
His walls were decked with maidens fair—
A Henner with rich auburn hair;
A Reynolds with the stately air
That fits a beauty;
There glanced a Greuze with girlish grace;
And yonder, with the strong, calm face,
The peasant sister of her race,
Whose life is duty.

He valued most the sunny day
Because it lighted his Dupré,
And showed his small Meissonier
In proper fashion.
And tender was the glance he bent
Upon his missal's ornament,
Whereon some patient monk had spent
His artist passion.

I used to love to see him pass
His fingers o'er some rare old glass.
He never took delight *en masse;*
He loved each treasure:
The precious bronzes from Japan,
The rugs from towered Ispahan,
His rose-tint Sèvres, his famous fan—
Each had its pleasure.

And so he held that Art was all;
Yet when Death made the solemn call,
Before the desk in his long hall
They found him sitting.
Within the hands clasped on his breast
An old daguerreotype was pressed—
A sweet-faced, smiling girl, and dressed
In frills befitting.

Naught of his story can we know,
Nor whose the fault so long ago,
Nor with what meed of weal or woe
His love was blended.
Yet o'er his rare Delft mantel-tiles
Bellini's sweet Madonna smiles
As though she knew the weary miles
For him are ended.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE BANK OF "THE POOL." LOOKING TOWARD TOWER BRIDGE.

THE RIVERSIDE OF EAST LONDON.

FROM LONDON BRIDGE TO ST. KATHERINE'S DOCKS.

BY SIR WALTER BESANT.

MY American readers may not know what and where is the city which we call East London, or sometimes the East End. It is a very large and populous city indeed; there are few cities of the world which are so populous. There is not one great city in the world which is so little known, or so little visited even by the citizens of that ancient and venerable city beside which it lies.

If you will look at the little map you will observe that the course of the Thames lies winding through a broad marsh on each side. You will observe also that there is a hill or cliff indicated on the north and on the south, and that where this cliff on the north comes down to the river the City of London was built. Two or three of the old roads are shown. All that part which lies to the east of the North Road we may call East London. The river Lea, on the east, is the natural boundary, but there have arisen on the other side of the Lea new suburbs with gardens and parks, and great industrial cities with populations reckoned by the hundred thousand.

You must not suppose that the marsh still exists. The whole of it, except a small part within the Isle of Dogs, is now embanked, drained, and built upon. Along the banks lie a succession of "hamlets," as they have always been called; they are now contiguous towns. There is very little history of interest attached to this great area. The riverside began to be built upon only three hundred years ago; the inland part, with the exception of a few houses here and there, has been covered with houses in the last hundred years. There were one or two monastic houses, a bishop's palace, and one parish church, for the large parish called Stebenhithe (now Stepney), which covered the area north of the Thames. Farm-houses were scattered about; there were orchards and gardens, lovely woods, broad pastures, acres of waving corn. The citizens of London, though this place belonged to the bishop, had the right of hunting and fishing in its woods and over its low-lying levels. It was a right of the most valuable kind, for the marshes were full of wild birds, and the woods were full of creatures fit for man's food. In the year 1504 Sir Thomas More,

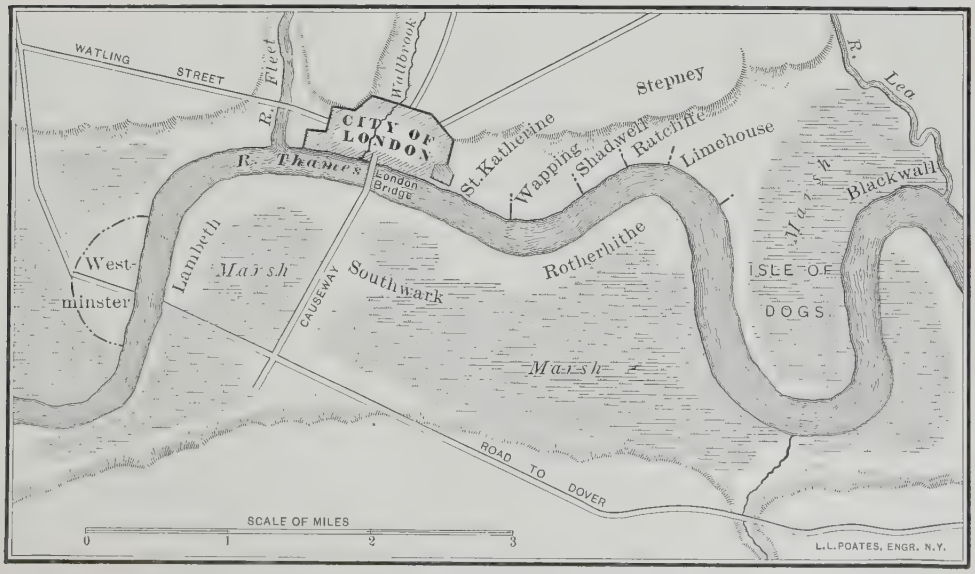
writing to his friend Dean Colet, then vicar of Stepney, says: "Wheresoever you look the earth yieldeth you a pleasant prospect, the temperature of the air fresheth you, and the very bounds of the heavens do delight you. Here you find nothing but bounteous gifts of nature and saint-like tokens of innocency."

Such is the original situation, such the ground, on which East London has grown.

Most cities, excepting the new cities of the present century, such as Chicago or Melbourne, have a history, either a civic history or a local history, of their own. East London is remarkable for the fact that her history is entirely modern. Once, it is true, a parliament was held here. What it did, and why it was called, belong to the history of the country. There are deeds and documents in the Gildhall and the Record Office which yield for the antiquary notes of families and of manors and of names; to us these notes have no interest. A queen once built a bridge here, another queen founded a religious house here, and so forth. Two hundred years ago or thereabout begins the history of East London. It is a purely local history; it has no municipal significance. There was, indeed, no municipality. There are simply detached episodes which we shall find as we go along.

We must not expect to find in East London the usual attributes of a city. It has had no bond of union; no mayor, aldermen, or common council; no city hall, no cathedral, no civic institutions. Formerly it had nothing but parishes and vestries; of late it has had its share in the London County Council and the London School Board. And now a new bill has given the place separate municipalities, and has mischievously and needlessly endeavored to divide what is one great city, which has grown up and spread quite naturally in all directions, into twenty artificial cities, not one of which can have any possible civic spirit. This, however, touches on the politics of the day.

East London, then, being so situated, consisted until yesterday of certain parishes. We need not inquire further into its local government or into its antiquities. It is with humanity, with the men and women of the place, that we are concerned. Nowhere else can we find men and women so crammed and crowded together as over this broad area. If you want a democracy pure and simple, go look for it in East London, where there is neither aristocrat nor gentleman. Hardly will you find a rich man living in the place, hardly any of the employers of this vast horde. Here they are all working-people. They range from the leaders of labor, the educated engineers, the firemen, the highly skilled hand, down to the casual laborer, the docker, and the factory girl. We may approach this mass of humanity either in despair, because it is what it is, or with admiration, because it is not what it might be. I shall endeavor to show you what the people are, and what are the forces and influences making them what they are. The contemplation of crowded life has always



ANCIENT LONDON AND ITS OUTLYING HAMLETS.

its sad side, but in East London it has an eminently hopeful side. To me it is not saddening at all, but stimulating, to walk about its streets, to watch the people, to talk with them, and to learn from those who work among them their record of the past and the prospects of the future. I do not say that an East-End laborer, because he is an East-End laborer, is more interesting than a West-End lord; but it will be admitted that he may be quite as full of interest, and there are so very many more of him. So also a factory girl may not be in herself more interesting than the daughter of a duke, but there are so very many more of her.

East London is a collection of new towns crammed with people; it is also a collection of industries. It is a hive of quiet, patient, humble workers. All its people live by their own labor. It is a busy port with a population of sailors and those who belong to sailors, together with those who make their livelihood out of sailors, and such as go down to the sea in ships. Its riverside is cut up with docks. In and about among the houses and the streets about the docks rise forests of masts. There is no seaport in the country, not even Portsmouth, which is so charged and laden with the atmosphere of ocean and the suggestions of things far off as this port of London and this riverside. The port and the river were here long before East London was begun. The port, however, was formerly higher up, just under London Bridge. It was one of London's sturdy mayors who bluntly reminded a king who threatened to take away the trade of London that, at least, he could not take away the river.

Let us walk quietly about this strange city, which has so little to show but people and work. We will begin with the riverside, the port, and the pool, and the hamlets which lie beside the river.

There is one place in London where, at any time of day, and all the year round, except in days of rain and snow, you may find a long line of people, men and women, boys and girls—people well dressed and people in rags; people who are halting here on their errands or their business, and people who have no work to do. They stand here side by side, leaning over the low wall, and they gaze earnestly and intently upon the river below. They do not converse with one another; there is no exchange of reflections; they stand in silence, and they gaze. The place is London Bridge. They lean against the wall, and they look down upon the pool, that is to say, upon the reach of the river that lies below London Bridge. I have never crossed the bridge without finding that long line of interested spectators. They are not in a hurry. They seem to have nothing to do but to look on. They are not, apparently, country visitors. Most of them have the unmistakable stamp of London upon them. They never tire of the prospect before them; they tear themselves away unwillingly; they move on slowly; when one goes, another takes his place. What are they thinking about? Why are they all silent? Why do they gaze so intently? What is it that attracts them? They do not look as if they were engaged in mentally restoring the vanished past; I doubt, indeed, whether they know anything of any past. Perhaps their imagination is vaguely stimulated by the mere prospect of the full flood of the river and by the sight of the ships. As they stand there in silence, perhaps their thoughts go forth; on wings invisible they are wafted beyond the river, beyond the ocean, to far-off lands and purple islands. At least, I hope so; otherwise I do not understand why they stand there so long and are so deeply wrapped in thought.

To one who was ignorant of the fact that London is one of the great ports of the world, the sight of the pool would not convey that knowledge. What do we see? Nothing to suggest the trade which is carried on at this port. Just below us, on the left, is a long covered quay with a crane upon it. Bales and casks are lying about. Two steamers are moored beside the quay. Above them are ranged barges, three or four side by side, and about a dozen in all. One of them is alongside the farther steamer, receiving some of her cargo. On the opposite shore there are two or three steamers, with a great many more barges, mostly empty. Tugs fight their way up against the tide. Heavily laden barges with red sails, steered by long sweeps, drop down with the ebb; fishing-smacks lie close inshore, convenient for Billingsgate market; there is a two-masted vessel, of the kind that used to be called a ketch, lying moored in midstream—what is she doing there? All this is very well, but it does not suggest a great and busy port. The steamers are not the ocean liners; they are much smaller craft. They run between London and Hamburg, London and Antwerp, London and Dieppe. The ships which bring the treasures of the world to London port are all in the docks, where they are out of sight; there is no evidence to this group of spectators from the bridge of their presence

DRAWN BY PHIL MAY.

A STREET ROW IN THE EAST END.

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE WATER-GATE OF LONDON: TOWER BRIDGE FROM THE EAST SIDE OF THE TOWER.

at all, or of the rich argosies they bear within them.

You should have seen this place a hundred years ago. Try to carry your imagination so far back. Before you lie the vessels in long lines, moored side by side. They form regular streets with broad waterways between; as each ship comes up-stream it is assigned its place. There are no docks. The ships receive or discharge their cargo by means of barges or lighters, of which there are thousands on the river. There are certain quays at which everything is landed, in the presence of custom-house officers, landing-surveyors, and landing-masters. All day long, and all the year round, except on Sunday, the barges are going backward and forward, lying alongside, loading and unloading; all day long you will hear the never-ending shouting, ordering, quarreling of the bargees and the sailors. The pool is as full of noise as it is full of movement. Every trade and every country are represented in the pool. The rig, the lines, the masts of every ship, proclaim her nationality and the nature of her trade. There are the stately East and West Indiamen, the black collier, the brig and the brigantine and the schooner, the

Dutch galiot, the three-masted Norwegian, the coaster, and the multitudinous smaller craft—the sailing-barge, the oyster-boat, the smack, the pinnace, the snow, the yacht, the lugger, the hog-boat, the ketch, the hoy, the lighter, and the wherry, and always ships and mysterious rig. They are short and broad and solidly built; they are not built for speed; they are high in the poop, low in the waist, and broad in the bow; they roll before the wind with their single mast and single sail; they are coasters laden with provisions;

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

dropping down the river with the ebb, or making their slow way up the river with the flow.

Steam is a leveler by sea as well as on land. On the latter it has destroyed the picturesque stage-coach and the post-chaise, and the berlin and the family coach; by sea it banishes the old sailing-craft of all kinds. One after the other they disappear. How many landsmen are there who at the present day know how to distinguish between brig and brigantine, between ketch and snow?

I said that there is no history to speak of in East London. The pool and the port must be excepted. They are full of history, could we stop for some of it—the history of ship-building, the expansion of trade, the pirates of the German Ocean. When one begins to look back, the things of the past arise in the mind one after the other, and are acted again before one's eyes. You have seen the pool in 1800. Look again in 1400. The pool is full of ships, but they are of strange build they are heavily built craft from Bordeaux, deep down in the water with casks of wine; they are weather-beaten ships, bringing turpentine, tallow, furs, skins, from the Baltic. And even while we look there comes sweeping up the river the stately fleet of long Venetian galleys rowed by Turkish slaves, with gilded masts and painted bows. They come every year, a whole fleet of them. They put in first at Southampton, they go on to Antwerp, they cross the German Ocean again to London. Mark the pious custom of the time. It is not only the Venetian custom, but that of every country. When the ship has reached her moorings, when the anchor is dropped, and the galley swings into place, the ship's company gather together before the mainmast, slaves and all, and so, bareheaded, sing a hymn of praise to the Virgin, who has brought them safe to port.

Of history, indeed, there is no end. Below us is the custom-house. It has always stood

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

THE WATER-GATE OF LONDON: TOWER BRIDGE LOOKING TOWARD ST. PAUL'S.

near the same spot. We shall perhaps see Geoffrey Chaucer, if we are lucky, walking about engaged in the duty of his office, and we may see, perhaps, Dick Whittington, the prentice lad newly arrived from the country. He looks wistfully at the ships; they represent the world that he must conquer. So much he understands already. They are to become somehow his own ships; they are to bring home his treasures—cloth of gold and of silver, velvet, silk, spices, perfumes, choice weapons, fragrant woods; they are to make him the richest merchant in all the city; they are to enable him to entertain in his own house the king and the queen, and to tear up the king's bonds, amounting to a princely fortune. You may see, later on, one Shakspere loitering about the quays. He is a young fellow with rustic ruddiness of countenance, like David; he is quiet and keeps by himself; he looks on and listens, but says nothing. He learns everything,—the talk of sailors, soldiers, workingmen, all,—and he forgets nothing. Later on, again, you may see Daniel Defoe, note-book in hand, questioning the sailors from every port, but especially those who know the ports of the American colonies and the plantations of Virginia. He, too, observes everything, notes everything, and reproduces everything. As to the pool and the port and their history one could go on forever. But the tale of London town contains it all, and that must be told in another place.

Come back to the pool of the eighteenth century, because it is there that we get the first glimpse of the people who live by the shipping and the port. They have always been the same: first, the sailors themselves; next the lightermen, stevedores, and porters; then the boat-builders, barge-builders, rope-makers, block-makers, ships' carpenters, mast-and-yard makers, shipwrights, keepers of taverns and ale-houses, dealers in ships' stores, and many others. Now, in the eighteenth century the shipping of London port increased by leaps and bounds. In 1709 there were only five hundred and sixty ships belonging to this port; in 1740 the number was multiplied by three. With this increase there was, naturally, a corresponding increase of the riverside population. Their homes were beyond and outside the jurisdiction of the city. They outgrew the inefficient county machinery for the enforcement of order and the prevention and punishment of crime. As years went on the riverside became more densely populated, and the people, left to themselves, grew year by year more lawless, more ignorant, more drunken, more savage. There never was a time, there never was any other place, unless it might have been some short-lived pirate settlement on a West Indian key, where there was so much savagery as on the riverside of London, those hamlets marked on my map, toward the close of the eighteenth century. When one thinks of it, when one realizes the real nature of the situation and its perils, one is amazed that we got through without the rising and the massacre of the mob, not once only, as in the Gordon riots, but a dozen times.

The whole of the riverside population, including not only the bargemen and porters, but the people ashore, the dealers in drink, the shopkeepers, the dealers in marine stores, were joined and banded together in an organized system of plunder and robbery. They robbed the ships of their cargoes as they unloaded them; they robbed them of their cargoes as they carried them in the barge from the wharf to the ship. They were all concerned in it, man, woman, and child. They all looked upon the shipping as a legitimate object of plunder. There was no longer any question of conscience; there was no conscience left at all. How could there be any conscience where there was no education, no religion, not even any superstition? Of course the greatest robbers were the lightermen themselves; but the boys were sent out in light boats, which pulled out of sight under the stern of the vessels, and received small parcels of value tossed to them from the men in the ships. These men wore leathern aprons, which were contrived as water-tight bags, which they could fill with rum or brandy, and they had huge pockets concealed behind the aprons, which they crammed with stuff. On shore every other house was a drinking-shop and a fence or a receiving-shop. The evenings were spent in selling the day's robberies and drinking the proceeds. Silk, velvet, spices, rum, brandy, tobacco, everything that was brought from over the sea, became the spoil of this vermin. They divided the work; they took different branches under different names; they shielded one another. If the custom-house people or the wharfingers tried to arrest one, he was protected by his companions. It was estimated in 1798 that goods to the value of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds were stolen every year from the ships in the pool by the men who worked at discharging cargo. The people grew no richer, because they sold their plunder for a

song and drank up the money every day. But they had, at least, as much as they could drink.

Imagine, then, the consternation and disgust of this honest folk when they found that the ships were in future going to receive cargo and to unlade, not in the open river, but in dock, the new wet-dock, capable of receiving all; that the only entrance and exit for the workmen was by a gate, at which stood half a dozen stalwart warders; that the good old leathern apron was suspected and handled; that pockets were regarded with suspicion and were searched; and that the dockers who showed bulginess in any portion of their figure were ignominiously set aside and strictly examined. No more confidence between man and man; no more respect for the dignity of the workingman. The joy, the pride, the prizes of the profession, all went out as if at one stroke. I am sorry that we have no record of the popular feeling on the riverside when it became at last understood that there was no longer any hope, that honesty had actually become compulsory. What is the worth of virtue if it is no longer voluntary? For the first time these injured people felt the true curse of labor. Did they hold public meetings? Did they demonstrate? Did they make processions with flags and drums? Did they call upon their fellow-workmen to turn out in their millions and protest against enforced honesty? If they did we hear nothing of it. The riverside was, unfortunately, considered at that time beneath the dignity of the press. After a few unfortunates had been taken at the dock gates with their aprons full of rum to the chin; after these captives had been haled before the magistrate, tried at the Old Bailey, without the least sympathy for old-established custom, and then imprisoned, and even flogged with the utmost barbarity, I think that a general depression of spirits, a hitherto unknown dejection, fell upon the quarter and remained, a cloud that nothing could dispel; that all the traders became bankrupt; that the demand for drink went down, until it really seemed as if, from Wapping to Blackwall, the riverside was becoming sober.

Billingsgate, the great fish-market, is down below us, just beyond the first wharves and the steamers. This is one of the old harbors of London. It was formerly square in shape, an artificial port simply carved out of the Thames foreshore of mud, and kept from falling in by timber piles driven in on three sides. It was very easy to construct such a port in this soft foreshore; there were two others much like this higher up the river. Of these one remains to this day—a square harbor just as it was made fifteen hundred—or was it two thousand?—years ago. Most of the old port of Billingsgate has now been filled up, and a convenient quay stands in its place. A new market has also been erected in place of the old sheds. With these improvements, it is said to be now the finest fish-market in the world. Without going round the whole world to prove the superiority of Billingsgate, one would submit that it is really a very fine market indeed. Formerly it was graced by the presence of the fishwomen, those ladies, celebrated in verse and in prose, who contributed a new noun to the language. The word "billingsgate" conveys the impression of ready speech and mother-wit, both speech and wit unrestrained, of rolling torrents of invective, of a rare invention in abuse, and of a give and take of charge and repartee as quick and as dexterous as the play of single stick between two masters of defense. The fishwomen of the market enjoyed the reputation of being more skilled in this language than any other class in London. The carmen, the brewers' draymen, the watermen, the fellowship porters, were acknowledged as masters of billingsgate—in fact, they all practised daily; but none, it was recognized, none, in fullness and richness of detail, in decoration, in invention, could rise to the heights reached by the fishwomen of the market. They were also as strong physically as men, even men of their own class: they could wrestle and throw most men. If a visitor offended one of them she ducked him in the river. They all smoked pipes like men, and they drank rum and beer like men. They were a picturesque part of the market, presiding over their stalls. Alas! the market knows them no more. The fishwoman has been banished from the place. She lingers still in the dried-fish market opposite, but she is changed. She has lost her old superiority of language; she no longer drinks or smokes, or exchanges repartee. She is sad and silent. Alas! we have our little day, and it is too soon over.

If you would see the market at its best you must visit it at five in the morning, when the day's work begins. The place is then already crowded. You will find bustle and noise enough over the sale of such an enormous mass of fish as will help you to understand something of hungry London. Hither

come all the fishmongers of London to buy up their daily supplies. If you try to connect this vast mass of fish with the mouths for which it is destined, you will feel the same kind of bewilderment that falls upon the brain when it tries to realize the meaning of millions.

Next to Billingsgate stands the custom-house, with its noble terrace overlooking the river, and its stately buildings. This is the fifth or sixth custom-house; the first of which we have any record, that in which Chaucer was an officer, stood a little nearer to the Tower. After keeping the king's accounts and receiving the king's customs all day, it was pleasant for him to sit in the airy chamber over the Gate of Ald, where the poet lived, and to meditate his verses, looking down upon the crowds below.

Next to the custom-house you see the Tower and Tower Hill. I once knew an American who told me that he had been in London three years and had never once gone to see even the outside of the Tower of London. There are, you see, two varieties of man; perhaps they are the principal divisions of the species. To the first belongs the man who feels himself compounded of all the generations which have gone before. He is, consciously, the child of the ages. In his frame and figure he feels himself the descendant of the naked savage who killed his prey with a club torn from a tree. In his manners, customs, laws, institutions, and religion he enjoys, consciously, the achievements of his ancestors. He never forgets the past from which he has sprung. He never tires of tracing the gradual changes which made the present possible. Like the genealogist, he is always engaged in establishing a connection. I am myself one of this school. I do not know any of my ancestors by sight, nor do I know whether to look for them among the knights or among the men-at-arms; but I know that they were fighting at Hastings and at Agincourt, beside Harold and beside Henry. If I consider the man of old, the average man, I look in the glass. When I sit upon a jury I am reminded of that old form of trial, when a prisoner's neighbors became his compurgators, and solemnly swore that a man with such an excellent character could not possibly have done such a thing. When I hear of a ward-election I remember the ward-mote of my ancestors. I think that I belong more to the past than to the present. I would not, if I could, escape from the past.

But then there is that other school whose disciples care nothing about the past. They live in the present. They work for the present, regardless of either past or future. Their face is turned ever forward; they will not look back. They use the things of the past because they are ready to hand. They would improve them if they could; they would abolish them if they got in the way of advance. They are the practical men, the administrators, the inventors, the engineers. For such men the laws of their country, their liberties, the civic peace and order which allow them to work undisturbed, all are ready-made; they found them here; they do not ask how they came. If they come across any old thing and think it is in their way, they sweep it off the earth without the least remorse. They love a new building, a new fashion, a new invention. They are the men who see the Tower of London only by accident as they go up and down the river, and they think what a noble site for warehouses is wasted by that great stone place. This is a very large school; it embraces more than the half of civilized humanity. When we speak of the Tower, therefore, it is to the former school, the lesser half.

Three hundred years ago Stow wrote of the Tower of London in these words: "Now to conclude in summary. The Tower is a citadel to defend or command the city; a royal palace for assemblies or treaties; a prison of state for the most dangerous offenders; the only place of coinage for all England; the armory for warlike provision; the treasury of the ornaments and jewels of the crown; the general conserves of the most ancient records of the king's courts of justice at Westminster."

The history of the Tower would cover many sheets of long and gloomy pages. There is no sadder history anywhere. Fortunately, we need not tell it here. When you think of it, remember that it is still, as it always has been, a fortress; it has been, in addition, from time to time, a palace, a court, a mint, a prison; but it has always been a fortress, and it is a fortress still. At night the gates are shut. No one after dark is admitted without the password. To the lord mayor alone, as a compliment and a voluntary act of friendliness on the part of the crown, the password is intrusted day by day. The Tower was surrounded by a small tract of ground called the Tower Liberties. Formerly the city had no jurisdiction over this district. Even now the boundaries of the Liberties are marked out again every three years by a procession including the

major of the Tower and the chief officials, —among them the jailer with his ax of office, —and the school-children carrying white wands. They march from post to post. At every place where the broad-arrow marks the boundary, the children beat it with their wands. In former times they caught the nearest bystander and beat him on the spot, in this way impressing upon his memory, in a way not likely to be forgotten, the boundaries of the Tower Liberties. In such fashion, "by reason of thwacks," was the barber in "The Shaving of Shagpat" made to remember the injunctions which led him to great honor. In every London parish to this day they "beat the bounds" once a year with such a procession. I know not if the custom is still preserved outside London; but I remember such a beating of the bounds long years ago, beside Clapham Common, when the boys in the procession caught other boys, and, after bumping them against the post, slashed at them with their wands. We were the other boys, and there was a fight, which, while it lasted, was brisk and enjoyable.

There are two places belonging to the Tower which should be specially interesting to the visitor. These are the chapel called "St. Peter ad Vincula," and the terrace along the river. The history, my American friend, which this chapel illustrates, is your property and your inheritance as much as our own. Your ancestors, as well as ours, looked on while the people buried in the chapel were done to death. Look at those letters "A. B." They mark the grave of the hapless Anne Boleyn, a martyr perhaps, a child of her own bad age perhaps—who knows? Beside her lies her sister in misfortune, no martyr, if all is true, yet surely hapless—Catharine Howard. Here lies the sweetest and tenderest of victims—Lady Jane Grey. You cannot read her last words without breaking down; you cannot think of her fate without tears. Here lies Sir Walter Raleigh. Is there anywhere in America a monument to the memory of this illustrious man, who did so much and dreamed so much more for the American settlements? For the rest, come here and make your own catalogue. It will recall, as Macaulay wrote, "whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame."

The other place, the terrace along the river, is fit for the musing of a summer afternoon. In front you have life, the life of the day; behind you have life, but it is the life of the past. Nowhere in England can you find such a contrast. Sit down upon this terrace, among the old useless cannon, among the children at play, and the contrast will presently seize you and hold you rapt and charmed.

It is also the best place for seeing the gray old fabric itself, with its ancient walls and towers of stone, its barbican, its ditch, its gates, its keep, and the modern additions in brick and wood that have grown up among the medieval work, incongruities which still do not disfigure. On the east of the Tower a new road has been constructed as an approach to the Tower Bridge. From this road another and quite a new view can now be obtained of the Tower, which from this point of view reveals the number and the grouping of its buildings. I have not seen represented anywhere this new side of the Tower.

I have said nothing all this time of London's new gate. Yet you have been looking at it from London Bridge and from the terrace. It is the new water-gate, the noblest and most stately gate possessed by any city, the gate called the Tower Bridge. It is briefly a bascule-bridge, that is, a bridge which parts in the middle, each arm being lifted up to open the way, like many smaller bridges in Holland and elsewhere, for a ship to pass through. It was begun in 1884 and finished in 1894.

It consists of two lofty towers communicating with each shore by a suspension-bridge. There is a permanent upper bridge across the space between the towers, access being gained from the lower level by lifts. The lower bridge, on the level of the two suspension-bridges, is the bascule, which is raised up by weights acting within the two towers, so as to leave the space clear.

The width of the central span is two hundred feet clear; the height of the permanent bridge is one hundred and thirty-five feet above high-water mark when open, and the lower bridge is twenty-nine feet above high-water mark when closed. The two great piers on which the towers are built are one hundred and eighty-five feet long and seventy feet wide; the side spans are two hundred and seventy feet in the clear.

The bascule may be described as a lever turning on a pivot; the shorter and therefore the heavier (six hundred and twenty-one tons) end is within the Tower. The bascule swings up about seventeen times a day, but the ships are more and more going into the docks below, so that the raising of the arms

is becoming every day a rarer event. It is a pleasant sight to see the huge arms rising up as lightly as if they were two deal planks, while the great ship passes through; then the arms fall back gently and noiselessly, and the traffic goes on again, the whole interruption not lasting more than a few minutes—less time than a block in Cheapside or Broadway.

Beyond the Tower are the docks named after St. Katherine. They are so named to commemorate an ancient monument and a modern act of vandalism, more disgraceful perhaps than any of those many acts by which things ancient and precious have been destroyed.

On the site of those docks there stood for seven hundred years one of the most picturesque and venerable of city foundations. Here was the house called St. Katherine's-by-the-Tower. Its first foundress was Matilda, queen of Stephen. She created the place and endowed it, in the spirit of the time, in grief for the loss of two children who died and were buried in the church of the Holy Trinity Priory, Aldgate. Later on Eleanor, queen of Edward I, added certain manors to the little foundation, which had hitherto been but a cell to the Holy Trinity Priory. She appointed and endowed a master, three brethren, three sisters, the beadswoman, and six poor clerks. Fifty years later a third queen, Philippa, wife of Edward III, increased the endowments. We should hardly expect this ancient foundation to survive to the present day, but it has done so. The house was spared at the dissolution; it was considered peculiarly under the protection of the queen consort, since three queens in succession had endowed it. Therefore, while all the other religious houses in the country were swept away, this was spared. It received a Protestant form; it was called a college, a free chapel, a hospital for poor sisters. The warden, who managed to appropriate to himself the greater part of the endowment, became a dignified person appointed by the queen; the brethren and sisters remained; the beadswoman remained; the six poor clerks became a school; the precinct became a liberty with its own officers, court, and prison; the buildings were retired and quiet, in appearance like a peaceful college at Cambridge; the warden's house was commodious; the cloisters were a place for calm and meditation; there was a most beautiful church filled with monuments; there was a lovely garden, and there was a peaceful churchyard. Outside the precinct was anything but a place of peace or quiet. It was a tangle of narrow lanes and mean streets; it was inhabited by sailors and sailor-folk. Among them were the descendants of those Frenchmen who had fled across the Channel when Calais fell. One of the streets, called Hangman's Gains, commemorated the fact in its disguise, being originally the street of Hamme and Guisnes, two places within the English pale round Calais.

This strange place, medieval in its appearance and its customs, continued untouched until some eighty years ago. Then—it is too terrible to think of—they actually swept the whole place away. The venerable church was destroyed; the picturesque cloister, with the old houses of sisters and of brethren, the school, the ancient court-house, the churchyard, the garden, the streets and cottages of the precinct, were all destroyed, and in their place was constructed a dock. No dock was wanted; there was plenty of room elsewhere. It was a needless, wanton act of barbarity. They built a new church, a poor thing to look at, beside Regent's Park; they built six houses for the brethren and sisters, and a large house for the warden; they founded a school; they called the new place St. Katherine's. But it is not St. Katherine's-by-the-Tower, and East London has lost the one single foundation it possessed of antiquity. It has also lost the income, varying from ten thousand to fourteen thousand pounds a year, which belonged to this its only religious foundation.

In the modern chapel at Regent's Park you may see the old monuments, the carved tombs, the stalls, the pulpit, taken from the ancient church; it is the putting of old wine into new bottles. Whenever I stand within those walls there comes upon me the story of the last service held in the old church, where, amid the tears and lamentations of the people, who loved the venerable place, the last hymn was sung, the last prayer offered, before the place was taken down.

THE DECADENCE OF MANNERS.

BY AMELIA GERE MASON,
Author of "Women of the French Salons."

I DO not speak of manners as an affair of dressing, and dining, and leaving cards, and sending invitations, as something beginning and ending with the etiquette of visiting and entertaining, the shading of formal courtesies, and the numberless details that belong to the grammar of polite society. All this may go quite well with very bad manners. If we have any doubt on such important questions it is not for lack of instruction. There are manuals galore which give us the latest modes of doing everything from giving a tea to writing a love-letter. We are told how to be confirmed in the most approved style, how to get married, and how to mourn in correct gradations. There are classes to teach young and old how to stand, walk, bow, enter a room, shake hands, and modulate the voice. If one is not "to the manner born," one can be molded, veneered, polished, and warranted as fit for all social emergencies; but somehow, in spite of it all, the essential spirit of good manners seems to be rapidly going out of the world.

In our rage for improving ourselves and everybody else, possibly we begin at the wrong end. If we have a courteous attitude toward individuals under all conditions, the courteous formulas of society easily follow; but if we begin with society, we build in the air. "Politeness is taking trouble for others," says Pascal. It constantly puts in practice, in minor matters, the much-talked-of theory of altruism, though it does not call it by so fine a name. Perhaps we prefer our altruism in large instalments. It deranges one less, besides counting for more. To love people theoretically is comparatively easy. The elder Mirabeau wrote twenty volumes or so on philanthropy, but was so inordinately selfish that his own family could not live with him. It is one of the offices of politeness to smooth those little inequalities of temper, or hide them. Defining it commercially, it is the small change of the heart. "He who is not polite enough is not human enough," is the word of Joubert. No doubt it may be assumed, as all good qualities may be, but that only proves the value of the quality. If it does not always show what one really is, it shows what one ought to be, and sets up standards of social virtues.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when the words "gentleman" and "lady" stood for the best models in manners. The old ideal of a gentleman was drawn from the code of the knights of chivalry, which demanded not only courage and loyalty and a gallant bearing, but gentleness of heart, courtesy, chastity, protection of the weak, deference to women,

> And love of truth and all that makes a man.

The lady must be brave, modest, loving, reverent, hospitable, kind, and true, ready to care for the sick and console the sorrowful. To these virtues she must add the gracious manners that gave them expression. In the natural course of things, forms varied. The refinements of one age are often the gaucheries of the next. It is true

also that people did not always live up to their codes of manners, any more than they have ever lived up to their codes of morals, but they gave birth to the modern type of gentleman and lady. Through all outward variations the essential quality remained the same. The words came to mean something distinctive that had grown out of generations of refined living, and designated a certain kind of man or woman formed more or less on these ideals. As the names implied a degree of superiority, they were quickly appropriated, in the breaking up of the old lines, by people without knowledge or discrimination, and applied to all men and women, each of whom claimed to be equal to every other in all things whatsoever. "Go and tell the woman in No. 14 that the wash-lady wishes to see her," said one office boy to another, not long ago, in a summer hotel of the best class. We have every sort of lady from the scrub-lady to the forelady, with the result that the generic term which includes the whole sex is quite as distinctive as the specific one which really belongs to a cultivated type, but, as popularly used to-day, has no special significance. So it is that these words have lost their fine flavor, and with it are fast going the gentle manners they represented. The old *noblesse oblige*, which used to have the force of a moral law, has ceased to count, since there is no *noblesse*, and that which takes the place of it assumes its power and state, without any of its obligations.

We are told that society is adjusting itself on a new basis, that the manners of the past were modeled upon the relative position of superior and inferior. Courtesy was patronage on one side and servility on the other. Now we are all equal and things are changed. The ideal of a democracy is quite another affair. Just why the graceful civilities that give life so much of its sweetness should be largely forgotten because we are equal in theory is not clear, but such is the fact. Of this we are left in no sort of doubt. It is forced upon us at every turn, in the family, in the street, at the theater, in the concert-room, wherever people meet, except in a few pleasant byways where the representatives of a better order of things still hold sway, though they are apt to be voted slow and old-fashioned by the new social dispensation. It is not simply that the stately manners of a century ago have gone out of vogue. These things are, to a certain point, matters of fashion and subject to change. But the small courtesies that at all times grow out of respect to age, consideration for the weak, deference to women, and a general regard for the tastes and feelings of others, are not taking new forms: they are vanishing altogether. We have always claimed that our men are the most chivalrous in the world, but where will the next generation find them? People often fall short of their standards, but they never surpass them. When a young man forgets the little attentions that make so much of the charm of family life, treats his hostess with veiled if not open incivility in return for courtesies he may or may not accept, ignores the common amenities toward women under the flimsy pretext, so often heard, that "since they claim rights they must go without privileges," he has gone far toward losing the birthright of a gentleman. Perhaps this free-and-easy manner is a fashion, but so much the worse for the fashion. That is precisely the point we are considering.

It seems a trifle unjust to the clever and well-bred American girl to dwell upon a familiar type so much *en evidence* as to overshadow all the others and pass everywhere as representative, but it is a question of tendencies. This typical girl of the day puts on mannish airs with mannish clothes, spices her talk with slang, not always of the choicest, tosses her pretty head in proud defiance as she puts down her parents, her elders, and her superiors,—indeed, she admits no superiors, though this scion of equality does admit inferiors and snubs them without mercy,—pronounces a final opinion on subjects of which she does not know even the alphabet, shows neither respect for white hairs nor consideration for favors which she claims as a right, and calls all this "swell," or "smart," and a proper expression of her fashionable, or unfashionable, independence.

The same spirit runs through the entire social gamut. There is nothing more contagious than bad manners; it is so easy for the selfish instincts to come uppermost when the pressure of a law, written or unwritten, is removed. The insolence of servants is sufficiently emphasized. Even the shop-girl waits upon you with half-disguised impertinence, often impertinence without any disguise, and replies to your civil word with a lofty stare, as much as to say, "Since you are polite to me you cannot be of much consequence." Unfortunately, there are those who claim this rampant self-assertion to be a good thing, and an evidence that man

has come to the realization of his manhood and woman to the consciousness of her freedom. It is a protest against conventions, we are told. But pray, what keeps the world from plunging into chaos but conventions? Savages have very few, civilization has a great many. When they become so crystallized as to cramp the best individual life they need breaking. But why protest against good and wise ones that simply put a wholesome curb on human passions, cherish saving virtues, and make the wheels of life run more smoothly and pleasantly for all?

Then there is still a trace of the old Puritan notion that it is good to thrust your sharp corners into other people's faces, because it is frank and sincere. "You teach your children to be too polite; you will make them frivolous," said an estimable woman, not long ago, to a friend whose family relations were of the sweetest because no small courtesy was neglected. To be gracious, in her opinion, was to be light and worldly, not to say false and artificial; to be brusque and disagreeable, if so disposed, was to be sincere and genuine. No doubt temperament has much to do with manners. A warm heart is often hidden under a shy, cold exterior, as volcanic fires sleep under snows. So much the more reason for cultivating the art of expression and giving an outlet to kindly sentiments which nature has locked from a world they might gladden. We pride ourselves on our rugged virtues, and set them against the suave and facile manners of the Latin races with a comfortable sense of superiority, but does it follow that virtues must be set in thorns? It was a thoughtful Frenchman who said: "If virtue leads to good manners, so do they in their turn lead to virtue." There may be a "too much sweetness" that leads to enervation, but the Anglo-Saxon race is in no immediate danger of it.

To be sure, there is a saving remnant not included in the above category of men and women conscientious or otherwise. No faults of a people or a period are universal. But such is the general drift of things, and we all know what becomes of saving remnants when they run against the spirit of an age that is ruled by quantity rather than by quality. The delicate, subtle note of real distinction is disappearing in society as in literature. The loud-voiced throng looks for something of a more striking and tangible order.

The causes are not far to seek. A potent one is the rush and hurry of a life in which everybody is intent upon doing the most in the least possible time. There is no leisure for small courtesies. It is a heterogeneous scramble for the loaves and fishes, in which the survival of the fittest resolves itself into a survival of the strongest. It is something akin to brute force that gains the prize, whether it be a seat in the car or a seat in Congress. Indeed, we claim, as a part of our national glory, the trait so well expressed by the word "push." It makes little difference what one pushes so long as it stands in the way. Men in the garb of gentlemen do not scruple to thrust aside delicate women who happen to be moving before them in the procession. Well-dressed women run over one another. It is the same spirit applied to the minor morals as that which prompts the Wall street magnate to walk over his weaker rival, and the laboring man who has organized in the name of freedom and human brotherhood to crush out of existence, if he can, his poorer neighbors who have not—the spirit of instinctive, though sometimes unconscious, selfishness, whether it be crudely clear or hidden under some high-sounding name. Nor is the fact without its significance that women, who are natural arbiters of manners as well as conservators of morals, have been driven by necessity into the hustling crowd. It is an alternative between struggling for a foothold in the world or sinking; and success, nine times out of ten, is the triumph of aggression. This in itself is fatal to the self-effacement which is so strong an element of good breeding, and tends toward a radical change in the habits and traditions of womanhood, which must react more or less upon society.

Another active source of bad manners may be found in the I-am-as-good-as-you-are notion, which is the corner-stone of the new era. It takes no longer the guise of religion or political conscience, as in the days of our forefathers, but is openly defiant, and sets up its men of straw for the express purpose of fighting them. Call it democracy, republicanism, the spirit of equality, or what you will, but in its essence it is a crude egotism without personal dignity. Precisely why I should feel called upon to emphasize the fact that I am as good as you are does not appear, since it proves quite conclusively that I am, at heart, so doubtful about it as to find it necessary to impress it upon you with a brutal self-assertion, in order to convince myself of it. In any case, whatever I may think, I am so far inferior, if you are courteous and I am not. No doubt

this spirit is much exaggerated by the fact that, since we have no defined class limits within which one may sit at his gracious ease and smile over the hard-and-fast barriers, in comparative security from too unwelcome intrusion, we are forced to canton our own social provinces, if we would have them, and set ourselves to the ungrateful task of keeping out those who are not of our special elect. As the shades of distinction are often quite invisible, except in the matter of accessories, the question resolves itself into a general offensive and defensive war between the I-am-better-than-you-are faction on one side, and the I-am-as-good-as-you-are faction on the other, extending from the servants' hall, the workwoman's club, or the more pretentious literary club, to the palaces of the American Mayfair, wherever that may be. The natural effect of this continuous, even though silent, contest is to foster an arrogant and assertive spirit, which is fatal alike to manners and character. Of all struggles, social ones are the most humiliating, not to say degrading.

Outside of causes that lie in the very nature of our institutions and the inevitable conditions of modern life, the lack of fine ideals in what is called polite society is responsible for a great deal which is to be deplored in the prevailing tone of manners. We have no unwritten code that has grown out of generations of culture until it has become a sort of grammar of refined living which is caught unconsciously in childhood with the language. Nor have we the advantage—or disadvantage, according to one's point of view—of a society that has adjusted itself to its duties and surroundings so far as to furnish consistent models. There is always the tendency to give an undue weight to externals and non-essentials, while ignoring the essentials. People naturally glorify the things that make for the realization of their own ambition, and since we have no confessed distinctions of rank, and distinction of intellect is not easily attained, even if its social influence, at this moment, were not largely theoretical, except so far as it may have a commercial value, it is evident that money is the most available substitute we have. To be sure, money is not the open sesame to polite society, but we know that it offsets many shortcomings both moral and esthetic. Besides, it is more and more difficult for self-respecting people of culture and refinement, without wealth, to maintain a position, even if they care to do so, in a society based upon luxury, in which the individual counts for always less and the accessories for always more.

It is quite the fashion to rail at money as the source of all our social ills. We are told that it corrupts morals, ruins manners, makes us selfish and heartless and arrogant, hurts the feelings of the less fortunate who desire it, and sets up low ideals. It is, perhaps, a little in the nature of a platitude to say that all this depends upon the quality of the men and women behind the money. There are a great many who have suffered no such degeneracy, and we have to remember that the savages, who are remarkably free from this sort of corruption, cannot be quoted as models either of manners or of morals. If one must rail at things it is better to rail at the root of the evil. The societies in which manners have reached the dignity of a fine art have not been without wealth, but it was an instrument, not an end—a point which possibly it is not apt to reach until several degrees removed from its source and in a measure purified of its dross. It cannot be denied that ease and an independence that does not need to be struggled for have a great deal to do with softening the asperities of human nature. People who have the visible insignia of worldly position have no excuse for vulgar self-assertion. They can well afford to be modest and courteous; indeed, they can ill afford not to be so. This is by no means saying that they always are, or that numberless characters do not disintegrate under the unwonted weight of fortunes that they are neither mentally nor morally strong enough to carry. But it is necessary to discriminate between people who belong to their money and people whose money belongs to them. In one case the ideals are altogether low and material, in the other they may be fine and high, both as regards manners and morals. But when society itself becomes a commercial affair, ruled on commercial principles, however subtly veiled, the trouble begins. It is a shop for gain, like any other, whether it be in Mayfair or Bohemia. The difference is only in the scale of values.

And what are the ideals of polite society that present themselves to the youth of to-day? It means, first of all, life under the glare of chandeliers, with the rustle of costly draperies, the flash of gems, the perfume of flowers, the sound of music, and the grace of flying feet. The young girl sees the acme of happiness and the goal of ambition in the splendor of ceaseless functions that drug the

intellect and intoxicate the senses. The subtle harmony of mind and manners, that gives to society the dignity of a fine art and is at all times the measure of its value, is lost in the brilliancy of the pageant, the cost of the upholstery, the style of the appointments, the cut of a robe, and the fit of a glove. To be sure, this fascinating world includes a great deal that is fine and representative, but in its gayer phases it is less and less tempered by it; and it is of these we are talking, as they are the most salient and the most significant. There are circles within circles, of a thousand varying shades of refinement, culture, and *savoir-vivre*, ranging from the exclusive gatherings where choice spirits converse, wit sparkles, and the amenities reign, through a multitude of groups, to the point where the main thing is the gaiety and the gilding. But it is the dazzling externals of what is called society that appeal more and more to the new generation as its key-note. This new generation delights in vivid contrasts and glaring colors. It must have its strong sensations, or life is voted dull. Even its amusements are never simple; it is not fine enough. They are only spectacular. People are no longer expected to entertain one another save in the small coteries of which little is heard. It is too much effort to converse; perhaps it is too serious. To be serious is to be heavy. One does not go fast enough. So we call in a lion, if it is an amusing lion; art, if it is an amusing art and does not put too great a strain on the intellect; even literature, if sufficiently diluted and served with spiced sauces—in any case, something new and striking. The intellect craves, not food for the gods, but excitement; and invention exhausts itself to concoct stronger and always stronger spices, to find something more novel, more costly, or more piquant. Everything palls because everything is in excess. "Come, let us amuse ourselves together," might be translated into the significant words of the French king: "Come, let us bore ourselves together." Manners grow free and pronounced. Grace, dignity, delicacy, and gentle ways may be very fine in the abstract, but they are colorless and not imposing. To shine in a crowd, one cultivates the art of the scene-painter. The lines may be crude and the colors cruder, but if they are bold and conspicuous enough, they attract attention, which is the main thing. Is it strange that youth, which finds in this tense and swiftly moving life the spirit of its own age, is ready to assume even the arrogance, the frank rudeness, and the not unfrequent cruelty of a crude power often untempered by gentle traditions as "good form," and a mark of the social superiority that can afford to defy opinion?

Such are the social ideals held up by a conspicuous section of our so-called arbiters of manners, and accepted in the endless series of coteries that cluster round a central power of some sort, and are copies of copies to a hundredth degree removed, imitating the faults of a society based upon material splendor, without its possible charm of outward grace and beauty. For no one circle has a monopoly of the commercial spirit that is creeping like an octopus into the remotest corners of modern life, putting its deadly touch on literature as well as on society in all of its phases, and possibly more offensive, if less dangerous, when it is not smothered in roses.

The responsibility for these ideals rests largely upon women, and it is only women who can raise them. The societies that have passed into history as representative of the best that the ages have left us have been invariably led by women of too much intellect to be satisfied with simply amusing themselves and their friends. It was the talent, not the wealth, of Athens that made the circle of Aspasia famous. It was the culture of women and the deference paid to genius and learning that made the brilliancy of the Italian courts of the Renaissance. Florence had a commercial aristocracy, but at the zenith of its prosperity talent stood side by side with wealth as a social power; the poet and scholar held the place of honor above the money-changer. The low vices of a simply pleasure-loving court disgraced France until a clever woman sifted the wheat from the tares and created a new society in which talent was the central point, and luxury was tempered with learning. No doubt we should consider many of their ways of doing things barbarous to-day, as we have made a great advance in the arts of refined living. Their moral standards, too, were lower than ours; but certain points in their codes of manners are worthy of consideration. A lady of the best Italian society of the fifteenth century was expected to be not only graceful and affable, but discreet, tactful, and noble in bearing. Affectation, slander of her own sex, too elaborate dress, familiarity, noisy freedom of speech, display, and artifice, were forbidden. She must also be a good housewife, and capable of intelligent conversation on literature

and the fine arts. A Frenchwoman of the last century, who was an autocrat in social matters and gave her discriminating intellect and wide experience to the formulation of a code that has virtually ruled the world of fashion ever since,—though I am sorry to say that some of its best articles are now a dead letter,—maintained that manners must be based on noble sentiments, and that mutual consideration, gentleness, deference, courtesy, and respect to age are essential to civilization. She insisted that society should punish what the law could not attack, and banished the disloyal, the dishonorable, the aggressive, from good company, not only as an affair of morals, but as an affair of taste. Many of the women who formed themselves on this model might not be amenable to an ethical code, but they were to an esthetic one, and this excluded selfish passions that destroyed the general harmony. Arrogance, scandal, disloyalty, rudeness, were sins against good breeding. Politeness stamped the lady and the gentleman; the lack of it proclaimed the boor. Honor was a religion, and though often a superficial one, it was certainly better than no restraint at all. To betray a confidence, to be faithless to a friend, to stab publicly a rival's reputation, was not only bad morality, but bad form. To be agreeable, one must be kind. The canons of good taste demanded at least the semblance of amiable virtues. Perhaps it was not best to inquire too closely into the rivalries and enmities that might be hidden under a smile. I am not sure that it would always be safe to penetrate the heart of the man or woman who devoutly kneels before you at prayers, but that is no reason for ceasing to pray. Then, no one translates the little word or act of kindness into a vow of friendship. They are the current coin of good feeling, and express what ought to be the natural attitude of mind and heart. Why break open the music-box to see what makes the music?

That these women fell short of many of their aims is probable, but it was not the fault of the codes, which were founded on the best instincts of humanity, and would serve as an admirable basis of good manners in any age. They were the social leaders of their own time, and it is, after all, to the much criticized and often much maligned society woman of to-day that one must look for reforms in manners. Codes of morals usually spring from the middle or lower social strata; codes of manners invariably come from above, that is, from those who have the leisure to consider society as a fine art. They are the flower, not the root, of a civilization. There is always a large class of busy, toiling womanhood that accepts its codes ready-made or ignores them all. The club-woman is absorbed in improving her mind, in sociological conditions, or in things of more vital import. It is barely possible that she is apt to give too little heed to the flowers of life. But the society woman of talent and recognized position, with tact and discrimination, has the ability to combine her social elements and mold them into a power that shall make other than grossly material standards the fashion—and all the world follows a fashion, whether it will or not, through sheer momentum. By "society woman" I do not mean the type that first presents itself, the brilliant compound of style, daring, and Paris gowns, whose life begins and ends with entertaining and being entertained, who puts the fashion of a hand-shake, the porcelain and cut glass of the dinner-table, and the cost of an equipage above the simple graces and fine breeding which betray the choice life of generations, or the inborn taste and nobility that ask nothing from inheritance. I mean something that compares with it as the rare old lace compares with the machine-made imitation, as the rich and mellow tones of the cathedral window, which the light of centuries has tempered and softened, compare with the crude and garish coloring of its modern copy. There are society women upon whom the mantle of the old-time lady has fallen, through nature or heritage, whose social gifts are the sum of many gifts, the crown of many womanly virtues. One finds them everywhere, women who cherish the fine amenities, who are gracious, intelligent, tactful, kind, and active in all good works, who understand the art of elegant living, as well as the intrinsic value of things, and like to open their hospitable homes for the pleasure of their friends. It is such as these who represent the finest flower of our womanhood and help to preserve the traditions of gentle manners, which are in the way of being trampled out in the mad march of something we call progress. It is for these to ostracize vulgarity, to put up the delicate barriers which have been permitted to be let down between the pleasant comradeship of men and women, and the loud note of familiarity, to temper the sordid spirit of commercialism with the refinements of that

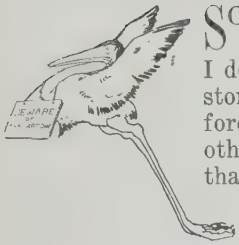
higher class of intellect which sees things not only as they are, but as they ought to be.

No doubt the best school of manners is the nursery, but to make it of value the mother must have right ideals. If her standards are low, the standards of the next generation are sure to be lower. So long as the *enfant terrible* is secure on his throne and innocently oblivious of the fact that there are any other rights in the world but his own, the kings and queens of the impertinences are likely to be secure on theirs. So long, too, as the school-girl finds herself in a miniature world where the mundane side of life is glorified at the expense of every other, where the distinction of culture, courtesy, and gracious ways is lost in the petty rivalries and ambitions of dress and display, she is likely to come out old and worldly before her time, saturated with the conviction that the only desirable things are those which money can buy, and the only objects in life are fine draperies and a brilliant social career.

To be sure, we are in the transition state we hear so much about as an excuse for all our faults. It is sufficiently chaotic just now, but some of these days, when we are not so busy glorifying our manifold possibilities and potentialities, we may find time to think about these things. In the meantime is it worth while to go on sowing seeds of rank weeds and poisonous, though brilliant, flowers, while we wait for this Juggernaut of force to get ready to be polite?

IN THE WOODS WITH THE BOW.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON,
Author of "The Witchery of Archery," etc.



SOME person—a pessimist—said, just when I do not know, that the stories were all told before Homer's time. Another added the remark that there were only five stories to begin with. Art doubtless has limitations which confine strict originality to a very small space, but nature defies all peripheries: she browses at will up the slopes of countless Helicons. Her stories are in number as the sands of the sea, as the leaves of summer, as the changes on sky and clouds when the wind aloft is strong and the sun burns bonfires along the hills that notch the horizon. Books may be but variations of ancient monotonies, I do not deny it; men may have nothing new under the sun to think, to say, to write: the poor fellows, it is little that I care. Give me a fortnight of freedom in the woods of spring, and I will find a freshness infinitely changeable, an originality varying with every puff of the breeze. Give me an outing: you may as well, for otherwise I shall take it by force; I must have it. And what is an outing in the green woods to him who bears not the longbow?

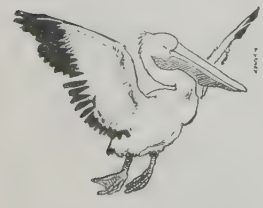
Now, if you ask why the longbow is to be lugged in, I answer—because. It goes, or I stay. I would rather delve at my desk, with the good yew unstrung standing there in the corner beside the ancient tall clock, than to undertake a ramble in the hill-country without that trusty monochord across my arm. We have been boon companions these many years, my bow and I, and it is now too late for a change of relations; we go together into green solitudes and find the places where Diana's footprints are yet almost visible, the spot, still warm, where Pan took his noonday nap.

I am usually in the low country of the South when a desire for the hilly region begins to stir in me. As the birds migrate, so do I. Where the palms and pines, the

magnolias and the live oaks flourish, there I go in winter. When a green wave of exploding buds and rapidly developing leaves rolls gently northward, beginning late in March on the Gulf coast and reaching Indiana with the last days of April, I try to keep pace with the oscines. Steam and sleeping-cars aid me at need, when the springtide makes a flower-sprent dash, or when the migrant songsters put on a spurt of speed here and there.

All the winter I have been entertained by the wild fowl of the sea, the shore birds, the waders, the divers, the long-legged inhabitants of marsh and rushy swale. I have lost some valuable arrows in sloppy jungles and on miry bayou shores, where I shot at rare specimens and got them not. Even the big sea opened its mouth and swallowed a shaft or two, pile, feathers, and all; for the pelicans flew low over my boat, flapping lazily, fine targets to tempt the most saintly archer. The man at the helm looked asquint at me and grinned when my purring missile went a handbreadth ahead of the pelican, causing it to back its vast wings and somersault rearward in ecstatic surprise.

But the arrow, how it slanted away on high to curve slowly and dart with accelerated speed down, far off, into the creaming whitecaps! Some men take wine to stimulate them, some take tobacco, some, like Coleridge and De Quincey, even opium; but I take a bow-shot at a bird. Daniel Webster liked to play a fish; other great men have delighted in a roaring gun when the bevies rose from the stubble: for greatness, too, takes a joy out of savage sport; still, for myself, in all humbleness be it said, let the solitude of a wilderness of wood or water surround me, and let me hear my bow's one fine note followed by the long, low hiss of my arrow. Some have called this savagery, others have seen in it a dangerously attenuated estheticism; but heathen coarseness, or the last refinement of artificial ideality, be it whatever it is, I like it better than wine, tobacco, cards, the theater, or any other indoors excitement—yea, even far better than polo, golf, or tennis. But do not set me down as one who decries the taste of his brother. Go on, O friends, in the way you best enjoy. As for me, up from the breezy low country of the heron and the ibis, out of the plashy everglades, where skulk the gallinule and the limpkin, away from the coffee-colored streams, where the snake-bird dives and wriggles and where the least bittern croaks, I go my way once more to the greening hills of the Carolinas.



I have sent home an order to a certain deft whittler of arrow steles whom I know in Indiana, and he will forward a sheaf to meet me at a town in a valley not far from a mountain's toe, where a fretful, chill brook prances over smooth boulders on its journey to kiss a river. There, too, birds will join me; I imagine I can hear them now. But in fact it is yet a month before we shall be there. Meantime I sail northwestward across the Gulf to the Terre Aux Bœufs for a few days' shooting; then to the Rigolets and the marshes of Borgne, where it is good for the bowman to stray; the next flight being by rail, through Mobile and Montgomery to the Sand Mountain's southern slope, whence, after three days given wholly to delight, away from the iron-mills of Birmingham I flash, clipping a corner off North Georgia, to come plump against old Yonah at the farther end of the Blue Ridge, where many wellheads bubble in lonely dells, and where the rhododendron in due season paints its cheeks to delight the wind.

Night had fallen when the train slowly curved into the little mountain village. A rickety trap bore me and my tackle to a forlorn hotel, which was perfumed with kerosene not unmixed with jowl and cabbage; but the room they gave me was airy, and the bed had sheets as clean and white as a water-

lily's petals. The young man who sported a rhinestone bosom-pin behind the office desk looked benignly upon me after I had registered, and presently he said:

"A package in our care for you."

It was my arrows from Indiana, a bundle to gladden my heart. Two or three commercial travelers eyed my bow in its green cover and my quiver tied up in its bag—

sized me up, as they would have expressed it, and yawned. They thought they knew me; but they were greatly mistaken: it was I who knew them, a jolly lot, each one trying to "figure up" his expense account so as to cover the cost of seeing Jefferson as *Rip Van Winkle* in Atlanta, and losses at billiards in Knoxville, with a reasonable certainty of having it audited and passed at the home office.

Next morning I was up at the crack of dawn, having expressed my luggage forty miles by rail deeper into the hills, so that I could be foot-free to tramp with my tackle. Early risers who had come forth into the main clay street of the town looked at me as at some outlandish being, what time I strode rapidly past them, my bow uncovered, my quiver at my hip, my trousers inside my long stockings, and my little field-glass swung under my right arm. A big butcher, standing in a low door under the sign, "Meat Market," hitched up his white apron and gave me a carnivorous stare, while his heavy under-jaw lolled on his breast.

In the east the sun wavered amid a drifting purplish film, like a huge, cherry-red bubble shot with iridescent fire. It seemed slowly to wax hot and refulgent as I left the town behind me, and when presently the tilled fields opened on each hand, great beams flashed across them, the meadow-larks twinkling here and there like sparks flung up from the kindling ground. Some crows occupied fence-stakes in the distance, or walked in the newly opened corn-furrows with a peculiar wagging gait. It was poor soil the farmers were plowing; but it looked fresh and sent forth a pungent fragrance of

broken sassafras roots mixed with that subtle effluence which goes by the name of "outdoors air."

Under the spur of a desire to reach the wooded hills once more, I cast the little, meandering road behind me as if I had been unwinding it from a spool. One considerable frame farm-house, flanked by liberal barns, had a thrifty, generous look. There was a spring of crystal limestone water bubbling under the hill, down to which a path zig-zagged from the kitchen. A milk-house of rough masonry with a mossy roof nestled among willow-trees hard by. This farmstead,

however, was the last outpost of generous living and up-to-date comfort. The realm of log cabins and mountain civilization lay beyond. I felt the change when I heard a plowman sing out "Way hare!" to his lazy horse. The mountaineers all say "Way hare" for "Whoa haw" when driving their teams in the field; and some of them yell out a countrified oath, enforced with a mighty jerk of the single rope that serves as driving-line. You may smile, but to me there is something ineffably comforting and sweet in those bucolic sounds—the lowing of cows, the bleating of sheep, the crowing of cocks, and the "Gee-erp ther'—way hare!" of the lank and honest mountaineer.

Entering the foot-hills, I slackened my pace, looking about for an eligible place to make my headquarters. I noted with delight that the cabins were far apart, separated by wooded hills and hollows, where a fine vernal tenderness was spreading in many shades of green. In places violets grew so abundantly that the ground looked as if a bit of sky had fallen so hard that the impact had made froth of it; and these spots were sometimes offset by beds of rose-purple Claytonias. The road dwindled to a mere desultory cartway, which finally led me to the cabin of one Thomas Shamly, who took me in and entertained me to the best of his ability, giving me a little room on the end of a lean-to veranda to sleep in, and next morning he hitched his little mules to his rickety wagon and carried me nine miles to the place of Simpson Jarvis, "over on the crick," as Mr. Shamly remarked, "an' ye kin feesh ther' consid'ble." He mistook my bow for a fishing-rod, and yet was not satisfied to rest upon that theory. While we jolted along the dim, stony, root-matted road, he made many indirect attacks upon my reticence; wherefore it pleased me at last to enlighten him by a practical, not to say spectacular, demonstration. He was a man fashioned with a stoop of the shoulders and a lank body topped off with a narrow, sandy head, which wore reddish throat-whiskers set on

like a thin ruffle or ruche under the chin and jaws. When his little mules came to a ford in a small stream and were afraid to enter, he fell into a rage, stormed at them, belaboring them with a gad. The great noise he made startled a bird from a sand-bar to the left of us, and it flew a little way up the brook, where it dropped down again at the edge of a pool behind some stones.

At the first glimpse I knew it was not a bird usually found in the mountains, and I was so eager to secure it that, with a single compound motion, I slipped three arrows from my bag, flung myself over the side-board to the ground, and braced my bow. Mr. Shamly was too busy basting his hydrophobic mules—lashing them with his tongue and slashing their backs with the gad—to observe my movement; and when at last the team plunged into the water, scarcely hoof-deep, and stopped to drink, none the worse for flogging or fright, I was sneaking in a curve to take cover behind a clump of low bushes. Then I saw Mr. Shamly looking at me and heard him say:

"Wall, dern sich a feller! They 's no feesh in this yer crick."

I crept until I could peep around a fringe of the bushes. Yonder stood the bird, a fine, sheeny fellow, well poised on his sturdy legs, showing glints of reddish yellow, brown, black, gray, white, and ash. It was a canut sandpiper, doubtless a straggler blown there by some wind of accident. A most interesting bird, with an incomplete biography, to

which I hope in the long run to contribute some facts. Just now I wish to brag of a good shot.

Eighteen yards is a very short range, even for a bow, and at that distance the knot—the common name of our canut sandpiper—looked strikingly large; in reality its measurements were: length about eleven inches, extent twenty-one inches. It stood on a bit of wet sand beside a rock at the water's edge, and by certain swaying motions of its neck and body I knew that it would fly from the slightest noise. I knelt in order to shoot under some dangling twigs.

"Wall, I jes be dad burn!" commented Mr. Shamly, in the most approving accent, when I let go a blunt arrow, and saw it bowl the game over, knocking it clean from behind the rock into the field of Mr. Shamly's absolutely amazed vision.

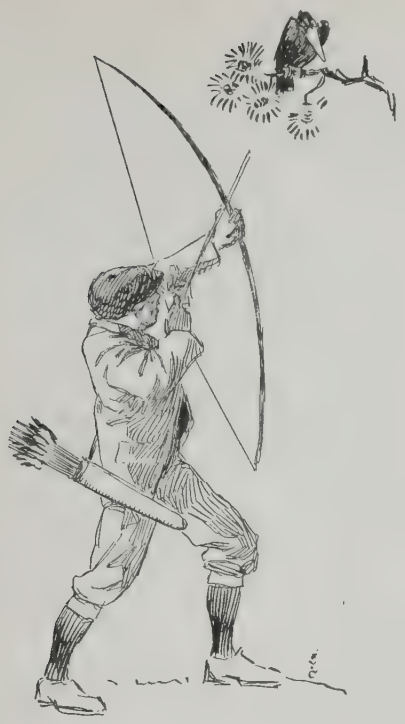
"Ef he did n't kill it I 'm er gourd!"

By this time I had crossed the stream at a riffle and was holding my bird high, gazing upon it triumphantly, as a fisherman does who exalts a two-pound bass and mutters, "Four pounds and a half if it 's an ounce!" Then Mr. Shamly drove his mules with the clattering and dripping wagon through the stony ford. If possible, he was prouder than I of the successful shot. Throughout the rest of our journey together, he talked volubly; in the main he was telling me about his own prowess with the "bow 'n' arry" when he was a boy. He could hit a bird every time, and "ez fer squ'ls, they 's my meat jes w'enever I wanted 'em." By the time we had reached the trail where he was to leave me, Simpson Jarvis's place being over a hill not practicable for a wagon, I was well-nigh convinced that what I knew about archery had been forgotten by Mr. Shamly, and I bade him good-by on the verge of envy.

No sooner was I afoot and alone once more than I heard some oscine twitterings, and above all one welcome note. Almost immediately I was in pursuit of a specimen,—a blue grosbeak,—and the rattling of the Shamly vehicle died away in the distance while I clambered over rocks and bestrode bushes to keep the bird in sight until I could get a shot at it. In my notes the whole grosbeak family would be complete if I should get this one. Your bird-student has his cupidities, and your archer backs them with his tackle. This mixing of ornithology with bow-shooting, however, has its limitations. If I had borne a gun the blue grosbeak would have been mine. As it was, I shot five or six shots and did not touch a feather; but the delight of it still haunts me.

Two miles of a walk over the hill, to avoid a roundabout wagon-drive of thirteen, proved exhilarating. Half the way I soared, by a winding, desultory path, and perched myself on a scarred and splintered rock, where I ate my luncheon of corn-bread and ham. It was a dry, bald spot, overlooking a fair valley, deep in the midst of which the little homestead of Mr. Jarvis seemed to slumber while I gazed. Just below me the forest was stunted and thin; but farther down a great show of greenery, with uplifted masses of variegated tree-tops, increased until the little river in the emerald trough could be seen only here and there shining up with great allurement.

When presently I began to swoop down the fell, there came up to meet me a flicker's merry call and the voice of a Baltimore oriole. The breeze, too, seemed puffing fragrantly slantwise toward the sky from out the depth of the valley. Soon enough I was under superb arches of oak, hickory, and pine, through which blue patches of sky gleamed brilliantly. Going down-hill proved tiring, however, and I was glad to rest on an old log near the verge of a cliff, which dropped almost vertically fifty or more feet, so that I could look with level gaze into tree-tops of immense size. Far below I saw my path sinking like an irregular stairway along the steep. It was a good place for lounging; just breezy enough to soothe, and yet not chill, a place given over to such solitude as the poets rhapsodize about. I hung one leg over the log, and felt too comfortable to be bothered with unbracing my bow. In this attitude I was sitting when a hoarse voice startled me, not with fear or surprise, but with a thrill of joy. It was a long-lost voice,—the croak of a raven,—and in a moment



the great black flash, if I may so call it, shot across a rift, with a fine swish of feathers shimmering blue-green over their intense inky darkness. A raven, and it lighted not more than forty yards away, a trifle above the level of my eyes, on a pine bough close to the tree's bole.

At the first note from that doughty bird I was ready for a shot; over-ready, indeed, with my heart shaking my jerkin and shortening my breath. When you shoot at a raven, let me tell you, you shoot in a hurry, for it has not the habit of posing as a target. Up went my bow, and away spun the arrow. Not carelessly, but without hesitation, and certainly in a very fever of desire to slay, I drove that shot, and with perfect aim. There is not a doubt that it would have been a center hit but for an insignificant twig, which turned the pile upward, so that it whacked on a pine-knot, the flintiest of all woods, that projected a foot above the raven's back.

It was meant for tragedy, but the twig made comedy of it. "Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'" My arrow went somersaulting sidewise to some distance and then fell down, from bough to bough, until at last, clear of the tree-tops, it righted itself feather uppermost, and so reached the path far below, sticking there slantwise in the ground. Memorable to a degree was the glare of instantaneous amazement which shot from the raven's eyes, while the feathers on its throat stood out separately, and its wings jumped to their work with a thrashing sweep through the foliage. Gone like a sable ghost, or a plumed demon, *Corvus corax* was seen no more, heard no more, during all my stay in the hill-country. Doubting naturalists may suggest to me that it was, after all, only a crow—that the ravens are extinct in the Blue Ridge wilderness; but a raven it is in my notes, a raven it was, a raven it must stand. Maybe the botanists will no more credit me when I state that I found purple lupines on a sandy slant blooming above the violets and Claytonias. It was a sunny southeastern slope of warm, light, arenaceous soil, a place for precocious growth. The beautiful pea-like flowers nodded me a gentle welcome. I plucked a fine raceme, with which I decorated my cap, not without some impression that such a plume added a certain debonair accent to my make-up, which Mr. Jarvis doubtless observed when he met me at his woodpile just outside the rickety fence in front of his cabin.

He looked at me a moment before he responded to my salute. A queer half-smile faltered in the corners of his tobacco-stained mouth. There was something dry and jocular in his countenance; indeed, the whole man somehow suggested an old leather poke full of desiccated conundrums. His head was a ball of wrinkles; even in his hair the skin showed a corrugated network, and his constricted neck, his hands, his wrists, and his chest, where the faded blue cotton shirt lay open, were of like structure. Out of his narrow, pale-gray eyes came a friendly twinkle.

"Howdy!" he drawled, kicking absent-mindedly at a chunk of wood. "Wha' 'd ye come f'om anyhow?" He looked at me askew and chuckled vaguely.

This was a pretty free inquiry, I thought; but these mountaineers have their way; it is always best to be just as breezy to them as they are to you, and long acquaintance with their pe-

culiarities served my turn. I gave Jarvis as good as he sent, not dreaming that he knew me.

"I came from where I was at," I replied, "and I 've got to where I want to be."

He spat sidewise.

"Ya-a-s," he drawled, "hit air not sich a bad place fer yer sort. Kem in, kem in."

"I air poo'ty nigh as good a sort as you," I responded; "but I 'm thirsty clean down ter my toes."

"Nary drap in the jug," he said with a husky sigh, "an' ain't been fer a week."

"It 's water I want. Is the well dry, too?"

"Got nary well. Spring 's all right. Go down thar, ye 'll find er gourd; help yerself."

He made a motion with his pungled head to indicate the direction, and when I went he followed. After I had filled the parched void in me, he leered, and said:

"Ye 've forgot me. 'Member w'en I fiddled at Spivy Fuller's dance, an' ye was so crazy 'bout the little Widder Aikins?"

As if a screen in my brain had been shifted by his words, suddenly I recollected.

"Why, Jarvis, you old fraud! How did you ever get away up here?"

Through the hurly-burly of twenty years I harked back. The fiddling and the shuffling feet sounded amazingly real and near. In an instant I was squeezing Jarvis's hand, and we were grimacing at each other like two embarrassed boys. Meantime I heard him saying:

"An' ye still air a-shootin' the bow 'n' arry! Lawd, I 'r' glad ter see ye!"

He *was* glad to see me; the beam from his countenance and the timbre in his voice could not have been counterfeit. Moreover, Jarvis was not a man to feign delight. Nature's frankness and sincerity were his, likewise her economy of special favors.

And so I abode with him—the withered and queer old bachelor—in his ramshackle cabin beside the little river, through as gay a period as ever rounded itself. By day I had my will of the birds, and of evenings Jarvis fiddled and spilled his dry humor—it was all honey-sweet, a dripping comb of primitive joy.

Many a sojourn like that has been mine, and every fresh one seems, in the time of it, the best. Down in the Terre Aux Bœufs, years ago, when I outwitted a scarlet flamingo, that red-letter bird of all low-country sportsmen, and bagged it with a fine shot, the arrow stopping it short in air; over on the Rigolets, when I crept upon a great blue heron, under cover of a mere rush-wisp; deep in the Okefinoke; amid the Everglades; on the strange bosom of Okeechobee; beside the darkly lapsing flood of the Kankakee; and in many another bowman's paradise, where I have gathered and garnered, there was something original; but not one spot in lowland or highland, from the Leelanau to the Kissimmee, excelled the region in which Jarvis was master. Here I had freedom in its purest form, and here I breasted the flood-tide of migrating songbirds, while spying upon all the resident species. Let my note-book, with its sketches jotted down on the spot, speak awhile in testimony of what happened:

"April 19. Struck the cabin of an ancient Georgian acquaintance here by accident. Fiddler, droll and peculiar; living alone in cabin of two bare rooms with open passage between. Shoots a flint-lock rifle to perfection. Makes shingles by hand—saws off the cuts, rives them and shaves them without help—ships them on a raft down the river. Happy as a child and strong as an ox."

"April 20. First day out from Jarvis's. Got up at daybreak. Coffee and bacon. Walked three miles beside the river, making list of birds. Saw wood-ducks on a backwater pond—breeding in hollow trees near by. Killed a fine specimen of the "least bittern" (*Ardetta exilis*), which I needed to complete a study. A time, indeed, I had with it—an hour's campaign! How many of this species I have taken in the past few years, and still my study is not finished! Jarvis at my heels like a dog."

I give these as examples of notes made of evenings after a day's tramp. Actual field sketches, as I jotted them down, would be scarcely intelligible to the uninitiated reader. It must be easy, however, to catch the spirit of

my outing from the hint about the killing of the heron. I recall the whole scene, or series of scenes, with every minute circumstance connected: indeed, I look back and see myself perform, or rather live, the incidents one by one; and the mountain air fans me, the incipient greenery curtains me about, the fragrance has not weakened, the bird-song is as wild and free as ever.

There is a part of sylvan archery which defies description,—a part almost equal to the whole, in fact,—and just there lies the subtle charm. To shoot a bow, or "in a bow," as the old writers have it, demands next thing to impossibility; you are required to do with absolute exactitude twenty things at once, if the shot is to be good and true; and yet you so frequently approach this perfection that your failures, which are legion, count not at all. In my recorded scores afield there are sometimes thirty misses set down against one hit; yet here and there appears an entry like this: "Crept three hundred yards, sneaking fron cover to cover, to get a shot at a hen-hawk. Finally had to take an almost hopeless chance. Hit him just as he lifted his wings to fly. Eighty paces to the root of the tree, where he fell from a bough sixty feet above." But some of the misses, and here I cannot explain, are set down with as much unction as the hits.

The archer shoots for the enjoyment of the shot, perhaps, not for the pleasure of bagging a bird, and he can see his missile, can actually measure its course, from beginning to end of its flight. When the shot clips

close to the object aimed at—when the bird leaps aside and glares, or squats flat, or jumps stiff-legged straight up—there is a thrill from the bow-arm to the brain, a shock of delight not to be put into literature.

In the case of the little bittern, just mentioned, there was what tests an archer's training. I found it near the pond, in a place where last year's growth of cattail flags covered a bit of bog. It rose and flew twenty or thirty yards, dropping again into cover. The swale was narrow, with solid places here and there on which I could cross, and as nothing in the nature of the ground offered an obstacle to flight-shooting, I determined upon flushing the bird and trying to kill it on the wing. Jarvis, trudging behind me, commented on every detail of my work as it disclosed itself, growing more and more intensely critical when I missed shot after shot. Time and again I felt his breath on the back of my neck, so eager was he to give me raucously whispered advice. Usually the bird rose about twenty or thirty yards distant, and was fifteen or twenty feet up when I let drive. Shot at that angle, my heavy, broad-feathered arrows would not go far, and I usually marked each one down, and went and got it before shooting again. This wrought upon Jarvis until he was actually quivering with excitement, as almost every shaft appeared to clip so close that daylight was obscured between it and the bird—a simple illusion caused by the rapidity of both flying objects. And when at last the hit was made, he quit all restraint and let himself go into spasmodic antics, yelling meantime, and making comments upon the wonderful na-

ture of my shooting, in a voice and with a facial expression droll beyond description.

I was glad to get rid of him presently when he had to return to his work. Your sylvan archer gets on better when absolute loneliness is the atmosphere he breathes. After the disappearance of Jarvis I felt free to turn myself loose and make a fine stir in Arcadia. The wildest shooting mood was upon me, and whatever moved became a target for my shafts. I am afraid to make a full record of an hour's business; the wood-pewees whined because of my activity, and the crested flycatcher whistled dolefully; but I laughed and shot and made notes. The ozone seemed almost too plentiful in that delicious mountain air.

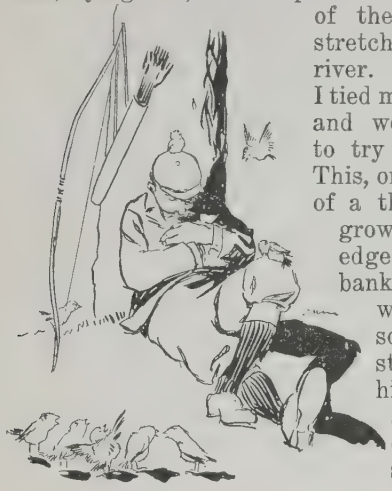
My stay with Jarvis added a new note to experience, not so much on Jarvis's personal account as through the accidents of time and place. This genial little valley in the wild mountains, with a rivulet—the upper water of a beautiful river—flowing down its center, and bottom-lands, bordered with terraced and rock-littered fells, on each side, was a roadway over the Blue Ridge, up which at a leisurely pace these singing and chirruping migrants wended northward. Every morning I was out early to get the full benefit of their clashing medleys. Jarvis, finding out (in spite of my best efforts to conceal it) that I preferred solitude to company, cooked a simple breakfast every morning before sunrise and went to his work. I often heard his ax or saw ringing merrily as I crept silently through the woods and copses, or sat at the foot of some noble tree to reflect and make notes. Once he came upon me asleep at noonday, my bow and quiver leaning against the huge bole of a white oak, the buttressed root of which served my head for pillow. His heavy footfalls awoke me, and my first glimpse of him connected him vaguely with a half-remembered, fantastic dream of Arcadia, satyrs, and fluting, goat-skin-mantled youths. In a word, I had been reading Theocritus, according to an unalterable habit, when slumber shut down upon me. The little dog-eared book was to Jarvis a mystery. He could read; but "thet air do not 'pear like nothin' to me," he said. It was, indeed, Greek to him.

A pirogue, the most skittish craft that ever danced on water, was placed at my command by Jarvis. In it I made some interesting voyages up and down the stream to study the birds that haunted the banks and water.

Nowhere else have I ever seen so many kingfishers. They checkered the air in places with the blue streaks of their flight, and their chuckling cries were almost constantly in my ears. Many wood-ducks, probably the same I saw about the back-water pond, flitted over me, or rose from the pools ahead of me. I was tired of Jarvis's eternal corn-bread and pork, hungry for a snack of game, and so I deliberately broke the rule against spring duck-shooting to the extent of bagging one beautiful pair, or rather two males, of those toothsome birds.

A negro tilled a part of Jarvis's little farm, a patch of ground on each side of the river, which here doubled on itself with a short curve. The land looked very rich, and the part cleared was planted in corn. The ducks, to avoid me, adopted the tactics of swinging

around the river's arc; and then when I came in sight of them they would cut across the field, flying low, and drop under the bank of the opposite stretch of the river. So finally I tied my pirogue and went afoot to try creeping. This, on account of a thin brush growth at the edge of the banks, which were in some places steep and high, gave a better chance of success.



After an hour and a half of hard but exhilarating work, missing many shots and losing four good arrows, I killed my two birds and bore them in triumph to Jarvis's cabin. Here again I may take a page or two out of my note-book:

"Made a fine shot this P.M., killing a wood-duck under the bank diagonally across the river from where I stood full seventy yards. Had missed eleven shots, and gone miles back and forth, much of the time crawling from one reach of the stream to the other. It actually looked as if I could not do anything but shoot over a bird, or short of it, or to one side or the other. This sort of luck is hard on one's nerves. Found myself bathed in perspiration, mopping my face, as excited as though I had been stalking tigers. The ducks were not very shy at first, but shooting at them soon made them skittish. Killed my first one by an easy plunging shot—plumped a shaft almost straight downward upon its back from a bluff's edge. But the second one was memorable on account of the circumstances, which I enjoy thinking about and recording while Jarvis snores on his bed in the corner, and the frogs somewhere sing a grating, underground song. I hear the sound of my shot, in spite of these noises, a sort of pervading sweet echo, going, as it were, from place to place in my brain, filling me with a savage yet delicate delight. I stood staring at my bird, just discovered under the farther bank

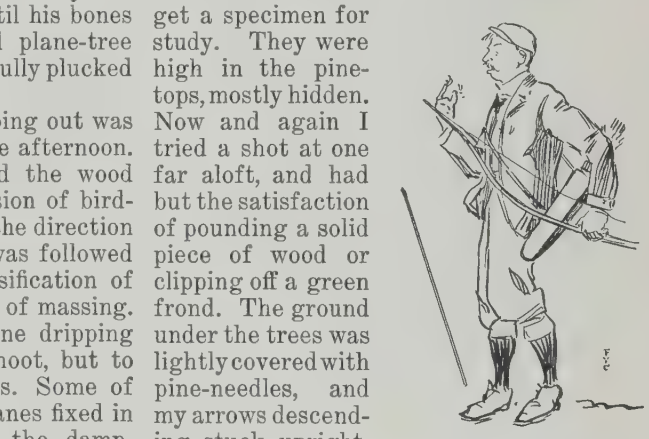
of the stream, where it evidently thought itself quite hidden. A ray of sunlight made its variegated side shine like a cluster of gems seen through a latticework of long, dry grass hanging down from the bank. Seventy yards was the range, as I reckoned it instantaneously while drawing the arrow up in the bow. I see now, just as I saw then, all the particulars of the landscape. The little field, the trees and height beyond, the narrow, shallow river lapsing with a gentle swash, the kingfishers streaking the amber air, the drooping sear grass, the wood-duck, and the cool cavern of the bluff beyond it—all that I saw, and yet my vision was focused steadfastly on the bright spot at the butt of the bird's gay wing. And smoothly slipped my shaft across my bow until I was aware of the pile's

end resting for the tenth part of a second almost even with the bow's back. *Scutch! siz-z-z! chuff!* The recoil first, the whisper of the feather, a grayish line in the air, a low arch sprung from my eye to the bird, and then a puff of feathers."

These two ducks and one turkey were the only table comforts added by my archery to the mensal comforts of the Jarvis cabin. I bagged the gobbler, with a shot not at all remarkable, from behind a huge tree. He had just made the exclamatory remark, "Pitt! pitt!" when I thumped him over at fifteen yards, his legs actually bent for a spring into the air that very moment. We feasted upon him until his bones were as clean as water-washed plane-tree roots. His wing-feathers I carefully plucked and saved for my arrows.

One day it rained so that going out was not practicable until four in the afternoon. Then the sun burst forth and the wood shook with the merriest explosion of bird-song far and near. A change in the direction and temperature of the wind was followed by a wonderful apparent intensification of the foliage in color and density of massing. No sooner were the boughs done dripping than I went abroad, not to shoot, but to stray and revel in the freshness. Some of my arrows had their feather-vanes fixed in place with a patent glue which the dampness of the air dissolved; wherefore when a squirrel tempted me sorely, lo! a featherless shaft lay across my bow, and my drawing-fingers were sticky with gum arabic. From distance to distance rattled the fine laughter of birds making glee at my discomfiture.

All periods, good and bad, joyous and sorrowful, come to an end. Jarvis had a load of shingles to haul by cart far down the river. He insisted upon having me keep house for him during his considerable absence, but I could not consent. Following a trail northeastward over a mountain spur, I found the highway—an atrocious pair of ruts winding among the rocky knobs—which would sometime lead me to a railway-station where my trunk and bags were awaiting me. And it was a jolly tramp from cabin to cabin—not one mountain household turned me away—a slow and halting wander-week, with side excursions into bird-haunts and dreamy resting-spells. Spring went apace with me; the dogwood clumps began to flash their white blossoms; fragrance varied and strengthened each morning; new wild flowers sparkled beside the boulders and between the rusty roots of the wayside trees; while even on the highest cliff-fanged mountain-peaks spread a tender film of green.



A short paragraph in my note-book runs thus:

"Came to a pine wood thinly set on a level plateau. Heard red-cockaded woodpeckers at work. Went to get a specimen for study. They were high in the pine-tops, mostly hidden. Now and again I tried a shot at one far aloft, and had but the satisfaction of pounding a solid piece of wood or clipping off a green frond. The ground under the trees was lightly covered with pine-needles, and my arrows descending stuck upright, showing their gay feathers here and yonder clearly against the russet background. In the road a little way off a lank mountain boy sat on his mule astride of a grist-bag. He had been, or was going, to mill, and gazed at me long and vacantly."

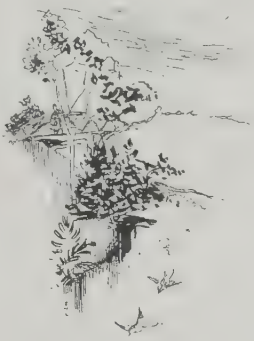
Before I reached the town where I was to take the train for home and work, I sat

Upon a lofty peak, amid the clear blue sky,

as Mrs. Hemans said it, and looked down into a wide, fertile, well-tilled valley, through which flowed that loveliest of mountain rivers, the far-famed French Broad. So clear was the atmosphere that with my glass I could almost see the separate bright leaves on the orchard trees embowering the cozy farm-houses. The

prospect sent up to me something like a shock of civilization, and I felt a breath of man's latest aspirations, while from far away behind me came the fading voice of freedom and the wilderness. I vaguely feared to turn and look back over my shoulder, lest I should be tempted beyond resistance and retreat before the countenance of thrift and traffic.

But down the airy slope I featly trod, soon reaching a genuine public highway, smooth and broad, with beautiful fields rolling off on each side in gentle billows of rich brown soil, over which the plows and harrows were trailing their sketchy lines, loosing an opulence of earthy odors as sweet as blossom-breath to my nostrils. Meadow-larks sang, in clear, lonesome tones, a haunting snatch, which might have been blown, as "sweet sleep" was blown, from the "lonesome-sounding reeds" (ἐρημαίοις καλάμοις) of the unknown Greek poet. Then a long railway-train, with great billows of black smoke above it, hove in sight, coming around a mountain's knee to rush howling across the river into the village beyond a wooded ridge.



Not yet quite ended, however, was my archer's outing; its spirit flared up brightly once again before guttering and winking out. Where the road crossed a brook, I stood for a few minutes leaning on the wooden rail of the bridge, idly watching some minnows at play in the clear swirls below. Always nature offers temptations—a new charm, never exactly felt before, comes with every fresh combination. A little aquatic bird—you may certainly know the difference between water species and land species by their motions—flew under the bridge and passed on, just above the brook's current. A moment later another followed, and both neatly curved their line of movement to coincide with the stream, soon passing out of sight behind some bushes. It was compulsion; I could not even try to resist; and without fixed purpose I sprang down from the bridge and gave chase, not to the birds themselves,—the pursuit was of two shimmering phantoms, and they lured me on and on,—not with any particular desire to shoot, but only to go up the stream, away from the road, into a new, untrodden place, where something indescribable, yet very real, something I liked beyond expression, lingered and wavered and shone.

I had proceeded up the way of the brook not more than two hundred yards when I saw my birds side by side on a little spit in the middle of the current. They were odd-looking forms—small bodies on long, stiffly set legs. Under them in the water stood inverted duplicates, and behind them sparkled the wavy reach of clear brook-bosom, which seemed to impart its tricksy motion to their wings and necks. These aquatic birds certainly have peculiarities like those of water; the kinship of life and its habitat is one of nature's open secrets.

Instantly my dreamy spell dissolved, as ice in fire; up went my bow, and away sped the arrow. It was preposterous to expect a hit at that distance; but your archer always expects a hit; nor is his disappointment great when expectation ends as it ended then. For he has learned the sweet truth of that ancient saw: "Pursuit is more enjoyable than possession." One of the birds saw me getting ready to shoot, and flew. The other one, however, stood its ground, acting as if it spied something in the water that it meant to get. The distance was so great that I could not be sure; but I could have enthusiastically deposed that the shaft struck exactly between that doddler's feet in the sand. Certainly it knocked some pebbles hither and yon. And the bird was so scared by the stroke that, instead of flying, it lifted its wings, and, as it seemed to me, with its feathers all on end and its beak wide open, stared at the firmly planted missile, as at an apparition astonishing beyond endurance. Then it sprang into the air and zigzagged crazily away.

A sparrow-hawk next got my attention by wheeling about overhead, letting fall upon me a bickering shower of keen notes. When it lighted upon a tall dead tree I shot at it from behind a clump of pussy-willows. The sound

of my bow, although very slight, startled it, and it came near flying in the way of an arrow far out of line. Every once in a while a bird actually thus assists a poor shot and bags itself, so to say. I followed the little hawk from tree to tree, shooting at hopelessly long range, only to see the arrows fly, and to hear the long sighing note of the feathers swiftly diminish in the distance. It was leisurely exercise, suited to the cool yet sunny and dreamy weather.

I walked across some freshly plowed ground, where the young maize was out, twi-leaved and emerald-bright, in clusters of from two to five plants, in hills about three and a half feet apart. The tilth was fine, my boots sinking into it ankle-deep. Here I saw my first bluebirds of the season fluttering from stump to stump—the field had been recently cleared of a forest—and blowing their tender flute-phrases. Then I entered a piece of wooded pasture-land where the cows seemed to be finding food, although I saw little grass. Flickers darted up from the ground here and yonder, bounding away through the air, their line of flight showing a series of long undulations; and each bird whacked the bole of a tree and stuck there, a sheeny spot of brown and gold speckled with black.

I would not have wantonly killed one of those beautiful creatures for any price; but I shot at them from afar, just to drop an arrow somewhere close enough to them to startle them. At a hundred yards I could do this, and once it looked for a moment as if a miracle of accuracy or accident were to be compassed; for the shaft, flying beautifully, went curving over, with such steadiness, and in a line so marvelously true, that when it approached the bird I felt a compunction dart through my mind. I thought it a center shot until it struck. The flicker was a good hundred yards distant from me, and I could make it out only by its movements while pecking for grubs. The arrow appeared actually to fall upon it, but it was a miss. The leaves and dirt were flung up by the shaft's pile, and out of the little dust-jet rose the flicker like a spurt of dull flame. It was almost a duplicate of the shot at the doddler. I felt not a little relieved, glad that I had missed, but proud of the shot. And that was the closing incident of a memorable outing. A few minutes later I was again in the highway, briskly tramping toward the station, and that night I slept while rushing homeward at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

KNOWLEDGE.

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON.

I HAVE known sorrow—therefore I
May laugh with you, O friend, more merrily
Than those who never sorrowed upon earth
And know not laughter's worth.

I have known laughter—therefore I
May sorrow with you far more tenderly
Than those who never knew how sad a thing
Seems merriment to one heart's suffering.

DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST.

THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM, FORMERLY CASTLE GARDEN.

TREASURES OF THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.

BY CHARLES L. BRISTOL,
Professor of Biology, New York University.

THE life of the sea has never ceased to fascinate mankind; for sailors have always brought back tales of marvel, which story-tellers from the days of the "Arabian Nights" to the present have perpetuated. So it has happened that from childhood we have been filled with a desire to know more about the unseen inhabitants of the ocean. Nowhere else in the great capitals of the world may this desire be so completely gratified as in the New York Aquarium, and nowhere else may it be gratified without charge.

This is due, on the one hand, to the fact that New York is the only world-capital that is situated on the ocean's edge, and, on the other, to the generosity of the municipality in providing for the amusement and instruction of the people. The adjacent coast offers peculiar advantages for supplying the aquarium with abundant material for exhibition and not less valuable food-supplies, as well as with an unlimited amount of fresh salt water. This factor of a sufficient water-supply is wanting in the aquariums of Europe, and though much has been written about the advantages of using the same water over and over again, the fact remains that such a system has not produced an exhibit worthy to be compared with that in this city.

Another important factor in the establishment of our aquarium was the fact that a suitable building, properly located, was already available in the historic building, Castle Garden, on the Battery, at the lower point of New York. The aquarium was opened to the public in December, 1896. It is in close touch with the ocean, and supplies the only place of amusement to that part of the city's population that lives below Canal street. Since it was thrown open to the public the attendance has constantly increased, until, for the year just ended, the daily average rose to 5045. On the last Sunday of March 10,000 people visited the aquarium, and on the following Sunday the number was 12,000, and this without any special novelty to attract the public attention. The largest attendance for any one day was 47,360, on August 20, 1898, when the return of Admiral Sampson's fleet drew an enormous crowd to the water-front. From the opening day to the 1st of May, 1900, the attendance has exceeded five and a half millions.

The circular form of the old fort lends itself easily to the needs of the aquarium. On the ground floor are six large pools surrounding a larger central pool. In these are the seals, the sturgeon, and a varied lot of fishes. The wall tanks are arranged in two tiers around the room, and are so planned

DRAWN BY JAMES C. BEARD.

COW TRUNK-FISH — ORANGE SEA-RAVEN — COMMON TRUNK-FISH.

DRAWN BY JAMES C. BEARD.

BURR-FISH — MOON-FISH — SPOTTED HIND.

DRAWN BY JAMES C. BEARD.

PARROT-FISH.

DRAWN BY JAMES C. BEARD.

ANGEL-FISH.

DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST.

VISITORS AT THE

that the only light in them comes from behind and above. This allows the visitor to imagine that he is below the surface of the water, and shows off the fishes to the best advantage. The tanks on the north side of the room are devoted to fresh-water fishes, while those on the south side are given over to those that live in salt water.

Among the former the most notable display is that of the trout family. For the most part, these have been contributed by the Fish Commissioners of several States. From the Mississippi valley come the channel catfish, the garpike, and the bowfin, while the whitefish and the mud-puppy come from the Great Lakes. On the salt-water side is a well-selected display of the common food-fishes of the adjacent coast, together with many of the strange, uncanny forms not used for food, such as the toadfish, the sea-raven, the shy crevallé, and the weird moonfish. Among all the fishes, however, those from the tropics are conspicuous for their beauty, and no other aquarium has ever shown so many or such perfect specimens. Their presence in New York is due to the suggestion of General Russell Hastings that they might be procured in Bermuda, and the collecting and handling has been done by the New York University biological expeditions at its tropical biological station in Bermuda. The problem of transporting these warm-water fishes into the cool waters of this vicinity was successfully solved through the cordial coöperation of the Quebec Steamship Company and the keen interest of its officers and engineers.

These fishes from Bermuda are, for the most part, similar to those that abound in the waters of the West Indies. They dwell among coral reefs, in clear, transparent water, under a blazing tropical sun, and their colors are in harmony with their surroundings. The sea-gardens, as they are called, of a coral reef display a surprising wealth of color. Great sea-fans of Tyrian purple grow side by side with others of gorgeous yellow. Here a clump of seal-brown sea-rods rises out of a crimson bed of seaweed. The bright green of the sea-lettuce vies with the pure white of some of the lime-secreting plants, while the corals and sea-anemones contribute patches of brilliant colors of various hues. In such environments these fishes, with their bright colors, move about without attracting notice, though they become highly conspicuous in the tanks.

The green parrot-fish resembles its namesake the bird in color, and feeds on shellfish, which it grinds, shell and all, in its powerful jaws. Its flesh is thought to be poisonous, and is never used for food. The squirrel-fish is a pugnacious, great-eyed scarlet fish of exceeding brilliancy. The hind-fish is so plentiful and so little esteemed for food that it is passed by with contempt, though it is one of the most beautiful of fishes. The angel is rightly named as far as looks go; for its lapis-lazuli color, the long golden streamers from its fins, and its graceful swimming motions combine to make it, *par excellence*, the show-fish of the place. In all other respects it is anything but angelic. It carries a long, sharp spur on each gill-cover, with which it rapidly and surely inflicts a fatal wound on any other fish that comes near it, and it will pester and tire out by continual chasing any other occupant of its tank too quick to allow it to come near enough to wound. The surgeon-fish is a

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solemn-looking fellow much the shape of a melon-seed, with two tangs, or lances, in its tail. Its color is a deep turquoise-blue. The trunk-fish and its near relative the cow-fish look like animated triangular boxes. The body of each is perfectly rigid, the little fins and tail being the only movable parts. It is another very meddlesome fish, not tolerating any other kind near it; but its odd motions and inquisitive looks make it a favorite with visitors. Another peculiar fish is the speckled moray, a species of eel of a bright-green color, flecked with numerous spots of vivid yellow. Lying huddled together in the tank they have a most ferocious look; but they are, in fact, quite tame. In their homes they lurk in caves and crevices, darting out upon their prey as it passes. A specimen of the great black moray, measuring over seven feet in length and two feet around its neck, was captured last summer, and is at present thriving in one of the tanks. This kind is justly feared by the native fishermen, for when this specimen was being transferred from the boat to a tank it bit a good-sized chunk off the edge of a hemlock plank an inch and a half thick. When one of the fishermen was asked to procure a specimen for the aquarium, he looked up in surprise, and said very seriously: "Do you know what I 'd do if I saw a black moray coming up on my line over that side of my boat? Why, sir, I 'd jump right over the other side!"

It is difficult to appreciate the continuous efforts necessary to maintain a large aquarium. To the present head, Colonel James E. Jones, and his able assistants, Messrs. L. B. Spencer and Washington Denyse, the continued success is largely due. A broken pump, a sudden bursting of a pipe, a little carelessness in feeding, or one of many other contingencies, would quickly depopulate the tanks, yet since the building was opened to the public no accident has interrupted the exhibit.

At times the danger-line has been perilously near. During one winter a heavy snow-storm set in on a Friday, when the stock of coal is usually replenished. The dealer waited for the storm to pass by, but Saturday found the streets impassable and the cold intense. With the utmost economy the coal-supply gave out at midnight on Saturday. To stop the pumps meant death to the whole population, and all hands began to collect old lumber and boxes to keep the fires going. Soon after daybreak on Sunday the wood-supply gave out; but, fortunately, at this juncture a small load of coal was dragged to the door, and disaster was averted.

Many an anxious consultation is held over fishes that refuse to eat or that develop some disease and lose their wonted vigor. This one needs a salve for some wound, that one is suffering from some fungous growth. The latter is treated by hydropathy literally; that is, if it is a fresh-water fish, it is put into salt water, and vice versa, for the fungi that live in one kind of water cannot live in the other.

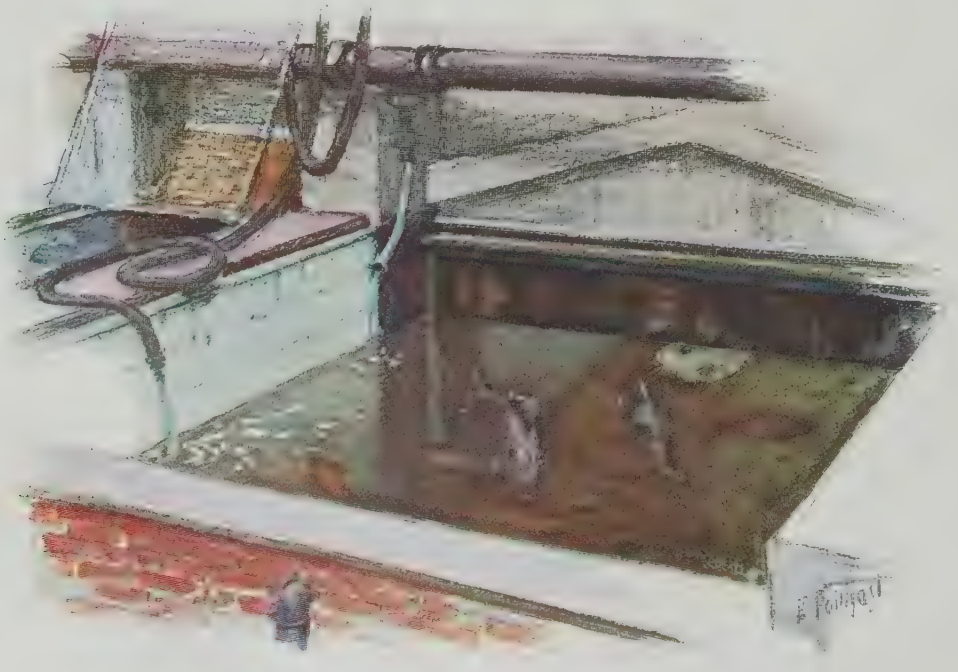
Sometimes a fish will refuse to eat for days, as did the large moray that came from Bermuda. At one time this great eel fasted for eighteen days, and at another time for twenty-seven, thus causing its caretakers the utmost anxiety. Eagerly they study the bill of fare provided for their patients. Now a live herring is offered, now a dead one;

now a soft-shell clam in the shell, now a quahog minced fine; and so on through the list until the fasting animal is enticed to eat. The most attractive morsel to a moping fish seems to be a strip cut from a salted codfish and manœuvered about on a long stick to give it the appearance of being alive.

The regular daily feeding of the animals is another source of care, not only in regard to the special diets of the various kinds of fishes, but also in the serving. The dietary is quite varied, as some fish are vegetarians, many carnivorous, and a few omnivorous. The vegetarians are few in number, and feed on soaked cereals or green plants in season. The carnivores have various tastes: some are fond of soft-shell clams alive in the shell, others will eat only quahogs or little-neck clams minced fine; some will eat only living fishes that they can capture, others thrive on fresh dead fishes from which the bones have been removed; some require a diet of live shrimps or small crabs; and almost all enjoy a bit of salted codfish as a delicacy. Besides the fishes there are the turtles, seals, lobsters, sea-anemones, and others to provide for, each requiring a special knowledge of its wants and habits through all the seasons. The number of mouths to be fed regularly exceeds three thousand, and the supply of food comes largely from Fulton Market; but the live fishes and shrimps must be caught and handled by the attendants, who draw their supplies almost entirely from the near-by waters of Sheepshead and Gravesend bays.

Another matter of prime importance to the welfare of the inhabitants is the constant circulation of the water in ample volume. The regulation of the temperature also requires constant attention. Fishes are commonly called cold-blooded; they are, in fact, variable-blooded, and are keenly susceptible to fluctuations in the temperature of the water. In the aquarium, not less than in the open water, these sensibilities play an important part in the life of the fishes, and success in management means almost hourly attention to the regulation of the temperature. The New York Aquarium is furnished with a refrigerating-apparatus on the one hand, and a warming-apparatus on the other, so that salmon from the icy waters of Maine may feel at home, while the tropical fishes are comfortable in the neighboring tanks.

The crowning feature of our aquarium is the great diversity of its exhibits. In no other aquarium are the fishes drawn from so large an area. The waters of half a continent and its seaboard are laid under contribution for representative specimens; and though they bring with them widely different habits and peculiarities, they find congenial quarters, and thrive in them.



DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST.

LOOKING THROUGH A FISH-TANK FROM ABOVE AND BEHIND THE SCENES.

DR. NORTH AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL,
Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Characteristics," etc.

PART SIX.

X.

ON Wednesday Clayborne came to tell me that we must take Sibyl and himself for a week, because of plumbers in his house. We were all well pleased, and none more than Alice, for on this Saturday there was to be a woman's convention in favor of female suffrage. Delegates were expected from States as remote as Florida and Montana, and many subjects of interest were to be discussed besides the main question. My wife was always attracted by such reformatory movements as were to end in fulfilling the prophet's words: "The Lord hath created a new thing in the earth, A woman shall compass a man." When it came to putting in practice certain of these reforms, she soon began to see so many difficulties that her brief enthusiasm by degrees faded away. To the ludicrous aspect of some of the changes advocated she was, perhaps, even too sensitive. Her friend Anne Vincent once said: "My dear, I hope I shall never present myself to you as laughable. A jest to you is what the sternest logic is to Mr. Clayborne." This was certainly clever, but was hardly true, and was only half meant. Indeed, a good deal of Mrs. Vincent's brilliant talk at times needed the gentle exegesis of friendly disbelief.

A week or two later we promised to go to the studio. St. Clair had been at work on a pedestal for Keats's vase, and desired us also to see the bust of Xerxes Crofter.

It was about 4 P.M. when we entered. Vincent was too busy to come early. We found Clayborne seated in a corner, deep in a book on Greek vases. Sibyl Maywood was in a chair in front of the vase, and to her St. Clair was reading with passionate emphasis the poem of Keats.

He paused as we came in, and greeting us, said: "I was just saying to Miss Maywood that in English there are but two, perhaps three, poems which deal with their subjects as this does. It makes throughout an unusual claim on the imagination, and failing of this interpretive aid must seem pure nonsense. There are lines, passages, verses, which ask the same form of unreserved mental sympathy, but here the need runs through the whole poem. There is in it the undying springtime of joy and love. I never liked the last two lines. They lack relation to the rest of it. Truth may be, in a sense, beautiful; it is not beauty; and is beauty truth? I wish he had lived to alter the lines. I am self-assured he would have done so."

"How joyously extravagant it is!" said Mrs. Vincent. "I have no heart to quarrel with it. The other poem is, of course, Shelley's fantasy of the skylark; and the third?"

"No one has seen," said St. Clair, laughing. "Look at my pedestal."

It was of white, or rather of rose-gray, marble, square, and about two feet and a half high. Above was a wreath of grapes and leaves carried around all four sides. Below were lilies. In front he had set a noble relief of the dead face of Keats, and had given it a look such as I had never seen in a marble face.

"What is it gives such tenderness to the closed eyes?" I asked.

"Look; go nearer," he replied. "I have ventured to indicate by chisel touches on the lower lids the sweep of his eyelashes. I shall be told it is not good art. I don't care an etcetera. You like it?"

"Oh, yes, yes," said my wife. "Where have I seen that before? Oh, now I remember. It is on the tomb figure of Guidarello Guidarelli at Ravenna."

"Yes, that beautiful thing. I have succeeded, have I not? Now look at the two sides. At the back I have put a broken hour-glass."

On one of the two sides was a Greek youth in relief, and on the other side a girl's face. Seeing it, we looked at one another,

but made no remark. It was Sibyl. I do not think she recognized herself; indeed, I am sure she did not, a fact which surprised me.

My wife moved around to the front of the pedestal, and said: "Anne, the face of Keats has a look of 'lifelong struggle merged in peace'—rest, if you like. I see a line of verse beneath it. What is it? Ah, that is prettily used," and she read:

> "When old age shall this generation waste,
> Thou shalt remain."

St. Clair suddenly threw a sheet over vase and pedestal, and turning away, said: "Here is my Xerxes. I have done him justice." He cast the cover off the marble and stood aside.

He had done him stern justice. All the features were strangely exaggerated. It was a brute, hard, inflexible, rapacious, and capable—a terrible likeness.

"The deuce!" exclaimed Vincent, coming up behind us, having just come in.

"Yes, he is the devil. I hope he will like it. All the man is there. I have taken vengeance for many. But, by George, it is Xerxes."

"Will he like it?" said I.

"Who cares? I would bet he will like it."

"He will not," said Mrs. Vincent. "It is justice without charity."

"He will like it," said Vincent. "What do you say, Sibyl?"

"Say? It is horrible. I cannot look at it any more. It is wicked, wicked," and she walked away.

"A very good likeness," said Clayborne; "rather too strongly—well—accentuated."

The artist had given the eyes a slight slant downward and inward. It was that which gave the look of Mephistophelian intelligence.

"Yet it is not a caricature," said St. Clair.

"No," said I. "There is here only an intensifying of all the worst expressions which belong to the man's face, as men must have seen it at different times. It excites no laughter in one who looks at it."

"But should a caricature always do that?" said my wife.

"Certainly not," replied St. Clair.

"Yours would be a dangerous art if you always used it to bring out on the face subtle confessions of all that is bad in the man," said I.

"Why not all that is good?" said Mrs. Vincent. "Your bust is uncharitable. You do not let us see that this man has, as Mr. Clayborne says, the virtue of fidelity to his pledges. He is not a liar. He is not avaricious. He has courage. He keeps his word."

"That," laughed St. Clair, "must amazingly add to the difficulties of a career like his."

"Let us drop him," said Vincent. "He has been too long in decent society. Let me see the vase."

St. Clair said: "No; not to-day. You will find tea in the drawing-room."

Why he was unwilling I do not know. Vincent did not urge him.

As we went out, Mrs. Vincent detained him.

"Why," she asked, "did you put Sibyl's face on the pedestal and your own?"

"Oh, because her face has, like the girl's face on the vase, a history of joy which can never mature or be more than it is. And then, it is beautiful, and I wanted to do it."

"Do you always do what you want to do, Victor?"

"Generally."

"Without thought of consequences, Victor?"

When she called him Victor he knew, as he said, that he was vanquished.

"You sometimes make friendship difficult," he said.

"In order," she replied bravely, "to keep it from becoming impossible."

"What am I to do?"

"I do not know." She was vexed, annoyed, void of counsel. But she said, in her just anger: "It was a great liberty, and you put it there because she, too, is never to realize maturity of joy. Incredible, brutal, I call it."

"*Væ victis*," he groaned. "I will smash the whole thing. *Habet*," and he followed the indignant woman, who sat down to her tea in silent wrath.

XI.

THE winter went on, and, as several of us were busy, we met more rarely. Vincent was here and there trying cases. Mrs. Vincent was occupied with her many charities. My wife was struggling in the interests of the newly endowed university for women. She wished it to consist of a group of cottage homes where, besides the higher studies, there should be taught the art and the science of the one natural profession for which no college trains young women. She was having bad luck, and was seriously troubled by the possible loss of a noble opportunity. St. Clair was in one of his pro-

longed moods, which we had learned to forgive. He might be in the city, and yet never see us for a month, and then make up for it by bothering the busy with daily visits. Both Clayborne and I were writing books, and the scholar was twice absent on business in the West.

Mrs. North still tenderly cared for Sibyl, and now and then, when Clayborne was long absent, asked her to visit us for a week or more. Our daughter, who was now in her fifth year, had for Sibyl one of those passionate attachments seen at times in little girls for their elders. As usual, it was imitative. "I am Sibyl," she said one day, and began, to her mother's horror, to walk with an excellent simulation of the gait of Miss Maywood. When told not to do so, she said, "But I can't help it, mama. I am Sibyl." As for Miss Maywood, she loved the little one, related stories, and taught her songs in a clear, true voice of great sweetness and no great volume. It was a pretty love-affair, useful to the child, valuable to Sibyl.

One day, early in May, Mrs Vincent asked me to call, as she desired to talk to me of Sibyl, who was then at Holmwood for a week during Clayborne's absence.

"Where have you been?" she asked. "I see Alice, but you men are invisible."

"Mr. Clayborne is off again. He is building a few miles of rail to connect his road with another main line. Xerxes declares this to be against their agreement. Clayborne says he made no such agreement, and is joyous over the chance of a lawsuit. Vincent is equally happy in the likelihood of having a shot at Xerxes."

"Really you men are a quarrelsome folk. But I want to talk about Sibyl. Do you know that Victor St. Clair, whom I never see, goes almost daily to visit her? He takes her flowers, he reads to her. You know, Owen, it is the old story. The only time I have seen him of late he raved about her beauty. He says she is like that broken marble head in Rome, in the museum of the Baths of Diocletian, is n't it? The one we agreed to call the 'sleeping vestal.'"

"Yes, I recall it," said I. "He is right."

"Oh, that man, Owen! He has left her face on the pedestal, although he promised he would not. That girl is susceptible of passion; she is sensitive to all forms of beauty; and we know how fatal this man's ways and looks have been. She was meant to love and to be loved. My God, Owen! How will it end? She is utterly unconventional. In a little while St. Clair will drop her as he has done others. The analytic stage will come, of which we have talked so often, and after that— Ah, it is sad, sad! Some one must talk to him. I said so months ago. You thought me hasty."

"Will you do it now, Mrs. Vincent?"

"I must. I must, I suppose. Vincent sees it. He is greatly concerned. Bring the man to me. I have written to ask him to call. He made no answer. He has probably forgotten. Why do we all care for him? Why does Clayborne spoil him, and leave that girl alone? Really, friends add terribly to the responsibilities of life."

I drove at once to St. Clair's house. I found him lying on the lounge, gazing at Sibyl's profile. He had already begun to justify Mrs. Vincent's prediction.

"It is not as interesting as I thought," he said, as I entered. "The drop from the brow down the nose is not quite Greek. I altered it in the rilievo. The mouth is a trifle too large. It is too expressive. You may have noticed that. I saw it only last week. I am to take a mold of her hand. That is matchless. People do not observe hands. Clark told me last week that he had just painted three children for one of our freshly millioned men. One, a boy, had a beautiful right hand; his left was that of a peasant. But this boy was left-handed and expert with tools."

"That is curious," said I. "Did you get a note from Mrs. Vincent?"

"Yes, but I forgot—oh, here it is." It was unopened.

"Do you value that woman's friendship? You are near to the loss of it."

"I? What! I would give her or Vincent my life at need."

"Then give her an hour of it and make your peace. The people who would give a million and do not give a penny are not made for friendship. We do not want the million. We often want the penny."

"Hang your financial parables! I will go now—or—no—I will go to-night."

I made him dress and go with me at once. Pretending an engagement, I left him with the vexed woman. What passed I heard next day.

"Say? What did I say, Owen North? I said, 'Victor, you have neither heart nor conscience.'"

"That was a promising beginning. What next?"

"I said: 'You go to see Sibyl daily, even when Clayborne is absent. You take her flowers. You read to her. You take her

books. And you do it all merely to look at her. It is cruel. You could do no more if you meant to marry her.'

"'Good heavens, marry her! I am not fit to open a door for her.'

"'Do not dare to defend yourself.'

"'But I do not—'

"'Then do it. You are past endurance. Have you begun to see faults yet in her face?'

"St. Clair flushed. 'A girl in her condition, with that tormented frame, must know that for her love, marriage, is impossible. I have only made her life happier,' he said. 'I have not the vanity to presume—to dare to believe—'

"'Victor, you have no right to exasperate me by adding fiction to folly. I have seen these little tragedies before. Usually I did not care for the victim. This time it is different. If Sibyl Maywood's body is crippled, her heart is not. It does not reason—'

"'I wish you would not talk about her as crippled. It is a horrible word.'

"'Nonsense. You will drop her of a sudden, and hurt us—through her. You are incapable of a quiet friendship for this dear child whom God has seen fit to afflict. You will only make life for her sadly difficult. I do not see why we all care for a man whose art makes him so selfish.'

"'Nor I,' said St. Clair. 'I 'll be hanged if I see. What can I do?'

"'It is humiliating to a woman to have to say these things. Make some excuse. Go away. God grant it may not be too late. Go somewhere. To any other man I should say, stay and amend your ways. You are good at excuses. Find one.'

"'But I have engagements. I have—'

"'I never before knew them to stand in your way.'

"'I am sorry. I will go. But it does seem a little absurd. I really do not want to go now.'

"'Victor, if you wish me ever to speak to you again, you will go at once. Let me add, dear friend, that Fred entirely agrees with me.'

"'Oh, hang Fred! I can stand the women.'"

He was like a child. He took his story to my wife, and what she said I do not know.

"You will have your will," he said later. "I am going. And, confound it, do these women think I am going to kneel down and confess? I had far rather go. O Lord! they know, do they? They think they know everything. *N'importe.* Don't tell, but you should have seen Anne Vincent's *mise en scène* for my trial. The room was twilight dark, and the dear lady was in some amazing black laces, and not a rose anywhere. Unluckily, Mrs. Leigh came, but the set was not for her. She sat down on the open piano. I was so sorry that woman could not swear. She went soon. I know her disaster contributed ferocity to the dismal after-scene."

"You do not seem much the worse for it," I said.

"No, perhaps not." He became grave. "My dear Owen, you have sometimes misunderstood me. It is really possible—no, I decline to explain, even to you. But try not to think too ill of me. While I am away, write me now and then, and do not be such an ass as to think it needful never to speak of Miss Maywood. You will want to know my plans. It is May. I am going to ride through the Virginia mountains. I do not know where else I may go. I think of going to live in Paris. I am never bad there. 'Not bad,' you say? 'Only thoughtless.' Yes, it requires a good deal of intelligence to be good. Do get these notes answered for me." There were a dozen or more. "I did not show you this. I have had it a month."

It was a telegram: "Bust first-rate. Make another for my house. Check by mail, $2000. If not enough, wire. XERXES CROFTER."

"And you answered?"

"Yes. I wrote a copy of my reply on the back of this telegram. 'Can't do two busts. Busy. Consider pleasure of making bust sufficient pay. Can't accept money which is not your own. ST. CLAIR.'"

"And he? What did he say?"

"Here is his answer: 'Guess it was worth while to bust me. Don't understand what you mean about money. Check sent. CROFTER.' Then I wired: 'Check returned. ST. CLAIR.' I wrote 'Plunder' across the face of his check, and mailed it to Xerxes."

"Give me these telegrams. I want to show them to Vincent."

So far I had expressed no opinion. St. Clair was in a sensitive mood, dissatisfied with himself, vexed, and with as yet no more real conscience about the trouble his esthetic madness made than was provided for him unasked by the less eccentric morality of his friends. What mischief there was to be made out of the matter of this bust was already made. It was now useless to scold him. He returned to his packing business, while I stood re-reading these astonishing telegrams. Presently St. Clair looked up.

"Why the deuce don't you say something,

Owen? I seem to please no one just now, not even myself."

Thus challenged, I said: "Neither Vincent nor I will agree with you. You should not have replied as you have done. You should not have made that bust what you did. It was unfair. It was not the way to punish him."

"Confound it, Owen! It was the only way."

"Then no way were the better way. And there is no more to say. Xerxes is learning many things, some good and some bad. A little charity might—"

"I can't run a Sunday-school for brigands. Hang the fellow!"

"Yes, with pleasure. But, truly, it is not easy to deal fairly with a man like this, who is cultivating for the first time the decencies of life. Something between kicks and kisses seems to me the thing. I have obliged him, I have set him on his feet again, and I feel—"

"Yes, by George! Dr. Frankenstein; and you are welcome to the man you have remade. You are responsible for whatever beastly things he may do."

"And for all your sins, dear old boy, since I pulled you out of that typhoid scrape years ago."

"Quite true. It has kept me easy in mind ever since. Oh, here is the end of our correspondence. I did not finish. Here is his reply: 'My old doctor used to say, "Foolitis is an incurable disease." You have it badly. I have the bust. CROFTER.'"

"You come out pretty even."

"No; he has not yet seen the fun of it. He sent the bust to the New York spring exhibition. Here is what the 'Tribunal' says of it. Take it with you. Perhaps Mrs. Vincent will forgive me when she reads it."

I ran over the article as he resumed his task.

"There is one bust, 'X. C.,' by Victor St. Clair, which is a strange and powerful work. It is No. 30. If the man is like it, we are sorry for him. It should be labeled, 'The Scapegoat.' Probably it will turn out to be a class-leader or a Sunday-school superintendent. The face looks as if it carried all the sins of the people. It is questionable whether an artist has a right to set out on a man's features all his worst attributes. A suit for defamation of character should be in order."

"You will hear from Xerxes yet, Victor, or you may never hear. He is said to have a good memory and to be unforgiving. No one can say what he will do. I fancy him more likely to avenge material injuries, but, like Clayborne, he sometimes finds joy in battle, and fancies a trial of sharpened wits. I think him by nature good-humored."

"Well, so far I am the boy on top. Good-by."

"Ah, one thing more, Victor. Have you done anything about that bas-relief? You took a great liberty, and when you put your own face on the other side you did a worse thing."

"I altered my phiz on the vase and on the pedestal. I will not touch the other—never, never! Great heavens, it is beautiful! I shall keep the pedestal, and that is all I will do."

I felt that enough had been said. "Write me a line, Victor. Don't quite forget us. You have a mighty talent for neglect."

I went away thinking of the two men for whom I was so hopelessly responsible.

XII.

ST. CLAIR was gone seven weeks. He had the grace to write Miss Maywood that he had an errand in the South. When he came back he was at his best. "Was he forgiven?" he asked Mrs. Vincent. He had seen a woman in West Virginia; such a figure! But art was perilous among the mountain people. He had commented upon her figure to her husband, and been promptly asked what the blank was it his business. Mrs. Vincent said she was glad, and hoped the experience would prove of permanent value.

As it was now near to summer, we were all of us about to flit in different directions, and were to dine with Clayborne before we separated. On our way to Holmwood, in the train, Mrs. Vincent said to me:

"Sibyl is not looking well. I have arranged with Mr. Clayborne that she is to go with Fred and me. He has no idea that one can overuse a human machine. The girl is tired. I think I told you or Alice that we have taken a cottage on the bay at Bar Harbor. It is a pleasant wilderness. Few people go there. The anchorage for the yacht is good. You must come and see us, you and Alice and the maidie. Alice says yes. St. Clair is behaving himself beautifully."

"Yes; his present love-affair is our little Mary. That, at least, can do no harm."

"I wish I thought the other matter had done none. Sibyl is changed. She is less simple. I came upon her in my drawing-

room yesterday looking at St. Clair's photograph. She put it down hastily and took up another."

"It may be," said I, "that our knowledge and our fears come too late. She is not strong. She has a weak, insufficient heart. But, then, time is a great doctor."

"Yes, soon or late he cures all human ills," she returned sadly.

It was, I think, late at this dinner that Mrs. Vincent, replying to some remark of St. Clair's, said: "I must see this man Crofter. Do ask him to dinner, Fred."

"Cheerfully, my dear. You will permit me to dine at the club that day."

"And," said I, "did he never show you any annoyance as to the extraordinary verdict you pronounced on him that night at Holmwood?"

"Not a sign," said St. Clair. "I think he considered me a kind of art-engine, and not as a subject for hostile remembrance. He may have changed his mind."

"Yes; he will remember," said Vincent. "The debt is doubled. He will collect it as surely as *Shylock*, and it will be from near your heart, Victor."

"I hope you will be careful," said Sibyl, simply.

"What nonsense, child!" exclaimed Mrs. Vincent.

By this time the dusk of the late June twilight was upon us. Candles with tall, old-fashioned glass shades were placed on the table with the fruit. While we discussed where the Keats vase should be set, the shadows deepened under the stars. The dim light, which is not star-given, but seems as if it were the return of radiance stored by day in the sunlit earth, lent to all things the tenderness of indistinct outlines. Fireflies flashed here and there. A gentle hint of silence was in the air. The talk fell away, and for a little while no one spoke. Then, of a sudden, St. Clair pushed back his seat, and began to sing. It was his way, and surprised none of us.

Come through the roses, dear;
Thy gentle kin are they.
The lilies share thy tender fear
Because the month is May.

Come through the shadows, come;
The dreamy hour is still.
The voice of toil is dumb,
On meadow, lake, and hill.

At the second verse, to my surprise, Sibyl's voice joined in. She must have known the song. She might before this have sung it with St. Clair. The two voices rose pure and sweet in the evening quiet. Mrs. Vincent touched my arm with her fan. I understood. As they ceased, Sibyl said: "We must sing, now, 'The Holy Hour.' It is better than your song. Sing it; I want it now, at once."

She spoke with the eagerness of a child. I was struck of a sudden with the intimacy implied in her manner to St. Clair. It had in it a gentle assurance of trust, of some easy right to the imperative mood. Sibyl was still very natural. She was not yet at the point of self-confession as to her feeling for St. Clair. It might never come.

"He who wrote 'The Holy Hour,'" said St. Clair, "can write a song. Few can. The art is lost. I set it, but Miss Maywood thinks my music might be better."

Then again he began to sing, but Sibyl was silent.

This hour to thee! When as the sun
His course in the high heaven hath run,
And dew upon the earth doth fall,
And clouds their infant light recall,
May I in heart and spirit be
An hour with thee!

This hour be thine! As tender sweet
As to the heart returning feet
That timely come, and hands that bless,
And eyes that add their own caress,
So tender and so timely be
This hour to me.

This hour to thee! And if I weep,
Let hope her watches o'er me keep,
And build a rainbow for my tears
That 'neath this sullen cloud of years
Shall promise brightly I may be
More than an earthly hour with thee.

"Thank you," said my wife.

We had, as it were, a shock when Clayborne, rising, said: "We have had enough, I think. Did it take him long to write it, St. Clair, or did you do it?"

"I did not. I cannot. I wish I could. My heavens, it is so simple, so tender!"

"Stuff!" said the scholar. "Come into the garden and have your tobacco. Pick up those cushions, St. Clair."

Meanwhile Sibyl had disappeared into the house. We followed Clayborne through the roses into the garden beyond, where, in the pallid light, the worn Greek capitals and the sacrificial altar were gray blurs in the evening shade. We sat down at the far side on the marble bench. Vincent stretched himself out on a cushion at our feet, while St. Clair walked to and fro. As we talked

of our summer schemes, I chanced to observe that St. Clair was standing still at the end of the long garden walk. His pipe was out. He was leaning on the altar. A firefly flashed beside him, and I noticed that he was looking at the sky. Again half a dozen of these winged lanterns lighted up his face. He was very quiet. At this moment I saw Sibyl at the upper entrance, a white figure moving with accustomed slowness down the garden walk. She paused, came on, paused again, and, I supposed, would turn into the cross-walk which led to our seat. When I saw that she did not, but went on toward St. Clair, I rose and stepped across a bed of flowers so as to meet her. I felt some vague uneasiness.

"Sibyl," I said softly.

She made no reply.

"Sibyl!"

She still moved on. I was struck with the fact that she appeared not to notice me, and that she did not, as usual, halt in her gait. She moved slowly, but seemed free from awkwardness of motion. Again I spoke, and louder. As she still did not seem to hear me, I took her arm, and said, "This way, Sibyl." We were now near to St. Clair.

She said softly, "Where am I?" and then very low, but in a voice of ecstasy, "My love, I am coming, coming," and instantly became rigid from head to foot as I caught her falling form.

I cried: "Don't be alarmed. She has fainted."

It was really a hysterical attack. Clayborne was troubled. St. Clair, who heard her, was far more plainly disturbed. She was carried to the house and put to bed. My wife and I remained all night. Before morning the girl was clear in mind, but very weak, and quite unable to recall this unpleasant little drama.

"Something happened at dinner," she said. "Did we sing? I went indoors, I think—I forget. Did I faint? Mr. Clayborne was cross."

"People do faint," I said. "No; no one is to blame for fainting. You have been working too hard."

"It must be that, I suppose," she said wearily.

Clayborne was worried, and could not see how work could hurt any one. The women were wiser. My wife, who hears everything she ought not to hear, said to me: "Hysterics! Yes, and something else. Owen, I have learned to love this girl, and she is so frail and so tender. She gives out her love as a flower gives its odor, asking no return. Was it St. Clair's fault? Anne Vincent will not talk of it. But what to do? She does not love him, Owen, I am sure of that."

"Perhaps not; but if not," said I, "how explain that scene in the garden? In some way he disturbs her, but whether consciously to her or not I cannot say."

My wife was silent a moment, and then replied, "If Sibyl were two people I could comprehend it."

I had seen enough of the double consciousness of some hysterias not to feel surprise at this flash of feminine insight.

"That is not impossible," I said. "I will think about it."

This time Victor was hard hit. Sibyl's rapid emergence from childhood interested him; her freshness, the unexpected way in which her mind worked, were attractive. Her great beauty of face appealed to him. He knew not what had happened. As he did everything in excess, now he told Anne Vincent that he loved the girl.

"It is not true," she said, indignant. "You do not. You cannot."

"No, I don't!" he cried. "I do not know. Why did Mrs. North tell you what she said? As to loving her, I said I did not."

"Then why do you lie about it?"

"Sometimes I must," he said, "and, indeed, I am greatly troubled."

"The girl is very weak, very sick, Victor. At least, so says Owen North. If—if she should die, you would not be blameless."

"I know," he cried, "I know!" and went away, fleeing like a scared bird that has no resort but flight.

He had a human inclination to get away from a place where anything unpleasant had occurred. No one asked him to go. He had behaved well of late. I saw no reason why he should go.

This time he was gone until September. He wrote to me, and spoke of all of us except Miss Maywood, and meanwhile we had scattered for the summer.

(To be continued.)

WAR.

BY F. B. F.

I.

TWO men on thrones, or crouched behind,
With cunning words the world would blind.
With faces grave, averse from spoils,
They weave their thieving, cynic toils.
One thing they mean, another speak;
Bland phrases utter, tongue in cheek.
Stale truths turn lies on velvet lips;
The candid heavens are in eclipse;
From crooked minds, and hearts all black,
Comes WAR upon its flaming track,
And reeking fiends in happy hell
Shout, "All is well!"

II.

Then lives surprise!
While not a devil dares to shirk,
But all his hellish malice plies—
The angels, too, begin their work.
Now every virtue issues forth
And busy is from south to north:
Self-sacrifice, and love, and pity,
Tramp all the rounds in field and city;
Mercy beyond a price, sweet ruth,
Courage and comradeship and truth,
And gentlest deed and noblest thought,
Into the common day are brought.
Man lives at heaven's gate, and dies
For fellow-man with joyful cries.

III.

And all the while hell's imps are free
To work their will with fearful glee.
The beast in man anew is born;
Revenge and lust and pride and scorn,
And glory false and hateful hate,
All join to desecrate the State.

MEMORIES OF A MUSICAL LIFE.

BY WILLIAM MASON.

SECOND PAPER.

MOSCHELES.

THE playing of Moscheles was in a direct line of descent from Clementi and Hummel, and just preceded the Thalberg school. Moscheles was fond of quoting these authorities and of holding them up as excellent examples for his pupils. He advocated a very quiet hand position, confining, as far as possible, whatever motion was necessary to finger and hand muscles; and by way of illustration he said that Clementi's hands were so level in position and quiet in motion that he could easily keep a crown-piece on the back of his hand while playing the most rapid scale passages. I was not much surprised at the accomplishment of this feat, for I knew it had been said of Henry C. Timm of New York, an admirable pianist of the Hummel school, that he could play a scale with a glass of wine on the back of his hand without spilling a drop. I, boy-like, could not resist the temptation to repeat what I had heard. There was a curious expression upon the face of our good teacher, which gave the impression that he thought it a pretty tall story, and my fellow-pupils put it down as a big yarn prompted by a desire on my part to get ahead of Moscheles. Among these was Charles Wehle of Prague, of whom I saw a good deal. Some years later, after I had left Weimar for America, Wehle happened to visit Liszt. My name was mentioned, and Wehle asked, "Did you ever hear his wonderful tale about Timm, the New York player?" Then he repeated the anecdote, but changed the glass of wine to a glass of water. Liszt shook his head incredulously, and said, "Mason never said anything about a glass of water all the time he was in Weimar."

Moscheles was an excellent pianist and teacher, but he was already growing old, and his playing of sforzando and strongly accented tones was apt to be accompanied by an audible snort, which was far from musical. However, as a Bach-player he was especially great, and it was a delight to hear him. One evening, after my lesson, he began playing the preludes and fugues from the "Well-tempered Clavier," and I was enchanted with the finish, repose, and musicianship of his performance, which was without fuss or show. I have never heard any one surpass him in Bach.

Paderewski's Bach-playing is much like that of my old teacher. Several years ago, in company with Adolf Brodsky, the violinist, I attended one of Paderewski's recitals given in this city. After listening to compositions of Bach and Beethoven, Brodsky said: "He lays everything from A to Z before you in the most conscientious way, and through delicacy and sensitiveness of perception he attains a very close and artistic adjustment of values." Thoroughly in accord with Brodsky, I vividly recall the similarity of Paderewski's interpretation to that of Moscheles, both being characterized by perfect repose in action, while at the same time not lacking in intensity of expression. The modern adaptations and alterations from Bach are not here referred to, but the music as originally written by the composer. In Paderewski's conception and performance, like that of Moscheles, each and all of the voices received careful and reverent attention, and were brought out with due regard to their relative, as well as to their individual, importance. Nuances were never neglected, neither were they in excess. Thus the musical requirements of polyphonic interpretation were artistically fulfilled. Head and heart were united in skilful combination and loving response.

While I was in Leipsic, Moscheles celebrated his silver wedding, and one of the features of the occasion was odd and interesting. I forget whether I had the story direct from him or from one of my fellow-students. It is as follows: At the time Moscheles was paying attention to the lady who afterward became his wife he had a rival who was a farmer. What became of the farmer after Moscheles carried off the prize history does not make clear. A friend of Moscheles, an

artist of ability, conceived a unique idea of commemorating the joyous anniversary, and, putting it into act, he painted two portraits of Mrs. Moscheles, one representing her as she appeared on the interesting occasion, and the other giving his idea of how she would have looked after twenty-five years of wedded life had she married the farmer.

JOSEPH JOACHIM.

"LEIPSIC, Wednesday, September 19, 1849." Under this date I find in my diary a note to the effect that Joachim the violinist made me a friendly call at half-past ten o'clock. I had previously called on him to present a letter of introduction which I had received in Hamburg from Mortier de Fontaine.

Joachim made a marked impression upon me as being genial and unassuming in manner. He very cordially invited me to come to his room, saying, "We will play sonatas for violin and pianoforte together." This afforded a fine opportunity to a young piano-student, and, coming as it did without solicitation or expectation, was all the more appreciated. Less than two weeks later, on September 30, I heard him play the Mendelssohn violin concerto at the first Gewandhaus concert of the season, and was enchanted with his musical interpretation of the beautiful composition. A little further on in the diary it is written that the second Gewandhaus concert was given on October 7. The Schumann "Symphony in B Flat Major, No. 1," was played, and "I never before experienced such a thrill of enthusiasm." On Thursday, October 18, the third Gewandhaus concert took place, the symphony being by Spohr, "No. 3, C Minor." An item of special interest regarding this concert is that I heard here for the first time the fine violoncellist Bernhard Cossmann, with whom, in later years, I became intimately acquainted. He was then in the Weimar orchestra and the Ferdinand Laub String Quartet, and was one of our "Weimarische Dutzbrüder."

CARL MAYER.

FROM Leipsic I went to Dresden in March, 1850, and stayed there a few months with some American friends who were studying the pianoforte under Carl Mayer, whose very beautiful and finished playing was more adapted for the salon than for the concert-hall. Although I took no lessons of him, I constantly enjoyed his society, frequently heard him play, and in this way profited much from the association.

I wished, however, to get to work in the more advanced and modern methods, and so decided to go to Alexander Dreyschock in Prague. My departure from Dresden was somewhat delayed because, upon going to the Austrian consul's to get his visé, he refused to give it to me. This was owing to the political disturbances which had taken place in Europe a year or two before. Thereupon I wrote to Dreyschock for his assistance, and he, being on friendly terms with the Austrian minister at Dresden, easily accomplished the desired result.

DREYSCHOCK.

ALEXANDER DREYSCHOCK was one of the most distinguished pianoforte virtuosos of his time, and his specialty was his wonderful octave-playing. Indeed, he acquired such fame in this particular that the mention of "octave-playing" at once suggested the name of Dreyschock to his contemporaries. He was also celebrated on account of his highly trained left hand, so much so that Saphir, the famous Vienna critic, paid tribute to the fact, and wrote a stanza which obtained wide circulation, and which runs as follows:

> Welchen Titel der nicht hinke
> Man dem Meister geben möchte,
> Der zur Rechten macht die Linke?—
> Nennt ihn, "Doctor beider Rechte."

An anecdote, related to me by one of his most intimate friends not long after my arrival in Prague, is interesting in this connection, as well as instructive to piano-students. Tomaschek, his teacher, was in the habit of receiving a few friends on stated occasions for the purpose of musical entertainment and conversation. One evening the rapid progress in piano-technic was being discussed, and Tomaschek remarked that more and more in this direction was demanded each day. A copy of Chopin's "Études," open at "Étude No. 12, C Minor," happened to be lying on the piano-desk. It will be remembered that the left-hand part of this étude consists throughout of rapid passages in single notes, difficult enough in the original to satisfy the ambition of most pianists. Tomaschek, looking at this, remarked, "I should not wonder if, one of these days, a pianist should appear who would play all of these single-note left-hand passages in octaves." Dreyschock, overhearing

the remark, at once conceived an idea which he proceeded next day to carry into execution. For a period of six successive weeks, at the rate of twelve hours a day, he practised the étude in accordance with the suggestion of Tomaschek. How he ever survived the effort is a mystery, but, at any rate, when the next musical evening at Tomaschek's occurred he was present, and, watching his opportunity for a favorable moment, sat down to the pianoforte and played the étude in a brilliant and triumphant manner, with the left-hand octaves, thus fulfilling the prediction of Tomaschek. Upon a subsequent occasion he repeated this feat at one of the Leipsic Gewandhaus concerts. Mendelssohn, as I am told, was present, and was very demonstrative in the expression of his delight and astonishment. I will add, for the benefit of those of my readers, should there be any, who are inclined to try the experiment, that certain adaptations are necessary in various parts of the étude in order to get the required scope for the left-hand octaves. Thus, the opening octave passage in the beginning must be played an octave higher than it was originally written.

At the time of which I write (1849–50) very little seems to have been known of the important influence of the upper-arm muscles and their very efficient agency, when properly employed, in the production of tone-quality and volume by means of increased relaxation, elasticity, and springiness in their movements. About the winter of 1846–47 there was a teacher in Boston, comparatively little known, and whose name I cannot now recall, who considered limber wrists as of great importance in octave-playing, and so instructed his pupils. From one of these I learned his manner of application, and immediately putting it into practice, succeeded in accomplishing the most desirable results, and thereafter, as a matter of ease and economy, I never played in any other way. I afterward found that this was one of the main principles of the Tomaschek method as regards octave-playing and as taught and carried into act by Dreyschock, but nothing was said as to the application of the principle to the training of the muscles of the fore and upper arm and shoulder. The direction to the pupil was solely and simply to keep the wrists loose. To be sure, this could not be altogether accomplished without some degree of arm-limberness, but no specific directions were given for cultivating the latter. So far as wrist-motion is concerned, Leschetitsky's manner of playing octaves has much in common with the Tomaschek-Dreyschock method, if the former may be judged from the playing of most of his pupils, who seem to pay but little attention to the upper-arm muscles. This is quite natural when it is remembered that Leschetitsky was in some sense an assistant of Dreyschock when the latter was at the head of the piano department in the Conservatory of Music at St. Petersburg. The Leschetitsky pupils, however, have a manner of sinking the wrists below the keyboard which was not in accordance with Dreyschock's manner of playing. It seems to me that the latter's method of level wrists is more productive of a full, sonorous musical tone.

I remained with Dreyschock for over a year, taking three lessons a week and practising about five hours a day. I played also in private musicales at the houses of the nobility and at the homes of some of the wealthy Jews, two classes of society which were entirely distinct from each other, never mingling in private life. I met and became well acquainted with Jules Schulhoff, whose compositions for the pianoforte were very effective, but more appropriate to the drawing-room than to the concert-hall.

PRINCE DE ROHAN'S DINNER.

It was customary in Prague to give once a year an orchestral concert of high order, the pecuniary proceeds of which were for the benefit of the poor, and on one of these occasions I played with orchestra a brilliant composition of Dreyschock's entitled "Salut à Vienne." It was also the custom, in concerts of this order, to use the name of some nobleman—the higher the better—as patron. On this occasion the name used was that of the Prince de Rohan, a French nobleman who, expatriated, had lived for some time in Prague in a palace of the old Austrian Emperor Ferdinand, who, shortly before the time of which I write, had abdicated in favor of his nephew, the present emperor. A few days after the concert, while I was practising in my modestly appointed room, there was a loud knock at the door, and immediately there entered a servant of the prince in gorgeous livery, who, advancing to the middle of the room and straightening himself up, announced in stentorian tones, "His Highness Prince Rohan invites you to dinner," at the same time handing me a large envelop with a big seal on the back. Without waiting for a reply, he made a low obeisance and left the room.

It turned out that all the principal artists who had taken part in the concert had been invited to the dinner, and on the appointed day one of these, an opera-singer of distinction, came to my room and asked if he might go with me. Never having been to a prince's house, and not knowing what ceremony might be considered appropriate to such an occasion, he conceived the idea of securing a chaperon. The incongruity of his selecting a green American youth for this purpose greatly amused me, but I said, "Come along; they won't hang us for anything we are likely to do." Arriving at the palace five or ten minutes before the hour, the porter at the outer gate refused us admission, saying we were too early. This untoward reception somewhat unsettled us for the moment, but there was nothing for us to do but to walk about until the appointed time. On presenting ourselves again at the gate at precisely the right moment, we were promptly admitted. After passing through the hands of several servants, we were finally ushered into the presence of the prince. He was not an imposing man in appearance, neither was he as well dressed as several of the four or five guests who arrived later, my companion and I being the first-comers. The prince offered me his arm, and led me through the picture-gallery adjoining the reception-room, pointing out the portraits of his ancestors, whose names were mostly familiar to me from French history. As all formality in his manner had passed away, I found the occasion intensely interesting.

Dinner being announced, we proceeded to the dining-room, and, on being seated, the prince said that he would first greet us with a glass of Schloss Johannisberger Cabinet wine, which he had just received from his friend Prince Metternich, the owner of that world-renowned vineyard. As is well known, this Cabinet wine is never on the market, and can be bought only at an administrator's sale, and then commands the highest price. It is not unusual for tourists to pay a large price for this wine on the spot, even then not getting the genuine thing, for the space where the Cabinet wine grows is very small as compared with the rest of the vineyard. Several kinds of red and white wines were served, and various kinds of German beer, as well as English and Scotch ale. Finally, after seven or eight courses, a single glass of champagne—no more—was poured out for each guest. Liquid refreshments, however, did not end there, for we afterward adjourned to the library, where we found a roaring wood fire in a vast stone chimney-place, where cigars, liqueurs of many kinds, and finally coffee and tea with rum were served. There was no music.

CHOPIN, HENSELT, AND THALBERG.

I HAD always looked forward to taking lessons of Chopin at some period during my sojourn in Europe, but this was not accomplished, on account of his death, which took place in Paris on October 17, 1849. Neither did I ever hear him play. One of Dreyschock's anecdotes about him is interesting as well as instructive, for it conveys an idea of one of the principal characteristics of his style. Dreyschock told me that, a few years before, Chopin gave a recital of his own compositions in Paris, which he, Dreyschock, attended in company with Thalberg. They listened with delight throughout the performance, but on reaching the street Thalberg began shouting at the top of his voice.

"What 's the matter?" asked Dreyschock, in astonishment.

"Oh," said Thalberg, "I 've been listening to *piano* all the evening, and now, for the sake of contrast, I want a little *forte*."

Dreyschock spoke of Chopin's extremely delicate and exquisite playing, but said that he lacked the physical strength to produce forte effects by contrast in accordance with his own ideas. This is illustrated by another anecdote which I heard many years afterward from Korbay. A young and robust pianist had been playing Chopin's "Polonaise Militaire" to the composer, and had broken a string. When, in confusion, he began to apologize, Chopin said to him, "Young man, if I had your strength and played that polonaise as it should be played, there would n't be a sound string left in the instrument by the time I got through." I have doubts as to the truth of this story, but give it for what it is worth. It serves to illustrate a principle. However, the distinguishing characteristic of Chopin's piano-playing was his lovely musical and poetic tone, his warm and emotional coloring, and his impassioned utterance. In those days one was not afraid to play with a great deal of sentiment, although pianists who were capable of doing this poetically were rare. In modern times it has become the fashion to ridicule any tendency toward emotional playing and to extol the intellectual side beyond its just proportion. It seems to me that there should be a happy combination and a delicate and well-proportioned adjustment

between the temperamental and intellectual, with a slight preponderance of the former.

An anecdote of Adolf Henselt, also related to me by Dreyschock, is entertaining as well as suggestive, especially to pianoforte-players, who are constantly troubled with nervousness when playing before an audience. Henselt, whose home was in St. Petersburg, was in the habit of spending a few weeks every summer with a relative who lived in Dresden. Dreyschock, passing through that city, called on him one morning, and upon going up the staircase to his room, heard the most lovely tones of the pianoforte imaginable. He was so fascinated that he sat down at the top of the landing and listened for a long time. Henselt was playing repeatedly the same composition, and his playing was also specially characterized by a warm emotional touch and a delicious legato, causing the tones to melt, as it were, one into the other, and this, too, without any confusion or lack of clearness. Henselt, too, was full of sentiment, but detested "sentimentality." Finally, for lack of time, Dreyschock was obliged to announce himself, although, as he said, he could have listened for hours. He entered the room, and after the usual friendly greeting said, "What were you playing just now as I came up the stairs?" Henselt replied that he was composing a piece and was playing it over to himself. Dreyschock expressed his admiration of the composition, and begged Henselt to play it again. Henselt, after prolonged urging, sat down to the pianoforte and began playing again, but, alas! his performance was stiff, inaccurate, and even clumsy, and all of the exquisite poetry and unconsciousness of his style completely disappeared. Dreyschock said that it was quite impossible to describe the difference; and this was simply the result of diffidence and nervousness, which, as it appeared, were entirely out of the player's power to control. Pianoforte-players frequently experience this state of things. The only remedy is freedom from self-consciousness, which can best be achieved by earnest and persistent mental concentration.

ANTON SCHINDLER, "AMI DE BEETHOVEN."

AFTER finishing my studies with Dreyschock, I went to Frankfort, not to study under any particular master, but in order to enjoy the opera and the musical life there. Moreover, two or three of my old Boston friends were temporarily settled there, pursuing their musical studies.

Anton Schindler, one of the well-known musical characters of the day, and who had been Beethoven's most intimate friend during the latter years of the great composer's life, lived at Frankfort, and, being members of the same club, the Bürger Verein, I often enjoyed the pleasure of his society, and heard much concerning Beethoven. Schindler had written a life of Beethoven, and was naturally very proud of his close association with the great master. During his residence in Paris, some years previous to the time of which I am writing, he caused to be printed on his visiting-cards, "Anton Schindler, Ami de Beethoven."

He worshiped his idol's memory, and was so familiar with his music that the slightest mistake in interpretation or departure from Beethoven's invention or design jarred upon his nerves—or possibly he made a pretense of this. He held all four-hand pianoforte arrangements of works designed and composed for orchestra as abominations. Extreme sensitiveness is a rôle sometimes assumed by men in no wise remarkable, in order to enhance their own importance in the eyes of others. Schindler's attitude as to the undesirability of orchestral pianoforte arrangements will meet with the approval of many, but he certainly carried his sensitiveness in regard to the interpretation of Beethoven's works to amusing extremes.

Every winter a subscription series of orchestral concerts was given in Frankfort, each program of which included at least one symphony. The concerts took place in a very old stone building called the "Museum," and on the occasion here referred to the symphony was Beethoven's "No. 5, C Minor." It so happened that, owing to long-continued rains and extreme humidity, the stone walls of the old hall were saturated with dampness, in fact actually wet. This excess of moisture affected the pitch of the wood wind-instruments to such a degree that the other instruments had to be adjusted to accommodate them. Schindler, it was noticed, left the hall at the close of the first movement. This seemed a strange proceeding on the part of the "Ami de Beethoven," and when later in the evening he was seen at the Bürger Verein and asked why he had gone away so suddenly, he rather gruffly replied, "I don't care to hear Beethoven's 'C Minor Symphony' played in the key of B minor."

SCHINDLER AND SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE.

ANOTHER story current in Frankfort at this time further illustrates Schindler's peculiarity. Among the noted musicians living

in Frankfort was a theoretician, Swiss by birth, named Schnyder von Wartensee, who was of considerable importance in his day. Schindler and Von Wartensee had lived in Frankfort, but had never met each other, although common friends had at various times made ineffectual efforts to bring them together. They were both advanced in years, and, as it seemed, ought to have been genial companions. Possibly the failure to arrange a meeting had been due to Wartensee's being older than Schindler, and thus in a position to expect the latter to call first, while Schindler, being "Ami de Beethoven," felt it beneath his dignity to make the first move. However, some time previous to my arrival another plan for an interview was contrived, and as so many previous ones had failed the outcome of this was watched with interest.

By the exercise of considerable diplomatic tact Schindler was persuaded to agree to call upon Wartensee and to fix a time for the visit. The friends of the gentlemen had all been looking forward with much interest to the result of this meeting, hoping thereby to hear a great many musical reminiscences, and a committee was appointed to watch Schindler and make sure that he kept the appointment. After a while the committee returned to the Bürger Verein and reported that they had seen him almost reach Wartensee's house, then pause for a moment, and suddenly turn and hurry away. Later Schindler himself came in, and being questioned concerning the interview, exclaimed, "Bah! as I got near the house I heard them [Wartensee and his wife] playing a four-handed piano arrangement of the 'Eroica.'"

FIRST LONDON CONCERT.

In January, 1853, my stay in Frankfort was brought to an end by a letter from Sir Julius Benedict asking me to come to London to play at one of the concerts of the Harmonic Union at Exeter Hall. I accepted the engagement, and made my first appearance in London under Benedict's conductorship, playing Weber's "Concertstück." Last year, an account having been published in a London paper of the very delightful celebration of my seventieth birthday by my pupils, past and present, and by many of my friends, I received an inquiry from an old lady living in London, asking whether I was the same William Mason whom she had heard in Exeter Hall nearly half a century ago. I accepted only one other engagement to play in public, though I remained near London for more than two months, just to look about.

I was much impressed with the extent to which Mendelssohn's influence prevailed in English musical matters. I met a great many excellent musicians there, especially several fine organists; but a large majority, both in their ideas and in their style of playing and composition, were nothing but Mendelssohns in "half-tone," and to some extent this is still true of England.

LISZT IN WEIMAR: "DIE GOLDENE ZEIT."

After my London visit I was obliged to return to Leipsic to transact some business, and I decided to call on Liszt in Weimar en route. My intention was to make another effort to be received by him as a pupil, my idea being, if he declined, to go to Paris and study under some French master.

I reached Weimar on the 14th of April, 1853, and put up at the Hotel zum Erbprinzen. At that time Liszt occupied a house on the Altenburg belonging to the grand duke. The old grand duke, under whose patronage Goethe had made Weimar famous, was still living. I think his idea was to make Weimar as famous musically through Liszt as it had been in literature in Goethe's time.

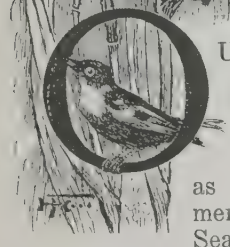
Having secured my room at the Erbprinzen, I set out for the Altenburg. The butler who opened the door mistook me for a wine-merchant whom he had been expecting. I explained that I was not that person. "This is my card," I said. "I have come here from London to see Liszt." He took the card, and returned almost immediately with the request for me to enter the dining-room.

I found Liszt at the table with another man. They were drinking their after-dinner coffee and cognac. The moment Liszt saw me he exclaimed, "Nun, Mason, Sie lassen lange auf sich warten!" ("Well, Mason, you let people wait for you a long time!") I suppose he saw my surprised look, for he added, "Ich habe Sie schon vor zwei Jahren erwartet" ("I have been expecting you for two years"). Then it struck me that I had probably wholly misinterpreted his first letter to me and what he said when I called on him during the Goethe festival. But nothing was said about my remaining, and though he was most affable, I began to doubt whether I would accomplish the object of my visit.

(To be continued.)

SUMMER HOLIDAYS IN ALASKAN WATERS.

by John Burroughs.



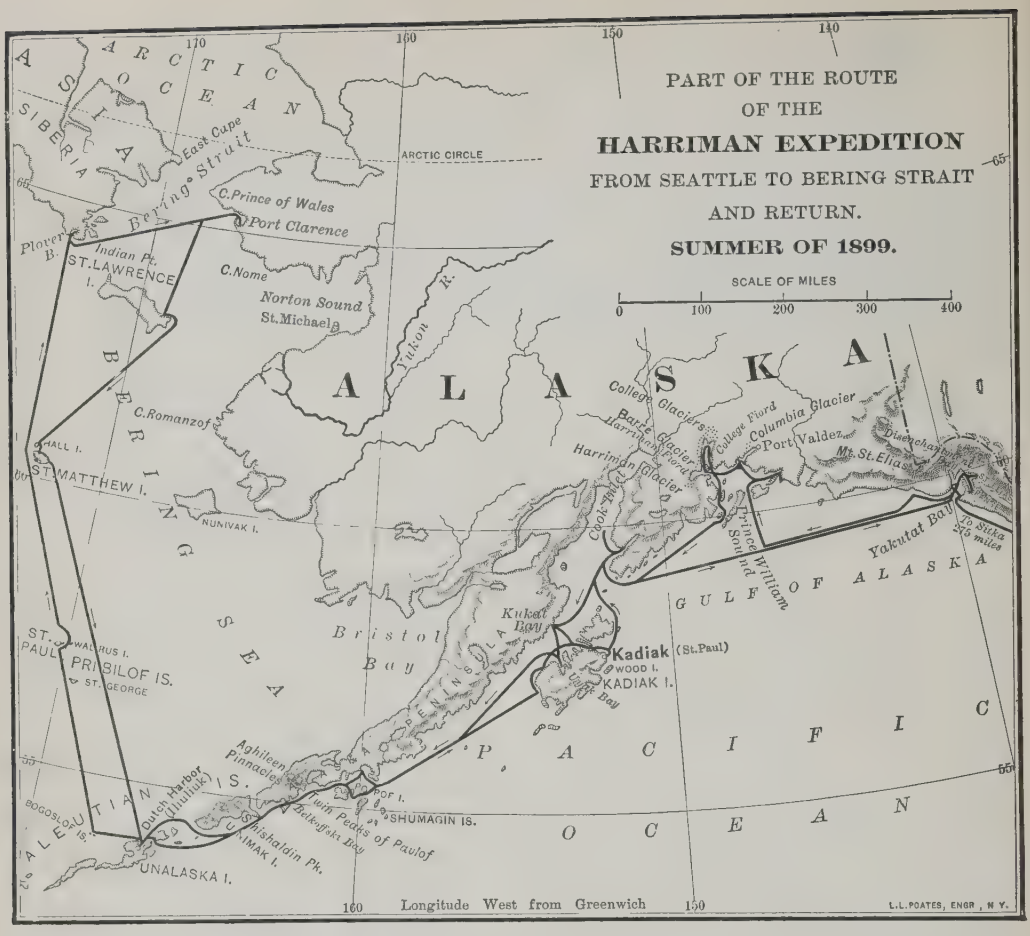
OUR steamer, the *George W. Elder*, bearing to Alaska the expedition organized by Mr. E. H. Harriman and including as guests many scientific men and three artists, left Seattle on the afternoon of May 31, 1899. The first two weeks were spent in the inland waters of British Columbia and southeastern Alaska, threading fiords and channels, visiting mining towns and glaciers, and following the usual tourist course in this region. After a few days at Sitka we turned north over the open Pacific, and entered and explored Yakutat Bay and its continuation into Russell Fiord, which is like a long arm thrust through and behind a part of the St. Elias range of mountains. We passed five days here, and then turned northwest again over the open sea for Prince William Sound. In the waters of this great bay we cruised another five or six days, finding many new and unnamed glaciers, and a large unknown inlet which, with the glacier at its head, was named for Mr. Harriman. Some glaciers were named Yale, Harvard, Radcliffe, Smith, Bryn Mawr, Vassar, and Wellesley, and the narrow inlet that received them was called College Fiord.

From Prince William Sound we steamed to Cook Inlet, where we made only a brief stop, and were then off for the island of Kadiak, a hundred miles to the southwest. We were now about to turn over a new leaf, or indeed to open a new book, or to enter upon an entirely different type of scenery—the treeless type. Up to this point, or for nearly two thousand miles, we had seen the mountains and valleys covered with unbroken spruce, cedar, and hemlock forests. Now we were to have two thousand miles without a tree, the valleys and mountains as green as a lawn and to the eye as smooth, chiefly of volcanic origin, many of the cones ideally perfect, the valleys deepened and carved by the old glaciers, and heights and lowlands alike covered with a carpet of grass, ferns, and flowers.

The forests began to fail at the mouth of Cook Inlet. As we came out, my eye was drawn to broad rolling heights where were groups and lines of trees amid wide green expanses. The suggestion of hill farms at home, with orchards and groves and trees along the fences, was very strong, but one looked in vain for the houses and barns of the farmers. We were going into a milder climate, too. During nearly all the month of June, despite our extra winter clothing, we had suffered with cold. In Prince William Sound and in Yakutat Bay we were in vast refrigerating chests. The air had all been on ice, and the sunshine seemed only to make us feel its tooth the more keenly. With benumbed fingers I wrote to a friend from those waters in this strain: "Amid your genial weather do think of us in our wanderings, a-chill on these Northern seas, exiled from summer and from home, beleaguered by icebergs, frowned upon by glaciers, and held as by some enchantment in a vast circle of snow-capped mountain-peaks. Are your hands and feet really warm? Is it true that there is no snow upon the mountains?"

But balmier skies awaited us; the warmer currents of the Pacific, flowing up from Japan and the Southern seas, were soon to breathe upon us. That pastoral paradise Kadiak was soon to greet us.

All the afternoon we steamed along the coast over smooth seas, in full view of lofty snow-covered mountains, with huge glaciers issuing from out their heights. Late at night, when off Kukat Bay, we put ashore a party of five or six men who wished to spend a week collecting and botanizing on the mainland. It looked like a perilous piece of business, the debarkation of these men in the darkness, in an open boat on an unknown coast, many miles from shore. Might they not miss the bay? Might they not find the surf run-

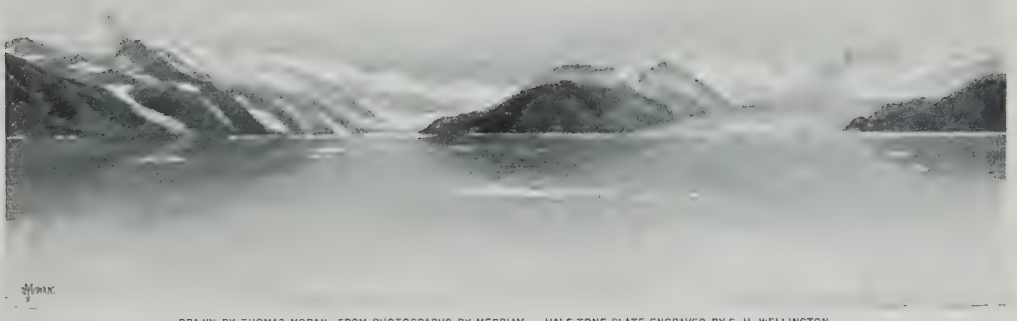


ning too high to land, or might not some other mishap befall them? But after a hard pull of several hours they made the shore in a suitable landing-place, and their days spent there were in every way satisfactory.

On the morning of July 1 we woke up in Uyak Bay, on the north side of the island of Kadiak. The sky was clear and the prospect most inviting. Smooth, treeless green hills and mountains surrounded us, pleasing to the eye and alluring to the feet. Two large salmon-canneries were visible on shore, and presently a boat came off to us with fresh salmon. Here we left a party of six men heavily armed, bent on finding and killing the great Kadiak bear—the largest species of bear in the world, as big as an ox. They had been making up their mouths for this monster all the way, and now they were at last close to his haunts. In two or three days we were to return and pick them up and hoist their game aboard with the great derrick. But I may say here that when we returned at the appointed time we found them as bearless as we had left them. In the delicious sunshine we steamed out of Uyak, bound for Kadiak village, on the east end of the island, one hundred miles away. Kadiak Island lies nearly south of Cook Inlet, about fifty miles from the mainland. It is one hundred and fifty miles long and one third as broad. It would just about fill up Cook Inlet, out of which it may have slipped sometime, for aught I know. It is treeless except upon the east end, which faces toward the great Alaska forests, from which the tree-infection may have come.

Beautiful and interesting were the shores that we passed that day, smooth, rounded hills as green and tender to the eye as well-kept lawns, recalling the hills we had seen in May upon the Snake River, as we crossed the continent; natural sheep-ranges such as one sees in the north of England, but with not a sign of life upon them.

I warn my reader here that I shall babble of green fields continually. There was no end to them. We had come from an arboreal

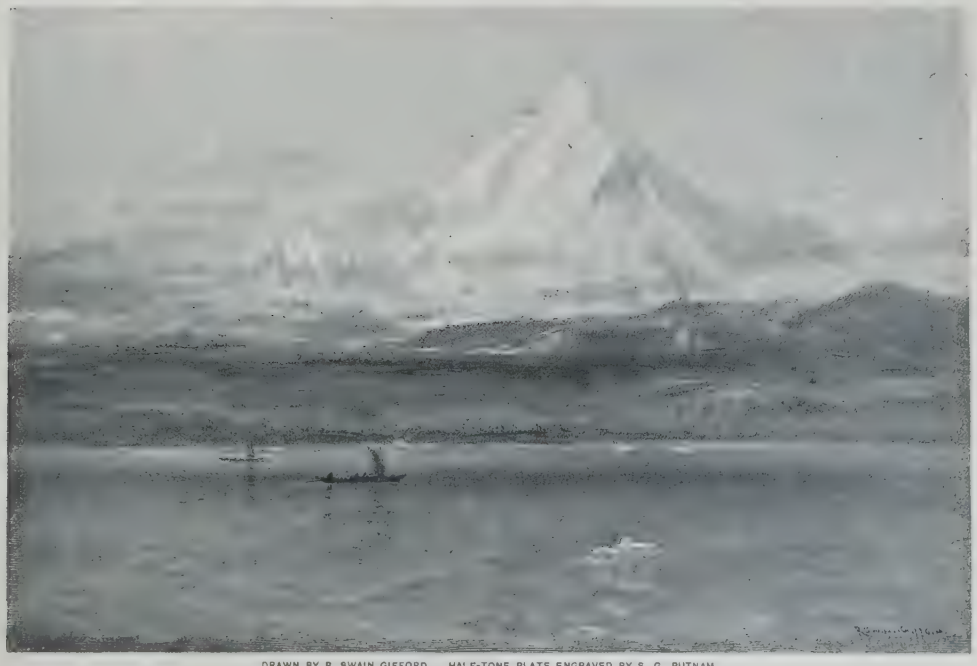


DRAWN BY THOMAS MORAN, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MERRIAM. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

THE "COLLEGE GLACIERS" OF PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND.

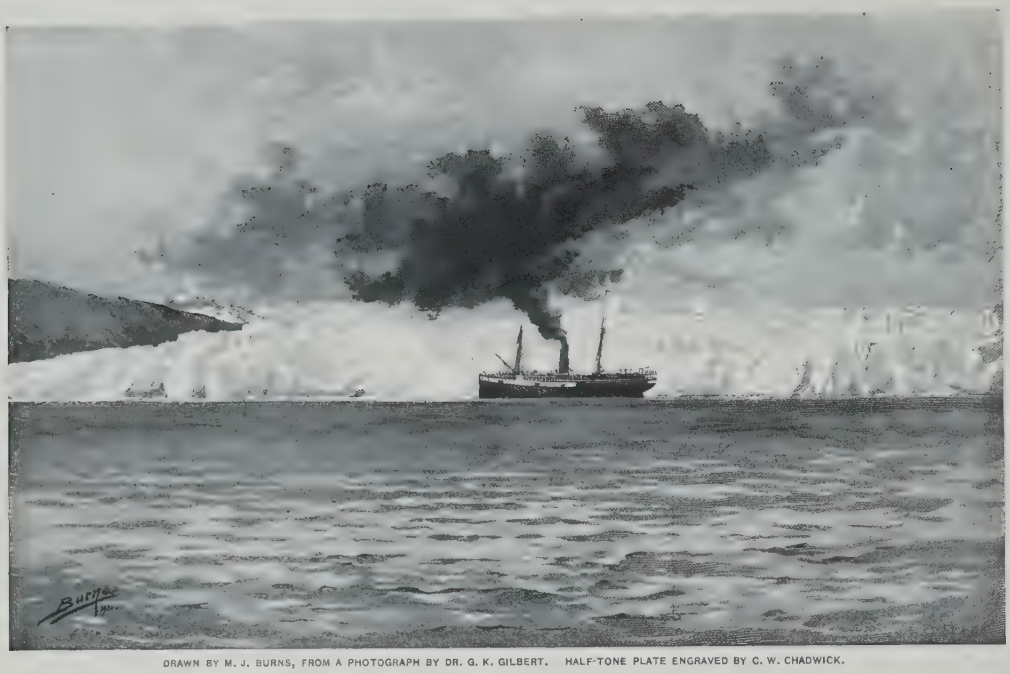
Order of Glaciers from left: 1, Wellesley; 2, Vassar; 3, Bryn Mawr; 4, Smith; 5, Radcliffe; 6, Harvard; 7, Yale.

wilderness to a grassy wilderness, from a world of spruce forests to a world of emerald heights and verdant slopes. Look at the map of Alaska, and think of all the peninsula from Cook Inlet, and all the adjacent islands, and the long chain of the Aleutians, sweeping nearly across to Asia, as being covered with an unbroken carpet of verdure. It must needs be the main feature of my description. Never had I seen such beauty of greenness, because never before had I seen it from such a vantage-ground of blue sea. Trees, I have said, are found only upon the eastern end of the island. We had not been many hours out of Uyak that afternoon when we began to see a few scattered ones, then large patches of forest in the valley bottoms; but they seemed to set off rather than to hide the grassy expanses. At one point we passed near a large natural park. It looked as if a landscape-gardener might have been employed to grade and shape the ground and plant it with grass and trees in just the right proportion. Here were cattle, too, and how good they looked, grazing or reposing on those smooth, long vistas between the trees! To eyes sated with the wild, austere grandeur of Prince



DRAWN BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

MOUNT ST. ELIAS FROM YAKUTAT BAY, ALASKA.



DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. G. K. GILBERT. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

VIEW OF COLUMBIA GLACIER, PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND, SHOWING THE "GEORGE W. ELDER."

William Sound the change was most delightful.

Our course lay through narrow channels, over open bays sprinkled with green islands, past bold cliffs and headlands, till at three o'clock we entered the narrow strait, no more than twice the ship's length in width, upon which is situated the village of Kadiak, called by the Russians St. Paul, altogether the most peaceful, rural, Arcadia-like place we had yet found. We could see the wild flowers upon the shore as we passed along, barn-swallows twittered by, a magpie crossed the strait from one green bank to another, and as we touched the wharf a song-sparrow was singing from the weather-vane of a large warehouse—a song-sparrow in voice, manners, and color, but in form twice as large as our home bird. The type of song-sparrow changes all the way from Yakutat Bay to the Aleutian Islands, till at the latter place it is nearly as large as the cat-bird; but the song and the general habits of the bird change but little. How welcome the warmth, too! We had stepped from April into June; the mercury was in the seventies, and our spirits rose accordingly. How we swarmed out of the ship, like boys out of school, longing for a taste of grass and of the rural seclusion and sweetness! That great green orb, or half-orb, of a mountain that shone down upon us from just back of the town, the highest point in its rim at an altitude of fifteen hundred feet, how our legs tingled to climb that! And the green vale below, where the birds were singing and many rare wild flowers blooming; and the broad, gentle height to the north, threaded by a grassy lane, where groves of low, fragrant spruces promised a taste of the blended sylvan and pastoral; or the smooth rounded island opposite, over which the sea threw blue glances; or the curving line of water sweeping away to the south toward a rugged mountain wall, streaked with snow; or the peaceful, quaint old village itself, strung upon paths and grassy lanes, with its chickens and geese and children, and two or three cows cropping the herbage or ruminating by the wayside: surely here was a tempting field to ship-bound voyagers from the chilly and savage glacial regions.

The town had a population of seven or eight hundred people, Indians, half-breeds, and Russians, with a sprinkling of Americans, living in comfortable log and frame cottages, generally with a bit of garden attached. The people fish, hunt the sea-otter, and work for the trading companies. We met here an old Vermonter, a refined, scholarly-looking man, with a patriarchal beard, who had married a native woman and had a family of young children growing up around him. He liked the climate better than that of New Eng-

land. The winters are not very cold, seldom below zero, and the summers are not hot, rarely up to eighty. There were no horses or wheeled vehicles in the town, and the streets were grassy lanes. Such a rural, Arcadian air I had never before seen pervading a town upon American soil. There is a Greek church near the wharf, and its chime of bells was in our ears for hours at a time. The only incongruous thing I saw was a building with a big sign on its ridge-board, "Chicago Store." I went in and asked for some fresh eggs. They did not have any, but directed me to a cottage near the beach. There I found a large Russian woman, who had the eggs, for which, after consulting with a younger woman, she wanted four "bits." The potatoes in her garden had tops a foot high, and her currant-bushes were just in bloom.

Our stay of five days in this charming place was a dream of rural beauty and repose. Warm summer skies above us, green flower-strewn hills and slopes around us, our paths were indeed in green pastures and beside still waters. One enticing path left the old Russian road half a mile north of the village, and led off northwest across little mossy and flowery glens, through spruce groves, over little runs, up a shoulder of the mountain, and then down a couple of miles into a broad, green, silent valley which held a fine trout-brook. The path was probably made by the village anglers. In looking into such a peaceful, verdant sweep of country, one almost instinctively searched for the farm-houses, or for flocks and herds and other signs of human occupancy. But they were not there. One high mountain that cut into the valley at right angles had a long, easy ridge, apparently as sharp as the ridge-board of a building. I marked it for my own and thought to set my feet upon it, but the way was too beguiling, and I never reached it. It looked as if it had just had a priming coat of delicate green paint.

But we all climbed the mighty emerald billow that rose from the rear of the village, some of us repeatedly. From the ship it looked as smooth as a meadow, but the climber soon found himself knee-deep in ferns, grasses, and a score of flowering plants, and now and then pushing through a patch of alders as high as his head. He could not go far before his hands would be full of flowers, blue predominating. The wild geranium here is light blue, and it

PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. H. HARRIMAN.

HEALING CREVASSES IN COLUMBIA GLACIER.

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YAKUTAT INDIAN CAMP.

tinged the slopes as daisies and buttercups do at home. Near the summit there were patches of most exquisite forget-me-nots, of a pure, delicate blue with a yellow center. They grew to the height of a foot, and a handful of them looked like something just caught out of the sky above. Here, too, were a small, delicate lady's-slipper, pale yellow striped with maroon, and a pretty dwarf rhododendron, its large purple flower sitting upon the moss and lichen. The climber also waded through patches of lupine, and put his feet upon bluebells, Jacob's-ladder, iris, saxifrage, cassiopes, and many others. The song-birds that attracted our notice were the golden-crowned sparrow and the little hermit-thrush. The golden-crown had a peculiarly piercing, plaintive song, very simple, but very appealing. There were only three notes, but they were from out the depths of the bird's soul. In them was all the burden of the mystery and pathos of life.

In the spruce groves to the north, opened up by the old grassy road, besides the birds named, one heard the purple grosbeak, the gray-cheeked thrush, and the weird strain of the Oregon robin. This last bird was very shy and hard to get a view of. I reclined for two hours one day upon the deep, dry moss under the spruces, waiting for the singer to reveal himself. When seen, he looks like our robin in a holiday suit. His song was a long, tapering note or whistle, at times with a peculiar tolling effect.

TO THE OREGON ROBIN IN ALASKA.

O VARIED thrush! O robin strange!
Behold my mute surprise.
Thy form and flight I long have known,
But not this new disguise.

I do not know thy slaty coat,
Nor vest with darker zone;
I 'm puzzled by thy recluse ways
And song in monotone.

I left thee 'mid my orchard's bloom,
When May had crowned the year;
Thy nest was on the apple-bough,
Where rose thy carol clear.

Thou lurest now through fragrant shades,
Where hoary spruces grow;

Where floor of moss infolds the foot,
  Like depths of fallen snow.

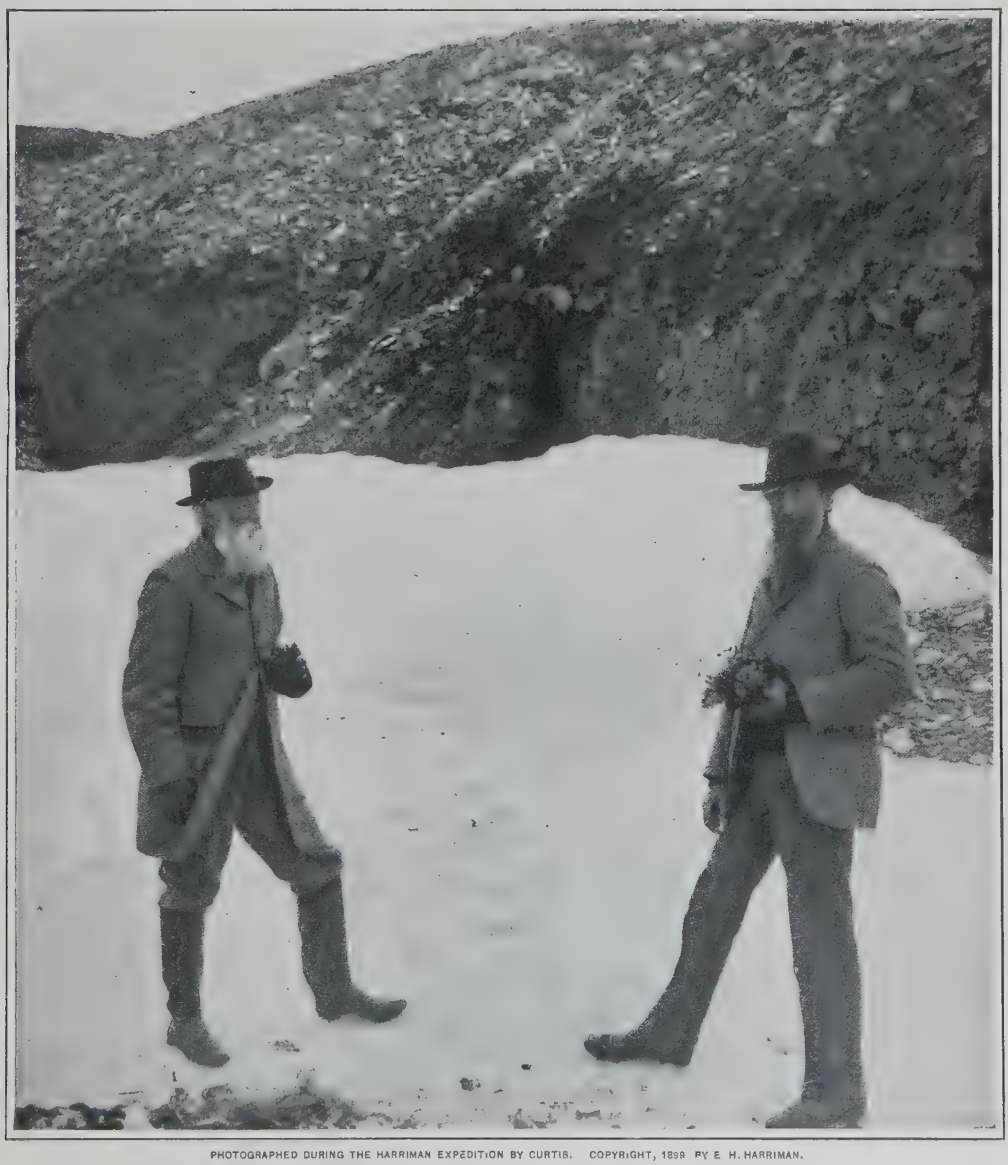
Loquacious ravens clack and croak,
  Nor heed me in my quest;
The purple grosbeaks perch and sing
  Upon the cedar's crest.

But thou art doomed to shun the day,
  A captive of the shade;
I only catch thy stealthy flight
  Athwart the forest glade.

Thy voice is like a hermit's reed
  That solitude beguiles;
Again 't is like a silver bell
  Adrift in forest aisles.

Throw off, throw off this masquerade
  And don thy ruddy vest,
And let me find thee, as of old,
  Beside thy orchard nest.

While here Mr. Harriman had the luck to kill the long-expected Kadiak bear, a mother and cub. He and his guide found her grazing in true bovine fashion near the snow-line on the mountain-side, about ten miles to the south. The animal was eating grass like a cow, Mr. Harriman said, and in killing her he



PHOTOGRAPHED DURING THE HARRIMAN EXPEDITION BY CURTIS. COPYRIGHT, 1899 BY E. H. HARRIMAN.

JOHN BURROUGHS AND JOHN MUIR.

felt almost as if he were shooting a cow. She was a large animal, but much below the size of the traditional bear. Her color was a faded brown. A much larger one was seen far off, across a difficult valley.

On July 3, which was bright and warm, a number of us visited Wood Island, a few miles to the east, where the North American Commercial Company has its Kadiak headquarters, and where are large old spruce woods moss; they were upholstered, the ground was padded ankle deep, and under every tree was a couch of the most luxuriant kind.

The Fourth of July found us, as it usually finds Americans, wherever they are, full of patriotism, and overflowing with bunting and gunpowder hilarity. Our huge graphophone played very well the part of a brass band. Professor Brewer of Yale, upon the hurricane-deck, discharged admirably the duties

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. H. HARRIMAN.
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. M. NORTHCOTE.

THE VILLAGE OF KADIAK.

and lakes of fresh water. Mr. Charles Keeler and I heard, or fancied we heard, voices calling us from out of the depths of the woods; so we left our companions and betook ourselves thither, and lounged for hours in the mossy, fragrant solitudes, eating our lunch by a little rill of cold water, listening to the birds and ravens, and noting the wood flowers and moss-draped trees. Here we heard the winter wren at our leisure, a bubbling, trilling, prolonged strain like that of our own species, but falling far short of it in melody and in wild lyric penetration. It was the same song, sung by a far inferior voice. These woods were not merely carpeted with

of the orator of the day, followed by Mr. Keeler, who shaded a little the picture the speaker had drawn by a stirring poem touching upon some of the nation's shortcomings. Songs and music, followed by a boat-race and general hilarity, finished the program.

Kadiak, I think, won a place in the hearts of us all. Here our spirits probably touched the highest point. If we had other days that were epic, these days were lyric. To me they were certainly more exquisite and thrilling than any before or after. I feel as if I wished to go back to Kadiak, almost as if I could return there to live, so secluded, so remote, so peaceful; such a

mingling of the domestic, the pastoral, the sylvan, with the wild and the rugged. Such emerald heights, such flowery vales, such blue arms and recesses of the sea, and such a vast green solitude stretching away to the west, and to the north, and to the south! Bewitching Kadiak! the spell of thy summer freshness and placidity is upon me still.

On the 5th, still under clear, warm skies, we left this rural paradise, and steamed away to Kukat Bay, on the mainland, to pick up the party we had left there on the night of the 30th. It was a relief to find they had had no misadventures and were well pleased with their expedition. They described one view they had witnessed that made the listeners wish they had been with them. They had climbed to the top of a long green slope back of their camp, and had suddenly found themselves on the brink of an almost perpendicular mountain wall, through a deep notch in which they had looked down two thousand feet into a valley beneath them, invaded by a great glacier that swept down from the snow-white peaks beyond. The spectacle was so unexpected and so tremendous that it fairly took their breath away. From the deck of the ship the slope up which their course lay looked like a piece of stretched green baize cloth.

An event of this day's cruising which I must not forget was the strange effects wrought for us by that magician Mirage: islands and headlands in the air; long, low capes doubled, one above another, with a lucid space between them; a level, snowy range standing up slightly above a nearer rocky one, drawn out and manipulated till it suggested a vast Grecian temple crowning a rocky escarpment—fantasy, illusion, enchantment, trick played with sea and shore on every hand that afternoon.

When we put our heads out of our windows on the morning of the 7th, we were at anchor at Sand Point Harbor, a bay in Popof Island, one of the Shumagin group, about half-way down the Alaska peninsula. On the one hand we saw a low, green, treeless slope, almost

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. C. HART MERRIAM. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

LUPINES ON WOOD ISLAND, NEAR KADIAK.

DRAWN BY J. M. GLEESON.

THE GREAT KADIAK BEAR.

within stone's throw, from which came many musical bird voices; the lesser hermit-thrush, the golden-crowned sparrow, the fox-sparrow, the large song-sparrow, the yellow warblers, the rosy finch, were all distinguishable from the ship's deck. It is a novel experience to wake up in the morning on an ocean steamer and hear bird-songs through your open window. But this was often our experience on this trip. On this grassy hill

were some curious volcanic warts, or excrescences, that gave a strange effect to the scene.

On the other hand, the blue waters of the harbor stretched away many miles to low, alder-clad shores, from which rose a range of bare volcanic mountains, among them one perfect cone, probably two thousand feet high. Still farther away rise two other cones, one of them absolutely symmetrical, wrapped in mantles of snow, and attaining a height of about eight thousand feet. We could see vapor issuing from the top of one of them. Most of the Alaska peninsula, many of the islands off it, and the islands in Bering Sea and the Aleutian group, are of eruptive origin. Some of the embers of the old fires are alive in our day, as we had proof. Since our visit there has been other proof in the shape of a severe earthquake shock felt all along the Alaska coast, in some places disastrously.

In the Shumagins four men elected to leave the ship to dredge the sea and study the volcanic formation of the land. We promised to pick them up on our return ten days hence. At ten o'clock our anchor was up and we were off to the westward for Unalaska, the shores of the Alaska peninsula eight or ten miles away on our right.

The event of this day was the twin volcanic peaks of Pavlof, rising from the shore to an altitude of seven or eight thousand feet, one of them a symmetrical cone with black, converging lines of rock cutting through the snow like the ribs of an umbrella; the other more rugged and irregular, with many rents upon its sides and near its summit, from which issued vapor, staining the snow like soot from a chimney. Sheets of vapor were also seen issuing from cracks at its foot near the sea-level. We were specially fortunate in seeing these grand mountains under such favorable weather conditions.

There was no sign of human habitation on the verdant shores or mountains till we saw Belkoffski, a cluster of buildings, two or three dozen brown roofs grouped around a large, white, green-topped building, probably a Greek church. The settlement seemed carefully set down there in the green solitude like a toy village on a shelf. The turf had not anywhere been broken; not a mark, a stain, was on the treeless landscape. Above it ran a high, smooth, barren mountain, which swept down in green slopes to a broad emerald plain upon which the hamlet sat.

Still I babble of green fields. Vast, grassy solitudes open before us, all the lower slopes and valleys green and smooth, not a tree, not a sign of animal or human life. Now a long headland comes down to the water's edge with its green carpet; then again it is cut off sharply by the sea, or cut in twain, showing sheer pyramidal walls two hundred feet high. Then a succession of vast, smooth emerald slopes running up into high, gray, barren mountains, pointed, conical, carved, now presenting a mighty bowl, fluted and scalloped, and opening on one side through a sweep of valley to the sea, then a creased

DRAWN BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

TWIN VOLCANIC PEAKS OF PAVLOF, ALASKA PENINSULA.

and wrinkled lawn at an angle of forty-five degrees, and miles in extent. Green, white, and blue are the three prevailing tints all the way from Cook Inlet to Unalaska—blue of the sea and sky, green of the shores and lower slopes, and white of the lofty peaks and volcanic cones. They are mingled and contrasted all the way.

One day we were for hours in sight of what we thought were the Aghileen Pinnacles, which have such a strange architectural effect amid the wilder and ruder forms that surround them, as if some vast, many-sided cathedral of dark-gray stone were going to decay there in the mountain solitude. Both in form and color they seem alien to everything about them. Now we saw them athwart the crests of smooth green hills, then rising behind naked, rocky ridges, or fretting the sky above lines of snow. Their walls were so steep that no snow lay upon them, while the pinnacles were like church spires.

Before nightfall we passed two more notable volcanic peaks, Shishaldin, penetrating the clouds at an altitude of nearly nine thousand feet, and Isanotski, about the same height. These are on Unimak Island, at the end of the peninsula. Our first glimpse was of a rounded black point far above a heavy mass of cloud. It seemed buoyed up there by the clouds. There was nothing visible beneath it to indicate the presence of a mountain. Then the clouds blotted it out. But presently the veil was brushed aside again, and before long we saw both mountains from base to summit, and noted the vast concave line of Shishaldin, that swept down to the sea and that marks the typical volcanic form.

On the morning of the 8th we were tied up at the Udakta pier in beautiful Dutch Harbor, Unalaska Bay, amid a world of green hills and meadows like those of Kadiak. We tarried here nearly a day, taking in coal and water, visiting the old Russian town of Iliuliuk, a couple of miles away at the head of another indentation in the harbor, strolling through the wild meadows or climbing the emerald heights. One new bird attracted our attention here, the Lapland longspur, which in color, flight, and song suggested our bobolink. As we came "across lots" over the flower-besprinkled, undulating plain from the old town to the new, this bird was in song all about us.

On the higher paths, amid lingering snow-banks, Mr. Ridgway found the snow-bunting and the titlark, nesting. Unalaska looked quite as interesting as Kadiak, and I longed to spend some days here in the privacy of its green solitudes, listening to the longspur, following its limpid trout-stream, and climbing its lofty peaks. I had seen much, but had been intimate with little; now if I could only have a few days of that kind of intimacy with the new nature which the saunterer, the camper-out, the stroller through fields in the summer twilight has, I should be more content; but in the afternoon the ship was off into Bering Sea, headed for the Seal Islands, and I was aboard her, with wistful and reverted eyes.

"THE E'ENIN' BRINGS A' HAME."[1]

BY TORQUIL MACDONALD.

LORD, I have worshiped thee with many a rite,
In many a land, and found thee everywhere:
Where bells from ivied church towers call to prayer;
By pleasant primrose paths, or hedges white
With may; 'mid Gothic cities' frowning might;
And by the yellow Tiber, where the air
Is haunted, and from streets and gardens stare
The gods that fell with Pan thine advent night.
But now, at eve, I for all rites am fain
To fold my hands and look up to the skies—
Wistful to see once more with childhood's eyes.
And while I breathe my mother's prayer again,
And sing a Scottish psalm,—her simple strain,—
Mute Palestrina on the organ lies.

[1] Scotch proverb.

BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM T. EVANS.

SEE "THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES" IN "OPEN LETTERS."

SAN GIORGIO, VENICE. BY W. GEDNEY BUNCE.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

TENTH PAPER.

XXX. THE BREAKING OF THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

THE military revolution of 1653 is the next landmark after the execution of the king. It is almost a commonplace that "we do not know what party means, if we suppose that its leader is its master"; and the real extent of Cromwell's power over the army is hard to measure. In the spring of 1647, when the first violent breach between army and Parliament took place, the extremists swept him off his feet. Then he acquiesced in Pride's Purge, but he did not originate it. In the action that preceded the execution of the king it seems to have been Harrison who took the leading part. In 1653 Cromwell said: "Major-General Harrison is an honest man, and aims at good things; yet, from the impatience of his spirit, he will not wait the Lord's leisure, but hurries one into that which he and all honest men will have cause to repent." If we remember how hard it is to fathom decisive passages in the history of our own time, we see how much of that which we would most gladly know of the distant past must remain a surmise. But the best opinion in respect of the revolution of April, 1653, seems to be that the Royalists were not wrong who wrote that Cromwell's authority in the army depended much on Harrison and Lambert and their fanatical factions; that he was forced to go with them in order to save himself; and that he was the member of the triumvirate who was most anxious to wait on the Lord's leisure yet longer.

The immediate plea for the act of violence that now followed is as obscure as any other of Cromwell's proceedings. In the closing months of 1652 he once more procured occasions of conference between himself and his officers on the one hand, and members of Parliament on the other. He besought the Parliament men by their own means to bring forth of their own accord the good things that had been promised and were so long expected—"so tender were we to preserve them in the reputation of the people."

The list of "good things" demanded by the army in the autumn of 1652 hardly supports the modern exaltation of the army as the seat of political sagacity. The payment of arrears, the suppression of vagabonds, the provision of work for the poor, were objects easy to ask, but impossible to achieve. The request for a new election was the least sensible of all.

When it was known that the army was again waiting on God and confessing its sinfulness, things looked grave. Seeing the agitation, the Parliament applied themselves in earnest to frame a scheme for a new representative body. The army believed that the scheme was a sham, and that the semblance of giving the people a real right of choice was only to fill up vacant seats by such persons as the House now in possession should approve. This was nothing less than to perpetuate themselves and their influence. Cromwell and the officers had a scheme of their own: that the Parliament should name a certain number of men of the right sort, and these nominees should build a constitution. The Parliament, in other words, was to abdicate, after naming a constituent convention.

On April 19 a meeting took place in Oliver's apartments at Whitehall with a score of the more important members of Parliament. There the plan of the officers and the rival plan of Vane and his friends were brought face to face. What the exact scheme of the Parliament was, we cannot accurately tell, and we are never likely to know. Cromwell's own descriptions of it are vague and unintelligible. The bill itself he carried away with him under his cloak when the evil day came, and no copy of it survived. It appears, however, that, in Vane's belief, the best device for a provisional government —and no other than a provisional government was then possible—was that the rem-

DRAWN BY MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H DAVIDSON.

"TAKE AWAY THAT BAUBLE."

nant should continue to sit, the men who fought the deadly battles at Westminster in 1647 and 1648; the men who had founded the Commonwealth in 1649; the men who had carried on its work with extraordinary energy and success for four years and more. These were to continue to sit as a nucleus for a full representation, joining to themselves such new men from the constituencies as they thought not likely to betray the Cause. On the whole, we may believe that this was perhaps the least unpromising way out of difficulties where nothing was very promising. It was to avoid one of the most fatal of all the errors of the French Constituent Assembly in 1791, which excluded its own members from office, and from seats in that Legislature to whose inexperienced hands it was intrusting the destinies of France. To blame its authors for fettering the popular choice was absurd in Cromwell, whose own proposal, instead of a legislature to be partly and periodically renewed (if that was really what Vane meant), was now for a nominated council without any element of popular choice at all. The army, we should not forget, were even less prepared than the Parliament for anything like a free and open general election. Both alike intended to reserve parliamentary representation exclusively to such as were godly men and faithful to the interests of the Commonwealth. An open general election would have been as dangerous and probably as disastrous now as at any moment since the defeat of King Charles in the field, and a real appeal to the country would only have meant ruin to the Good Cause. Nobody, then, neither Cromwell nor Lambert nor Harrison, nor any of them, dreamed that a Parliament to be chosen without restrictions would be a safe experiment. The only questions were what the restrictions were to be; who was to impose them; who was to guard and supervise them. The parliamentary remnant regarded themselves as the fittest custodians, and it is hard to say that they were wrong. In judging these events of 1653, we may look forward to events three years later. Cromwell had a Parliament of his own in 1654; it consisted of four hundred and sixty members. His first step was to prevent more than a hundred of them from taking their seats. He may have been right, but why was the Parliament wrong for acting on this same principle? He had another Parliament in 1656, and again he began by shutting out nearly a hundred of its elected members. At least this much is certain, that whatever failure might have overtaken the plan of Vane and the Parliament, it could not have been more disastrous than the failure that overtook Cromwell's plan.

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

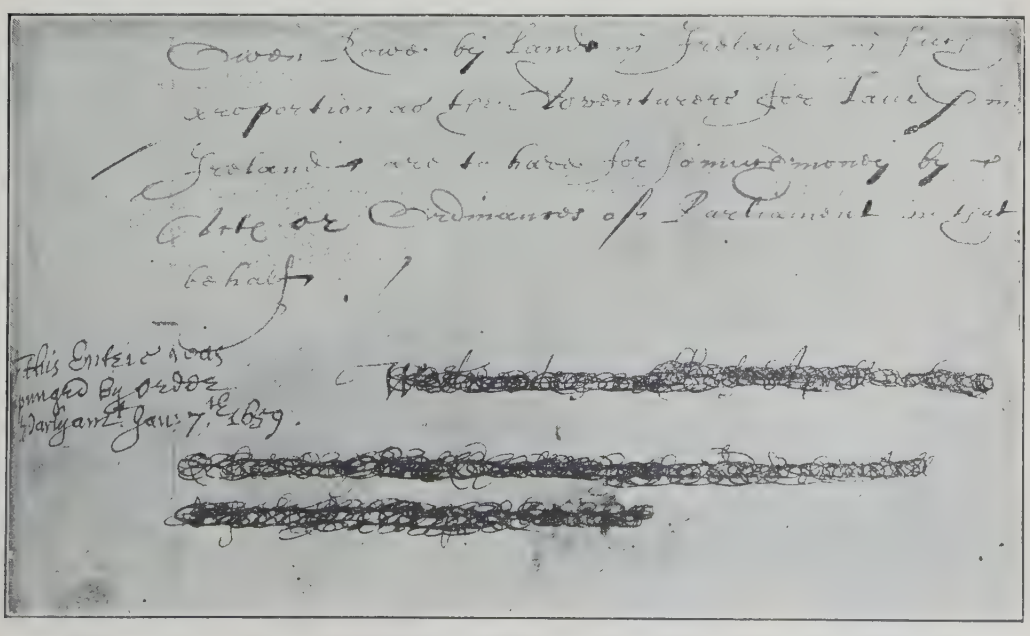
MEDAL DISTRIBUTED AMONG THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS ENGAGED IN THE BATTLE OF DUNBAR.

Apart from the question of the constitution of Parliament, and perhaps regarding that as secondary, Cromwell quarreled with what, rightly or wrongly, he describes as the ultimate ideal of Vane and his friends. "We should have had fine work," he says five years later—a Council of State and a Parliament of five hundred men executing arbitrary government, and continuing the existing usurpation of the duties of the law courts by legislative and executive. Undoubtedly "a horrid degree of arbitrariness" was practised by the Rump; but some allowance was to be made for a government in revolution, and if that plea be not good for the Parliament, I know not why it should be good for the no less horrid arbitrariness of the Protector. As for the general character of the constitution here said to be contemplated by the Rump, it has been compared to the French Convention of 1793; but a less odious and a truer parallel would be with the Swiss Confederacy to-day. However that may be, if dictatorship was indispensable, the dictatorship of an energetic parliamentary oligarchy was at least as hopeful as that of an oligarchy of soldiers. When the soldiers had tried their hands and failed it was to some such plan as this that after years of turmoil and vicissitude Milton turned. At worst it was no plan that required or excused violent deposition by a file of troopers.

The conference in Cromwell's apartments at Whitehall on April 19 was instantly followed by one of those violent outrages for which we have to find a name in the dialect of Continental revolution. It was agreed that the discussion should be resumed the next day, and meanwhile that nothing

should be done with the bill in Parliament. When the next morning came, news was brought to Whitehall that the members had already assembled, were pushing the bill through at full speed, and that it was on the point of becoming law forthwith. At first Cromwell and the officers could not believe that Vane and his friends were capable of such a breach of their word. Soon there came a second messenger and a third with assurance that the tidings were true, and that not a moment was to be lost if the bill was to be prevented from passing. It is perfectly possible that there was no breach of word at all. The parliamentary probabilities are that the news of the conference excited the jealousy of the private members, as arrangements between front benches are at all times apt to do, that they took the business into their own hands, and that the leaders were powerless. In astonishment and anger, Cromwell, in no more ceremonial apparel than his plain black clothes and gray worsted stockings, hastened to the House of Commons. He ordered a guard of soldiers to go with him. That he rose that morning with the intention of following the counsels that the impatience of the army had long prompted, and finally completing the series of exclusions, mutilations, and purges by breaking up the Parliament altogether, there is no reason to believe. Long premeditation was never Cromwell's way. He waited for the indwelling voice, and more than once in the rough tempests of his life that daimonic voice was a blast of coarse and uncontrolled fury. Hence came one of the most memorable scenes of English history. There is a certain discord as to details among our too scanty authorities, some even describing the fatal transaction as passing with much modesty and as little noise as can be imagined. The description derived by Ludlow, who was not present, from Harrison, who was, gathers up all that seems material. There appear to have been between fifty and sixty members present.

"Cromwell sat down and heard the debate for some time. Then, calling to Major-General Harrison, who was on the other side of the House, to come to him, he told him that he judged the Parliament ripe for a dissolution, and this to be the time for doing it. The major-general answered, as he since told me, 'Sir, the work is very great and dangerous; therefore I desire you seriously to consider of it before you engage in it.' '*You say well*,' replied the general, and thereupon sat still for about a quarter of an hour. Then, the question for passing the bill being to be put, he said to Major-General Harrison, '*This is the time: I must do it*,' and suddenly standing up, made a speech, wherein he loaded the Parliament with the vilest reproaches, charging them not to have a heart to do anything for the public good, to have espoused the corrupt interest of Presbytery and the lawyers, who were the sup-



ENTRY IN THE JOURNAL OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS OF THE CLOSING OF THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN, AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY SIR PETER LELY, IN THE PITTI GALLERY, FLORENCE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON. BORDER BY F. C GORDON.

OLIVER CROMWELL AT THE AGE OF FIFTY-ONE.

porters of tyranny and oppression, accusing them of an intention to perpetuate themselves in power, *had they not been forced to the passing of this Act, which he affirmed they designed never to observe*, and thereupon told them that the Lord has done with them, and had chosen other instruments for the carrying on his work that were more worthy. This he spoke with so much passion and discomposure of mind as if he had been distracted. Sir Peter Wentworth stood up to answer him, and said that this was the first time that ever he heard such unbecoming language given to the Parliament, and that it was the more horrid in that it came from their servant, and their servant whom they had so highly trusted and obliged. But, as he was going on, the general stepped into the midst of the House, where, continuing his distracted language, he said, '*Come, come; I will put an end to your prating.*' Then, walking up and down the House like a madman, and kicking the ground with his feet, he cried out, '*You are no Parliament; I say*

you are no Parliament; I will put an end to your sitting: call them in, call them in!' Whereupon the sergeant attending the Parliament opened the doors, and Lieutenant-Colonel Wolseley, with two files of musketeers, entered the House; which Sir Henry Vane observing from his place, said aloud, 'This is not honest; yea, it is against morality and common honesty.' Then Cromwell fell a-railing at *him*, crying out with a loud voice, '*Oh, Sir Henry Vane, Sir Henry Vane, the Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane!*' Then, looking to one of the members, he said, 'There sits a drunkard . . .'; and, giving much reviling language to others, he commanded the mace to be taken away, saying, '*What shall we do with this bauble? There, take it away.*' He having brought all into this disorder, Major-General Harrison went to the Speaker as he sat in the chair, and told him that, seeing things were reduced to this pass, it would not be convenient for him to remain there. The Speaker answered that he would not come down unless he were forced. 'Sir,' said Harrison, 'I will lend you my hand'; and thereupon, putting his hand within his, the Speaker came down. Then Cromwell applied himself to the members of the House . . . and said to them, '*It 's you that have forced me to this, for I have sought the Lord night and day that he would rather slay me than put me on the doing of this work!*' [Then] Cromwell . . . ordered the House to be cleared of all the members . .; after which he went to the clerk, and snatching the Act of Dissolution, which was ready to pass, out of his hand, he put it under his cloak, and having commanded the doors to be locked up, went away to Whitehall."

The fierce work was consummated in the afternoon. Cromwell heard that the Council of State, the creation of the destroyed legislature, was sitting as usual. Thither he repaired, with Lambert and Harrison by his side. He seems to have recovered composure. "If you are met here as private persons," Cromwell said, "you shall not be disturbed; but if as a Council of State, this is no place for you; and since you cannot but know what was done at the House in the morning, so take notice that the Parliament is dissolved." Bradshaw, who was in the chair, was not cowed. He had not quailed before a more dread scene with Charles four years ago. "Sir," he replied, "we have heard what you did at the House in the morning, and before many hours all England will hear it; but, sir, you are mistaken to think that the Parliament is dissolved, for no power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves; therefore take you notice of that."

Whatever else is to be said, it is well to remember that to condemn the Rump is to go a long way toward condemning the Revolution. To justify Cromwell's violence in breaking it up is to go a long way toward justifying Hyde and even Strafford. If the Commons had actually sunk into the condition described by Oliver in his passion, such ignominy showed that the classes represented by it were really incompetent, as men like Strafford had always deliberately believed, to take that supreme share in governing the country for which Pym and his generation of reformers had so manfully contended. For the remnant was the quintessence left after a long series of elaborate distillations. They were not Presbyterians, Moderates, Bourgeois, Respectables, Girondins. They or the great majority of them were the men who had resisted a continuance of the negotiations at Newport. They had made themselves accomplices in Pride's Purge. They had ordered the trial of the king. They had set up the Commonwealth without lords or monarch. They were deep in all the proceedings of Cromwellian Thorough. They were the very cream, after purification upon purification. If they could not govern, who could?

We have seen the harsh complaints of Cromwell against the Parliament in 1652, how selfish its members were, how ready to break into factions, how slow in business, how scandalous the lives of some. Yet this seems little better than the impatient indictment of the soldier, if we remember how, only a few months before, the French agent had told Mazarin about the new rulers of the Commonwealth, "Not only are they powerful by sea and land, but they live without ostentation. . . . They are economical in their private expenses, and prodigal in their devotion to public affairs, for which each one toils as if for his personal interests." We cannot suppose that two years had transformed such men into the guilty objects of Cromwell's censorious attacks.

Cromwell admitted, after he had violently broken them up, that there were persons of honor and integrity among them, who had eminently appeared for God and for the public good both before and throughout their war. It would, in truth, have been ludicrous to say otherwise of a body that contained patriots so unblemished in fidelity, energy, and capacity as Vane, Scot, Bradshaw, and others. Nor is there any good reason to be-

lieve that these men of honor and integrity were a hopeless minority. We need not suppose that the Rump was without time-servers. Perhaps no deliberative assembly ever is without them, for time-serving has its roots in human nature. The question is what proportion the time-servers bore to the whole. There is no sign that it was large. But whether large or small, to deal with time-servers is part, and no inconsiderable part, of the statesman's business, and it is hard to see how with this poor breed Oliver could have dealt worse.

Again, in breaking up the Parliament he committed what in modern politics is counted the inexpiable sin of breaking up his party. This is the gravest of all. This was what made the revolution of 1653 a turning-point. The Presbyterians hated him as the greatest of Independents. Between himself and the Royalists of every shade he had already set a deep gulf by killing the king. To the enmity of the legitimists of the dynasty was now added the enmity of the more equivocal legitimists of Parliament. By destroying the parliamentary remnant, he set a new gulf between himself and most of the best men on his own side. Where was the policy? What foundations had he left himself to build upon? What was his calculation, or had he no calculation, of forces, circumstances, individuals, for the step that was to come next? When he stamped in wrath out of the desecrated House, had he ever firmly counted the cost? Or was he, in truth, as improvident as King Charles had been when he, too, marched down the same floor eleven years ago? In one sense his own creed erected improvidence into a principle. "Own your call," he says to the first of his own parliaments, "for it is marvelous, and it hath been unprojected. It 's not long since either you or we came to know of it. And, indeed, this hath been the way God dealt with us all along—to keep things from our own eyes all along, so that we have seen nothing in all his dispensations long beforehand." And then there is the famous saying of his that "he goes farthest who knows not where he is going"—of which Retz said that it showed Cromwell to be a simpleton. We may at least admit the peril of a helmsman who does not forecast his course.

It is true that the situation was a revolutionary one, and the Rump was no more a legal Parliament than Cromwell was legal monarch. The constitution had long vanished from the stage. From the day in May, 1641, when the king had assented to the bill making a dissolution depend on the will of Parliament, down to the days in March, 1649, when the mutilated Commons abolished the House of Lords and the office of a king, story after story of the constitutional fabric had come crashing to the ground. The Rump alone was left to stand for the old tradition of Parliament, and it was still clothed, even in the minds of those who were most querulous about its present failure of performance, with a host of venerated associations—the same associations that had inspired men's hearts all through the fierce years of civil war. The rude destruction of the Parliament gave men a shock that awakened in some of them angry distrust of Cromwell; in others, a broad resentment at the overthrow of the noblest of experiments; and in the largest class of all, deep misgivings as to the past, silent self-questioning whether the whole movement since 1641 had not been a grave and terrible mistake, and, last of all, a growing desire to restore the old order, even the second Charles and all.

Guizot justly says of Cromwell that he was one of the men who know that even the best course in political action has its drawbacks, and who accept without flinching the difficulties laid upon them by their own decisions. This time, however, the day was not long in coming when Oliver saw reason to look back with regret upon those whom he now handled with such impetuous severity. When he quarreled with the first Parliament of his protectorate, less than two years hence, he used his old foes, if foes they were, for a topic of reproach against his new ones. "I will say this on behalf of the Long Parliament, that had such an expedient as this government [the Instrument] been proposed to them, and could they have seen the cause of God provided for, and been by debates enlightened in the grounds of it, whereby the difficulties might have been cleared to them, and the reason of the whole enforced, and the circumstances of time and persons, with the temper and disposition of the people, and affairs both abroad and at home might have been well weighed, I think in my conscience—well as they were thought to love their seats—they would have proceeded in another manner than you have done." To cut off in a fit of passion the chance of such a thing, was a false step that he was never able to retrieve.

XXXI. THE REIGN OF THE SAINTS.

CROMWELL was now the one authority left standing. "By act of Parliament," he

said, "I was general of all the forces in the three nations of England, Scotland, and Ireland, the authority I had in my hand being so boundless as it was." This unlimited condition both displeased his judgment and pricked his conscience. He protested that he did not desire to live in it for a single day; and his protest was sincere. Yet, in fact, few were the days, during the five years and a half from the breaking of the Parliament to his death, when the green withes of a constitution could bind the arms of this heroic Samson. We have seen how, in the distant times when Charles I was prisoner at Carisbrooke, Cromwell, not without a visible qualm, had brought to bear upon the scruples of Robert Hammond the doctrine of the People's Safety being the supreme law. Alas! *Salus populi* is always the daily bread of revolutions. It was the foundation of the Cromwellian dictatorship in all its changing phases.

After the rude dispersion of the Long Parliament next came the Reign of the Saints. No experiment could have worked worse. Here is Cromwell's rueful admission: "Truly I will now come and tell you a story of my own weakness and folly. And yet it was done in my simplicity, I dare avow it. It was thought then that men of our judgment, who had fought in the wars, and were all of a piece upon that account, surely these men will hit it, and these men will do it to the purpose, whatever can be desired. And truly we did think, and I did think so, the more blame to me. And such a company of men were chosen, and did proceed to action. And this was the naked truth, that the issue was not answerable to the simplicity and honesty of the design." Such was Oliver's own tale, related four years afterward. The discovery that the vast and complex task of human government needs more than spiritual enthusiasm, that to have "very scriptural notions" is not enough for the reform of stubborn earthy things, marks yet another stage in Cromwell's progress. He was no idealist turned cynic, that mournful spectacle; but a warrior called by Heaven to save civil order and religious freedom, and it was with this duty heavy on his soul that he watched the working of the scheme that Harrison had pressed upon him. As Ranke puts it, Cromwell viewed his own ideals, not from the point of subjective satisfaction, but of objective necessity; and this is one of the marks of the great statesman.

The company of men so chosen constituted what stands in history as the Little Parliament, or, parodied from the name of one of its members, Barebones' Parliament. They were nominated by Cromwell and his council of officers at their own will and pleasure, helped by the local knowledge of the Congregational churches in the country. The writ of summons, reciting how it was necessary to provide for the peace, safety, and good government of the Commonwealth, by committing the trust of such weighty affairs to men with good assurance of love and courage for the interest of God's cause, was issued in the name of Oliver Cromwell, captain-general and commander-in-chief. One hundred and thirty-nine of these summonses went out, and presently five other persons were invited by the convention itself to join, including Cromwell, Lambert, and Harrison.

The most remarkable feature was the appearance for the first time of five men to speak for Scotland and six men for Ireland. This was the earliest formal foreshadowing of legislative union. Of the six representatives of Ireland, four were English officers, including Henry Cromwell; and the other two were English by descent. However devoid of any true representative quality in a popular sense, and however transient the plan, yet the presence of delegates sitting in the name of the two outlying kingdoms in an English governing assembly was symbolical of that great consolidating change in the English state which the political instinct of the men of the Commonwealth had demanded, and the sword of Cromwell had brought within reach. The policy of incorporation originated in the Long Parliament, who with profound wisdom had based their Scottish schemes upon the emancipation of the common people and small tenants from the oppression of their lords, and Vane, St. John, Lambert, Monk, and others had to put the plan into shape. It encountered two of the most powerful forces that affect a civilized society—a stubborn sentiment of nationality, and the bitter antagonism of the church. The sword, however, beat down military resistance, and it was left for the Instrument of Government to adopt the policy which the men of the Commonwealth had bequeathed to it.

Though so irregular in their source, the nominees of the officers were undoubtedly, for the most part, men of worth, substance, and standing. Inspired by the enthusiastic Harrison, their whole existence is the high-water mark of the biblical politics of the times, of Puritanism applying itself to legislation, political construction, and social re-

generation. It hardly deserves to be described as the greatest attempt ever made in history to found a civil society on the literal words of Scripture, but it was certainly the greatest failure of such an attempt.

To the council-chamber at Whitehall the chosen notables repaired on the 4th of July (1653), a day destined a century and more later to be the date of higher things in the annals of free government. They seated themselves round the table, and the lord general stood by the window near the middle of it. The room was crowded with officers. Cromwell in his speech made no attempt to hide the military character of the revolution that had brought them together. The indenture, he told them, by which they were constituted the supreme authority had been drawn up by the advice of the principal officers of the army; it was himself and his fellow-officers who had vainly tried to stir up the Parliament; he had been their mouthpiece to offer their sense for them; it was the army to whom the people had looked, in their dissatisfaction at the breakdown of parliamentary performance. Yet the thinking of an act of violence was to them worse than any battle that ever they were in, or that could be, to the utmost hazard of their lives. They felt how binding it was upon them not to grasp at power for themselves, but to divest the sword of all power in the civil administration. So now God had called this new supreme authority to do his work, which had come to them by wise Providence through weak hands. That Cromwell was deeply sincere in his intention of divesting the army of supremacy in civil affairs, and of becoming himself their servant, there are few who doubt. But we vindicate his sincerity only at the cost of his sagacity. The destruction of the old Parliament, which had at least some spark of legislative authority; the alienation of almost all the stanchest and ablest partizans of the scheme of a commonwealth; the desperate improbability of attracting any large body of members by the rule of the saints, all left the new order without moral or social foundation, and the power of the sword the only bulwark standing.

Meanwhile Oliver freely surrendered himself to the spiritual raptures of the hour. "I confess I never looked to see such a day as this, when Jesus Christ should be so owned as he is this day in this work. God manifests this to be the day of the power of Christ, having through so much blood, and so much trial as hath been upon these nations, made this to be one of the great issues thereof, to have his people called to the supreme authority." Text upon text is quoted in lyric excitement from prophets, psalmists, and apostles; Old Testament dispensation and New; appeals to the examples of Moses and of Paul, who could wish themselves blotted out of God's book for the sake of the whole people; the verses from James about wisdom from above being pure and peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits; and then at last the Sixty-eighth Psalm, with its triumphs so exceeding high and great.

A few weeks began the dissipation of the dream. They were all sincere and zealous, but the most zealous were the worst simpletons. The soldier's jealousy of civil power, of which Cromwell had made himself the instrument on the 20th of April, was a malady without a cure. The impatience that had grown so bitter against the old Parliament soon revived against the new convention. Just as it is the nature of courts of law to amplify the jurisdiction, so it is the nature of every political assembly to extend its powers. The moderate or conservative element seems to have had a small majority in the usual balance of parties, but the forward men made up for inferiority in numbers by warmth and assiduity. The fervor of the forward party in the Parliament was stimulated by fanaticism out of doors; by cries that their gold had become dim, the ways of Zion filled with mourning, and a dry wind, but neither to fan nor to cleanse, upon the land; above all, by the assurances of the preachers that the four monarchies of Nebuchadnezzar and Cyrus, of Alexander and Rome, had each of them passed away, and that the day had come for the Fifth and final Monarchy, the kingdom of Jesus Christ upon the earth; and this no mere reign set up in men's hearts, but a scheme for governing nations and giving laws for settling liberty, property, and the foundations of a commonwealth. The fidelity of the convention to Cromwell was shown by the unanimous vote that placed him on the Council of State; but the great dictator kept himself in the background, and in good faith hoping against hope, he let things take their course. "I am more troubled now," he said, "with the fool than with the knave." The new men at once and without leave took to themselves the name of Parliament. Instead of carrying on their special business of a constituent assembly, they set to work with a

will at legislation, and legislation, moreover, in the high temper of Root-and-Branch, for cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently. A bill was run through all its stages in a single sitting, for the erection of a high court of justice in cases where a jury could not be trusted to convict. Ominous language was freely used upon taxation, and it was evident that the sacred obligations of supply and the pay of the soldiers and sailors were in peril. They passed a law requiring that all good marriages must take place before a justice of the peace, after due publication of banns in some open resort, sacred or secular. Of the projects of law reform inherited from the Long Parliament they made nonsense. Before they had been a month in session they passed a resolution that the Court of Chancery should be wholly taken away and abolished; and after three bills had been brought in and dropped for carrying this resolution into act, they read a second time a fourth bill for summarily deciding cases then pending, and arranging that for the future the ordinary suits in Chancery should be promptly despatched at a cost of from twenty to forty shillings. They set a committee, without a lawyer upon it, to work on the reduction of the formless mass of laws, cases, and precedents to a code that should be of no greater bigness than a pocket-book. The power of patrons to present to livings was taken away, though patronage was as much property as land. More vital aspects of the church question followed. A committee reported in favor of the appointment of a body of state commissioners with power to eject unfit ministers and fill vacant livings; and what was a more burning issue, in favor of the maintenance of tithe as of legal obligation. By a majority of two (56 against 54) the House disagreed with the report, and so indicated their intention to abolish tithe and the endowment of ministers of religion by the state. This led to the crisis. The effect of proceedings so singularly devised for the settlement of the nation was to irritate and alarm all the nation's most powerful elements. The army, the lawyers, the clergy, the holders of property, all felt themselves attacked; and the lord general himself perceived, in his own words afterward, that the issue of this assembly would have been the subversion of the laws and of all the liberties of their nation, the destruction of the ministers of the gospel—in short, the confusion of all things; and instead of order, to set up the judicial law of Moses, in abrogation of all our administrations. The design that shone so radiantly five months before had sunk away in clouds and vain chimera. Nor had the reign of chimera even brought popularity. Lilburne, the foe of all government, whether it were inspired by folly or by common sense, appeared once more upon the scene, and he was put upon his trial before a court of law for offenses of which he had been pronounced guilty by the Long Parliament. The jury found him innocent of any crime worthy of death, and the verdict was received with shouts of joy by the populace. This was to demonstrate that the government of the saints was at least as odious as the government of the dispossessed Rump.

The narrow division on the abolition of tithe convinced everybody that the ship was water-logged. Sunday, December 11, was passed in the concoction of devices for bringing the life of the notables to an end. On Monday the Speaker took the chair at an early hour, and a motion was promptly made that the sitting of the Parliament was no longer for the public good, and therefore that they should deliver up to the lord general the powers they had received from him. An attempt to debate was made, but as no time was to be lost, in case of members arriving in numbers sufficient to carry a hostile motion, the Speaker rose from his chair, told the sergeant to shoulder the mace, and, followed by some forty members in the secret, set forth in solemn procession to Whitehall. A minority kept their seats, until a couple of colonels with a file of soldiers came to turn them out. According to a Royalist story, one of the colonels asked them what they were doing. "We are seeking the Lord," was the answer. "Then you should go elsewhere," the colonel replied, "for to my knowledge the Lord has not been here these twelve years past." We have Cromwell's words that he knew nothing of this intention to resign. If so, the dismissal of the remnant of the members by a handful of troopers on their own authority is strange, and shows the extraordinary pitch that military manners had reached. Oliver received the Speaker and his retinue with genuine or feigned surprise, but accepted the burden of power that the abdication of the Parliament had once more laid upon him.

XXXII. FIRST STAGE OF THE PROTECTORATE.

"WHAT are all our histories," cried Cromwell in 1655, "what are all our traditions of

actions in former times, but God manifesting himself, that hath shaken and tumbled down and trampled upon everything that he had not planted?" It was at the same time that Bossuet was working out the same conception in the glowing literary form of the discourse on universal history. What was in Bossuet the theme of a divine was in Cromwell the life-breath of act, toil, hope, submission. For him the drama of time is no stage-play, but an inspired and foreordained dispensation ever unfolding itself "under a Waking and All-searching Eye," and in this high epic England had the hero's part. "I look at the people of these nations as the blessing of the Lord," he said, "and they are a people blessed by God. . . . If I had but a hope fixed in me that this cause and this business was of God, I would many years ago have run from it. . . . But if the Lord take pleasure in England, and if he will of us good, he is very able to bear us up. . . ."

As England was the home of the chosen people, so also he read in all the providences of battle-fields from Winceby to Worcester that perhaps he was called to be the Moses or the Joshua of the new deliverance.

Milton's fervid Latin appeal of this date did but roll forth in language of his own incomparable splendor, though in phrases savoring more of Pericles or some high Roman Stoic than of the Hebrew sacred books, the thoughts that haunted Cromwell. Milton had been made secretary of the first Council of State almost immediately after the execution of the king in 1649, and he was employed in the same or similar duties until the end of Cromwell and after. Historic imagination vainly seeks to picture the personal relations between two such master spirits, but no trace remains. They must sometimes have been in the council-chamber together, but whether they ever interchanged a word we do not know. When asked for a letter of introduction for a friend to the English ambassador in Holland (1657), Milton excused himself, saying, "I have very little acquaintance with those in power, inasmuch as I keep very much to my own house, and prefer to do so." A painter's fancy has depicted Oliver dictating to the Latin secretary the famous despatches on the slaughtered saints whose bones lay scattered on the Alpine mountains cold; but by then the poet had lost his sight, and himself probably dictated the English drafts from Thurloe's instructions, and then turned them into his own sonorous Latin. He evidently approved the supersession of the Parliament, though we should remember that he includes in all the breadth of his panegyric both Bradshaw and Overton, who as strongly disapproved. He bids the new Protector to recall the aspect and the wounds of that host of valorous men who, with him for leader, had fought so strenuous a fight for freedom, and to revere their shades; to think of England's repute and fame with foreign nations, how many things they, too, were promising themselves as the fruit of her liberty, and of a commonwealth that had so gloriously dawned. He adjures him further to revere himself, that thus the freedom for which he had faced countless perils and borne such heavy cares he would never suffer to be either violated by hand of his, or impaired by any other.

Such is the heroic strain in which the man of noble ideals hailed the man with strength of heart and arm, and power of station. This Miltonian glory of words is the high-water mark of the advance from the homely sages of 1640 to the grand though transient recasting of the fundamental conceptions of national consciousness and life. The apostle and the soldier were two men of different type, and drew their inspiration from very different fountains, but we may well believe Aubrey when he says that there were those who came over to England only to see Oliver Protector and John Milton.

Four days sufficed to erect a new government. The scheme was prepared by the officers, with Lambert at their head. Cromwell fell in with it, caring little about formal constitutions either way. On the afternoon of December 16, 1653, a procession set out from Whitehall for Westminster Hall. The judges in their robes, the high officers of government, the lord mayor and the magnates of the City, made their way amid two lines of soldiers to the Chancery Court, where a chair of state had been placed upon a rich carpet. Oliver, clad in a suit and cloak of black velvet, and with a gold band upon his hat, was invited by Lambert to take upon himself the office of Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, conformably to the terms of an Instrument of Government which was then read. The lord general assented, and forthwith took and subscribed the solemn oath of fidelity to the matters and things set out in the Instrument. Then, covered, he sat down in the chair of state, while those in attendance stood bareheaded about him.

The commissioners ceremoniously handed to him the great seal, and the lord mayor

proffered him his sword of office. The Protector returned the seal and the sword, and after he had received the grave obeisance of the dignitaries around him, the act of state ended, and he returned to the palace of Whitehall, amid the acclamations of the soldiery and the half-ironic curiosity of the crowd. He was proclaimed, by sound of trumpet, in Palace Yard, at the Old Exchange, and in other places in London, the lord mayor attending in his robes, the sergeants with their maces, and the heralds in their gold coats. Henceforth the Lord Protector "observed new and great state, and all ceremonies and respects were paid to him by all sorts of men as to their prince." The new constitution thus founding, though it did not long uphold, the Protectorate, was the most serious of the expedients of this distracted time.

On the breakdown of the Barebones Parliament the sphinx once more propounded her riddle. How to reconcile executive power with popular supremacy, what should be the relations between executive and legislature, what the relations between the church and the magistrate—these were the problems that divided the dead king and the dead Parliament, that had baffled Pym and Hyde, that had perplexed Ireton and the officers, and now confronted Oliver. It was easy to affirm the sovereignty of the people as an abstract truth. But the machinery? We must count one of the curiosities of history the scene of this little group of soldiers sitting down to settle in a few hours the questions that to this day, after a century and a quarter of constitution-mongering and infinitely diversified practice and experiment, beset the path of self-governing peoples.

No doubt they had material only too abundant. Scheme after scheme had been propounded at Oxford, at Uxbridge, at Newcastle, at Newport. The army had drawn up its Heads of Proposals, and these were followed, a few days before the king was brought to the block, by the written constitution known as the Agreement of the People. The officers had well-trodden ground to go upon, and yet the journey was as obscure as it ever had been.

The Magna Charta that installed Oliver as Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, though loose enough in more than one essential particular, was compact. The government was to be in a single person and a single House, but to these two organs of rule was added a Council of State. This was an imperfect analogue of the old Privy Council or of the modern cabinet. They sat for life. The Council had a voice, subject to confirmation by Parliament, in appointments to certain high offices. Then came the clauses of a reform bill, and Cromwell has been praised for anticipating Pitt's proposals for demolishing rotten boroughs; in fact, the reform bill was adopted bodily from the labors of Ireton and the discarded Parliament.

The Instrument of Government had a short life, and not an important one; but it has a certain surviving interest, unlike the French constitutions of the year III, the year VIII, and other ephemera of the same species, because, along with its sequel of the Humble Petition and Advice, it is the only attempt in English history to work a written system, and because it has sometimes been taken to foreshadow the Constitution of the United States. The American analogy does not hold.

Historically, there are no indications that the framers of the American Constitution had the Instrument in their minds, and there are, I believe, no references to it either in the pages of the "Federalist," or in the recorded debates of the several States. Nor was it necessary for the American draftsmen to go back to the Commonwealth; their scheme was based upon State constitutions already subsisting, and in them they found the principle of fundamentals or constitutional guaranties not alterable like ordinary laws.

Apart from historical connection, the coincidences between the Instrument and the American Constitution are slight, while the differences are marked. The Protector is to be chosen by the Council, not by the people. He has no veto on legislation. His tenure is for life; so is the tenure of the Council. There is no direct appeal to the electorate as to any executive office. Parliament, unlike Congress, is to consist of one House. The two schemes agree in embodying the principle of a rigid constitution, but in the Instrument there are, according to Oliver himself, only four fundamentals, and all the rest is as liable to amendment or repeal, and in the same way, as any other statute.

Make by act an American President master for life, with the assent of a small council of a score of persons nominated for life, of the power of the sword, of the normal power of the purse, of the power of religious establishment, for thirty-one months out of thirty-six, and then you might have some-

thing like the Instrument of Government. The fatal passion for parallels has led to a much more singular comparison. Within the compass of a couple of pages Mommsen likens the cynical and bloodthirsty Sulla to Don Juan because he was frivolous, and to George Washington because he was unselfish, and to Oliver Cromwell because they both set up or restored order and a constitution.

In virtue of their legislative capacity, Cromwell and his Council passed more than eighty ordinances in the eight months between the establishment of the Protectorate and the meeting of the Parliament. This is called Cromwell's great creative period, yet, in truth, the list is but a meager show of legislative fertility. Many of them were no more than directions for administration. Some were regulations of public police. One of them limited the number of hackney-coaches in London to two hundred. Duels and challenges were prohibited, and to kill an adversary in a duel was made a capital offense. Drunkenness and swearing were punished. Cock-fighting was suppressed, and so, for a period, was horse-racing. There were laws for raising money upon the church lands, and laws for fixing excise. Among the earliest and most significant was the repeal of the memorable enactment of the first days of the republic, which required an engagement of allegiance to the Commonwealth. This was taken by the more ardent spirits as stamping the final overthrow of the system consecrated to freedom, and it still further embittered the enmity of those who through so many vicissitudes had in more hopeful days been Cromwell's closest allies. More far-reaching and fundamental were the edicts incorporating Scotland in one commonwealth with England, but these were in conformity with the bill of the Long Parliament in 1652. From the Long Parliament also descended the policy of the edict for the settlement of lands in Ireland. One of the cardinal subjects of the ordinances in this short period of reforming and organizing activity was the Court of Chancery. The sixty-seven clauses reforming Chancery are elaborate, but they show no presiding mind.

Cromwell possessed far too much of the instinct for order and government, which is very narrowly described when it is called conservative, not to do his best to secure just administration of the law. Some of the most capable lawyers of the age were persuaded to serve in the office of judge, and there is no doubt that they discharged with uprightness, good sense, and efficiency both their strictly judicial duties and the important functions in respect of general county business which in these days fell upon the judges of assize. Slackness in this vital department would speedily have dissolved social order in a deeper sense than any political step like the execution of a king or the breaking of a Parliament. But when what he chose to regard as reason of state affected him, Cromwell was as ready to interfere with established tribunals, and to set up tribunals specially to his purpose, as if he had been a Stuart or a Bourbon.

Most important of all Cromwell's attempts at construction was the scheme for the propagation of religion, and it deserves attention. This dire controversy, that split up the patriot party in the first years of the Long Parliament, that wrecked the throne, that was at the bottom of the quarrels with the Scots, that inspired the fatal feud between Presbyterian and Independent, that occupied the last days of the Rump, and brought to naught the Reign of the Saints, was still the question that went deepest in social life. The fervid soul of Milton was eager for complete dissociation of church from state, eager "to save free conscience from the paw of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw." So were the advanced men in the Parliament of Barebones. But voluntaryism of this uncompromising temper was far from being universal even among Independents. Cromwell had never committed himself to it. In adhesion to the general doctrine of liberty of conscience, he had never wavered. It was the noblest element in his whole mental equipment. He valued dogmatic nicety as little in religion as he valued constitutional precision in politics. His was the cast of mind to which the spirit of system is in every aspect wholly alien. The presence of God in the hearts of men; the growth of the perfect man within us; the inward transformation, not by literal or speculative knowledge, but by participation in the divine in things of the mind; no compulsion but that of light and reason—such was ever his faith. "I am not a man," he said, "scrupulous about words or names or such things."

This was the very temper for a comprehensive settlement, if only the nation should be found ripe for comprehension. Cromwell had served on two important parliamentary committees on propagation of the gospel after his return from Worcester. There, on one occasion, it pleased somebody on the

DRAWN BY EDMUND J. SULLIVAN.

THE PROCLAMATION OF OLIVER CROMWELL AS LORD PROTECTOR IN OLD PALACE YARD.

committee zealously to argue against a Laodicean indifferency, professing that he would rather be a Saul than a Gallio. Then Cromwell made the vehement declaration that he would rather have Mohammedanism permitted than that one of God's children should be persecuted. But the question of toleration was one, and that of a state-paid ministry was another. Toleration with the two stereotyped exclusions of popery and prelacy was definitely adopted in two sections of the Instrument of Government, and so, too, was

the principle of a public profession of religion to be maintained from public funds. An Episcopal critic was angry at the amazing fact that in the Magna Charta of the new constitution there was not a word of churches or ministers, nor anything else but the Christian religion in general—as if the Christian religion in general were but pacy. The second imputation must be apocryphal, but Cromwell had undoubtedly by this time firmly embraced the maxim alike of King Charles and of the Long Parliament, that the care of religion is the business of the state. His ordinances institute a double scheme for expelling bad ministers and testing the admission of better. No theological tests

FROM A CAST OF THE ORIGINAL IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

SECOND GREAT SEAL OF PROTECTOR OLIVER, 1655-58.

meager and diminutive. What Cromwell's ordinance of 1654 did was, upon the principle of the Instrument, to frame a working system. In substance he adopted the scheme which Dr. John Owen, now dean of Christ Church, had submitted to the Long Parliament in 1652, and which was in principle accepted by the Rump in its closing days. A story is told by Bishop Wilkins, who was the husband of Cromwell's youngest sister Robina, that the Protector often said to him that no temporal government could have a sure support without a national church that adhered to it, and that he thought England was capable of no constitution but Episcowere prescribed. No particular church organization was imposed, though Episcopacy, like the Prayer-book, was forbidden. Of the three sorts of godly men, Oliver said, Presbyterians, Baptists, and Independents, so long as a man had the root of the matter in him, it does not concern his admission, to whatever of the three judgments he may belong. The parishes were to adopt the Presbyterian or the Congregational form as they liked best. In practice, outside of London and Lancashire, where the Presbyterianism established by the Parliament in 1647 had taken root, the established church during the Protectorate was on the Con-

gregational model, with so much of Presbyterianism about it as came from free association for discipline and other purposes.

His ideal was a state church, based upon a comprehension from which Episcopalians were to be shut out. The exclusion was fatal to it as a final settlement. The rebellion itself, by arresting and diverting the liberal movement in progress within the church when the political outbreak first began, had forever made a real comprehension impossible. This is perhaps the heaviest charge against it, and the gravest set-off against its indubitable gains.

FROM A CAST OF THE ORIGINAL IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

SECOND GREAT SEAL OF PROTECTOR OLIVER, 1655–58.

The mischief had been done in the years, roughly speaking, from 1643 to 1647, when some two thousand of the Episcopal clergy were turned out of their churches and homes with every circumstance of suffering and hardship. The authors of these hard proceedings did not foresee the distant issue, which made so deep and dubious a mark upon the social life of England for centuries to come. When the day of reaction arrived, less than twenty years later, it brought cruel reprisals. In 1662 the Episcopalians, when the wheel brought them uppermost, ejected two thousand nonconformists on the famous day of St. Bartholomew, the patron saint of Christian enormities; and the nation fell asunder into the two standing camps of churchman and dissenter, which, in their strife of so many ages for superiority on the one hand and equality on the other, did so much to narrow public spirit and pervert the noble ideal of national citizenship. This disastrous direction was first imparted to church polity by the Presbyterians, but Independents, when in their turn of faction they grasped power, did nothing to redress the wrong that their rivals had committed.

XXXIII. QUARREL WITH THE FIRST PARLIAMENT.

Whitelocke, in his mission to Sweden, saw Oxenstiern, the renowned minister who had

DRAWN BY MAURICE GREIFFENHAGER.

CROMWELL GOING TO WESTMINSTER AFTER HEARING THE SERMON.

played so great a part in the history of Gustavus Adolphus and of the Protestant world, one of the sages—not too many of them on his own showing—who have tried their hand at the government of men. The chancellor inquired about Cromwell's age, health, children, family, and temper, and said that the things that he had done argued as much courage and wisdom as any actions that had been seen for many years. Still the veteran was not dazzled. He told Whitelocke that the new Protector's strength would depend upon the confirmation of his office by Parliament. As it was, it looked to him like an election by the sword, and the precedents of such elections had always proved dangerous and not peaceable, even from the choice of Roman emperors by the legion. Christina, the queen, went deeper, and hit on a parallel more to the point. "Your general," she said, "hath done the greatest things of any man in the world; the Prince of Condé is next to him, but short of him." Much of his story, she proceeded, "hath some parallel with that of my ancestor, Gustavus I, who, from a private gentleman of a noble family, was advanced to the title of Marshal of Sweden, because he had risen up and rescued his country from the bondage and oppression which the King of Denmark had put upon them, and expelled that king; and for his reward he was at last elected King of Sweden, and I believe that your general will be King of England in conclusion." "Pardon me, madam," replied the sedate Whitelocke; "that cannot be, because England is resolved into a commonwealth; and my general hath already sufficient power and greatness, as general of all their forces both by sea and land, which may content him." "Resolve what you will," the queen insisted, "I believe he resolves to be king; and hardly can any power or greatness be called sufficient, when the nature of man is so prone as in these days to all ambition." Whitelocke could only say that he found no such nature in his general. Yet it needed no ambition, but only inevitable memory of near events, to recall to Cromwell the career of Gustavus Vasa, and we may be sure the case often flitted through his mind.

Two parliaments were held during the Protectorate, the first of them assembling in 1654, on the 3d of September, the famous anniversary day of the Cromwellian calendar. It lasted barely five months. A glance at the composition of it was enough to disclose the elements of a redoubtable opposition. The ghost of the Long Parliament was there in the persons of Bradshaw, Scot, Hazelrigg, and others, and although Vane was absent, the spirit of irreconcilable alienation from a personal government resting on the drawn sword was present and active. No Royalist was eligible, but the Presbyterians of what would now be called the extreme right were not far from Royalists, and even the Presbyterians of the center could have little ardor for a man and a system that marked the triumph of the hated Independents. The material for combinations unfriendly to the government was only too evident.

They all heard a sermon in Westminster Abbey, where the Protector had gone in his coach, with pages, lackeys, life-guards, in full state. Henry Cromwell and Lambert sat with him bareheaded in the coach, perhaps in their different ways the two most capable of all the men about him. After the sermon they crossed over from the abbey to the Painted Chamber, and there Oliver addressed them in one of his strange speeches, not coherent, not smooth, not always even intelligible, but with a strain of high-hearted fervor in them piercing through rugged and uncouth forms; with the note of a strong man having great things to say, and wrestling with their very greatness in saying them; often rambling, discursive, and overloaded; often little better than rigmarole, even though rigmarole lighted now and again with the flash of a noble thought or penetrating phrase; marked by curious admixture of the tone of the statesman's council-chamber with the tone of the Ranter's chapel; still impressive by their laboring sincerity, by the weight of their topics, and by that which is the true force of all oratory worth talking about, the momentum of the orator's history, personality, and purpose.

The specters of old dispute at once rose up. Those who could recall the quarrel between king and Parliament found that, after all, nothing was settled, hardly even so much as that the government of the three kingdoms should be a parliamentary government. The mutual suspicions of Parliament and army were as much alive as ever. The members no sooner returned to their own chamber than they began instantly to consider the constitution under which they existed. In other words, they took themselves seriously. No Parliament supposing themselves clothed with popular authority could have been expected to accept without criticism a ready-made scheme of government fastened on them by a military junto. If the scheme

FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING BY WILLIAM CAPON, OWNED BY THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES, LONDON.

INTERIOR OF THE PAINTED CHAMBER AT WESTMINSTER.

was to be parliamentary, nothing could be more certain than that Parliament itself must make it so. A protector by right of the army was as little tolerable to the new Parliament as a king by divine right had been to the old. They sat there by the authority of the good people of England, and how could it be contended that this authority did not include the right of judging the system on which the good people of England were to be governed?

That was the very ground on which Oliver had quarreled with the Rump. He now dealt with the first Parliament of the Protectorate as decisively, if not quite so passionately, as with the Parliament of the Commonwealth. After constitutional discussion had gone on for less than a fortnight, members one morning found Westminster Hall and its approaches full of soldiers, the door of the House locked in their faces, with only the gruff explanation that the Protector desired them to meet him in the Painted Chamber. Here Oliver addressed them in language of striking force, winding up with an act of power after the model of Pride's Purge and the other arbitrary exclusions.

As they had slighted the authority that

called them, he told them that he had caused a stop to be put to their entrance into the Parliament House, until they had signed a promise to be true and faithful to the Lord Protector and the Commonwealth, and not to alter the government as settled in a single person and a Parliament. The test was certainly not a narrow or a rigid one, and within a few days some three hundred out of the four hundred and sixty subscribed. The rest, including Bradshaw, Hazelrigg, and others of that stalwart group, refused to sign, and went home. Such was the Protector's short way with a parliamentary opposition.

The purge was drastic, but it availed little. By the very law of its being the Parliament went on with the interrupted debate. There is no such favorite battle-ground for party conflict as revision of a constitution. They passed a resolution making believe that Oliver's test was their own. They affirmed the fundamentals about the double seat of authority, about Oliver's Protectorate for life, about a Parliament every three years, as gravely as if members had not just signed a solemn promise not to reject them. Then they made their way through the rest of the two-and-forty articles of the Instrument, expanding them into sixty.

It was now that Oliver realized that perhaps he might as well have tried to live with the Rump. We have already seen the words in which he almost said as much. The strange irony of events had brought him within sight of the doctrines of Strafford and of Charles, and showed him to have as little grasp of parliamentary rule, and as little love of it, as either of them. He was determined not to accept the revised constitution. "Though some may think that it is an hard thing," he said, "to raise money without parliamentary authority upon this nation, yet I have another argument to the good people of this nation, whether they prefer having their will, though it be their destruction, rather than comply with things of necessity." But, then, this is the principle of absolutism.

In other words, Cromwell did not in his heart believe that any Parliament was to be trusted. He may have been right, but, then, what way could be devised out of the deadlock? The representatives were not to blame for doing their best to convert government by the sword into that parliamentary government which was the very object of the civil war, and which was still the object of Cromwell himself. What he did was to dissolve them at the first hour at which the Instrument gave him the right.

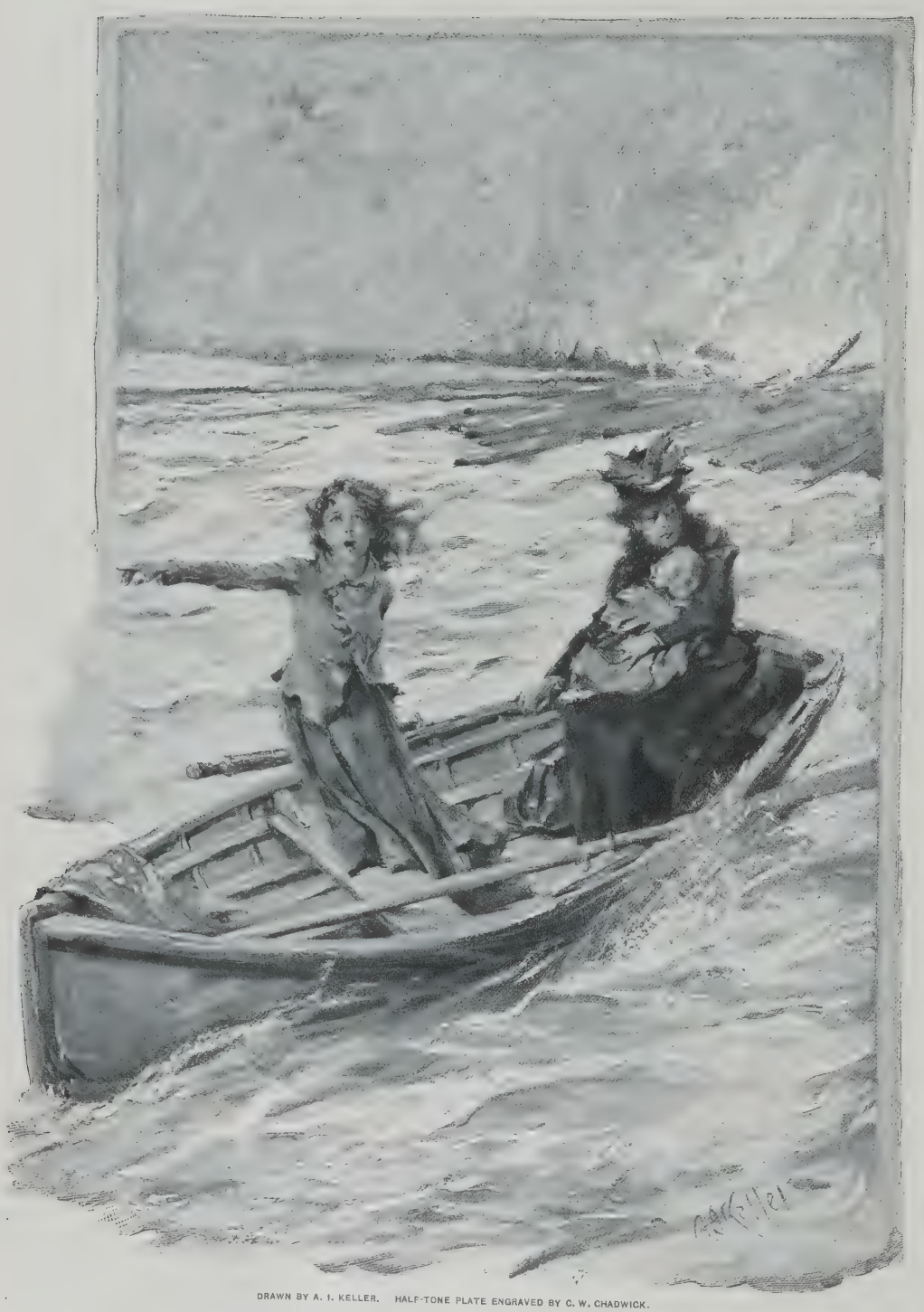
A remarkable passage occurs in one of the letters of Henry Cromwell to Thurloe, two years later (March 4, 1675), which sheds a flood of light on this side of the Protectorate from its beginning to the end. The case could not be more wisely propounded. "I wish his Highness would consider how casual [incalculable] the motions of a Parliament are, and how many of them are called before one be found to answer the ends thereof; and that it is the natural genius of such great assemblies to be various, inconsistent, and for the most part forward with their superiors; and therefore that he would not wholly reject so much of what they offer as is necessary to the public welfare. And the Lord give him to see how much safer it is to rely upon persons of estate, interest, integrity, and wisdom, than upon such as have so amply discovered their envy and ambition, and whose faculty it is by continuing of confusion to support themselves."

How much safer, that is to say, to rely upon a Parliament, with all its slovenly, slow, and froward ways, than upon a close junto of military grandees with a standing army at their back. This is what the nation also thought, and burned into its memory for a century to come.

(To be continued.)

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

A PAIR OF CROMWELL'S SPURS, THE PROPERTY OF THE REV. T. CROMWELL BUSH.



DRAWN BY A. I. KELLER. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"'AN' DEN SHE RAISE HER HAN' AN' POINT TO DE RAPIDE.'"

ON DE RAPIDE.

BY MARY KNOWLES BARTLETT.

MR. JERRY MYER, accompanied by his wife, was traveling in pursuit of his lost health. Naturally, at this time, he loathed the society of invalids.

One golden day in autumn they found themselves in a little French-Canadian village. It was Mr. Myer's custom, before he would commit himself to the uncertainties of a strange locality, to send Mrs. Myer out to see what the place was like. When they had dined comfortably at the old Hôtel de Bon Ange, as usual, he said:

"Now, my dear, you must look around and see who 's here. If there is a 'hay-fever resorter' from the West, or a 'nervous-prostrate' from the East, or any other evil thing in sight, we 'll go farther."

It was also his custom to remind her that by a certain degree of affability she would invite the confidence of the natives, and that he should expect to hear something interesting when she came back. She had been well disciplined in the art of tale-gathering for the diversion of her sick lord, as a keen appetite for stories survived even the exigencies of Mr. Jerry Myer's ill health; so it was quite unnecessary to repeat this injunction, though he always did.

Then the lady went forth to spy upon the inhabitants. The village stood near the juncture of two rivers. Mrs. Myer saw a weather-beaten church, and a straggling row of steep-roofed cottages, all deep in gardens. There were blue-green fields of cabbage in the rear, but gay borders of marigold and zinnia lined the paths to the front doors; and on many a window-ledge a geranium growing in a tin can showed a brave truss of scarlet. Some women who were gathering ripe beans straightened their bent backs, and regarded her with engaging looks of interest. A group of children at a gateway, chattering a French patois, and stringing four-o'clocks on stems of seeded grass, hushed at sight of a stranger, and, with startled black eyes, huddled together like a covey of young partridges in a wood. But when she opened for them a tiny box of sugar-drops from her chatelaine, there was a ready flash of milk-teeth, and they bobbed courtesies, and cried, "Merci, m'dame!" like well-instructed children. Then Mrs. Jerry Myer went down upon a floating pier formed of three or four logs chained to a stump. The murmur of broken water and, far below, a line of fringing whitecaps betrayed the presence of the rapids in the river. Along the shore a sturdy second growth of pine and fir made a dark background for the shimmering leaves and the brown-and-white trunks of slender birches.

Suddenly she was hailed by a cheery cry:

"Bonjour, m'dame! Bonjour!"

A wiry little man, neither old nor young, rowed up to the landing. He wore a red worsted cap, a blue blouse, and long blue knitted stockings. His eyes were alert and glancing, like those of some small wild animal—one that gets its living by its wits, and not by its strength. But his smile was most human and friendly, and his brown and ruddy face shone with an eagerness for conversation.

"Bonjour, m'dame! Bonjour! You lak one skeef, eh? You lak I row you on de reever, me?

"Oh, yas, m'dame; an' m'sieu', he will go? No? He ain't got no bien good healt', eh? Oh, yas; I see heem; he so w'ite on hees face.

"You come to Canadaw for hees healt'? Dat 's good. I t'ink he not die ve'y soon. No, no. W'en he stay by de reever, dat 's de bes' t'ing in de worl'. All de 'habitant w'at leeve by de reever, she got bien good healt'. Dat 's my boy over dere, feeshin'. You t'ink he marrie? No? Oh, yas; he marry hese'f long tam. He got nice wife, plenty li'l' chillen. W'at you t'ink? Been marry eight year, an' he got ten li'l' chillen. You don' b'leeve? Oh, yas; he one lucky feller. He got two, t'ree li'l' twin! Nex' year maybe he go'n' got some mo' li'l' twin; den he go on Kebeck, gover'men' geeve heem honner acre lan'. Das ve'y good, eh? An' I tol' heem de lan' mus' be by de reever. If he go on de dry lan', François he will be seek, an' hees li'l' chillen dey will be seek, an' hees femme she will be seek.

"You lak de reever, m'dame? Yas? It mak' mo' life, de rapide. I tak' you mo' near, so you can see dem, jus' lak horses, how dey t'row up deir haid! You have see dat you'se'f? Dey look lak w'ite horses? Oh, das a

ve'y good eye you got, m'dame. Some people dey cannot see dat, not w'en you tole 'em, no. Soyez tranquille, m'dame. Dis skeef are mo' safe dan a house.

"Oh, yas, I go down de rapide since I have ten year. I lak bes' t'ing of all for go ride my w'ite horses of de rapide. You lak bes' de horses on de lan'? Oh, I 'fraid, me, of dose horses on de lan'. Of co'se dere is mo' danger in a wagon dan in a boat. For why? You can't steer no wagon. You got no rudder, no oar, jus' two li'l' strap in your hand. Den de horse maybe he go'n' jomp on de stump, an', by gosh! first t'ing you know your haid is broke off on a tree. You t'ink w'en you be ve'y kin' wid de horses den dey won' hurt you? So? I don' know. But me, I lak my w'ite horses of de rapide. Of co'se you mus' be acquaint wid dem; dose are wil' horses. You mus' steer jus' right, an' keep your han' on deir back, wid a light oar an' a quick oar; den dey lif' you up, an' dey lif' you down, an' laugh in your face, jus' for mak' fun.

"Don' somebody go drown on de rapide? Oh—sometam—fool feller f'om de town. He pull so hard, he stick hees oar down deep, he go dig 'em in deir side, he go contre dem, an' dat mak 'em so mad dey hit heem back, I tol' you. An' he roll 'tween de horses lak one beeg stone, an' dey tromp heem down in de water so deep, by gosh! w'en de angel blow de las' tromp I don' b'lieve he hear it.

"You was on Lachine Rapide? An' you was scare', you? Oh, yas; but you was in beeg, beeg boat, eh? Me, I be 'fraid dose beeg boat, jus' lak beeg house. Maybe she go'n' turn over; fire-engine maybe she go'n' bus' up. Den where you are? No, no; on de rapide one li'l' small skeef an' two oar mak' all right for me. You t'ink all de woman be 'fraid de rapide? Canayenne? Oh, w'en she be so ol' an' so t'ick. You see my li'l' gell over dere, in de skeef wid François? Dat's my Louisine. On fête-day she got gol' watch an' gol' chain on her neck. M'sieu' l'engineer an' hees lady out de State mak' one belle present, eh?

"For why? My li'l' gel she not 'fraid, no. She acquaint wid de rapide.

"She li'l' gel, so li'l', so quick. Pretty, eh, you t'ink? Soch long black hair? Yas, ma jolie 'tite fille. But de bes' t'ing, m'dame, she got de bon sens' in dat small haid.

"You lak hear 'bout dat lady f'om de State? So? Den I tol' you f'om de begin.

"One Yankee man come off de State Boston. Big man; he engineer of de railroad for mak' new track down dere. He commandant of de cut of de wood for de road. Please, m'dame, will you look up de reever—oder side, some willow-tree, eh? You see? Li'l' reever come in dere. One gang men go up de reever, me too; cut de beeg log, t'row 'em in de reever. Many log, not many water. Beeg bunch log get snag over dere, an' pile up mo' high as de tree. Dat winter stay long, long tam. I am so tire, me. But April she come back. I t'ink eve'ybody she's heart will broke some day w'en April she don' come. I geeve t'ree can'le to de altar, for mak' sure. I tol' de priest, 'Never min' my sin w'en it is so col'; jus' you pray for spring.' An' maybe dat pray is a good t'ing, for, sure 'nough, always April she come back. Le rapide on soch hurry, she tak' de ice out quick for us; but in dat li'l' reever de ice hol' on de lan' wid bote han's on bote side. De log mus' wait for de snow melt, an' fill up de reever, an' bus' up dat ice.

"Dat engineer, beeg man, not spik moch, no. I row boat, carry chain, shoot deer, cook bean, mak' bed; yas, mak' toddy for heem, an' he not nevair tol' me he have one wife! No! Eve'y week come one man on snow-shoe, bring bag letter. En April he say, dat engineer, 'You t'ink nex' week come one wagon f'om de town?' I say, 'I don' know. Maybe; Dieu dépose. Snow she go pooty fas'.' Den he say: 'My wife she is come on de town. I get letter; she is go'n' come to me by de firs' wagon t'rough de wood, an' my bébé boy. Don' know w'at day; so moch work I cannot go oder side reever an' wait for her.'

"'You lak I go, m'sieu'?' I say.

"'No; you mus' work, too, but your son François he is at home. Will he brong her over in de skeef?'

"'Bien sure he will, François hese'f.'

"'An' gif dollar to m'dame of l'Hôtel de Bon Ange, an' say please will she put up de beeg flag w'en my wife is arrive? We will go down on dis side de reever an' meet dem.'

"'Oh, sure, M'dame Beauseant she will, she will!'

"'All right,' he say, an' he go back to hees work, an' mak' de lines on de papier. Not one word mo'; not one laugh, not one cry! Two, t'ree tam I hear heem mak' li'l' small w'istle wid hees mout', an' one day I hear heem mak' li'l 'small song 'bout 'Home, sweet home.' W'en I come in he stop. Oh, dose Yankee man, dose Yankee man! Deir heart it keep so still lak one blin' bird. If dat one Frenchman, one Canayan, an' he have not see hees femme so long tam, he

laugh an' sing de whole day, an' cry: 'Hurrah! My femme she come; an' she is de mos' belle dame in de whole worl'! Bring de wine, mak' a supper; eve'ybody mus' be happy wid me.' He don' mak' no fête, de Yankee man. For why? He don' know how.

"So one day dat wagon she come mo' quick dan we t'ink. An' de lady de l'engineer she come, too. François, my son, he have not know she was go'n' come so soon, an' he have go wid all de boys an' ol' men for spear some feesh. De wagon she brong dat lady à l'Hôtel de Bon Ange. On her arm is one bébé boy, oh, so beau lak St. Jean! But he Yankee li'l' boy—no laugh, no cry. All de woman dey so much please for come see de lady. M'dame Beauseant she come out wid her mos' fine cap on her haid. Den she bow herse'f, an' she say: 'Welcome, m'dame; we have de mos' gran' happiness for see you! Entrez, m'dame; I got nice chambre for you, an' beeg fire. Li'l' boy cole, eh?'

"De lady she spik ve'y positif. She say she was ve'y moch oblige; she want not'ing but a man an' boat for row her over de reever. M'dame Beauseant once mo' she mak' her politesse, an' she say: 'Oh, yas; but firs' you will refresh you'se'f, eh? You lak glass wine, m'dame?' 'No, I don' drink wine,' say de lady. 'Permettez-moi, m'dame, dat I geeve you cup coffee?' 'Un'erstan',' she say, an' she spik mo' severe, 'I want not'ing but a boat.' Den she walk herse'f down to de reever, an' her li'l' boy too. All de womans dey go wid her, but M'dame Beauseant she go in her hotel.

"De lady look aroun'. 'W'ere are all de men?' she say. My femme she moch 'fraid, but she mus' tole her. 'De men all gone for de feesh, m'dame. Better you go à l'hôtel an' res' you'se'f. M'dame Beauseant she have de fine beeg feder bed for mak' you go on sleep.' 'I mus' have a man an' boat at once,' she say. My femme she tire'. She say: 'We cannot mak' miracle. Better you go to church and pray. Le bon Dieu himse'f he don' mak' one man in hurry.'

"Soch lady ve'y difficile. One Canayenne, one Française, she will cry an' mak' her tears fall down; but w'en she cannot, she know she cannot. Den she say, 'Voilà! I have do my possible; it is de will of God. I go to dinner; give me glass wine.' She have de bon sense, yas; mais la Yankee, she is jus' lak her man, she cannot change her min'. For why? She don' know how.

"Once mo' she say, 'Is dere no woman, no gel, w'at can row boat over de reever?' An' my Louisine she laugh, an' say, 'Oh, yas; I can row skeef.' 'Why don' you tole me?' say de lady.

"So no mo' word. In de skeef she go, an' her li'l' boy. My Louisine she tak' oar an' bend herse'f so quick she can, lak bird skim for de feesh. Me, I was on hill two mile back, an' I see de flag go up on l'hôtel. I call l'engineer. We tak' two men an' sled for go to de reever to meet de skeef, an' we all ronne on de track. Den lak one gun come beeg 'Boom! Boom!' We all stop. 'W'at's dat?' say l'engineer.

"'I don' know,' I say.

"'Is 't a gun?' he say.

"'Boom! Boom!'

"'I don' know,' I say, an' I lie lak de debil. W'en de water go bus' up de ice an' de log in dat li'l' reever, dat 's w'at she say, 'Boom! Boom!'

"'Ronne, ronne!' I cry. L'engineer he know too, an' we all ronne lak mad. Den we see de log mak' beeg fight, fly up, an' jomp out on de reever, a honner, a t'ousan' log! W'en we got to de shore we see de skeef comin'. She 's half-way over. I see de water up dere an' de log dey boil up lak one beeg rapide. I t'ink it is my son François, an' I put up my han', so, an' I cry:

"'En garde! En garde!'

"She stop row, an' she stan' up, an' I see it is my li'l' gel—oh, ma chère li'l' gel!

"De log spread over de reever, an' dey fight lak beeg snake. Dey come so fas' I t'ink dey will be on her befo' she can go back; dey will strike her befo' she can come over. Oh, m'dame, I tol' you, my heart was go'n' broke w'en I see my li'l' gel go drown! An' den she raise her han' an' point to de rapide. I un'erstan', an' I cry:

"'Allez! allez à la rapide! Vite! vite à la rapide!'

"She turn her skeef so quick an' fly down de reever lak one duck wid two wing.

"Oh, I am so happy, me! Den dat Yankee man he cotch me, an' oh, he mak' soch a beeg 'By-damn' as you have never hear in your life! As one dog shake de rat, so he shake me. But de oder two Canayan dey pull hees two leg, so he fall down, an' dey mak' a sit on heem, an' I mak' heem one oration. I say:

"'M'sieu' l'engineer, you been say dat I sen' your wife an' your bébé fo' die on de rapide? I tol' you dat is my li'l' gel, my Louisine, in dat skeef. W'en all de Yankee people go leeve, I don' care. Go die? H'mm! Mais ma Louisine? She mus' be safe fo' me, m'sieu', fo' me! She know de w'ite horses; she is acquaint wid dem. Dey

will tak' her down de rapide befo' dose log cotch her. An' below dere de current go close by de shore at de ben' of de reever. Easy she can slip on de still water, by de house of M'dame Trouville, an' dere she lan' herse'f. An' dere she go res' herse'f an' your femme, m'sieu'. By-by, pooty soon de log all go by. I tak' skeef an' go down de rapide, an' I find my Louisine, an' your wife, an' your li'l' boy. An', m'sieu' l'engineer, if you got all de "By-damn" out your mout', you can go too. An' I t'ink you be ve'y please fo' see my li'l' gel. For why? She have some bon good sense in her small haid.'

"An' it was ve'y true w'at I say. M'sieu' he got some tear in hees eye w'en he tak' de han' of my li'l' gel. An' he mak' pray jus' lak one priest. 'God bless you!' He don' say not'ing mo'. I t'ink hees heart are mo' tendre, but he spik not moch. For why? He don' know how.

"One tam, pooty soon, come dat fine gol' watch fo' Louisine, an' gol' pin fo' my femme. An' fo' me? Oh, t'ree gol' button fo' my shirt, two gol' button fo' my sleeve.

"You go on de church, eh? Yas? Den you go'n' see me, h'n h'm! Den you go'n' see how dose w'ite horses she brong de bien good luck fo' my Louisine an' fo' me.

"I go 'way some tam in de beeg wood, kill some deer. Go trap some fox, some mink; go on de State, sell some basket, mak' some money. One day I can sleep no mo' in de night. I am so lone, me, fo' my house an' my femme; fo' my Louisine an' my François; an' fo' de w'ite horses of my rapide! So dark? I don' care; I mus' go. I don' can wait fo' de sun come up. I tramp, tramp four day, ten day, vingt day t'rough de wood. De las' day I am so tire' I res' myse'f. I t'ink I hear somet'ing. I say, 'No, no; dat 's de win' in de tree.' I tramp some mo'. I am mo' sure; I put my haid on de ground, an' I hear de water. I am jus' one bébé w'at hear de mama call: I laugh, an' I ronne, an' I ronne!

"W'en I come to de rapide, it seem lak it mak' a play fo' me. Dere is mo' music dan a honner fiddle, an' mo' laughin' dan a many li'l' chillen. De whole day we mak' fête in my house. W'en de night come I lie down, an' I hear de rapide, an' I sleep lak chile in rock-a-bye bed, whose mudder was sing to heem all de long night."

THE AUTHOR'S READING IN SIMPKINSVILLE.

A MONOLOGUE.

SPEAKER: SONNY'S FATHER.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART,
Author of "Sonny," "Holly and Pizen," etc.

YAS, I 've no doubt it 's thess ez you say, doctor. It was the highest-class show we 've ever had in Simpkinsville, that is, it 's the genuwine thing—liter'chure firs'-hand, ez Sonny says. An', takin' it all round, I liked it myself, tiptop.

An' you say the little one is doin' fine, is she? An' the mother, too? Seem like little Mary Elizabeth was thess constructed for a mother—an' I 'm glad it 's another girl. Two brothers an' two sisters is ez fair a distribution ez I could wush—so far. But talkin' about this here author's readin' (an' was n't it a pity Mary Elizabeth could n't 'a' went? She 'd 'a' laid it up so sacred).

In some ways I 'm afeard I was a leetle bit disapp'inted in it myself, *ez a show*.

Of co'se, when I heerd thet we was goin' to have a book read out to us from the platform by the one thet made it up out of her head, why, I nachelly looked for everything to be acted out thess the way we 've seen others speak pieces, only more so. I ricollec' time Jim Bradshaw he recited that pome about the bells, why, he rung so loud, one way an' another, thet I thought likely they was n't no person thet could 'a' done it better, lessen it was him thet wrote it; an' now, after las' night's performance, I don't know ez he 'd 'a' put hisself out ez much ez Jim done. Looks to me like actin' the thing *out* is what makes it a *performance;* that 's the way it is to *my* mind. Time Jim done this same lady writer's piece about the chanticleer, now, don't you ricollec' how, when the

boys was pleggin' 'im befo'hand, he told 'em he 'd guarantee thet when it come to the chanticleer part, they could hear him *chant clear* over to the co't-house? *An' they did.* He cert'nly did deserve credit. They 's some fun in goin' to a show like that, an' of co'se, when I heerd thet this here lady authoress was comin' to give a readin' with tickets to be paid for most extravagant, why, I put out my money thess ez much to see her step out on the stage an' crow ez anything else. An', tell the truth, I was nervous, for I fully expected to see her make a failure of it. I thess did n't b'lieve she could do it—not effectual. Somehow roosters an' women they seem to me to be the *direc'* opposites to one another. But I nee' n't to 've werried myself, for I soon see thet she was for takin' the whole thing ca'm ez a cucumber, chanticleer an' all. She thess read along all through the excitement thess ez composed ez I would 'a' done for the home folks; ca'mer, for that matter, for the very words an' the ricollection o' Jim's performance would 'a' tempted me to some sort o' effort. Not thet I 'd 'a' perched on the chair-back an' stepped like a shanghai the way he done; but I 'd 'a' crowed *some* or *died.* I reckon she did read the crow part a leetle energetic, but that was the full extent of it.

An' then when it come to the co'tin' scene, in that story called "Love at Second Sight," well, to me, it was purty flat. She even refused to allow the lamps to be turned down; said she was afeard she 'd lose the sperit of it while the young men tiptoed round an' turned 'em down. But it did n't seem to me they was much sperit to lose. That 's the way it struck *me.* Why, she did n't even ease down her accents the least bit. She did n't to say even gurgle her th'oat or look shy; an', tell the truth, when I see what a settled woman she was, I was sort o' glad she did n't. It might n't 'a' set good on her.

No, her policy was the direc' opposite to what I looked for, firs' to last. 'Stid o' makin' gestures an' callin' attention to the stage, f' instance, seem like she tried to th'ow us off the track, constant. Why, sir, when she sort o' dropped her voice an' carried it along even, the way she done in that bean-arbor part, I seemed to forgit all about her a-standin' there, an' I could see the arbor an' the seat under it, either a close or a loose fit for two, accordin' to how they set in it. I say I could see it all—an' the white patches o' moonlight with black shadders between 'em all more or less the shape o' bean-leaves the way I 've so often noticed 'em—thess the way she had it printed in the book. Of co'se it was all mighty purty, 't least it was to me, because they was a bean-arbor an' a bench under it in our moonlight nights when *her* an' me laid out our lives together, an' for a while, whilst the lady was readin' along, even an' nachel, I thess shet my eyes an' I seemed to see *her* ag'in. It was mighty searchin'. Tell the truth, ef she 'd 'a' brought in any elocutin' right along there it would 'a' sp'ilt the whole thing for me. Come to think of it, they ain't much oratin' goin' on in every-day life day in an' day out, nohow, lessen in case of fire or fights. But when she got my mind started las' night, an' her voice kep' on in that easy way, so soft it would n't 'a' waked a bird ef they 'd been one in the arbor, I tell you, doctor, ez I said thess now, it was searchin'. Why, it even brought back to my mind a' ol' flowered muslin-de-laine dress she used to wear them days, with chiny asters on it an' blue ribbin bow-knots. I 'd 'a' paid my entrance fee gladly, ef for nothin' else, thess to git back that dress pattern.

I ricollec' she tore it one night on the bars, an' when she patched it, she matched the pattern perfect. The tear it run zigzag, half on a bow-knot an' half on a' aster, an' the firs' time she wo'e it afterw'ds, why, she dared me to find the patch. She even said ef I could find it firs' pop she 'd lemme kiss her. Of co'se, the patch layin' in amongst the thick gethers, she felt purty safe, an' I knew they would n't be no chance o' strikin' it by discovery, so I thess struck out reckless, an', bless goodness, ef I did n't happen to hit it!

What 's that you say, doctor? Did I kiss her? Well, I declare! The idee o' you puttin' sech a question ez that to me! I mus' seem purty slow, shore enough, for you to even quiz me that away. Yas, I kissed her shore, all I was entitled to—once-t for each way the zigzag run. I never refuse luck when it comes to my awkward hand.

But talkin' about this here authoress.

Of co'se, ez I say, it was mighty fine to set up an' git yo' imagination to workin', an' all that, but for a pay performance, I can't say ez I think it 's exac'ly *fair*—not to the rest o' the audience thet likely did n't git started on no other track. It don't seem thess the square thing to let folks rig out a stage, an' light it up, an' then to go round to the front door an' pay their money to come in an' set down before it, an' then her to study up every way possible to lead their minds away from it. When a person buys a

book, why, he gives it full sway to do its worst with him, an' the more it makes him forgit the price of cotton, or how healthy the season is, ef he 's a doctor, why, the better he likes it. You nee' n't to chuckle, doctor. I 'm 'bliged to touch you under the ribs once-t in a while.

But I was sayin', when a person goes to a show, why, he ca'culates to rest off his imagination, an' an authoress, why, you 'd expect her to play out the whole *hullabaloo*, an' maybe give a sort o' inklin' of how she done it—whether it was gospel truth or not, an' *ef* not, *why* not, an' how she come to be led to prevaricate. I don't see no harm in makin' up tales ef they ain't *classed* ez true. Sonny says thet the truest things on earth is sometimes teached by the writin' of lies, an' I never conterdicted him; but it bothers me to have him make sech remarks. They come back to me when I wake up befo' day in the still o' the mornin', an' they werry me; not thet I 'd ever doubt him.

Of co'se I was mighty glad to see the lady an' to reelize thet I was face to face with a genuwine book-factory, femi-nine gender. Sence Sonny has did it right here under my eyes—what 's that you say, doctor? Oh, thess three. His third book 'll be out nex' fall, an' it 's entitled "Barks an' Bites."

But, ez I say, I was glad to see the lady. I don't know, though, ez I 'd 'a' s'picioned her ez a writer ef I 'd met her on the road. She ain't so opposite to the common run. I can't say thet I expected anything in p'tic'lar out o' the way, neither, but I sort o' ca'culated thet they 'd be somethin' thet 'd make a person look at her twice-t an' wonder what the trouble was.

They used to be a lady thet lived close-t to my pa's place when I was a boy, an' she was one. That is, she could make up obituary pomes, an' someway I looked for this lady to favor her, mo' or less; but she don't, noways.

The obituary lady she kep' a millinery sto'e an' post-office, an' I ricollec' she said she would n't 'a' had to do no secular work ef she 'd lived in a bigger town or a mo' unhealthy one; but bein' ez obituaries was her line, she could n't git no mo' 'n thess so much to do. Her name was Miss Josephine Annabel Purdy, an' she was a mighty farseein' an' industrious lady. I remember, time she died, they found she had writ obituaries and epitaphs for everybody in town—all to what they was to die of, an' las' words. Then she had a set o' double lines all rhymed in every known disease, an' all they was to do was to fit 'em in. She even had a' accident set.

Well, when she died, they was n't enough money foun' to bury her with, an' so they had a sale o' the epitaphs, an' a good many o' the folks in town, why, they bought their own, reservin' the right for a survivor to select a disease or accident thet might be needed when the time come. An' most of 'em is in use now. They was all copied in the Baptist church books, an' ef it 's a hund'ed year befo' the last one is took up, it 'll be there on call. A few has gone away an' got rich, an' I doubt ef their folks 'll think to claim theirs. They 's style in tombstones ez well ez in everything else, they tell me, an' they 's a plenty ready-made, with virtues distributed on 'em.

I ricollec' they was a man named Tom Tucker. His come out o' that accident set. An' it was one he had laughed at time o' the sale, too. Little did he think. He was takin' a nap in his gin-house time the b'iler busted, an' he never knowed what hurt him. I 'll never forgit that explosion epitaph:

> Better go up in explosion
> Than rust out by slow corrosion.

She had a fine command o' language, although Sonny claims thet *rust* an' *corrosion* is repetitious. But Sonny is ap' to be overcritical sometimes. I know Tom's family took consider'ble comfort out o' the epitaph at the time. Tom allus set around a good deal for a hearty man, an' likely his folks had dreaded to see him rust out, literal.

Her accident set was n't to say completed time she died, for I ricollec' some accidents was thess named, 'n' the words to rhyme with 'em, they was put opposite. F' instance, they was "*drowned*," an' across from it she had writ "found (or not found)."

Yas, she was a mighty smart lady, Miss Purdy was. Ef she 'd 'a' had more call, they's no tellin'. My dad he bought his of her—that is, he bought it at her post-mortem auction or sale; but he to'e it up, an' none of us ever did know what credit she had give him. We used to pleg him sometimes an' make pertend we s'picioned she had put in some abusive epithets, but we all knowed better. Pa was this kind of a man: he never could stand no compliment paid to his face, an' thess a hint of any of his good deeds would make him disagre'ble in a minute. He had been handsome when he was young, so mother allus allowed, an' she accused me of takin' after her, an' I reckon I must have. She was toler'ble thin-featured an' thick-waisted

for beauty, ma was, ever sence I can ricollec'; but they ain't never been a time when she did n't seem comely to me—an' motherly.

You know motherliness it ain't allus a thing thet comes with the havin' o' child'en. Some has it an' dies ol' maids. I had a cousin once-t, name Sophia Ann Wilson—you ricollec' Unc' Tyler's Soph' Ann, doctor, she thet took simple-minded Joe Ellsbury out o' the porehouse an' hired a nigger to foller him around her place tell he died (an' she turned her black silk that winter). Well, she never married, but, bless the Lord, f'om the time she was a little girl she did n't do nothin' but mother helpless things to the day of her death. Yas, she was a mother, whilst some female persons thet you an' me 've both seen have child'en by the dozen, an' are forever braggin' about 'em, an' quar'lin' over 'em, I don't call them mothers, noways. There 's Sonny's second one, the one they call mine, —named after her,—she ain't but four, an' yet she mothers all the other three.

But this authoress, you would n't suppose she 'd have it in her, now, would you? I would n't. I would n't expec' to find *it* an' *books* in the same woman, but they 're there —in her case. Sir? Oh, no, she ain't got no child'en. Her first an' only one died, so they tell me, but she 's raised two nieces an' a stranger child, an' when she come in yisterday to see our little one, I almost wushed I had n't seen her face when she took it in her arms. Not thet she took on any way, but she helt it close-t an' tender, like ez ef she reelized the heavenly touch of the new-born, someway. You 'd look for an authoress to be offish in handlin' a baby, 't least I would. She did n't have much to say, though. They tell me hers only lived thess one day, an' the day-olds, why, she 's sort o' still over 'em, even yet, I reckon.

'T least that 's what Sonny says. He was the occasion of her comin' to Simpkinsville to give the readin', you know, doctor, an' she would 'a' stayed overnight 'long with us out here, 'cep'n' for the expected arrival; an' when she an' the little one come at about the same time, why, nothin' would do Sonny an' Mary Elizabeth but she mus' come out an' see the child an' hold it in her arms, so 's when she 's grown up they could tell her of it. It 'll give the little one an interest in a book to know when she opens it thet she 's been held in the arms of the writer. An' it 'll increase her respec' for her own folks, too, to know they knowed sech a person, familiar. An' the lady she lets on thet she would n't 'a' went home 'thout comin' out to Sonny's, noways.

Sir? Shoo! Of co'se not. Name it after her? Why, cert'n'y not. Who said so? That's thess like Sally Ann Brooks—Carter, I mean. I will call that girl Brooks yet, though I know her crape veil was longer an' mo' consistent 'n her widderhood. No, indeed. Mary Elizabeth ain't never thought o' sech a thing ez namin' a child after no strange lady. She ain't flighty that away, an' neither is Sonny.

No; the little one, I don't know what they 'll name her, but it 'll be a name thet 's stood the wear an' tear of one good honest life, on her side or his, or maybe some ol' friend's. I like sech names.

Yes, that 's so. You see, relations they 're in a manner forced on a person. That 's why I often think a friend thet 's *chose* is sometime a neater fit to a man's heart 'n what his kin is. I know I 've got no end o' kith thet I 'd swap in a bunch for one slim, sandy-haired ol' doctor thet 's had a habit of lookin' at my tongue an' viewin' my soul for the pas' forty year. It does do me good to make a man o' yore complexion blush, doctor. It 's sech a full surrender.

But this here authoress she took me by surprise one way—an' that 's the way she dresses. They have the name of bein' down at the heel, ez the sayin' is, ink-bespattered an' maybe lame, or hard o' hearin', or somethin', don't they?

But this here one, why, she 's about ez fine ez they make 'em, ef I 'm any jedge. Black satin she had on las' night. I know satin when I see it. All the threads run one way. An' it 's one o' the expensivest things they is. A good stock of it is pretty costly, you know, doctor. An' Sally Ann she says she 's got a whole trunkful all equally fine. I 'll be bound for her seein' all they was to see. Mary Elizabeth she sent over her silver bresh an' comb thet she got for her weddin' for Sally Ann to lay on the bureau for her. Mary Elizabeth ain't never used it, only on the spare-room dresser at sewin'-circles an' sech, an' it 's good ez the day it was bought. I reckon most o' the fancy doin's in town has been sent over to do up that room for her, an' I 'm glad of it. The Trimbles they sent over one o' their swingin' ice-pitchers; an' the other one they set on the table beside her on the platform at the readin', with Sue Tomkins's little nigger, Montague, waitin' behind the big pa'm, ready to tilt it for her ef she turned that way or claired her th'oat. He 's a mighty smart little darky, Montague is, an' when the evenin' had wo'e

on consider'ble, an' look like she was n't never goin' to make no motion, why, he stepped up in one o' the pauses, an' tilted out a gobletful, an' set it by her. An' then he made a second trip, an' fetched the polar-bear slop-bowl an' put it beside the goblet. An', tell the truth, I was tickled to see him do it. It 's thess ez well. She might n't never come this way ag'in, an' like ez not she 'd heerd it was a howlin' wilderness.

No, I would n't want for her to think Simpkinsville was behind the times. Ef I don't live there, an' never did, it 's been my post-office for fifty year an' more, an' I 'm prepared to stand up for it.

I hope they 'll drive her over an' let her see the co't-house an' the ol' academy buildin' an' Colonel Talcott's monument. Somebody ought to explain to her that the shaft was n't broke accidental. Like ez not the Latin inscription on it 'll please her. An' the cupalo on Matt Hines's, she 'd ought to see that.

Sally Ann says she seemed purty tired when she got home las' night after the readin', although she ain't done a stroke o' work sence she come. Even ef she 'd fetched a little crochet or knittin' along with her, she ain't had no chance to do it. Them reporters thet come down from the towns around they took her by turns soon ez she got back from seein' the baby out here, so Sally Ann says, an' when she had thess got into her nigh'-gownd to lay down an' collect her thoughts, why, the girls thet had the 'rangement o' the platform they called to see her, an' she had to git up an' dress. They come to find out how she 'd like the lamp, an' whether she was goin' to stand or set, so 's to know how to fix things, an' of co'se they did n't like to hurry away, so they set for a while, an' time they went, in come Joe Leggett to talk over how he was to interduce her, whether she preferred the Mrs. or thess the plain three names. Funny how all these writers seem to have three names, mostly. I s'picion they take one for luck when they go into it. I can't say ez I see why they had the mayor to interduce her. Some wanted Sonny to do it, bein' the one writer who has done whole books here; but he 's obstinate when he takes a stand. I cert'n'y was proud when I see what a flow o' language Joe 's got. Why, he spoke sixteen minutes by my watch, an' he never faltered. He commenced at Shakspere or—well, I won't dare to say which was the first, but he started 'way back, an' he thess marched all the writers thet 's ever been heerd of, in a full-dress parade, before our eyes, an' with a wave of his hand, when it come to her, he brought her in, thess where she belonged. He 's a graceful man, Joe is, an' a powerful lawyer. Sonny would n't 'a' done it that away. He 'd 'a' turned 'er loose with a quick word, I 'm purty shore, but I 'd 'a' liked to hear him do it, all the same. When I pay my dollar, why, I 'd ruther listen to the paid performer an' take Joe on a' off day.

Did I tell you thet she brought Sonny's two books all the way from New York to git him to write his name in 'em? She says she 's goin' to give one of 'em to a boy she knows thet loves dumb beasts an' things. An' she 's give one o' hers to the new baby, all duly inscribed. She 's writ her name bias-ways across the title-page, an' Mary Elizabeth she says she s'picions she 's one o' these thet can't write straight, an' she struck upward that away to hide it; but I think like ez not she crossed it that away thess for style. Anyhow, the little baby has got her first book, an' she got it on the first day of her life, an' straight from headquarters. That ain't no every-day experience, not roun' Simpkinsville, nohow. I doubt ef 't is anywheres.

What you say, doctor? Yas, that 's the truth. Sally Ann says she did lay abed late this mornin'. Mis' Blanks come out after breakfast to see the baby an' talk it over an' give Mary Elizabeth the green eye, an' she had stopped in at Sally Ann's about ten o'clock, an' *she was n't up then*, an' for all I know she may be abed yet. Sally Ann waited breakfast tell nearly nine o'clock, an' then she sent it in to her. She says she had to or else have it dried up. But she did n't mind that so much ez she did disapp'intin' the school-child'en. A dozen or so o' them thet did n't git a chance to go to the readin' ast ef they could n't come in on their way to school, an' Sally Ann had fixed it for 'em to come breakfast-time an' set down an' see her eat. Sir? Oh, bless yore soul, yes, they seen her, only she was asleep. Sally Ann opened the door an' let 'em tiptoe th'ough, one by one. Of co'se they could n't recognize the likeness to the picture in the "Echo," an' she asleep; but Sally Ann she explained to 'em thet she was talkative, an' that made a difference, an' thet her eyes was sort o' changeable gray leanin' todes either blue or brown accordin' to what color ribbin she put on. Ain't she the devil for observation, that Sally Ann? Many a man has been married to a woman an' not been able to analyze her like that.

How long was the readin'? Oh, I should say maybe a' hour or a little over; that is, the *readin'*, mind you. The *show, it* lasted three mortal hours. I got tired, then I got sleepy, then, lastly, I nearly died o' the fidgets, an' I 'm 'feard I was sinful. Of co'se 't would n't never do to let a stranger think she was the only one thet could perform, one way or another, so the girls' mothers allowed. Of co'se I think native talent, ez Marthy Rogers calls it, ought to be encouraged, an' yet they was some things did las' night thet seemed to me superfluous. When Anna Larkin had played "The Maiden's Prayer," f' instance, an' done it perfec', I did n't see no p'tic'lar use in clappin' 'er out ag'in an' makin' 'er do it over. To my mind, it 's sort o' flighty for a prayer, anyhow. Of co'se it an' Teney Ferguson's "Monastery Bells" is two mighty fine performances, but in place o' the second showin' o' both of 'em las' night, I 'd 'a' chose to hear the authoress read one more chapter. There 's that one where the bank explodes an' all the money is gethered up by the church-members an' returned to the ruins—I 'd 'a' liked mighty well to hear her tackle that bank explosion. It seems they ast her whether she wanted to be the whole show or to have music let in here an' there, an' she said to fix it thess ez they 'd a mind to; but she stipulated thet she 'd like to git to bed before midnight. You see, she 's readin' right along different places, an' she pleads for half her night's rest. It was nine minutes past eleven when Polly Johnson give that last encore, an' I reckon she did n't git home much before twelve. Sally Ann says she seemed to be reel wo'e out when she come home, no puttin' on, an' she did n't see why. She did n't do a thing most o' the time but set up on the platform *an' rest.* Sally Ann says she 'd like to see a person like that tackle a week's wash.

It werried me when I see Sally Ann's baby there. She allus takes advantage, one way 'r another. Them settin' down in the middle seats was n't allowed to bring a child, but she bein' a lady manager— An' he 's got a reg'lar Carter voice, that youngster has. It riled me when the authoress had to give way to him the way she done once-t or twice-t.

What 's that you say, doctor? Yas, so will I. Ef we ever have another author's readin' in Simpkinsville, I 'll vote for it to be the whole show, good, bad, or indifferent. Ef one of our girls is ast to perform, of co'se the whole lot 's bound to have a show, an' they 're too numerous. In a town of less talent it might work better.

How 's that? When does she start? About two o'clock, I think. You see, it 'll take a couple of hours to drive her around deliberate, an' they 's sev'al of the old ladies in town thet Sally Ann 's goin' to take her to stop an' see.

Oh, no; she 's goin' with her, herself. I think the way Perfessor Sanders met her at the station when she come, an' got things out of her, was scandalous. For a schoolteacher of experience he 's ignorant, Sanders is; 'n' he 's forward, too. Why, he bragged, when he come up to Sally Ann's door with her yisterday, thet he had got her opinion on sev'al subjects they 's been arguments about. There 's the pronunciation o' that common word *sloo,* f' instance. Of co'se we all know what it is an' how it 's spelt, an' it seems ridic'lous for anybody at this late day to start up an' call it *slow.* Why, ef I was ever to think of a sloo with sech a sound ez that, I would n't never expect it to give 'way under my feet—not for a minute. Sir? Oh, I believe she stood up for *slow;* but I doubt if she 's ever put her foot in one. It 's all the way a person 's been raised. An' he give her that 'rithmetic puzzle of his, too; but she refused p'int-blank to fool with *it.* She says it 's all she can do to keep up with her small change, she 's got that bad a head for figgers. I like a woman thet 'll say a thing like that. Sounds honest.

Yas, she 's been purty hard run sence she 's been in town. That Springville reporter, Dan Dan'l's Dan, a little flippity-jip fit to dangle on a woman's watch-fob, he was one o' them thet pursued her. They say he passed in his visitin'-card, an' announced thet he 'd called to see ef he could n't indooce her to say a thousand words. Imagine a person keepin' account of his words like that. I declare, it reminds me of the Jedgment-day. It does for a fact. Anyhow, he done it. 'Lowed thet he wanted her opinions to the extent of a thousand words on sev'al subjec's, so 's he could print 'em. An' they tell me he expects to draw the money for what he got out of her hisself, but I reckon he ca'culates to forward it on to her. His folks is all purty straight in business. I forgit what the subjec's was, doctor. One was the celebration of the clergy, I know, an' it seems she refused to discuss that. Sally Ann says like ez not she never had attended none.

One subjec' he got her opinion on was which was the smartest, takin' 'em all round, men or women. An' they say she laughed an' give in immejate thet men was, of co'se. But I reckon like ez not she done that thess

to pervoke him to conterdict her; but he did n't. I 'd 'a' denied a thing like that to a woman's face thess for manners, even ef I 'd had to ease my conscience by thinkin' o' some fool man an' settin 'a smart woman ag'in' him.

But my opinion on that subjec' is thet smartness ain't neither he nor she. It 's a heap more evenly distributed 'n some of our politicians 'll allow. An' come to votin'— No, I don't know ez he pumped her on that, not di-rec', but he was leadin' that away. Come to votin', though, I 'd ruther trust Mary Elizabeth's vote on anything I was interested in than to that ol' nigger Joe's, f' instance. But when it comes to the law, why, Joe 's got the requirements, an' she ain't. Joe 's a good man an' a hard worker, but he don't know B from a bull's foot, an' besides, them epileptic spells they 've got him dazed. But he ain't never been so dazed thet he 's forgot to drop his ballot in the box. He voted strong ag'in' 'lectin' a woman on the school boa'd, Joe did. Of co'se I don't blame him. His wife had pestered the life out of him an' then left him, an' of co'se he was prejudyced.

No, I don't think the thing 's sectional. I think it 's a matter o' common sense, an' the time 'll come when a person 'll haf to pass an examination to vote, thess the way they do now when they git a job of tearin' postage-stamps apart in the post-offices. Ricollec' Tom Smith, he wanted that line of work, an' he practised on 'em tell he could tear 'em straight 'thout breakin' through the little line o' holes, but he missed his app'intment because he could n't ricollec' the height of a mountain somewheres. He failed on boundin' the county he lived in, too, because he was born at sea, an' that confused him. The gump did n't have wit enough to write down "water" an' claim a full mark. Them examinations seemed silly at the time, but like ez not they 're fair enough. Maybe a man thet would n't see the geographical advantage of bein' born at sea might not have sense enough to tear postage-stamps.

No, she ain't goin' th'ough to Little Rock. She takes the Little Rock cannon-ball at 11:11, but it flags at Ambush, an' she gits off an' waits for the 4:04, goin' the other way. You know, she reads at Fowler to-night. No, th' ain't no hotel at Ambush. They 's a lunch-counter there, though, an' a tight little station-house an' a red-hot stove, an' she don't have quite fo' hours to wait. But we don't allow for her to patronize that lunch-counter. Mary Elizabeth she studied the whole rowte th'ough on a time-table.

Why, doc, that lunch was packed when the baby arrived—all to the last requi'ements, an' like ez not she 'll give orders for them from her bed. That 's the kind Mary Elizabeth is. They never was sech a little daughter an' wife an' mother an' housekeeper, never. An' yas, that 's so, too. She does seem to git purtier with every one.

Oh, yas, she gits to Fowler in good time —'long about five o'clock. You see, the Fowler train it ain't noways certain. It ain't responsible to nowhere else, an' it 'll wait on the road for 'most anything. Sir? No, I never believed that yarn. You mean about Si Jones havin' eleven eggs an' the hen on the nest, an' keepin' the train waitin' tell she made up the dozen, so 's he could send 'em up to the store. No, that was thess one o' Toland's fakes. But it did back all the way from the waterin'-station, ten mile, back to Ambush once-t, after Dr. Zabriskie's medicine-case. He met that red-haired Salters girl in the station, an' got to talkin', an' forgot everything else. Of co'se it was only right an' proper to go back after it, an' so many sick down at the Turn. But it goes to show what I 've allus contended, thet doctors ought to be requi'ed to marry—*ef* they 're doctors. Of co'se nobody ain't compelled to practise. Any man thet ain't married is li'ble to absent-minded spells, one way or another. Of co'se married men have their trials, but they 're human.

Sir? Oh, yas, she 'll git there in time, likely. No, cert'n'y not. She don't know nothin' about the tea they 're givin' 'er. Them Fowler folks is death on style, an' most of it come th'ough that Mis' Hyffler, wife o' the railroad official—officious, I call 'im, the way he meddles. It 's goin' to be a pink tea, so they say. I did n't know what they was hintin' at when I first heerd the expression. I 'lowed maybe they was layin' out to brew tea out o' rose-leaves, but Mary Elizabeth she says pink teas they ain't noways different to the common run o' *tea*, on'y all the *furbelows* is pink. They even shet out the light o' day an' make everything give way to pink sperm an' silk paper. Sir? Oh, cert'n'y not. We dares n't tell her. 'T would n't never do. Of co'se it don't seem to us thess the square thing to spring a pink performance on a person o' her seriousness, p'tic'lar when she give out so p'intedly thet she could n't go to no receptions nor nothin' whilst she was on the road. But, of co'se, what the Fowler folks does ain't none o' our business.

Mis' Hyffler, when she heerd o' her whole-

sale refusal, why, she forbid anybody at Fowler to invite her, an' then she proceeded to organize the surprise tea. She 's goin' to meet her at the station with her carri'ge with the nigger driver in regimentals, an' *after she 's got her*, she 's goin' to thess tell her thet "*the tea 's in*," which it will be, an' of co'se they won't be nothin' for her to do but to go th'ough with it. That 's one reason I was half glad we did n't work her too hard here.

Sir? Oh, it opens at five (reg'lar city style, they say), an' keeps up tell half-pas' seven. Of co'se they 're boun' to allow her a half-hour to dress an' eat her dinner, an' the readin' 's at eight. They lay out to send her dinner up to her on a silver tray to her room in the cupalo. They 're goin' to put her in that for the night. But I don't reckon that 'll faze 'er none. They say she lives in a ten-story house in New York, but she let on to me thet she did n't stay in none but the top flo',—same ez the top shelf in a clo'es-press,—an' I wondered how she clumb the stair-steps, an' thinks I to myself, that 's why the po' thing looks so haggard an' peaked; but I did n't let on. But Mis' Blanks she tol' Mary Elizabeth thet they fire 'em up in shoots in them high houses. To my nerves that 'd be mo' of a shock than a stiddy climb. Sir? How do they git down? Well, reely, I never thought o' that. No, I don't know ez the top flo' needs to be a loft, exac'ly. I s'picion it 's a finished attic.

Oh, yas, after the readin' 's over, they allow to spread a supper for her. No announcement tell everybody 's there, an' then the slidin' doors 'll be slid, an' a nigger string-ban' 'll start up behin' the pa'ms. You know them Hyfflers don't bother with no cook. They keep a reg'lar *chief*, right along, an' they do say he can fix up a spring chicken so 's it 'll refuse to digest. Oh, yas, they 'low to entertain her firs' class, but I 'd feel better ef she knew it.

What 's that, doc? I was wonderin' myself how she 'd go th'ough with it. She says she appreciates invitations thet she can't eccept thess ez much ez ef she could, but somehow I 'm glad I ain't in them Hyfflers' shoes to-night. Oh, yas, that 's true. Mis' Hyffler did write to ask Sonny what she was celebrated for, so 's she could direc' conversation accordin'. But Sonny says he doubts ef sech allusions 'll tickle her ez much ez it did to see her wo'e-out book in our little circulatin' libr'y. You know that 's genuwine. A book thet 's give out comfort right an' left, all its life, it gets a honer'ble look of age on it, same ez a person. Yas, that was the one she read out of. She 'lowed it give her courage.

NOT ONLY THROUGH OLD LEGEND.

BY JOSEPH RUSSELL TAYLOR.

NOT only through old legend's royal guise,
Nor in the quest that sought the fleece, the grail,
The sudden god looks forth to turn men pale
With wonder looking out of beauty's eyes.
At times a light of great enchantment lies
On my plain fields; in woods as through a veil
Gleams the unknown romance; and the lost tale
Informs familiar rivers with surprise.
Once, when upon the utmost hills the sun
So tensely burned we thought 't would burst and flood
The golden sunset all with richest blood,
Harrow of stars, we saw the wild geese fade
Into the lofty light. Summer was done.
The wingèd longing left us half afraid.

THE DRUGGIST'S CLERK.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

HE clerk was alone in the drug-store. His uncle, the druggist, had gone home early to dinner, having business to attend to. It was not yet noon. The day was hot, and the window was full of great bluebottle flies, that kept up a heavy, droning buzz. The shop smelled of cassia, quinine, and many other things —a clean, connotative smell. The lower shelves were filled with tall glass jars bearing strange legends in gilt lettering—"Spir. Canthar.," "Spir. Lav. Co.," "Aq. Test." They glowed with suggestion. Above were ranged the patent medicines, in every variety of wrapper, with every variety of seductive illustration. Here was the aged crone, bent double before using Vino's Vegetable Vivifier, walking off erect and jubilant after partaking of that panacea. Here were lovely, laughing girls, in all possible kinds—and degrees—of costume, rejoicing over the marvelous virtues of tooth-washes, hair-tonics, headache pills, and chest-protectors. It was a well-stocked shop, or, in the words of its owner, a wide-awake and up-to-the-times store.

The clerk sat in the little glazed pen where the prescriptions were made up. A book lay before him, between a row of bottles and a pile of plasters, and he was reading eagerly.

As beautiful Daphnis was following his kine, and Menalcas shepherding his flock, they met, as men tell, on the long ranges of the hills. The beards of both had still the first golden bloom, both were in their earliest youth, both were pipe-players skilled, both skilled in song. Then first Menalcas, looking at Daphnis, thus bespoke him:

"Daphnis, thou herdsman of the lowing kine, art thou minded—"

The door of the shop opened, and a sharp-faced man appeared. The clerk rose and advanced, with a reluctant glance at his book.

"Dr. Haight in? Gone to dinner? 'T ain't noon yet. You his nephew? Come from over Pisgah way, eh? Selina's daughter, I suppose —son, I should say? Calc'late to go into the drug business? You don't look very rugged."

"Did you want something?" asked the clerk, bewildered. He had utterly forgotten his uncle's adjuration: "Get 'em talking, and keep 'em talking. If they talk, they 'll trade."

"Did you want something?" he repeated.

The sharp-eyed man gave him a quick glance. "Yes; I was thinkin' of gettin' a bottle of Aconcagua Bitters," he said. "Think they 're any good? Hey?"

"I don't know," said the clerk.

"I guess I won't take 'em now," said the man. "I 'll look in when doc 's here. Day."

He went out indignant, balked of the half-hour's gossip he had looked for; the clerk sank into his book with a sigh. The bluebottles buzzed on, making the silence deeper with their hum.

O milk-white Galatea, why cast off him who loves thee? More white than is pressed milk to look upon, more delicate than the lamb art thou, than the young calf wantoner, more sleek than the unripened grape! Here dost thou resort—

The door opened again. The boy raised his eyes, still full of the white vision of grace divine; he saw a middle-aged woman, in a sunbonnet, stout, crimson, panting.

"Where 's the doctor? Gone? Well, I never! Here I 've run all the way, and it 's half a mile if it 's a step, and that child may die before I get back, and no medicine to give it!"

She eyed the clerk suspiciously. "You ain't no doctor, be you?" she said sharply.

The clerk was saying over to himself:

I fell in love with thee, maiden, I, on the day when first thou camest, with thy mother, and didst wish to pluck the hyacinths from the hill.

But now he pulled himself together. The vision passed, and he became alert and businesslike.

"What can I do for you, madam?" he asked, with a fair imitation of his uncle's manner. "A child is sick, you say? Have you a prescription? If so—"

"No, I ain't got no written prescription. I 'm a nurse; be'n nursin' thirty years. Guess I know more 'n any doctor or doctor's boy I 'm likely to find here." She sniffed, then put on an air that was meant to be winning. "Well, say, you can put up the things I want, can't you? Do jest as I tell you, and you can't make no mistake. There, I 've handled more drugs than you 'll handle in your life-time. Gimme an ounce of lavender—that 's right. Now some ether. An ounce 'll be enough, I guess. Ever taken ether, sonny? I can give ether in the dark, any time. No

need to look at the bottle; know it by the smell. Now two ounces of ammonia—rheumatic spirits of ammonia. ('T ain't no good in the world for rheumatism, for I 've tried it.) There 't is, in that brown bottle on the second shelf. Right under your nose, boy! Ain't you got the sight of your eyes? That bottle hold 'em all? Well, now you—no; give it to me! I 'll shake it up myself. I 've got a shake that 's more mixin' than a sermon on grace and election. There, now, that 'll do. 'Bout fifty cents' wuth, I sh'd jedge. I like to pay as I go. It 's a neighbor's child that 's sick, and I must hurry back to it. You explain to the doctor—if you don't forgit all about it before I 'm out the door."

She cast a glance behind her, and saw the lad gazing with wide, helpless blue eyes. "Loony, I expect," she said, as she sped on her way. "Doc Haight 'll never make a druggist of that boy. Must be Selina's son; Selina was always asleep with her eyes open."

Left alone once more, the young clerk stood for a few moments as if in a dream, with the bottle from which he had last been pouring still in his hand. Theocritus always made him dream; and besides, the smell of the drugs was fresh in his nostrils, and there was a kind of intoxication in it. Perhaps some of them had come from Sicily; perhaps one of these very tinctures he had been pouring out—the lavender, most likely—was made from flowers the ancestors of which—did flowers have ancestors?—had been pressed by the feet of Daphnis, or twined in the lovely hair of Amaryllis.

Courting Amaryllis with song I go.

The boy thought he would like to go to Sicily.

The sun slanted through the great gilded jars on the lower shelves, and they seemed full of dusky molten gems. "Tinct. Myrrh.," "Tinct. Aloes," "Spir. Menth.," "Ol. Bergam.," "Ol. Tereb."—the very words should be warm and fragrant. All lovely vowels should rush together to form names for these lovely things. Ruby, amethyst, emerald—jewel-names were full of vowels; why not drug-names? Why should there not be a poem to glorify drugs, as Keats had glorified food and stuffs?

And lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon.

Why, that applied better to these shelves than to Angelo's feast. "Guiac.!" There was a whole romance of mystery in that one word.

All these lucid gums, too, that when fresh must have dropped like starry gold from the tree, how beautiful they were even now, in dry shining nuggets, harmless, translucent gold!

In Samarkand there grows a tree.

That was a good line for a beginning. Why should he not write the poem himself? He always meant to write, some day, when he had read enough. Gums and nuts and berries—what was that passage in Theocritus about the berries harsh and swart?

He glanced down; but instead of the book, his hand held a bottle. His eyes settled on it vaguely at first, admiring the rich amber of the tincture; the next moment he seemed to emerge from a cloud, and stood on a bare peak, breathing air that choked him.

"Tinct. Aconite. Poison."

She had said ammonia, that harpy who was here. But she had motioned to this bottle, had laid her hand on it, and he had taken it down at her bidding. Ice crystals went dropping down through his veins; a cold hand gripped his heart. He ran to the door and looked up and down the street. No one was in sight. The shops were shut; it was the village dinner-hour. A side street, or alley, branched off from the main street; he ran to it, his legs like water under him. It was empty, save for a child playing with a battered doll. Had she seen a woman go by? he asked, with a voice he had never heard before. The child shook her head. No one had gone by this long time. She bent over her doll, and bade it take its medicine like a good girl, and it would feel better. Was this a devil in the likeness of a babe?

The clerk went back to the shop, and found a man complaining to the skies, demanding plasters, and wanting to know what kind of a drug-store this was, anyhow. Confession hovered on the boy's lips, but the man's red, gaping aspect kept it back. He tied up the parcel in silence, thirsting for solitude. When the man was gone, he could have called him back and wept on him, for anguish of being alone.

"I am a murderer!" he said aloud. The shop rang with the sound; the glass jars tinkled it back; the packages of dry herbs hissed and rustled with it. The figures on the patent-medicine bottles seemed to glare at him. The laugh on the lips of the maiden who advertised Cherrifoam froze to a sickly grin of horror. All the hair-tonic ladies shuddered beneath their mantling tresses. There was a preacher, in particular, the apostle of Baptist Bitters, who actually shook his stick at him, the boy thought, and repeated

"Murderer!" The flies in the window buzzed to the same tune. And now, chancing to look down, the boy saw his right hand turned as red as blood. Did he scream aloud? There was noise enough without that, for they were all gibbering and muttering at him. He saw in a moment that it was only the sun, which had shifted a little and sent a long shaft through the vase of crimson liquid in the window. It did not matter much, he thought; but he went back into his glass pen, set the bottle down deliberately, and faced the position.

He was a murderer! The child would die. He had put enough aconite in that bottle to kill a dozen children. Perhaps it was already dead. Was it a minute or an hour that he had been standing there? He saw the little thing lying with its rosy face turned to wax, the mother weeping over it, the red-faced harpy shrilling loud-voiced that that boy, that clerk, had done the deed. He saw himself in prison, condemned to die. A picture of Fagin in the condemned cell, which had haunted his childhood, rose before him, and he saw nothing incongruous in it. He was younger, that was all.

He saw the shameful death, his father's honest name disgraced, his mother—

No, no! That was not to be! That should not be! Anything was better than that. Suicide was better than that!

Why not? Suicide was a crime, but a crime that concerned himself alone. Why should it not be his punishment, the same death that his hand had dealt to the innocent baby? Here was the bottle ready beside him. One sip, and all was over, and quiet. They would see, would understand how it happened. His uncle would not blame him so very much, perhaps. His mother—no, no! never! His mother thought suicide the one crime, the one cowardice, that could ask no forgiveness. "To escape the punishment of man by fleeing into the presence of God"—that was the way she had spoken of a poor old tramp who had hanged his tired body in their barn last year. No, no! There was some other way; there must be some other way!

He looked around wildly. The sun was now holding carnival among the bottles. They glowed, they flashed, with every imaginable splendor. They might be stones in the walls of the New Jerusalem—flames of hell, rather, lightening to receive him.

PISGAH'S BOY MURDERER!

He saw the fat black head-line in the weekly paper. A paragraph lower down he was spoken of as "Murderer Malvin." This custom had always bitterly offended his literary taste. "But in my case, at least, it is alliterative," he thought. His mind ran back rapidly over his childhood. Had his love of books brought him to this?

"For love of lovely words." He had seen that somewhere. In a magazine, was it? He remembered the day when he had got hold of Pope's Homer, an old battered copy of his uncle's, and how the worlds opened before him. Then he found Keats—Keats, who had been an apothecary's boy, too, and had read Homer, too, the Chapman translation that no one seemed to know anything about, here in the village. Then the high-school teacher had lent him this Theocritus. How the worlds opened! How he had grasped since then at everything that had sound and color and form! He had hardly got as far as thought yet, but that was coming. If he could only get to college! And his mother said he should go if he could earn half the money. That was how he came here, after leaving the high school, to his uncle who suspected nothing, who thought he wished to be a druggist all his life. Plenty of college men were druggists, to be sure; but for him, no. Yet half an hour ago he had fancied a poem of drugs—a poem that Keats might have written; and it was perfectly clear that Keats got his colors from these very jars and bottles that were now flaming hell upon him, John Malvin, who might have been the new Keats. And now! now!

Flame! Here was a new thought. What if he fired the store? There would be no horror of suicide for his mother then. They would suppose it an accident. There was time still for him to be well burned; his uncle always took a nap after dinner. And how gloriously all these things would burn—light, ethereal flames of spirits, splendid gold and scarlet; heavy curling vapors of essential oils; thick smoke of gums and unguents! There never was such a fire as this; there would be a glory in it, a feast of color and light. Sound, too; the musical crash of glass, the light crackling of dry pungent herbs, the—

"Well, here I be again," said a voice. It was the red-faced harpy, still breathless.

"Uncle ain't come in yet? Well, I jedged he might n't. Say, I brought this bottle back, sonny. The baby was so much better when I got there, he did n't seem to need it any, and his mother was kind o' put out at my gettin' it without the doctor bein' here, though I told her I guessed I knew as much

as Dr. Haight did, any day of the week—nothin' only a 'pothecary doctor. But rather than have any feelin' about it, I thought I 'd come back. And, say, you might give me back that fifty cents, if you 're a mind to. She 's mean as dirt, that woman, and says she won't pay for it, and I suppose you can use it up some other ways, hey?"

When Dr. Haight came in a little later, he found his nephew, with a face as white as curd, wiping up a mess of broken glass and amber liquid.

"What 's this?" asked the apothecary, sharply. "Who 's been smashing things here? Careless! Why, John, what 's the matter with you, boy? Speak up! Here, let me feel your pulse! There, John, you go and sit down a bit, and I 'll mix you up something. Had a sort of spasm, have ye?"

The boy did not sit down.

"Uncle James," he said, "I 'm going home, please!"

"Going home?" echoed the apothecary. "Of course you are, Jack, if you 're going to be sick. But we 'll fix you up in a few minutes. Don't you be scared."

"It—it is n't that," said the boy. "I have been left alone here an hour—two hours? Well, it 's all the same. I have committed murder, suicide, and arson, and—and—I want to go home to Pisgah before I do anything more. Good-by!"

ON GILGO BEACH.

BY L. FRANK TOOKER.

ON Gilgo Beach I stand,
And watch the sun climb up;
The carded foam rims all the strand
Along the sea's full cup.

Is it a wingèd flame
Or but a singing dart,
The swift, wee sandpiper that came
Out of the sun's white heart?

Out of the east came he,
Into the west has gone,
Far flashing down the surf, to be
The herald of the dawn.

In alternating psalms
The tumbling breakers sing;
Thrilled with their roar, I shun the calms
Our inland regions bring.

Thrall to the sea of old,
Shoreward I cannot gaze:
I know the marshes flaunt their gold,
The dunes in sunlight blaze;

And inland hamlets lie
With slender, tranquil spires;
And drifting down the peaceful sky
The smoke of early fires.

The long-forgotten years
Seize me with leopard-spring;
I feel the smart of vanished tears,
And the lost kisses' sting.

I see return once more
Sails that no mortal spread,
And hear along the sounding shore
The requiem of the dead.

Deep in these beryl glooms
They hold their hushed estate;
Lords are they all, whose glory blooms
In tempests desolate.

And one I loved, loved calm,
And with the fields to dwell:
Oh, now for him may there be balm
In ports delectable!

Lover of wood and lea,
Fate drove him far to roam,
Who should have kept, in place of me,
The narrow ways of home.

Brave heart, this flower I fling
Into your murmurous tomb:
Still round our hill the thrushes sing,
The crocuses still bloom.

But in this barren spot
I feel the sea's strange art:
Each billow calls, "Forget me not!"
The far rim draws my heart.

HEZEKIAH'S WIVES

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

DRAWN BY T. GUERNSEY MOORE.

IT appears to be a law of life that those things against which we rail too violently are those which the inexorable working of some principle compels us to turn about and meet. Therefore it followed, of necessity, since I had declared against the sin of keeping birds in a house, and especially against the folly of canaries, that I should find myself some day forced to confess the ownership of one—a small yellow canary, in this instance, who, already known as Hezekiah, was sent me by an English girl suddenly called out of the country. I opened the door of his cage at once, and the cheeriest corner of my parlor was made over to him.

It is a corner filled all day with sunshine pouring through two windows at right angles to each other, and furnished with broad, old-fashioned sills. One window is to the east and the other to the south. Between them there had stood for years a rubber-tree, now grown, with tender nursing, to the size of an ordinary lilac-bush, its branches stretching wide like welcoming arms, until their fingers of glistening leaves press against the panes on each side. Back of this tree, and in the angle between the two windows, a long, narrow mirror runs from the floor to a level with the upper casing. On top of this mirror, and well out of the way of a careless touch, there is a small plaster cast of a singing boy with book outspread before him, his chubby hand extended, and his finger held up to mark the time.

This corner, then, with its several appointments, has for some years constituted all of Hezekiah's world. The rubber-tree has been to him a forest of delight, and the shadow of the singing boy, like a shrine by the wayside, sheltering him when he took his noonday rest. His inclinations have bound him there, not my volition. Now and then, in the early days of our acquaintance, a book-shelf or a picture in some other part of the room would tempt him for a moment, but never an open door, though my doors and windows have been left open all day without regard to him. He has never been happy in any other place. When it became necessary to shut him up and carry him into an adjoining room that this one might be swept, he has waked me at dawn, begging to be carried back, and not ceasing to call until he was on his tree again. I used to wish, at times, that I did not understand the language of birds so well. It is astonishing how quickly a knowledge of it comes.

It was delightful to watch him as he flitted from branch to branch, taking up on his yellow breast, as he moved, the green shadow of the leaves, or, perched upon some twig, shining for a moment in the sunlight like gold. And how he reveled in the melodies he made! His voice was not like that of a canary, but rather like that of some rare bird of the forest. And oftenest it was as if two were singing, he changed his keys so rapidly, interrupting himself, breaking in upon his own rippling cadences, as clear in tone as those of a flute, with long-drawn-out strains of a surpassing sweetness, as though echoes of undreamed harmonies haunted him.

Though he would permit no hand to be placed upon him, he showed no fear at any one's close approach. We all talked to him, every guest who came, and he would stand still on a branch of the rubber-tree, tipping his head and cocking his tiny feathery ears to be sure he missed no word. His air of valor won him much applause and my affection. He was like a soldier on parade, so valiant and intrepid in repose, the feathers on his head puffing when you flattered him, till he seemed in reality to be wearing a helmet with plumes. When I asked him to sing for us, he would swell his little throat, almost bursting it in his eagerness to please, while he turned his head from one face to another of those who were listening, his sharp eyes shining with the joy of his success. He was

so debonair and so delightful, so full of the feeling of the forest, that the idea of his being, after all, only a prisoner in my parlor used to be a pain. All of man's original sin to animals haunted me.

But what was there to do? Outside my windows there were only miles and miles of asphalt and cobblestones. The first tree was a poor apology, and a block away The sparrows who lived on it would have demolished him.

It was when thinking of all these things that I determined to buy him a mate.

I carried her home with great glee. Each of us likes to feel himself a special providence. I was glad I could be one to Hezekiah.

The bird-fancier told me to leave the new bird shut up for several days, until she and Hezekiah became accustomed to each other; but being impatient to bestow a happiness which I was sure would follow, I let her out at once. It was her first taste of freedom, and she took some moments to adjust herself, trying different twigs and leaves. Hezekiah, meantime, had flown to the top of the mirror, where he sat, his head tipped on one side, looking down at her. She evidently made no appeal to his imagination. He had often watched me in the same way when I was watering the rubber-tree, his head first on one side, then on the other, his tiny beads of black eyes alternately coming into service.

I had expected different things from this valiant little fellow: that he would show her the way to the seed-dish, to the bath of cold water always waiting under his rubber-tree; that he would conduct himself with some of the gallantry of a barn-yard rooster, at least, who busies himself at once with the entertainment of any new hen, scratching the earth fiercely for her in chivalrous quest of a worm, or leading her with courtly cluck through the pleasure-places of his domain. For the first time he disappointed me.

The new bird's confidence increased with every venture among the leaves, though she remained oblivious of any other presence in the room. Hezekiah's interest in her slowly grew. Finally, with a low note, he flew down and took a place beside her. Now, at last, my little soldier meant to prove himself. And how radiant and beautiful he was, his yellow plumes all aglimmer in the sunshine!

I was called away just then, and some hours elapsed before my return. They were both, by that time, in one cage—he a heap of disordered feathers, huddled up in a corner against the bars; she an angry fury with wings outspread, and darting at him hideous blows with beak and claws.

I rescued him, of course, and so saved his life. But when he was put back on his perch, he proved himself man enough to look as though nothing had happened, straightening himself, smoothing out his feathers, moving rapidly about with the air of one who was saying: "It was not as bad as you thought. I could have got away if I had only chosen to strike back."

When the spectacle of his discomfiture had been repeated on several succeeding days, always followed after Hezekiah's rescue by that sudden straightening of the body and that assumption of an easy and dégagé air, I determined to give the new bird away. Her affinity was evidently elsewhere, for she mated at once with my neighbor's bird, bore him five eggs, and is to this day living in unruffled domestic serenity with him. I related my experience to sympathizing friends, and learned that it was not unusual. One person told me of her own canary, who, after having raised several sets of fledglings for her mate, suddenly grew tired of him, and made their life a misery by her quarrels. Brought into contact with another bird, she went over to him, living in quiet contentment, happy in the families they reared until death took her off. I heard, too, of an invalid who, wishing to make the tame bird that flew about his pillow happy, presented him with a mate. After the first encounter nothing was left of the pet bird but a few feathers.

These stories alarmed me, and I determined to let Hezekiah alone. For nearly a year, then, he lived by himself on his rubber-tree, and became again, now that his dignity was restored, the delightful bird of our early acquaintance, blithe and beautiful and gay, a very prince among canaries, and making his corner of my parlor a bower of delight.

When the spring came and the winds were soft, and every man felt the promise of something in the air, I used to find him sitting quietly on the broad window-sill, looking up at the blue of the sky, or out at the sparrows flying past, each on its own special quest. Once I came upon him talking to one of these birds who had alighted on the outside sill, and who was chirping to him through the window-panes. On my approach the strange bird flew away, but Hezekiah sat there. There was much pathos to me in his lonely little figure, in the idea of his being shut up in-

doors, missing all the joy of that world lying just beyond his reach—a world of sweet ties and joint duties, of always going two by two.

Next morning I bought Hezekiah a second mate.

At this point in my story I lay down my pen in despair. So engaging a little creature as this second wife is not easy to portray. How can I, indeed, ever hope to do justice to a cleverness which distinguished her every charming act, enabling her, a bird born and bred in captivity, to fly about the room on her first venture? In what way can I rightly describe an intelligence which led her to investigate every part of my parlor and its adjoining rooms before two days had passed, simply because she felt she must know what her surroundings were like? And where are the words that would do justice to that acumen by which she divined at once that when I approached her cage it was presumably to shut her in, and that, therefore, she must be up and out like a flash, whatever she was doing, the moment I appeared at the parlor door? Hezekiah had never guessed it. I could walk up to his cage and shut him in whenever I chose, and always to his intense surprise. But I had to bewilder her with lights, or by a white towel held in front of my advancing figure, before I could get near enough to hers to shut her in.

Then there was her keenness of perception, enabling her to discover a fact of which Hezekiah, in all the other time, had never dreamed—the fact of my keeping their hemp-seed hidden in a glass loving-cup on the table; and that fact established a way by which, when I was not at home, she could get off its cover and help herself. Then, supreme excellence of all, there was her surpassing affection for her mate. For she was undeniably and hopelessly in love with Hezekiah, and was so from the first. I have seen her sit for half an hour at a time cuddled up close to him on top of the mirror, wings touching, just under the shadow of the plaster singing boy—he all golden yellow, she a bronze green, and her mouth wide open and held up toward him, begging for a kiss in the low notes which birds use in their courtship.

Once in a while Hezekiah would turn and give her a little peck on her bill, but it was always in bored, perfunctory fashion, and only to resume afterward his attitude of indifference, ignoring the little figure beside him, the open bill still held up to him, and the pleading voice.

For Hezekiah, indeed, returned none of her affection. When she first came he fought her on several occasions, but not fiercely—more to establish himself in his rightful place than for any other reason. He knew what it led to when females got the upper hand. His first experience was still fresh in his mind. He began, therefore, by introducing a system of vicarious discipline, trying it first on the small bird, who knew nothing of his former discomfiture. The very universality of the method made it easy for him. After that he let the new arrival alone, and went about singing on his rubber-tree. But she, like most people hopelessly in love, lacked a fine discretion. When he did not seek her she sought him, always so enchanted by the beauty of the song that had bewitched her that she joined in and spoiled it. This was her greatest mistake, for her voice was bad, and sounded, as she "peeped," like the dismal creaking of a rusty blind. Hezekiah hated it, for it jarred upon an ear already attuned to the finer cadences of his own rare tones. Yet this poor little second wife was so bewitched by his singing, as we all were, that she could never control herself when he began.

Day after day the same scene was repeated between them. He on the rubber-tree would wait until he saw her in her cage busy with a seed, and then, thinking her too occupied to hear, he would swell his throat in song. At its very first flourish up would go her head and down her seed. Like a flash she was out of her cage and over on the tree beside him, uttering, in an ecstasy, a cry of delight. Alas! no caw of a crow could have been harsher. It maddened Hezekiah and ended his song, sending him in a fury to the top of the mirror. But she, like one whom some ideal has escaped, still pursued him. He, just as she reached him, would fly higher and light on the singing boy's head. She would seek the tip of the singing boy's finger. Then down in disgust he would dart into his own cage, like a man out of humor who slams a door after him. But she, with a joyous flutter of wings, would go in too, so as to do just what he did, eat seeds or drink water, she did not care which, only it must be something he was doing, and after that he must kiss her. For she always held her little open bill up to him. This prince among singers was her very own, and she loved him.

I have watched them scores of times; it was always the same story: Hezekiah beginning to sing, and Little Miss Goosey interrupting him—for I called her so, using

the pet name of a small niece whom she resembled in her character.

The peace and contentment of Hezekiah's life were gone. He used to look reproachfully at me, never tipping his head to listen, nor cocking his feathery ears, nor puffing the plumes on his head. When I asked him to sing, he refused. He knew too well what would follow should Little Miss Goosey hear him. He took to staying out at night for the first time in his life—sleeping on top of the mirror, leaving Little Miss Goosey, since she insisted on respecting the sentiments, to enjoy his perch by herself. Nothing ever tempted him into *her* cage, but she was always going to his, eating his seed and his apple and his cracker. I recognized only too clearly now what my officious kindness had done. Yet Little Miss Goosey was so engaging and so clever I could not send her away. Besides, she loved Hezekiah, and how was I to deny her the scant happiness of her proximity to him? I let her stay.

One Sunday afternoon, when the house was quiet, I chanced to look up from my book, and discovered her perched on the edge of the globe belonging to a gas-jet. In her mouth she held a piece of moss. She had taken it from the rubber-tree. It told me in a flash all her story. Everything that lies in a woman's heart when such revelations are made went out from mine to her, bird only though she was. I wanted to go to her and help her,—it was all so new to her,—but no one but another bird like herself could have been of service to her at this time. Hezekiah paid her no attention, letting her find things out for herself, never guessing them, perhaps, and only too glad to have her occupied at last. I almost hated him.

Little Miss Goosey, balancing herself, leaned over and put the moss in the gas-globe, straightening herself with surprise when she saw it fall through to the floor. Yet it was the only thing she had seen in the room high up and shaped like a nest. She was clearly bewildered. She went about the room, tugging with all her tiny might at pieces of wool on the divan-cover; picking up bits of string; going into the wood box, among the sofa-cushions, behind the curtains on the window-sill; in and out, up and down, all alone, till darkness came. Did she even know what to tell Hezekiah? I laid aside my book. Strange thoughts came to me as I watched her blind obedience to a law she did not understand, yet which was as surely leading her on to the accomplishment of her own destiny. What were we as a race missing, I said, because of our pride in reasoning away those things which we do not understand—even those things which press us as heavily as instinct was pressing on that little bird?

Early on Monday morning I brought home a new cage with a nest in it, shutting Little Miss Goosey and Hezekiah in. How angry she was! What fire darted at me out of her tiny eyes! Something told her I was no authority on nests—that they belonged somewhere out in the open, and not behind bars. She flattened the feathers on top of her head every time I approached her. She built herself a sort of screen out of the cotton, so that I need not pry upon her. She misunderstood me entirely, for I gave my parlor up to her for weeks when her eggs came, sitting somewhere else in discomfort so as not to disturb her with a light.

Even Hezekiah's manner toward me changed. He who had been my close companion and my friend for years now opened his mouth and hissed at me when I came too near, sliding along his perch, as he did so, till he stood a fierce protector close beside the nest. Nothing tempted him away from his post, until with a little cry she would rise from her nest for a hurried bite, then back again before you could count ten.

Sometimes, however, he would rouse himself quickly, as if a sudden thought had come to him in the stillness, and leaning tenderly over her nest, he would kiss her several times, while he uttered gentle and encouraging tones. I have seen him do this many times. For the rest he was as silent as an owl in the daylight, his wings hunched up about his head, his eyes dull and dim with long watching. I used to think him the very type and excellence of protective devotion, until I found him sound asleep at night, puffed up on his perch like a little yellow ball, his head under one wing, one foot drawn up under another.

But I never caught Little Miss Goosey napping. That eternal vigilance ruling in motherhood permitted no sleep for her. Her glistening eyes were always alert, and when I looked at her by candle-light I was almost startled at first, she was so like a snake lying across that nest with her shining eyes, her flat head, and her feathers smooth in anger at my approach. Hezekiah never used to hear me. Night was his time for sleep.

I used to feel a certain sorrow that Little Miss Goosey understood me so badly, but I used to laugh at Hezekiah. He found it so easy to be valiant in the sunshine, but when

the night came he yielded himself, as we all must, to a higher watchfulness.

When in a fortnight the little birds came, there were two. The pure pride of paternity filled Hezekiah's heart. The male bird in captivity is apt to destroy his young and has to be separated from them. But not Hezekiah. He was all devotion, anxiety, and delight, and full of business and affairs. He was no longer my Hezekiah, to be sure. Not a vestige was left of that gay and blithesome creature who had filled my room with color and song. A noble and self-sacrificing father had taken his place, who paid no more attention to me, his old comrade, except with the hiss to which I have referred, now fiercer than ever since with his own eyes he had beheld the wonder of his little ones.

The story of these little ones has no place here, though I wish that I might tell how they grew rapidly like flowers,—in less than three weeks they were as big as their parents and flying about the room,—how clever and tame and pretty they were, and how they behaved when they caught their first glimpse of the sky, standing still for full five minutes and looking up—long enough for me to go into another room and call some one to come and see them. They might miss it all their lives to come, but they knew their rightful place when they saw it.

When they were grown and the summer had come, I had to go out of town, and I gave them away, and sent the parent birds to a fancier to be cared for. But after three months, when I returned, Hezekiah recognized my voice, and, the cares of paternity no longer oppressing him, he burst into a song of welcome, to the amazement of all the men in the store. I did not love Little Miss Goosey then as much as I learned to afterward, and I confess with shame that I hardly greeted her. I had not quite recovered from the shock of her disliking me, who had only tried to help her with her little ones.

As Hezekiah was molting, he had to be shut up on his return. Little Miss Goosey refused to be. Once she worked her way through the bars that had been wedged apart, but generally, though she forced her head and neck through, the instinctive impulse to lift her wings held her in. She had much on her mind, it was easy to see—important affairs to attend to. She did not mean to have her next nest behind bars, nor my supplying her with things she did not want. So she was up and at work early, to be ready against time,—she knew now what had to be,—calling and scolding me when I was slow about opening her door.

She chose the top of the mirror this time, carrying up there bits of string and moss that I had left about the rubber-tree, and sometimes tugging so hard for more at the thread of yellow silk in the curtain close by that she fell over backward. The beginnings of her nest are still there. She was full of busy importance, and between times more in love than ever with her Hezekiah, going down with her wings all aflutter, the begging note in her voice, to kiss him through the bars. Sometimes, by way of return, he would put his bill up to kiss her: he was rather kind to her then—he was sick and could not sing.

It was at this time that I learned how sensitive Little Miss Goosey was. I scolded her one day,—the more shame mine,—told her she was tiresome and troublesome, always begging to get out. Every feather on her body fell suddenly, till she was as slender and as smooth as a finger. When, to atone, and because I was abashed before her, I praised her, calling her a pretty bird, and "so good, so good, *such* a good little bird," her feathers were up again in delight, till those on her head nearly stood straight. It was then that I really began to love her. When I realized that this little bird had feelings to hurt, as quick as my own, somehow she grew to be a personality to me. She began to love me, too, and would often fly about after me, understanding all the fun of my laughing at her.

Dear Little Miss Goosey! I shall never see another bird to equal her. Her only fault lay in her great and sore affliction—harsh measure of fate, which gave her a voice that rasped all who heard it, and allied her to a mate who knew what sweet singing ought to be. Her death was untimely. The colored woman who washes for me told me mysteriously that she knew it was coming, because she "saw signs." I was at luncheon, the windows wide open. Suddenly Little Miss Goosey, who was never allowed there,—unlike Hezekiah, she would try to come,—flew into the dining-room, made a circle around my head, and was out again in a flash. I went to the parlor to see what was the matter, but she was only kissing Hezekiah through the bars. Ten minutes afterward, haunted by a strange sense of something, I went to look for her, wondering if possibly she could have gone out the window. I searched everywhere, for she never answered me as Hezekiah did, and I would have given

up, or thought her hiding, as she loved to, but for the memory of that strange circle about my head.

After hunting everywhere, I got down at last on the floor, lifted the linen cover of the sofa,—it was still summer,—and looked under. Little Miss Goosey was there, but she was dead. She had wanted to see what it was I had put in the mouse-trap,—one of her hemp-seeds, for all she knew,—and the trap had snapped on her.

I rolled the little creature up with all tenderness, for she had grown to be my friend; and when night came and ten o'clock had struck, I took Hezekiah out of the room and buried her down deep in the pot that held the rubber-tree.

I could not give that little body that had gladdened me to the ashman, nor leave it to the accidents of a neighbor's yard—strange exigencies of a city life, that permit of no sentiments but those that are entered on official records. I made her grave there, where I am sure, had I been in her place, I would best have liked to have it, in the sunlight, under the tree where she had lived with the one she loved.

Although Hezekiah had never really cared for her, he missed her companionship, I suppose. He called her for days, afflicting me so sorely that I went out and for the third time bought him a mate—a tall, slender creature, a cross between an Austrian and a Belgian, which gave her her slim legs and long neck, and that air of high breeding and languor which always distinguished her. She was a timid, gentle creature, too, with no will of her own, content to sit and look at you or anything by the hour. Her few notes were sweet, though she seldom uttered them.

Hezekiah, I say it with regret, fell in love with her at once. He may only have been glad to have the silence of those dreadful days broken at last, or he may have found the only bird he could really love. At any rate, my room became, all at once, like an orchard in June. Such music, such song, such rare melodies! Hezekiah tried a dozen notes and played upon them all, tossed them about and caught them up again, flung them at her; then played with them, rolling them over in his exquisite throat with all the abandon of overmastering joy, and all this, too, when he was molting and no bird is expected to sing. She to whom the rhapsodies were poured would stand in rapt attention, never interrupting him like poor Little Miss Goosey. Poor Little Miss Goosey, indeed, down there underneath him deep in her grave!

I tried letting the new bird out, but she trembled and shook in terror, opening her mouth in awful fright, and panting. She had all the horror of one looking over a precipice when she stood on a leaf and saw the floor under her, an awful abyss below, instead of her cage. Some trick played by man with her pedigree had robbed her of her instinct for flight, and I had to shut her up again.

Hezekiah also preferred being shut up in his cage, even after his molting was over. Since the day on which Little Miss Goosey died until now, seven months after, he who used to beg to get out, waking me at dawn to set him free, has never, of his free will, left his cage, nor stayed out when I thrust him. I leave his cage open for days, and he will not stir. Nothing will induce him to sit any more on his rubber-tree, that forest of his early pleasures, and in the shadow of the leaves of which he had dallied to his heart's content. It is almost as though he knew who lay there underneath.

Sometimes, when I drive him out of his cage, he will settle on that of his new wife, going inside when the door is opened, and resting or singing beside her, but making no other advances. He likes the comfort of a warm, living presence, and is content with that.

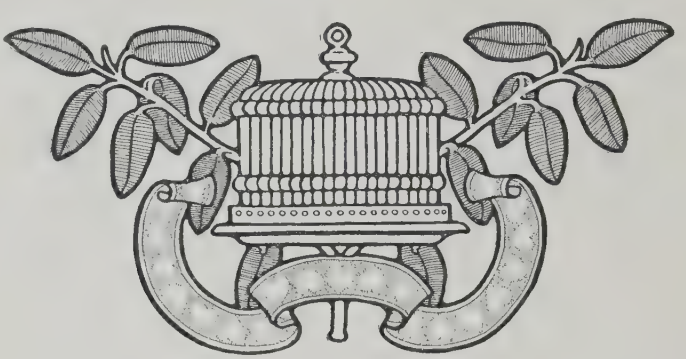
She is too timid to kiss him, and their intimacy has ended where it began. When she is carried into another room he will peep for her, a note he never uttered until she came, which leads me to suppose this conventional cry merely a manner of exchanging signals, a sort of "All 's well" and "Who goes there?" among birds. He never used it for Little Miss Goosey, fearing she would answer him!

I have reproached myself many times, knowing how I have changed Hezekiah's life and impoverished my own. His gay life on the rubber-tree is over, and the carol of his triumphant notes from up beside the singing boy is heard no more. All his pretty ways are lost to me since I began to regulate his life and prove my own inappreciation of a rare singer's needs. And yet, even as I write, still reproaching myself, I look up from my desk at the two gilt cages hanging now by the rubber-tree.

Yes, he sings as beautifully as of old, though behind bars closed upon him by his own volition and because liberty brought him too much pain. He seems, too, as happy

as in the other days. His third wife sits not far away, a silent, passive, and attentive mate, ready to listen all day. Having no enthusiasm even in her affections, she commits none of its indiscretions, nor ever jars upon the singer with an uncongenial note.

Undoubtedly they are both content, he to sing and she to listen. It is the secret of much happiness in this world.



THE MONTGOMERY RACE CONFERENCE.

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON,
Principal of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee, Alabama.

WITHIN the last half-century at least two gatherings of national importance have assembled in Montgomery, Alabama. The first was the Confederate Congress, in 1861, which was a result of measures which had been taken to dissolve the relations existing between the Southern States and the rest of the Union. The second was the Southern Conference for the Discussion of Race Conditions and Problems in the South, held in May, 1900, thirty-nine years later.

Few movements in the country in recent years have caused so much discussion as this conference. As it is likely to be a permanent organization, it is important to understand from the promoters and organizers themselves something of the object and scope of the organization. Personally I have no connection with this conference, but I have known the promoters and officials of it for years, and believe that they have in view nothing but the permanent elevation and highest good of both races in the South. I differ widely and radically with many of the views of individual members of the conference, and with those of several of the speakers, but I think it only fair to deal with the organization itself as we should with an individual, and judge it by its public expression until it proves itself unworthy of confidence. The conference was started by some of the most eminent white citizens of Montgomery, Alabama, including the leading clergymen, and its president is the Hon. Hilary A. Herbert of that city, formerly Secretary of the Navy.

According to its constitution, it is nonpartizan, being composed of Democrats, Republicans, Populists, and Prohibitionists. Any movement that brought merely the friends of the negro together would mean little in the way of distinct gain. The conference is pledged not to commit itself to any special policy affecting the race problem. For example, the Hon. Bourke Cochran advocated in his address before the conference the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment, as a partial solution of the race problem, but the conference itself was not responsible for Mr. Cochran's views, any more than it was for the views of ex-Governor MacCorkle, who opposed such repeal in the strongest and most eloquent terms. In other words, the conference is an organization composed of Southern white people, that serves as a medium for free and open discussion of the race problem by such persons as are invited to speak before it. On this point I quote a clause of the constitution:

"The object of this society shall be to furnish, by means of correspondence, publications, and partly through public conferences, an organ for the expression of the varied

and even antagonistic convictions of representative Southern men on the problems growing out of the race conditions obtaining in the South, and thus to secure a broader education of the public mind as to the facts of the situation, and a better understanding of the remedies for existing evils."

When we consider that thirty-nine years after the secession of the Southern States, at Montgomery, this conference is called by Southern white people, I do not believe that there is any reason for those interested in the progress of both races to grow discouraged, even though we cannot agree with all of the opinions expressed. In my opinion, the greatest value of the conference is in the opportunity which it furnishes in the heart of the South for free speech. Both the North and the negro have criticized the South for not always encouraging freedom of expression and debate. If this first session was not all that might be desired by some in this regard, it should be borne in mind that no great movement can reach perfection at once. While some very strong things were said in favor of the negro, and some strong things against him, it was a noteworthy and most encouraging fact that every speaker, no matter what his views, was received with the greatest respect and consideration. That some views were more heartily applauded than others was to be expected.

I consider that this conference represents in a large measure the "Silent South." For years we have heard the voice of the North, the voice of the negro, the voice of the politician, and the voice of the mob; but the voice of the educated, cultivated white South has been too long silent. No matter what our own individual feelings and wishes may be, when it comes to a consideration of hard cold facts we must agree that the Southern white man is an important factor in any settlement of the race problem.

The program presented at the first meeting of the conference occupied three days. There were nineteen speakers, all Southern men except two. Of these not more than four made speeches that any one could consider antagonistic to the highest interests of the negro. There was but one speaker who seemed to oppose the education of the negro. There was a difference of opinion as to the exact form, and perhaps the amount, of education that should be attempted, but that the negro should be educated in some manner there was virtual agreement among all who took part in the conference; and on the subject, "The Duty of the Nation and the South to Educate the Negro," the Hon. J. L. M. Curry, a Southern man, an ex-slaveholder and an ex-Confederate, delivered one of the most eloquent addresses that it has ever been my privilege to hear. To have given the opportunity for this address alone, in the Black Belt of the South, it seems to me was worth the holding of the conference. On the subject of religion, of course, there was virtual unanimity. Every one is in favor of salvation for the negro in the future world; it is only the salvation of his mind and body in this world that causes disagreement.

Upon one other subject the conference appeared to be well-nigh unanimous—that the negro should and would remain in the South.

The two speakers who dealt with the subject of lynching both argued that in all cases of crime the law should be allowed to take its course. In fact, I was told that no white man of any standing in the South could be found to speak in favor of lynching.

The subject of the franchise naturally excited the keenest interest. The Hon. Bourke Cochran and ex-Governor W. A. MacCorkle, the opposing speakers, both claimed that they had nothing but the highest good of the negro in view. Aside from Mr. Cochran's plan for the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment, his speech consisted mainly of a plea for the highest justice to the negro. Ex-Governor MacCorkle, a Southern man and a Democrat, argued in the most eloquent terms that absolute justice and equality should be accorded the negro at the ballot-box, by means of property and educational tests that should be applied to both races.

The only address delivered during the whole conference which seemed to take anything like a hopeless or dismal view of the future of the negro came from Dr. Paul B. Barringer of Virginia. I would say of Dr. Barringer's expressions, as I would of others, that if persons have feelings that are antagonistic to what we should consider the best interests of the negro it is better that these views be expressed than repressed; and herein, again, is shown the value of these conferences. The man who speaks out truly and frankly is not a person to be feared; it is the one who smothers and represses his real feelings that does injury. In Dr. Barringer's speech of over an hour he gave the most discouraging views I have ever listened to regarding the present and the future of the

negro, industrially, physically, mentally, and morally, and as I sat through it I wondered what would be its effect on the Southern audience. This question was soon answered. When the proper time came, ex-Secretary Herbert, the chairman of the meeting, and an ex-slaveholder, in the most courteous language, firmly dissented from many of Dr. Barringer's discouraging views. This incident proved that the Southern white people who have known and lived with the negro for three centuries could not pass over in silence a speech in which the negro as a freeman was not given credit for having even one redeeming quality. Many of the misleading statements which in some way Dr. Barringer has been led into making are going to serve a good purpose. For example, in arguing that industrial education would not solve the problem, he claimed authority for the statement that out of twelve hundred students educated at industrial schools only twelve were farming and only three were working at trades. This statement put a number of Southern white people to thinking, and, best of all, to investigating, and they soon discovered that in the city of Montgomery alone, almost within hearing of Dr. Barringer's voice, there are fifteen of our graduates or ex-students working at trades or industries learned at Tuskegee; and it was further discovered that in one county in Alabama there are thirty-five graduates and ex-students of the same institution who are engaged in farming or working at trades.

On the whole, I cannot but feel convinced that this conference is going to serve a good purpose, and that in future meetings, more than in the first one, the wisdom of the movement will be demonstrated. Among other things likely thus to be accomplished is a larger measure of first-hand investigation of the negro's real condition. The negro suffers very often in reputation because few of those who make damaging statements have ever taken the trouble to visit him in his place of business, his home, his school, and his church, where the higher and more encouraging side of his life may be seen. More and more the American people must come to judge the negro much as they do other races —by the best types, and not by the worst.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Women of Leisure.

ARE we to see the complete passing away of women of leisure? There are moments when one asks himself that question with genuine apprehension; and the moments are likely to be most frequent during the holiday months, when nature herself appears to insist that the strained chords of life shall be a little loosened. To be a man of leisure has always, according to the laws of our national code, involved a latent reproach; but so powerful is the influence of the spirit of the times among us that to be a woman of leisure may soon seem almost as bad. The women who work, in one way or another, because they must work to live, are joined in yearly greater numbers by women who work because they choose to work in order to be independent. Outside of this, the clubs and societies that promote literary, patriotic, philanthropic activities in those who have no professional labors, and the spell of outdoor life, and its vigorous sports, over women who without these things would be quite idle, have so wrought upon feminine existence that the type of woman who meets and greets you in her quiet drawing-room as one who has long days of repose behind her, and looks calmly forward to others of the same tenor, is becoming rare to the point of impressing one as an exotic.

It is unthinkable that any one should seriously wish to pick a quarrel at this late day with the new, quickening interests of women's lives. The subject has passed beyond the province of discussion. Nevertheless, it is an assured fact that if we were to have only busy women in the future, and women hurried and harried, the whole of life would be incomparably the poorer for us. Somewhere in the stress and strain of endeavor and advance there must be stopping-places where one may rest and dream a little; centers there must be of some sort where one may momentarily drop out from the moving column, and, free of the noise and dust, feel one's soul. There must be a pause now and then. There must be intervals, however few and far between, for the deeper, stiller inhalations, that bring renewal and refreshment, and enable one to start again, and start straight. Those centers, those intervals, it has always been the primary and essential function of women to render possible; and it must ever be. It belongs to them alone to perform that function, and if they omit to do so there is nothing to make good the loss.

It is, after all, the instinct born of a profound need that leads all societies, once they have emerged from the primitive stage in which the labor of women cannot any more be dispensed with than the labor of men, to make, as it were, a kingdom apart for women of leisure. Temples are supposed to stand in that kingdom to high and beautiful deities whom the rushing world gets indirect inspiration from seeing others worship, although it have not time itself to worship at such shrines. Many a good man, aware in the humility of his soul of having been warped by necessity into something far different from what he had intended to be, finds the deepest joy of his life in the spectacle of his womankind growing and flourishing like the lilies of the field, who neither toil nor spin. In that ease and liberty which his own toil has made for them they seem to him to have been endowed with all the beauties and gentle graces which he himself has missed. They represent beneficently to his imagination all manner of noble and lovely things. His pleasure in them is like the pleasure of Dante in the little girl friend of his early youth, who was "rich in all gracious human sympathies"—

Adorna assai di gentilezze umane.

We all know, of course, that leisure does not always so adorn women. Sometimes it is a mere breeder of frivolity and mischief, or of selfishness and dullness. And it is well that there should have been so strong a revulsion against it, with a determination on the part of women to become active and useful members of society in ways in which they were never so before. But it is not for them, therefore, to lose entirely their hold of leisure. The spirit of it they should not relinquish, even where circumstances compel them to relinquish the substance. Who that has thought of the matter has not wondered why European women seem always so unpressed for time? It is unjust and a little fatuous to suppose that they are so unflurried merely because they have very much less to do than is done by women here. Theirs also is often the life replete with varied accomplishment, full of usefulness, or full of worldly claims and pleasures. But all that they do is done without tension, and with the esthetic sense that a woman in a hurry is a woman who has lost an integral part of her peculiar influence and charm.

The secret of this soothing absence of tension lies in a certain voluntary effacement of the personality. There have been French circles which one has known where the women whom one had expected to find so brilliant did not appear to be brilliant at all. Pauses came in the conversation which they showed no nervous desire to fill; opportunities for clever remarks passed by unimproved by them. Perhaps, in one's first disappointment, it seemed a little dull. Presently, however, the leisurely attractiveness of it was manifest, and the thrall began to work. Here was the true social atmosphere, a perfect medium of civilized intercourse, where tired brains could relax, and artistic impulses find some species of occult nourishment. And to whom was the atmosphere chiefly due? To rather quiescent women, who were making no particular attempt to shine, who looked not anxiously eager either to attract or to retain attention. The power exercised, in short, was in inverse proportion to the effort put forth to secure it.

Remove from the mind the uneasy notion that a clever person must invariably show herself to be such, that those who are gifted and capable must at once and everywhere be unmistakably recognized as so being, and the strings of self-consciousness are immediately unstrung, and the busiest existence may have the air of possessing all the leisure that there is. For leisure means serenity. And serenity is the one thing that the world, taught by the eternal sense of poetic fitness, will never cease to exact, and justly to exact, of women.

Campaign Orators.

As the season for firing the partizan heart approaches, it would be well if the chairmen of the committees on "speakers" should reflect that the tone of political oratory has been cheapened in the last decade. These chairmen, who are usually charged with the business of supplying the spoken arguments of a campaign, should consider early that the ablest speakers may be more useful at the outset than at the end of the canvass.

It has been the custom to save the heavy guns for an awful detonation at the close; and so far as they are guns of percussion rather than of precision they are well placed at the end, when everybody is longing to have surcease of the noise, as well as of the suspense. But at the outset the ablest speakers—meaning thereby the men who always have something serious to say, and know how to say it well—perform a double service: they predispose the public to lend an ear to the discussable issues of the campaign, and they set the style for the young men who talk at the minor meetings.

Grand rallies are made up almost entirely of the party zealots, but the neighborhood gatherings draw largely from the people who are in a mood to welcome information, and are therefore the most important of all the political meetings, in so far as it is possible nowadays to influence the mass of voters by personal exhortation. Speakers who appeal merely to the prejudices of men or chiefly seek to amuse them may succeed in holding to a party those who have already yielded their consciences, but they seldom make converts to a cause. Citizens who are capable of having political convictions form them, and change them, only on facts presented in arguments which arouse serious reflection.

The larger newspaper activity in political discussion undoubtedly is often considered a reason for some indifference to the character of what is spoken from the stump. Instead of being a valid excuse, that is the strongest indictment of such indifference. Unquestionably the thinking citizen becomes weary of the iteration of the press, which in its partizan capacity wears the aspect of a professional advocate; and the finest wisdom dif-

fused in cold type lacks something of the persuasion of the earnest voice, and the conviction of the flashing eye and the magnetic manner. The quickness of apprehension of the average American audience is of itself a sign that the shortest avenue to the greatest political influence with the American people will always lead from the rostrum.

Certainly it has always been so. No American statesman has a greater reputation for geniality of temper and a large vein of private humor than Abraham Lincoln. Probably no American statesman has ever been more influential in what he addressed by speech and letter to the public. But Lincoln's aim before an audience was never to amuse; neither did he seek merely to interest; with a purpose of lofty seriousness he always sought to convince. His sense of humor was not wasted, for his terse logic was made limpid by the felicity of his humoristic nature; but his speeches raised men above themselves, instead of entertaining them on the every-day plane of raillery and anecdote. His inimitable use of humorous illustration was, for the most part, reserved for the small circle where his personality was appealing directly to other personalities. In a way his formal speeches came within Froude's brief definition of Cæsar's forensic style, where he says that the Roman habitually spoke "without ornament, but directly to the purpose."

No better example of Lincoln's pregnant seriousness may be given, perhaps, than a phrase from his plain profession of faith: "I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." Place against it, by way of contrast, the glittering generality of an aspirant to Lincoln's rôle of party leadership, who carried a convention off its feet by an impassioned speech of great oratorical brilliancy, ending with the phrase: "You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold." Aside from the question of the justness of the speaker's cause, it may be doubted if the showy phrase grew in the estimation of thinking citizens.

And yet the "silver-tongued" forever have vogue with the managers of political meetings. In the stress of filling time they seem to have enormous value, but it may be doubted if they fill ballot-boxes. Demagogic leaders have a special fondness for them, and often thrive in spite of the inutility of such eloquence. But the political speakers who steadily grow in influence as their powers mature, who are a help to their party and a credit to their country, are men who have a capacity for facts, and an overmastering sense of the seriousness of political life.

To Those Who "Never Read Serial Stories."

It is less and less said of late that there is no chance for young or unknown writers. In every decade since 1850 the lists of successful English-writing novelists have contained the names of many whose dawn of promise was unclouded, and the number of admirable first stories of late years would indicate no lack of a warm welcome for newcomers in literature. And yet there are cavilers who, with the tables of contents of the magazines before them, half full of names if not wholly unknown certainly unfamiliar, will still assert that these publications are run by cliques—probably the stupidest form of commercial suicide known to tradition.

It would be easier to sustain the contention that there is nowadays *too* much chance for young and unknown writers—to the deadening of their ambition and the dulling of their artistic conscientiousness. And yet what a breezy freshness we often get from such sources! What new views of life, what untaught, free, buoyant narratives, what a glow of youth! These desiderata are constantly before the editor's mind, and it is perhaps not wonderful that he should sometimes find himself pricked with compunction at the sacrifice to these endowments of the larger and more enduring qualities of art—the slow and quiet product of those

> Years that bring the philosophic mind.

Heretofore, as the pages of this magazine attest, there has been here no lack of hospitality to new writers. No embarrassing, census-like questions as to their age have been intruded upon them where their work has appeared to us to be desirable for our purposes. But we confess that, so far as romance is concerned, this welcome has been largely confined to that sonnet of fiction, the short story. We have felt that, to follow a serial from month to month, the public needed, in advance, some more assurance than an editorial acceptance—the further assurance, to wit, of previous good work by the same writer.

These considerations leave us all the more free to comment on our breaking of our own custom, and we must throw ourselves upon the confidence of our readers in presenting to their consideration this month the first chapters of Miss Bertha Runkle's story, "The Helmet of Navarre." Miss Runkle is not only new as a writer of fiction, this being her first essay in that direction, but she is new in the number of her years. Her story is not one of "purpose," save of artistic purpose; it is not a well-rounded study of the period, though, we trust, true enough to the days when Henry was investing Paris; it is certainly not set, cinematographic realism; it is, in short, purely a dramatic romance, written in terse, clear-cut, un-self-conscious style, full of elemental human emotions and replete with action, throbbing with the violence of the times, and plunging from plot to plot with the rush of a mountain stream, and, like it, broadening out to a serener close.

And now we shall not longer beat about the bush which good wine never needs, but give a hint to lovers of "a capital story" that they must school themselves to patience from month to month for eight moons, venturing also a reminder to those who proudly boast that they "never read serial stories" that there is a Scripture proverb that he who thinketh he standeth should take heed lest he fall.

OPEN LETTERS

William Gedney Bunce.

(The "Century's" American Artists Series.)

PRERAPHAELITISM, as defined by its first chief exponent, Sir John Everett Millais, was a return, with absolute and minute fidelity in detail, to nature. Rossettiism was an excursion in the field of emotion, without the least reference to nature. Impressionism is an attempt to give in color the impression that nature makes upon the individual artist, without reference to detail. The boast is that the artist paints only what he sees at a given distance. The attempt would be more generally acceptable if others were able to see what the artist says he sees.

Mr. Gedney Bunce, in his disregard of minute details and in his desire to produce effects, is in his way an impressionist. But he differs from most of those who call themselves impressionists in that other people are able to see what he sees. It is true that when he paints a scene his distinct purpose is to make the spectators feel the sentiment of that scene; and this he does by means of color, rather than by attempting to tell a story, as the Preraphaelites did. But this appeal is seldom without effect upon a mind at all in sympathy with the changes and delicate phases of nature.

It follows that Mr. Bunce uses nature for the expression of poetic feeling, and that he must be regarded as a poet of the brush. It is his means of expressing his own feeling and the sentiment that a given mood of nature may awaken, as truly as verse is to the poet or a symphony to the musician.

From the beginning he has followed his own desires, little influenced by technical schools. He studied in France and in Germany; but many years ago he made his home in Italy, as the land most congenial to his genius, and he became enamoured of Venice. What attracted him to Venice and kept him there year after year was, I fancy, the atmosphere and the water. And this leads me to say that if I were asked to define definitely the realm of Mr. Bunce I should say that it is atmosphere and water. Most of his work is Venetian, so that he has earned the title of the painter of Venice. Even work done elsewhere has a recognizable Venetian quality. But he has not interpreted Venice in an exactly material way. With its architecture he has comparatively little to do. You will not reconstruct Venice from his drawings. It is the poetry and atmosphere of Venice that he gives, that quality of the city which the visitor remembers with longing. The architectural features in his poetic rendering are those of a dream-city. Consequently his pictures are much alike in subject, but they are greatly varied in expression, because the sky and its clouds are never twice the same, and the water is always, hour by hour, changing in color, if not in form. The fishing-boats, always a feature of the scene, with their colored sails, the harbor buoys, the towers and marble façades seen through a haze that is never wanting, are never shown twice in exactly the same light or with the same suggestion. These pictures, then, are real studies of what we may call the Venice of our imagination.

I have called Mr. Bunce the painter of air and water. He has the most delicate sense of aërial perspective, an instinct for values in his scene. To paint the air is almost an impossible achievement. No artist in Egypt has yet done it, though Gérôme's constant study is for atmospheric effects. The color of sky is so pronounced in Egypt that it would seem possible to render it exactly. But it has some quality that seems to elude the artist. Perhaps—this is wholly a lay suggestion—it lacks the moisture that gives to Venice and to the Sorrentine promontory the peculiar liquid quality.

No one certainly has, to my eye, given us the atmosphere of Venice as Mr. Bunce. And the point I make as to this is its extraordinary *luminosity*. This quality, if luminousness be a quality, is as surely found in his representation of the water, the canals and the iridescent lagoons, as in the clouds and the atmosphere which we call sky. The delicacy and refinement of this work might long be dwelt on with satisfaction.

I do not believe much in comparison in criticism, and I make none in regard to the work of Mr. Bunce. He has a manner of his own. Whether he works in oils, water-colors, or pastel, he preserves his individuality, his wonderful aërial perspective, his luminosity, and his delicate feeling for color. I will only say that we should have to go back to some of the great masters, to the recognized adepts in color, to find these qualities, which he possesses, at their best. His field is not a large one in the way of variety, but it is his own.

Charles Dudley Warner.

[William Gedney Bunce was born in Hartford. His first instruction in art was received at the Cooper Institute. He was afterward a pupil of William Hart. A picture of Venice by Ziem led him to go to that city, where he has lived for many years, pursuing his art. He has exhibited for ten years at the Paris Salon, in Rome, Munich, London, and New York. One of his chief pictures was painted for Queen Victoria by her Majesty's order, and is now at Osborne Castle. Another is the view of Venice of which an engraving by Henry Wolf is shown on page 587. —EDITOR.]

E. Irving Couse.

(The "Century's" American Artists Series.)

SAMUEL J. SHAW'S generous gift to the Salmagundi Club, one of the oldest artist organizations in the country, of one hundred and twenty-five dollars annually as a prize to be voted by the club's members at its Black-and-White Exhibition, on its first award, last year, fell to a newcomer in New York, E. Irving Couse, for his black-and-white painting in oil, "A Fishing Scene," reproduced on page 437 of the July CENTURY.

Mr. Couse is a native of Michigan, having been born in Saginaw thirty-two years ago. His first art studies were at the National Academy of Design, under J. E. Wilmarth and Edgar Ward. In 1886 he went to Paris, where he remained ten years as a pupil of the Beaux-Arts and of the Julian School, where his masters were Bouguereau and T. Robert Fleury. He returned to America in 1896, and passed two years in Washington and Oregon, studying Indians and painting Indian subjects. He removed to New York in the fall of 1898. This year (1900) he was the winner of the second Hallgarten prize at the exhibition of the National Academy of Design.

The work of Mr. Couse possesses the rare qualities of simplicity and gentleness. It has breadth, and its atmospheric values—its chief quality—are just.

W. Lewis Fraser.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Trolley for Rio Janeiro.

I'VE always said that you can't judge by appearances, and so when a dapper and slick-looking young man came into my place of business and said very glibly, as if he had learned it by rote and was repeating it for the thousandth time, "I 'm in trouble; can I see you in your private office a moment?" I said "Yes" at once. He looked like a young but successful confidence man. There was an air of fake ingenuousness about him, a plausibility that would have made nine men out of ten say, "He lives by his wits." But on that very account I felt that he was, after all, strictly honest, and I said: "Come right in, young man, and tell me your troubles. I used to have a son just about your age."

He followed me into my office, and said: "You 're a Yale man, and knowing that, I 've come to you instead of going to some other stranger, for I was in the class of '98. My name is Zenas Q. Maxon."

Now, as a matter of fact, I am not a Yale man, but I was willing to be thought one, and I said feelingly: "The dear old fence! Pity they tore it down."

He grasped my hand, and I saw that there were tears in his eyes. Well, I was delighted. As a confidence man would be sure to pump up tears, this man was no confidence man, just because appearances were against him, and appearances are deceitful, and I am nothing if not logical.

I patted him on the shoulder sympathetically, and said: "I was a member of dear old P. D. Q."

He looked a little surprised, but evidently concluded that this was a secret society of which he had not even heard, so carefully had its existence been guarded. He said:

"That was before my time. And now, not to delay you any longer than is necessary, I 'll tell my story."

I motioned him to a chair, and fixing his eyes full on mine, he said:

"Last week the Boston exporting house with which I am connected told me to come on here to New York and buy them an up-to-date trolley-car, which they wanted shipped to a firm in Rio Janeiro. Mr. Phillips, our senior member, told me that I ought to get a very good one with vesti-

DRAWN BY F. Y. CORY.

"'COME RIGHT IN, YOUNG MAN, AND TELL ME YOUR TROUBLES.'"

buled platforms and a complete set of advertisements in Portuguese for $985, and he gave me $1000 to cover cost and all personal expenses. I happened to have ten cents of my own besides. Do I bore you?"

"No, no, young man. Tell me your troubles, for the sake of the old fence."

"Thank you, sir. Well, he told me that after I had bought the car and ordered its shipment I was to return to Boston for further orders, and as I had only been with the house a few weeks I was naturally elated at being intrusted with such an important mission."

He paused and looked at me, and I felt gratified that by reading human nature and then doing just the opposite to what common sense dictated I would come out all right and incidentally help a really deserving son of old Eli.

"Go on, my dear fellow, go on. Do you smoke?"

"No, I thank you, sir," said he, which reply pleased me immensely, it sounded so hypocritical.

"I arrived here last night with just $995.10 in my pocket, having paid five for my ticket here, and I put up at the hotel opposite the Dewey Arch."

"The Fifth Avenue?" said I, smiling.

"Yes, that was it, the Fifth Avenue. I paid five dollars for a room, and then after dinner, lodging, and breakfast, I went this morning to a store where they sell trolleys, and asked to see something worth about $985. The salesman knew his business, and instead of showing me a trolley a few dollars cheaper he pulled out one that he said had been built to sell for an even thousand, but as one of the windows had become a little shop-worn he would let it go for $990. I 'm not very quick at arithmetic, and I mentally figured that I could pay that price and still have enough money left to get me home to Boston by the one-o'clock train, and seeing that it was a strictly up-to-date vehicle, I closed with him and paid him $990 cash. Then I asked him to have it sent by the Pacific Mail line to Menendez, Fernandez & Mendoza, Rio Janeiro, and then, highly elated, I left his store, went to the hotel and paid my bill, and found to my dismay—"

"Go on," I said, seeing that he paused.

"I found that I had but ten cents left, and did not know a soul in the city of whom I could borrow money. Here is the ten cents to prove that I am not lying."

The young man showed me a dime as he spoke, and I nodded my head reassuringly.

"Now, I do not ask you to give me any money, but if for the sake of the old fence at Yale, and the P. D. Q. society, to which, unfortunately, I never belonged, you will lend me $5.07, I will do as much for some other young fellow who gets strapped sometime, and as soon as I arrive in Boston, which will be to-night, I will send you my personal check for the amount."

Now, there was a fishy sound about the story that delighted me. I was sure that it must be true, because it was improbable, and I was just handing him $5.07 when my partner, Mr. Rushmore, came in. He is a very impulsive man. As soon as he saw the young man, and the money changing hands, he said: "You impudent scoundrel! How dare you show your face in New York after having been shown up by the newspapers? I know you at once for the man who said he was sent to Philadelphia from Dubuque to buy a locomotive for a Maquoketa capitalist, and you paid five dollars too much for it, and got strapped, and borrowed right and left. You get out of here."

My young friend's jaw dropped, and he began to stammer. I rubbed my hands together in glee. He was evidently the real thing, because he seemed to be caught. He stuttered and stammered, and at last rushed out of the office with my money in his hands.

Rushmore, my partner, turned to me. "Do you mean to say he stuck you?"

"No, sir," said I, loftily; "he did n't stick me. I loaned him $5.07 for the sake of the old fence and the P. D. Q. society, and appearances are so dead against him that I believe in him thoroughly. To-morrow I 'll get his personal check, and you will have to admit that you are heartless and unfeeling."

Rushmore said something of which I caught only "asinine idiot," and then he went out.

As for me, I glowed all day with a sense of my charitable act. I pictured that young man going home and using his ten cents to buy a sandwich and his seven cents to pay for newspapers, and I more than ever wished I was a real Yale man, so that I could go about helping boys who remembered the old fence and who had been unfortunate.

The next day brought me no check, and Rushmore chuckled at me whenever he came near me; but, to tell the truth, I had hardly expected one quite so soon. The day after that no check came, but just about noon, while Rushmore was out to lunch, the young man himself came into my office.

As soon as he saw me he said: "Dear Mr. Cummings, I have come here to right myself in your eyes. When I went out of your office the other day it was with suicidal feelings. The words of your partner made me feel that life held nothing more for me. Such an accusation was to a man of my nature perfectly overwhelming. I want you to believe, sir, that I never bought a locomotive in my life, nor did I ever say I did. I went out of here utterly crushed, and wandered about the streets like a lost soul until I suddenly realized that I had lost the one-o'clock train to Boston and was doomed to stay in New York another day."

"My dear fellow," said I, "there are three or four trains after that up to midnight." I was surprised at the unsophistication of the young man.

"Are there?" said he. "Well, I did n't know it. You must remember that this is the first time that I have ever been out of sight of the gilded dome on Beacon street, and I supposed that there was but one train each way."

I could have cried over this young man's innocence. To be so ignorant of things and yet two hundred and thirty-nine miles from his home! I shook him warmly by the hand.

He went on with a faltering voice: "All the afternoon I wandered about trying to brace up sufficiently to come in and prove to you that I did not deserve the evil things which Mr. Rushmore had said, but I was afraid of again encountering him. His tongue is a two-edged sword. At last evening came, and being hungry, I went back to that same hotel, which is the only one I know of."

"Oh, my poor, innocent boy!" said I. "There are hundreds of hotels in New York where you could have supped and lodged. You surely did not spend your five dollars for a dinner and bed and breakfast?"

The young man looked shamefaced. "Indeed I did," said he. "And this morning I came away without getting breakfast, I was so eager to set myself right with you. I forgot just where your office was, and I have been all the morning finding it. I want you to believe in me. I am a Bostonian and a Yale man, and I deplore the loss of the fence and wish that I had been a member of the P. D. Q. society; but that I ever pretended to buy a locomotive for an Iowa capitalist is preposterous."

"But what are you going to do now? How will you get home?"

"Why, on my way here I stopped in at the general delivery department of the post-office, and found a letter from my firm telling me to buy another trolley to ship to Valparaiso."

"And did they not inclose a check?"

He hesitated a moment, and colored beautifully. Then he said: "Why, no, sir, they did not; but I never thought of it until you spoke."

"My dear boy," said I, in a fatherly way, "you were not cut out for a business man. You lack perspicacity. Having paid cash day before yesterday for the trolley, those people will expect cash for to-day's trolley. The cessation of cash payments is the encourager of suspicion. Now, I 'm going to give you a check for $1000, so that you can pay for the trolley. But before you buy it be sure to get a return ticket, that you may go back to Boston before any more misfortunes befall you."

I made out a check and handed it to him.

"Pardon me," he said, "but won't it need a stamp? I have nothing but the seven cents you gave me, as I spent the dime for a morning paper."

"O foolish young man! You have no idea of values. You will be considered a good thing if you stay here."

I gave him the stamp, and he shook my hand feelingly, and said:

"Dear old alma mater and the fence—"

"And the P. D. Q. society," said I.

And then he went out.

But now comes the queerest part of it.

For once I was deceived. He *was* a confidence man. He never came near me again, nor did he pay me the $1005.07 that I had advanced to him. He managed to cash my check, and last week he was arrested for trying to get money to pay for a telegraph-pole that he wished to ship to an electrician in Seattle.

Charles Battell Loomis.

Fables for the Fair.

(SECOND SERIES.)

VI. THE PRACTICAL WOMAN AND HER SISTER.

THERE was once a Woman who had Read in a Book that the Best Way to Become Dear to A Man was to Cook Appetizing Dishes for Him. Therefore when A Nice Man called on her it was her Custom to Retire to the Dining-room and Compose Delicious Lunches in a Chafing-dish, leaving her Sister to Entertain the Man till her Return. Her Sister would not Learn to Cook, because she Did Not Care To.

One Day the Man invited the Woman to Go to the Theater with him. This she would have Liked to do Very Much, but she Remembered What she had Read, and replied:

"I will tell you Something Better. Take my Sister to the Theater, and when you Come Home I will have a Nice Supper waiting For You."

"Oh, very Well!" said the Man. That evening he Fell in Love with the Sister, and Some Time Later he asked her to Marry him.

"But I thought it was My Sister you Came to See," said she; "and besides that I Fear I should Make a Poor Wife. I am not Practical and I Cannot Cook."

"As to that," replied the Man, "I came at First, it is True, to see Your Sister, but I saw Very Little of her because she Stayed in the Dining-room So Much. So that I Grew to Admire You. And as for your Not Cooking, that is Easily Arranged. Your Sister can Live With Us and Manage All That very nicely."

This teaches us that you must Catch your Hare before you Cook for Him.

VII. THE WOMAN WHO WAS TOO DISINTERESTED.

THERE was once a Woman whose Fiancé Evinced an Interest in Somebody Else. To this she Paid No Attention.

Said she: "I shall not Place a Straw in His Way; he must Act as his Conscience Dictates."

"He is Much More Likely," said her Friends, "to act as the Other Woman Dictates unless you Take some Trouble to Prevent It. Although he is really Fonder of You."

"Then there is No Occasion for my Taking any Trouble," said she. "I rely on my own Fidelity and the Support of a Good Conscience."

Later her Fiancé assured her that he was Unworthy Of Her, and Still Later he married the Other Woman.

Nor did she win even the Pity of Her Friends, because they Considered that she had Brought It On Herself.

This teaches us that Virtue is its Only Reward.

VIII. THE WOMAN WHO TOOK THINGS LITERALLY.

THERE was once a Woman who Invited a Celebrated Scientist to Take Tea with her. After Tea a Beggar came to the Door and Asked for a Meal. She remembered the Last Page of the Celebrated Scientist's Last Essay, and addressed the Beggar:

"While I Regret to see you Suffering from Hunger, I Realize that I injure Society more in Catering to Your Idleness than I Hurt my Feelings in Refusing your Intrinsically Vicious Request." And she Sent him Away.

"Great Heavens!" cried the Celebrated Scientist. "It is Hard Enough for Me to act Thus, and I am Forced to in Order to Be Consistent. But a Woman, whose Every Instinct should be Charity and Sympathy Incarnate—it is Disgusting!"

This teaches us that What is Sauce for the Gander may be Saucy for the Goose.

IX. THE WOMAN WHO FELL BETWEEN TWO FIGURES.

THERE was once a Woman who wished to Make an Impression upon a Friend of her Brother. She had observed that this Friend was Much Interested in a very Athletic Girl who played Tennis Extremely Well. And yet He seemed pleased Also with a Society Girl who did nothing well but Dress Herself.

"I will Combine Both these Methods," thought the Woman, "and Win Out in a Short Time."

After a While her Brother, who was Observing her Tactics, called her to One Side and addressed her Thus:

"Allow me to Inform You," said he, "that you are Making a Great Mistake. If you wish to Make a Success in the Tennis Line you will have to Dress more Loosely and be willing to look a Little Redder in the Face. Because Otherwise you cannot Play Well. If, on the Other Hand, it is your Object to Look Stunning, you must wear a Tighter and a Longer Skirt and not Dash About so, which Spoils your Complexion. As it is, you are Thrown Out of Both Classes."

This teaches us that you Cannot Blouse your Waist and Have it Too.

X. THE WOMAN WHO WAS NOT ATHLETIC.

THERE was once a Woman who wore High-heeled Shoes and a Tight Corset. Both These are Highly Injurious and Inartistic to the Last Degree. One Day she went out to the Links with a Sensible Friend who wore a Sweater and Man-fashioned Shoes. There they Met two Men Playing Golf.

"I Fear I shall only be in your Way," said the Woman who was not Athletic. "I cannot Play the Game at all. I do not Know a Caddy from a Bunker, nor a Foursome from a Tee."

"Not at all. I will Describe the Game to You," said the Men.

"Oh, Thank you, but One will be Quite Enough," she replied, and she Selected the Best-looking and the Other went out after the Sensible Friend.

"May I carry your Parasol?" said he when they had Started.

"If you will be so Good," she answered. "It is very Foolish, I know, but my Skin is so Absurdly Thin, and the Sun Blisters it so."

The Sensible Friend came up just behind, and Mopping her Face, she said: "You are Too Ridiculous. A Rose-colored Parasol on the Links! You are Keeping him from Playing, too. He will get Out of Practice."

"Oh, I Hope Not," said the Woman who was Not Athletic.

"Do not be Alarmed," said the Man; "It is All Right."

"Moreover, I saw Him Help you Over a Fence," said the Sensible Friend, as she Waded through a Muddy Brook. "That Game is Out of Date."

The Woman who was Not Athletic looked Pensively and for Some Time at the Man.

"I am Spoiling Everything," she said softly. "Let me Go Home, and then you can Play."

"But then you could not learn the Game," said he, sitting down under a Kind of Artificial Watershed and Watching the Rose-colored Reflection of her Parasol.

"Is this a Bunker?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied; "Its Purpose is to shield People Who wish to be Alone from Observation."

"Oh!" said she. "Then what is a Hazard?"

"Well," he replied, "this is sometimes called a Hazard, too, because There is a Chance that Some one May come By after all."

"Oh!" said she. "Then over That Wall behind that Big Rock is one of the Best Bunkers on the Links, is n't it?"

"It is, Indeed," he replied. "You Pick Up the Game very Rapidly. Come over There, and I will Explain it Further to You."

"You are So Good," she said, as he Lifted her Over the Wall.

"Not at All," he replied Politely.

Some Time Afterward the Sensible Friend, who was Engaged in Wallowing through some Underbrush and Falling into a Pond in search of her Ball, passed by them on the Return Course, and, seeing them Seated against the Wall, noted their somewhat Unoriginal Attitudes. She was Surprised.

This teaches us that Some Games are Never Out of Date.

Josephine Daskam.

New Music from the Old Harp.

A HARP there was in Yankeeland,
And a hand that played it clearly.
We thought we knew its every strain,
We loved its music dearly.

Years later came strange, thrilling strains
Some master harp resounding,
And all asked, "What new harp is this
That sets our hearts a-bounding?"

But when we came to seek it out,
The new accord that filled us,
'T was still the same dear, well-known harp,
But *new the hand* that thrilled us.

Now read my riddle: First to play—
The Muse that once was Thoreau's.
The next, the Spirit of the West.
The harp? Why that 's John Burroughs.

Ernest Seton-Thompson.

To Arcady.

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN.

In varying tones they make their plea,
The young and old and worldly-wise,
Cajoling, plaintive, wistfully:
"Tell us the way to Arcady;
We fain would see Arcadian skies,
Would live that wondrous life and free;
Tell us the way to Arcady."

But I—I sing: "Though there must be
Full many a path that wends its way
By hedge and woodland, dale and lea,
To that dear land of Arcady,
I 've but a single word to say:
Wherever Phyllis treads with me,
The way leads straight to Arcady."

Beatrice Hanscom.

A Ballade of Revolt.

Washington's cherry-tree I prize,
And Jonah's whale; and how I hate
Iconoclasts who would revise
The old traditions, small or great!
Yet there be fools who idly prate
Of "late research," and some buffoon
Declares the Old Man out of date,
Now there 's a woman in the moon.

Aggressive women I despise,
Yet they are everywhere of late;
Insistent, bold, and overwise,
They meddle with affairs of state.
Unending trouble they create,
And deem their services a boon!
Much grave disturbance I await,
Now there 's a woman in the moon.

I know just how she 'll scrutinize
Each lover and his timid mate;
She 'll slyly peer with curious eyes
When Dick and I shall stroll or skate;
I 'm positive, at any rate,
I would n't even dare to spoon
With Robbie Smithers at the gate,
Now there 's a woman in the moon.

L'ENVOI.

Sweetheart, it is a cruel fate,—
Her advent 's most inopportune;
It spoils our moonlight tête-à-tête,
Now there 's a woman in the moon.

Carolyn Wells.

The Responsibilities of Leadership.

Guy and Gerty and Grace, they three
Went on a dark little jamboree;
Drank a bottle of syrup dry
And ate the mince all out of a pie.
Guy (as was due him) led the van,
Being five years old and a man!

Mother and aunty and nurse, *they* three
Happened in on the jamboree;
Did n't apparently understand
They had n't been wanted, and—took a hand.
And Guy (as was due him) led the van,
Being five years old and a man!

Catharine Young Glen.

Repartee.

"This golf is far too tame for *me!*"
Heroic fires burned in her eye.
"To hunt, to fight, and to rove the sea,
The daring deeds *I* long to try!
I 'm sure I was meant for a man!" said she.
"You were, and would I were he!" quoth I.

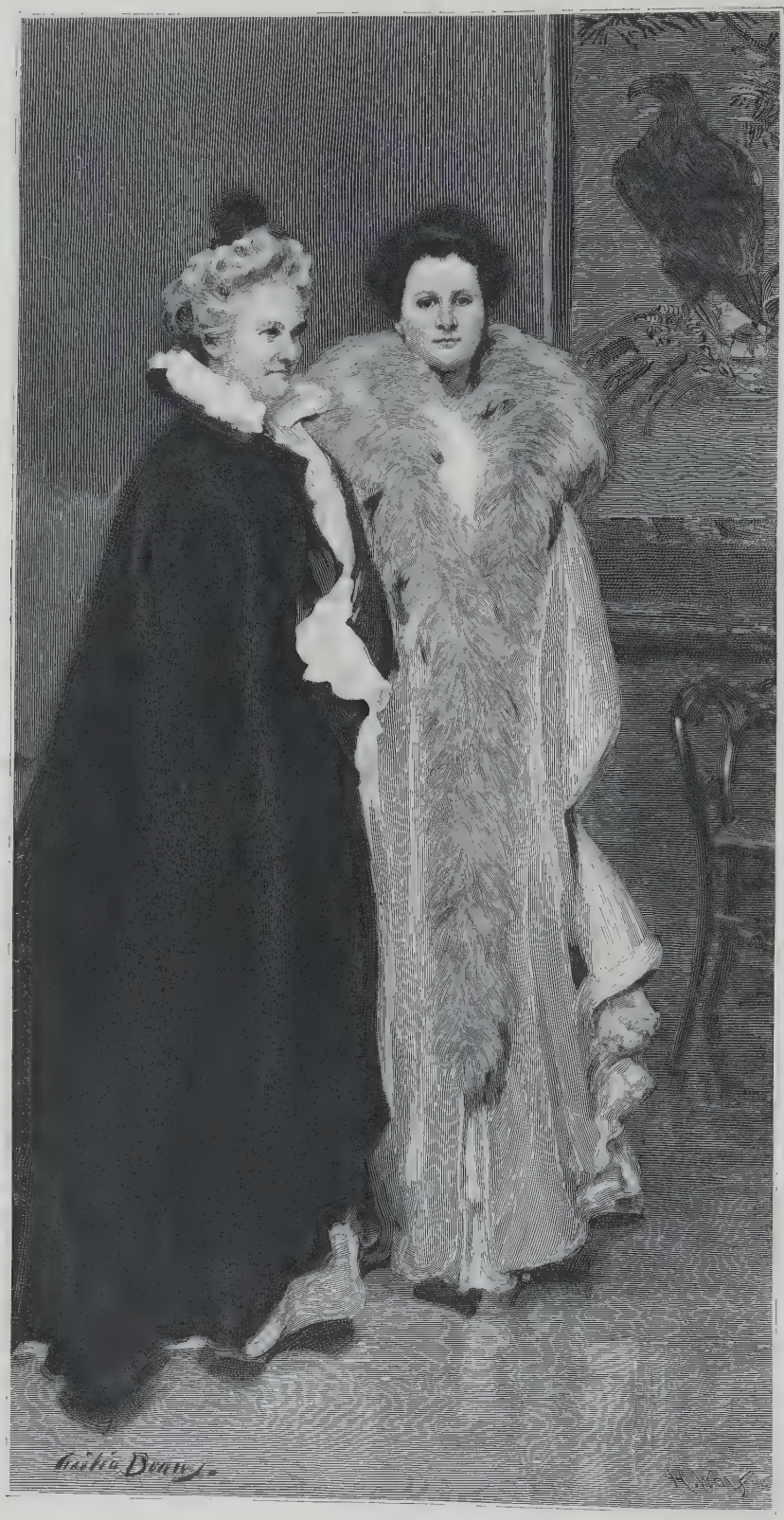
William Frederick Dix.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE. II.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. FROM THE PAINTING BY CECILIA BEAUX.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF.



THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LX. SEPTEMBER, 1900. No. 5.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

II: THEATERS, PANORAMAS, AND OTHER SPECTACLES.[1]

BY JEAN SCHOPFER.

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

SURELY if an international exposition is interesting in what it reveals concerning the latest technical inventions for manufacturing locomotives and reaping-machines, it is no less interesting in what it shows of how our fellow-beings amuse themselves—of the tastes that are planted deepest in the hearts of the masses, of the distractions which afford men relief from a trying existence.

The amusements of the Exposition satisfy three principal tastes of to-day: the taste for spectacular sights, including the theater; the taste for traveling, for leaving, if only in thought, the place where one belongs; and, finally, the taste for intelligent diversion. The first has always existed, the second is somewhat more characteristic of modern man, the third is wholly our own. I shall pass in review the different attractions which satisfy each of these tastes in the Exposition of 1900.

We may be sure that from the earliest times men divided themselves into spectators and actors, and that they indulged in the pleasure of representing heroic deeds. Almost immediately there were two kinds of spectacles, those which appealed merely to the eye and those which appealed to the eye and to the ear. The former consisted of dances; the latter, strictly speaking, constituted the theater. A month ago I described the Palace of the Dance, and the innumerable cafés where dancing is the principal diversion. Now let us consider the theatrical entertainments of the Exposition.

The theaters are arranged along the Rue de Paris, so named because of the diversions it offers. But it goes without saying that the theaters of the Exposition are not of the same sort as the permanent theaters of the city, and that there is neither opera, Comédie Française, nor vaudeville. They can give only brief, light performances which, lasting an hour at the most, do not fatigue the audience.

During the last ten years a kind of entertainment has found vogue in Paris which seems destined to excel at the Exposition. It is the tavern or café like those of Montmartre, where rhymesters and musicians

[1] See "Amusements of the Paris Exposition. I: The Palace of the Dance," in the preceding number of THE CENTURY, by the same writer and artist.

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HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

JAVANESE DANCERS ("LE TOUR DU MONDE").

gather of an evening to show one another their verses and sing their latest songs. Such was the origin of the *cabarets artistiques*, now risen to the dignity of theaters. The middle classes flocked to hear these artists, who soon profited by this fact to form organizations and to advertise themselves; they earned both money and success. Absolute liberty to say and do what pleased their fancy was in a measure the reason of their success. Their songs were inspired by the topics of the day, and were written almost while events were taking place. With wit and kindliness they were able to make a public divided against itself listen to verses which ridiculed alternately one or another of the parties then at swords' points—and laughter disarms.

The minstrel poets have come down from the hill of Montmartre to the Rue de Paris, where may be found the Théâtre des Auteurs Gris, the Grand Guignol, the Maison du Rire, and the Roulette. At these theaters short pieces are played, and political songs are sung that make fun of the government, whatever it may be, for clever minds are always to be found on the opposing side. One-act plays by modern authors are given, and also some reproductions of old plays from the repertoire of the Théâtre de la Foire. These performances are all better suited to Frenchmen than to foreigners. At the time of my visit I took with me a friend from New England; but I saw that the players were incomprehensible to him. They wore their hearts on their sleeves, so to speak; life for them was merely outward and informal. So, Miss Wilkins's somber heroes, who prefer to be unhappy and to make miserable those who love them rather than change their minds about anything they have once decided upon, or which they consider duty, would be incomprehensible to those French players. I fear that the theaters of the Rue de Paris will scarcely be appreciated by the Anglo-Saxon audiences, with the exception, perhaps, of certain learned university professors who are said still to enjoy the broadly comic parts of Shakspere.

To revive my New England friend I took him to the Bonshommes Guillaume, where, in

a hall decorated with broadly treated frescos, upon a miniature stage with sumptuous scenery, a troop of marionettes perform. One sees a fashionable evening party, with couples waltzing frantically about in the background to the sound of a Gipsy orchestra, while in the foreground a trifling comedy is enacted. Then comes a mimic ball of the "Quat 'Z' Arts," in imitation of the splendid pageant organized by the students of the École des Beaux Arts. Thanks to the Bonshommes Guillaume, this ball, which is not a family affair, has been made suitable for the visitors to the Exposition. Thus we went through the different theaters, concluding, after all, that it is the dancing at the Exposition which, more than anything else, satisfies the taste for diversion.

But the Rue de Paris is charming. In front of the theaters there are open-air terraces where members of the theatrical troupes make their flowery discourses, punctuated by resounding blows upon the big bass drums and by clashing of cymbals. Pierrots, harlequins, columbines, clowns, and buffoons do their best to attract the public by flinging their witticisms broadcast among the crowds. There is a flourish of trumpets, and under the thick foliage of the trees, pierced by an occasional ray of sunlight, is seen a kaleidoscope of colors, delightful to the eye. Virtually the real spectacle is outside in the street.

Next to a taste for the theater, which dates from all time, comes the stronger and more modern taste for traveling. Formerly people spent their lives forever under the same sky, in a narrow setting, and each day their eyes were satisfied to contemplate familiar objects. Now we have a fever for seeing the world, for getting near all sorts of civilizations differing from our own. Let us consider what the Exposition offers to satisfy this curiosity.

First there are the panoramas: the Tour du Monde, the Transatlantic, the Sahara, the Alpine Club, and many others which present glimpses of foreign lands to the masses. Panoramas have been greatly perfected; they no longer consist merely of linen backgrounds. Now the foregrounds are genuine; trees are planted in them, houses are

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

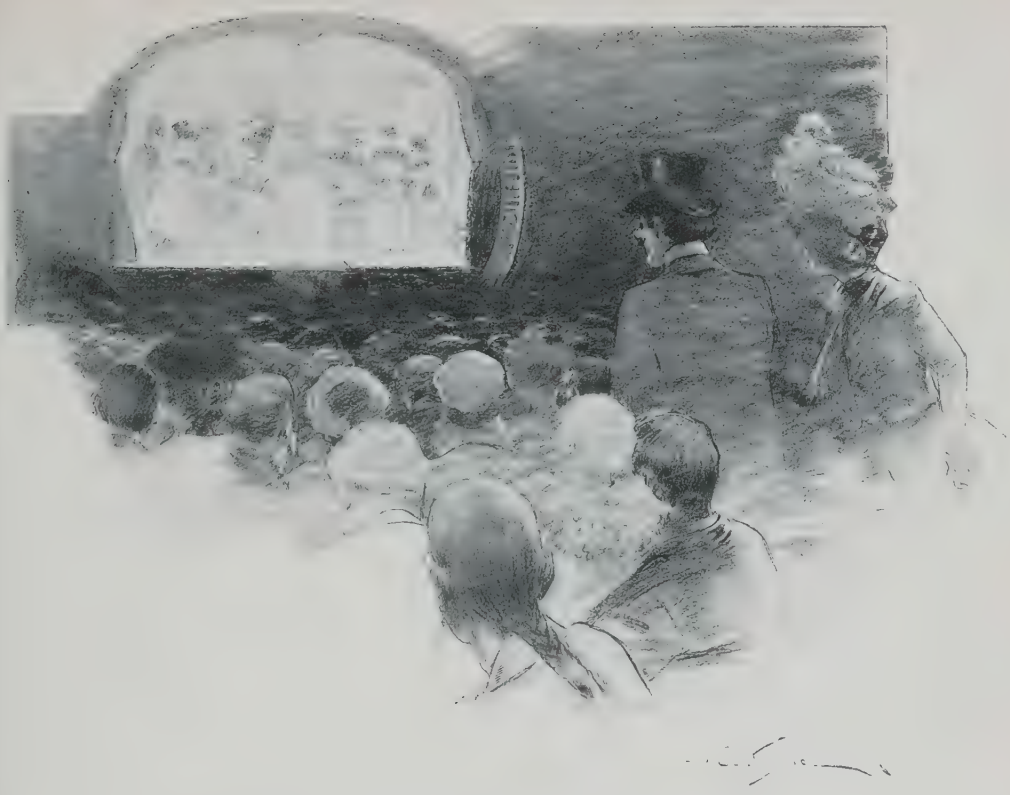
A CORNER OF THE SWISS VILLAGE.

built in plaster and inhabited by veritable natives. The effect is enchanting. In a previous number I told about the Tour du Monde and the smiling little Japanese women, who have for neighbors on one side the Chinese, on the other the Spanish, and opposite them the Javanese and the Cingalese. In the foreground of the Transatlantic panorama, which represents Algiers, there is a collection of houses on the side of a steep hill; Arabs are seen living on the terraces; there are mats spread out and chairs placed about; water cools in the alcarrazas, and in the clear, even light from lamps that are hidden behind shutters the natives are occupied with their daily tasks. At sunset the muezzin is heard from the top of a minaret. There are also panoramas of the Sahara, of the journey of Commandant Marchand across Africa, and of Madagascar.

The ingenuity of artists and engineers does not stop there: they have given us moving panoramas. Here is the Trans-Siberian, for example. One gets into veritable cars of the great International Express Company, the name of which they bear in Chinese and Russian letters. By the side of the train landscapes unfold, and cities through which one seems to pass. By a clever trick the foreground unrolls much more rapidly than the background, which appears almost immovable, while the train advances steadily. With a little imagination you travel across the steppes of Asia. And if you wish to be a true Trans-Siberian traveler, you lunch, before leaving, at the station of Moscow, in the restaurant of the Russian pavilion, and find the lunch very poor, which is more natural. On arriving at the other end of the train, you descend into the Chinese official pavilion, where, on decorated lacquer terraces, genuine Celestials, whose steps are soft and muf-

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

A STREET IN THE TUNISIAN EXHIBITION (FRENCH COLONIAL SECTION).



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY I. SCHUSSLER.

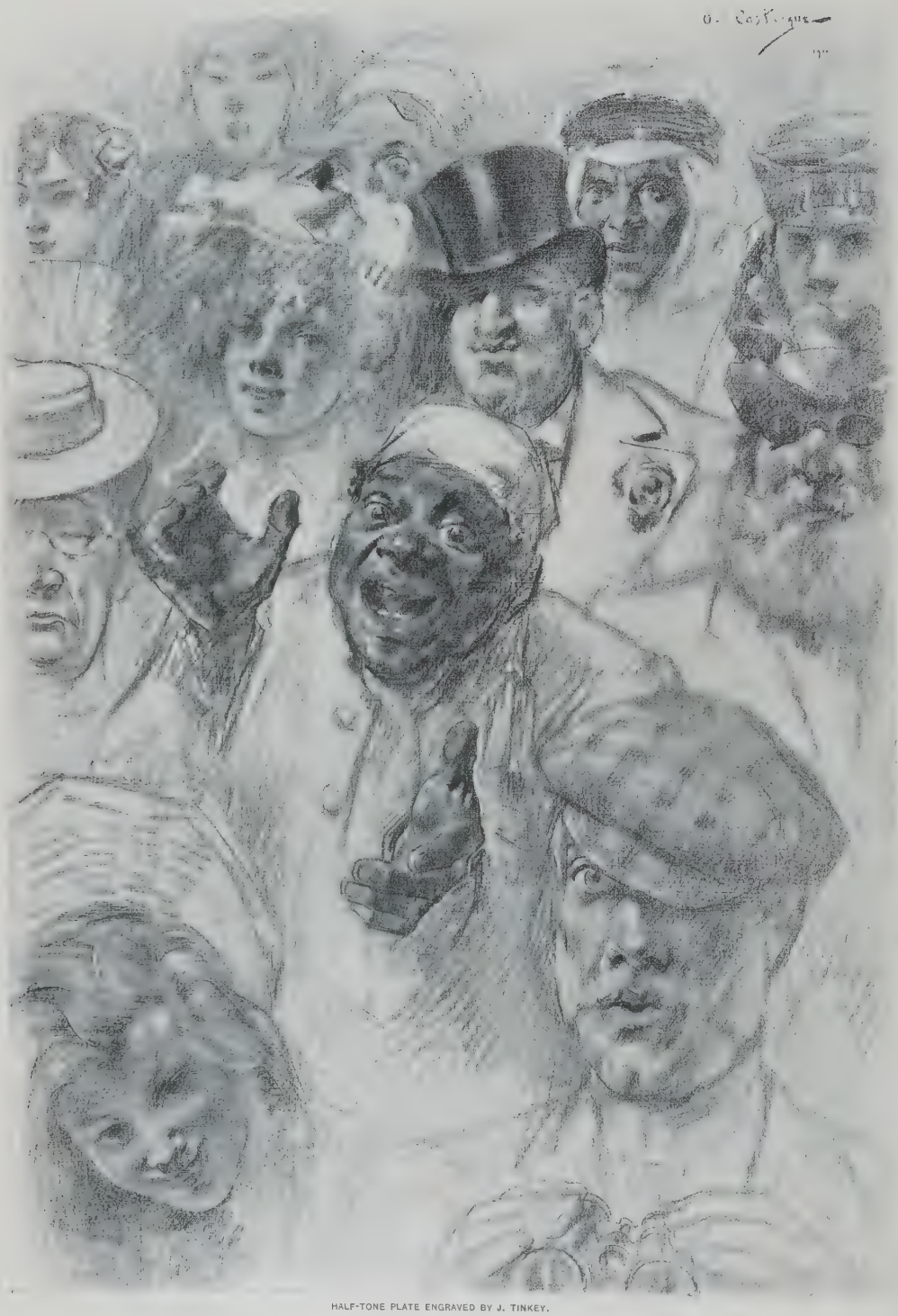
THÉÂTRE DES BONSHOMMES GUILLAUME (MARIONETTES).

fled, serve you swallows' nests, which you have no end of trouble eating with Chinese chopsticks. Is not this a triumph? For twenty cents the workman or the clerk may indulge in the luxury of a voyage which would necessitate weeks of leisure and a considerable sum of money.

Another moving panorama reveals the shores of Algiers. It is arranged with great art. One is at sea, but immovable; the canvas glides by before your eyes. Near by are deep-furrowed waves; on the blue ocean a fleet of war-ships passes. Light torpedo-boats flutter about among the heavy vessels; they plunge their prows into the foam tossed up by the waves; they splash in it and rise again joyously; they look like enormous whales sporting in the midst of the squadron. Farther on, the hills appear, Bona, Bougie, Algiers, the white Oran. The illusion is produced in the simplest possible manner, and the views are charming.

But it was reserved for the mareorama to show us a panorama at the same time inhabited and moving. In it one stands on the bridge of a ship one hundred and twenty feet long by thirty wide. The boat rolls and pitches with a gentle movement that gradually becomes more pronounced and even unpleasant to poor sailers. But only a suggestion of discomfort is awakened, and immediately the weather and the sea become serene and beautiful again. About the ship a vast panorama is unfolded, showing Marseilles, Tunis, Susa, Naples, Venice, and Constantinople. The canvas is nine hundred yards long and fourteen high. Breezes which have been made salt in passing over piles of seaweed are blown by ventilators across the bridge of the steamer; the vibration of machinery makes the boat tremble. Dancers visit it at the ports where it stops, giving at Naples the tarantella, at Constantinople a danse d'Almées. Nothing more could be done in the way of a panorama.

There is also a lineorama organized on new principles. It is a pretended balloon ascension. One is seated in a balloon car and sees colored projections made by the cinematograph of various scenes taken from a balloon at different heights, such as an Arabian fantasia, a bull-fight, and the port of Marseilles lined with steamboats. The ingenious part of it is that these views were taken from real balloons at the moment when they were ascending, and that the illusion is therefore perfect. But with this balloon one is at least sure of reaching earth again.



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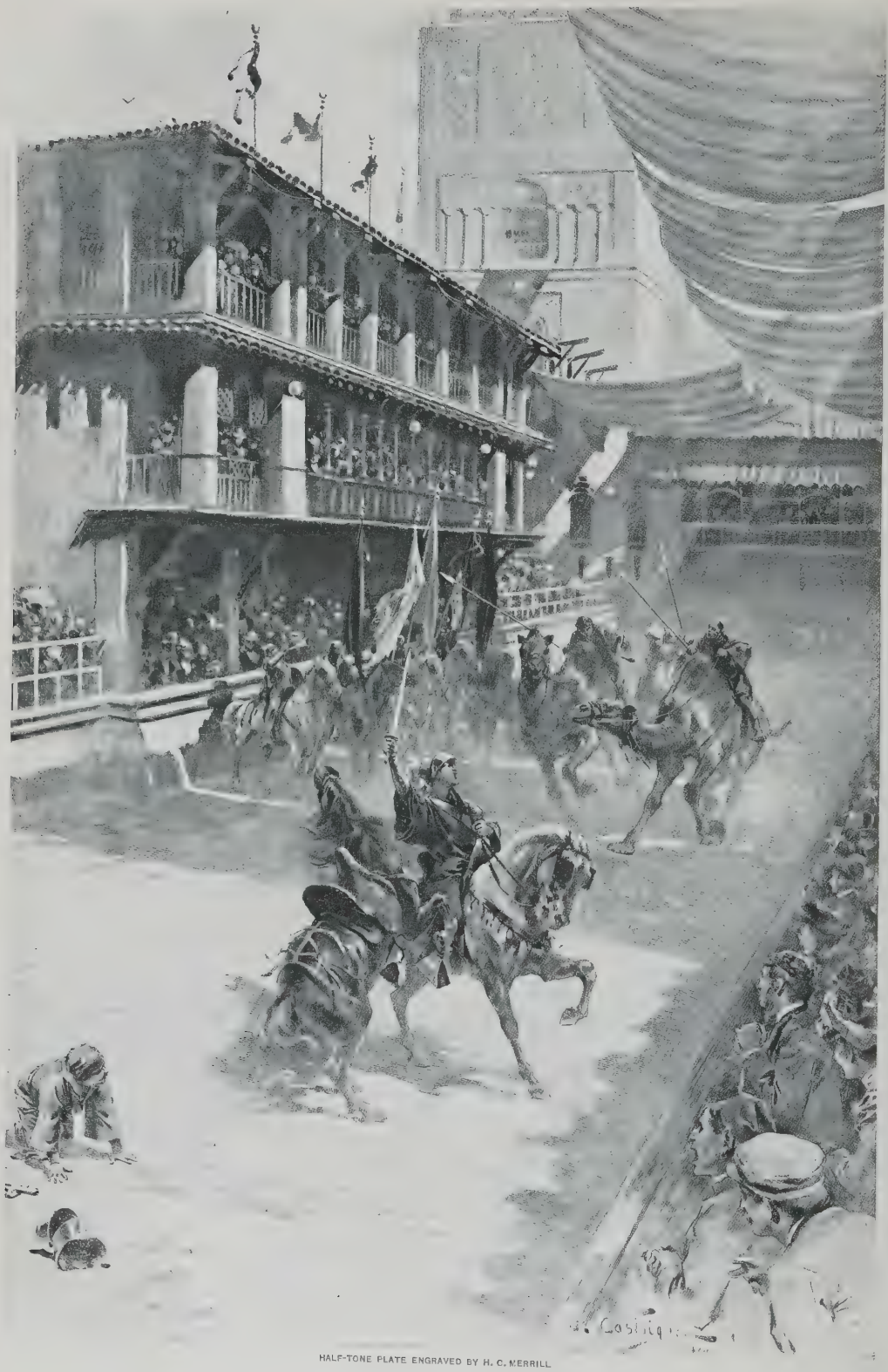
AN AUDIENCE AT A WORLD'S FAIR SHOW.

There are other sights for lovers of travel still more alluring, such as the colonial settlements of France and of various foreign lands. In these it is not a question of panoramas, of tricks, or of artificial effects of light; the life itself has been transported from far-away countries to the banks of the Seine; the houses of the natives have been reconstructed; their shops, their temples, their gods, have been united in a picturesque way; the inhabitants of these countries walk about the streets, they people the stores, they loiter on the terraces, they pray in the pagodas or the mosques. There are enchanting corners here where one is able, especially in the morning, before the throng invades the Exposition, to forget the trivial surroundings of one's daily life, and to spend the hours as does an African or an Oriental. Notice also that the sloping gardens of the Trocadéro, where the colonies are installed, are exposed to the full sunshine, sheltered from the cold winds, and that in summer one has the benefit of a really tropical heat to add to the illusion. Here, for example, is a street in Tunis. It is a delightful spot.

Here there is an irregular place surrounded by irregular buildings. In a café with beturbaned musicians, whose shrill flutes whistle and whose tambourines resound, you may taste a cup of genuine Moorish coffee, the kind which is as much food as drink. There are arcades, and at the top of a staircase the official pavilion of Tunis; on the other side is a mosque, a true gem of architecture, with translucent windows in arabesque frames; here, too, a barber-shop which has already become the vogue among hundreds of Arabs who live in the Trocadéro gardens. Through a door one penetrates into the street itself, a long, narrow passage covered with a slanting roof, the beams of which, laid horizontally, let the air through, but bar out the sun's rays. Along the street, in the soft light which is diffused still more through canopies stretched overhead, there are small booths, occupied by merchants of embroidered stuffs, carpets, scarfs, objects in bronze and copper, and all kinds of cakes and fruits from Tunis. They stand at their doors, and call familiarly to you; sometimes they even *tutoient* you. They speak in a peculiar French which resembles the lingua Franca, a strange language used in all the Eastern ports, composed of French, Arabian, Italian, and Spanish words. These merchants are Oriental Jews, and one must not look for the Arabian type in them; but that type we may see in a wood-carver bent over his primitive plane, which he manipulates with a bow set in motion by his right hand, while with his foot he holds the piece of wood on which his left hand rests. A little farther on another Arab is carving wooden soles mounted on small openwork stands; another is a potter perched on a narrow plank in what looks like the most uncomfortable position in the world, and slowly, carefully, he is decorating with his brush the pots, on which he draws ornaments barbaric in style. Here a woman is nursing her child under a caravan tent; little girls with tattooed foreheads, laughing, stretch out their hands. On the steps of the mosque a blind Arab is extended, dirty and magnificent. At nightfall others seat themselves before their houses, sheiks with arched noses, venerable beards, brows which round out under their full white turbans. Others cross the place, which is growing dark; compared with our scant clothes, their great draperies have a superb fullness, their slow step has a nobility which the Westerner knows not how to attain. And always from the distance comes the sound of the shrill flute and the tambourine, and the nasal cries which accompany the dancing in some café.

Here the Exposition really makes us feel the joys of Africa. Once past the door, which is guarded by Arabs, we are in a hot, narrow street of Tunis. Opposite is an Algerian street arranged in a similar manner. Farther along we have Indo-China. The surprising nearness of things totally different is one of the amusements of the show. The Indo-Chinese exhibition is planned like the other colonial exhibitions. They did not want to show merely statistics and photographs; they wished to place before the eyes of the visitor the life of the far East in its proper setting. Annamite workmen came expressly to decorate the delicate pagodas, to lacquer the wood, to gild the bell-towers, and paint on the door-post the horrible dragons of Asiatic legends.

The Annamite village is traversed by a tranquil river where diminutive Chinese vessels have come to anchor. The detached cabins, with only half-stories inside, are like little boxes gathered around a square. Natives are living in them, and in the back of the houses the women, in those long garments which are half wrapper and half overcoat, are cooking rice for their dinner; in front the men are busy at their trades. I saw them, when they were build-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

ANDALUSIA IN THE TIME OF THE MOORS.

ing their cabins, cover the roofs with laths, and I shall not forget the monkey-like manner in which the small yellow Asiatics, with their flat faces, eyes of black agate, hair twisted into knobs at the back of their heads, held themselves hooked on by their legs to the beams of the scaffolding, in the squatting position of a tailor, while they nailed in the laths with resounding blows.

Farther on is the Dahomeyan village. Carved idols very much like those of the North American Indians are placed on the tops of pedestals and stones. Superb negroes are at work in their cabins, which are covered with thatch. In the midst of them stands the table for the human sacrifices made by King Behauzin; the hatchets exhibited on it have sent many unfortunates to the kingdom of shadows. The capture and exile of Behauzin put an end to these bloody practices. At the door are more Dahomeyans in colonial uniform, who guard the visitors, and at the same time their black brothers. There is something ironical in the sight of all these natives with French uniforms, who now, in the name of France, protect the country which they could not defend against her. The same is true in all the numerous colonies which France possesses.

In the Chinese pavilion of several stories there is a strange theater, in which women with feet like babies sing in a guttural voice songs the rhythm and intervals of which have a weird sound to European ears; jugglers, full of good humor, talk unceasingly while they execute with ease difficult prestidigitator tricks. Not far distant is the Japan theater, where, as you drink a cup of perfumed tea, you may watch on the stage the death of an actress, who expires with terrifying and magnificent realism.

Farther on one may look at Andalusia in the time of the Moors, and behold her swarthy warriors in combat. Troops of camels sniff the sand of the arena; veiled women with tattooed foreheads flutter about under their voluminous garments.

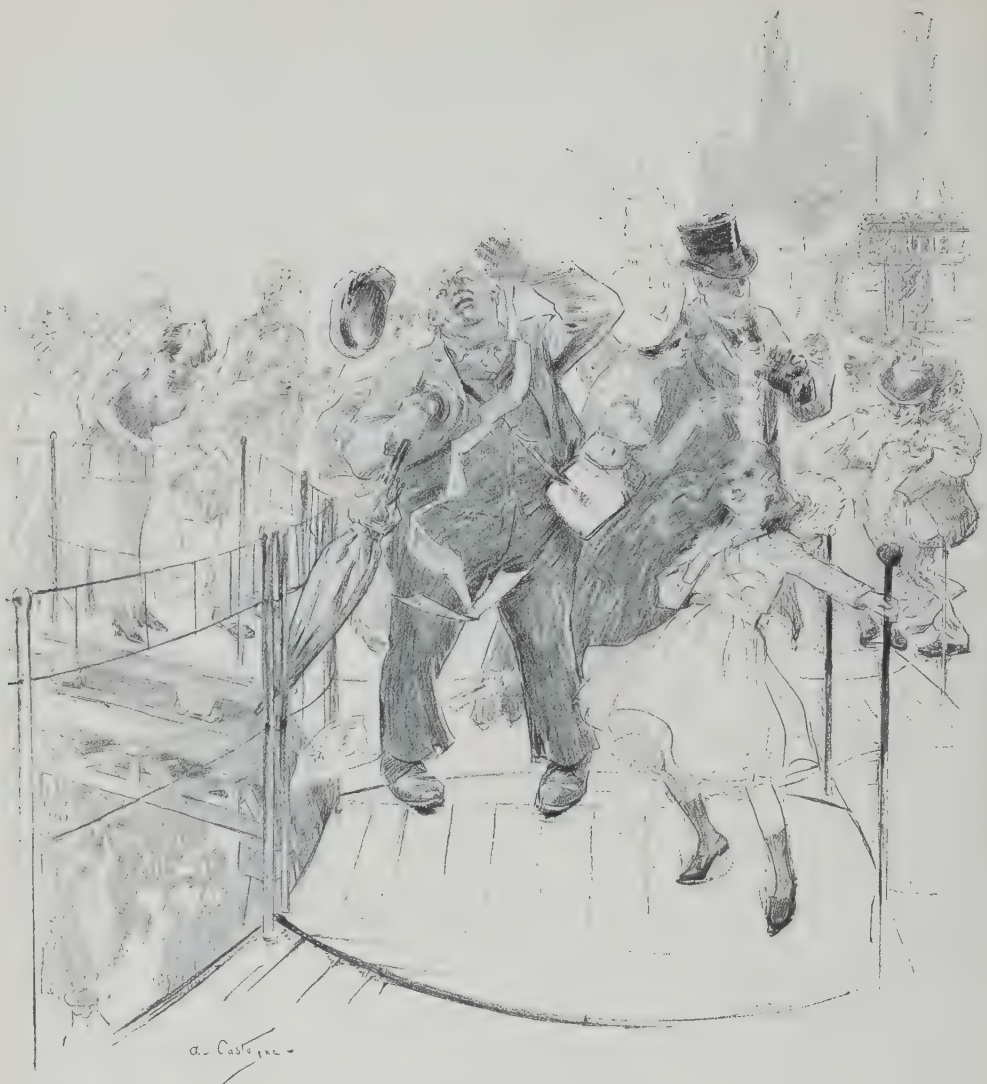
When the Orient becomes tiresome one may rest in the Swiss village. It is one of the successes of the Exposition, this picturesque double street with its vast roofed chalets and carved balconies, grouped with extraordinary art and exactness in a landscape as much like Switzerland as could be away from the Alps. Swiss peasants, men and women, in their divers national costumes, live here; in the stables Swiss cows are lowing; a river descends from the mountain in foamy cascades; and, finally, a panorama shows the Bernese Alps in all their glory, from the Jungfrau to Munich.

There is a wide choice of scientific amusements at the Exposition. In the Phonocinema Theater a cinematograph unrolls pictures with the familiar flicker and flash; the pictures represent scenes taken at a theater, and while they pass, a huge phonograph sends forth the songs of the actors, in the sharp voice of all phonographs, while the characters, with convulsive gestures, speak with a "Punch and Judy" intonation.

In the Palais de l'Optique the spectacle is more unusual. First, there is the great telescope, the largest in the world. It is sixty-five yards long, and its immense lens brings the moon so near that she will be forced to reveal her secrets, if, indeed, she have any. The moon will seem as near the earth as the Statue of Liberty to Brooklyn Bridge. One cannot refrain from a feeling of sadness at the idea of seeing the moon so near us. Up there she is so beautiful, when her luminous crescent is outlined against a sky yet tinted with the last glow of sunset, or when, in full form, she sheds a blue light over the sleeping country and spreads a fan of silver spangles on the undulating waves of the sea. But here, projected on the screen of the Palais de l'Optique, the nearer she draws to us, the uglier she becomes; she shows a wrinkled and leprous face, the horribly convulsed countenance of one who has died in cruel agony. I realize the sacrilege there is in placing before our eyes, almost within our reach, a being whose beauty consists in remoteness and mystery.

But the great telescope is not all of the Palais de l'Optique, which boasts of sixty attractions. One passes through a series of dark rooms: in one, the ceilings are rendered luminous by the infusoria which make the sea phosphorescent; in another, the formation of clouds is represented on a revolving disk; in another, a drop of Seine water is projected six hundred times its natural size; again, greatly magnified, we see the microbes which attack the human body—the pest microbe, lockjaw, typhoid fever, and consumption germs, all our mortal enemies appear there harmless. Also there are stereopticon views from photographs taken in the depths of the ocean, luminous stuffs, liquid or frozen light —and I know not what. Everywhere a guide accompanies and makes a brief speech to explain the sights before one's eyes. It is instructive, even amusing.

Finally, there are at the Exposition a few attractions which partake at the same time



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

ON THE ELEVATED ROLLING SIDEWALK.

of two or three of the tastes we have noticed, without belonging strictly to any one of them. There is the Palais du Costume, which has obtained great popularity. It shows the history of dress throughout the centuries, arranged with such exactness and splendor that one hopes some museum, when the Exposition is over, may add this collection to its riches. The epochs are represented by life-size figures, grouped together naturally in a setting of contemporary styles. Theodora, in the basilica of Ravenna, receives the homage of her subjects; Francis I has his interview with Henry VIII on the Field of the Cloth of Gold; and again, Josephine is seen trying on the coronation robes before Napoleon. The furniture, the architecture, the decorations, the hangings, the costumes, the light, are planned with the greatest care. One goes from Rome to the Second Empire in France, passing by the middle ages, Venice, the Renaissance, the reign of Louis XIV, the Regency, and the eighteenth century, and in every case the pictures are in exquisite taste. It is a charming promenade through the land of fashion. One returns astonished at the art which women have always displayed in dressing themselves to please, and, once back in modern times, glancing about, one may observe that our contemporaries are not letting the tradition of elegance perish; their dresses will also deserve some day to be exhibited.

At last we have come to the Château Ren-

verse, built upside down, the roof on the ground, the foundations in the air. Within, cleverly disposed mirrors produce the deceptive hallucination of furniture fastened to the ceiling, and fountains rising out of it and disappearing again.

Those who wish to amuse themselves will find enough to fill their afternoons agreeably. But when you have visited the various attractions of the Champ de Mars, the Rue de Paris, and the Trocadéro, do you suppose you have finished with the amusements of the Exposition? Not at all. They are not all official, catalogued amusements. Some of them may be enjoyed gratis. How good-natured are the crowds which enjoy them! They are gay; they wonder and exclaim; they are simple and full of gratitude; they are not sparing with their enthusiasm. One must follow them in the rush, on the sunny bridges, and on the moving sidewalk, which daily provokes more laughter than all the theaters in the Rue de Paris. It goes completely around the Exposition and moves in-

THE UPSIDE-DOWN HOUSE.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

A COCHIN CHINESE ARTIST DECORATING THE PALACE OF THE FRENCH FAR EAST.

cessantly at two degrees of speed, the first platform at two and one half miles an hour, the second at five and one half. Nothing is more amusing than to see people get on for the first time. Some catch hold with the wrong hand of the posts intended to aid the awkward, others jump on with both feet and tumble over. I saw an old lady clasp a picket of the rapid sidewalk with one hand, and a picket of the slow sidewalk with the other; in a second she looked like some one who was about to be quartered. Her arms continued to stretch out, but she could not make up her mind to loosen her grasp; finally, the instinct of self-preservation triumphed over clumsiness, and she gave up the post of the more swiftly moving platform.

Thus the crowd constitutes the most exotic of spectacles. It is motley, and more languages are spoken in it than in New York even, the greatest cosmopolitan city. One may dine in Hungary, in Germany, in Turkey, in Spain, always with dancing and native music. At the Exposition Frenchmen and foreigners take their pleasures together, and see that, taken as a whole, they are very much alike, kindly and easy to live with, men who can have only passing misunderstandings. And this sight is the most welcome of all the instructive amusements.

THE PRINCE OF ILLUSION.

BY JOHN LUTHER LONG,
Author of "Madame Butterfly," "Miss Cherry Blossom," etc.

WHAT YOU ARE TO KNOW FIRST.

FIRST you are to be told why and how he became a prince, for he was only a poor little boy living in a mean tenement.

The doctors said that he would always be blind and lame, and that he would probably not live beyond his tenth year; and if he were to live even so long as that, every pulsation must be watched, almost every breath. Then, if he had no sorrows—not one, if his heart were kept full of joy, he would almost certainly live the ten years.

"If not?" It was the young mother who asked the question.

"Madam, it will be ten years of sacrifice," was the answer.

"It will be ten years of joy," she said.

But those who are born blind, the doctors warned her, are born with fancies, illusions, of which even mothers have little understanding. These must be made real, no matter how strange, no matter how impossible, if there is to be joy, until the mind has matured the fortitude to undergo disillusion. This child, they told her, would probably be as sensible as a spirit to beauty and as sensitive as a spirit to what was unbeautiful. Of the existence of ugliness he must not know at all, unless he should pass the ten years they gave him; and then slowly, gradually, with care, with every effect watched. But of things beautiful, joyous, splendid, uplifting, he might learn all that she could teach him, and more. There could not be too much of beauty and joy and splendor in his life. So the wise doctors said; and the mother would have accomplished all this if they had told her that he would live only ten minutes longer by reason of it.

His familiarity with things of a princely nature came first with her reading to him; for it happened that the books she read were thus cast, and that it was these he fancied most. What boy does not? She could not tell exactly when the idea that he himself was a prince first possessed him, so gradual was it; but she could not misunderstand, presently, that he conceived himself one with those she read about. Once she tried timorously to undeceive him, the delusion seemed so monstrous; but she had not spoken five words when she saw terror waken in his eyes.

Then she remembered the warnings of the doctors and resolved that he should be a prince, an emperor, if he wished, if it gave him pleasure. If the ten years were all, why, he would know in heaven, where also her forgiveness was. If he was to live beyond that, God would help her.

"Oh, he *shall* be a prince!"

She said it with a thrill, standing in the middle of her lamp-lighted room, with her hands upraised, and something royal in herself.

THE SPLENDID ONE.

HER room had only one window, and the shutter of that opened against another wall, so that it gave only an inch or two of daylight, and no sunlight. All day a lamp burned; all day she sewed. Now and then she would stop to fan the heated air out through the door and the window. Nothing was there which was not absolutely essential. A dun-colored curtain closed the door to the other room. There, beyond the curtain, she lived his life of beauty and joy with him. Here, apart from him, she lived her own, of sorrow, penance, despair. So, her room was like a nun's cell, and she like a nun; his was like the cabinet of a prince, and he like a prince. Only once it sobbed from her behind the curtain that there, where the splendor was, was falsehood, which she hated; that here, where the squalor was, was truth, which she adored.

The other side was of golden damask rich brocaded. The walls were pale yellow and rose, in the shadows dimly blending into warmth. There was a huge window which had been made splendid with paper imitations of painted glass in the tone of the

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room, and so skilfully had it all been done that it gave one entering the sense of great richness and largess.

Facing the door was a bed of dainty white enamel, canopied, frilled, chiffoned, with all its belongings immaculate.

Enveloped in all this splendor of color was the occupant of the bed, a boy of nine years, but looking tragically older. He was sallow, hollow-cheeked, with elfin locks and eyes deep-set and leaden. Not a feature of him was tolerable. He was ugly.

She who sewed in the outer room, and always listened, was arrested and rose to her feet in expectation. The sound had been the coy herald of a rippling laugh which now came from the splendid room—an almost impossible laugh for such a boy. The mother parted the curtains, and stood between them smiling.

"Mama, are you there?" shouted the boy, joyously.

His voice was a surprise; it was like the room, rich with color.

"Yes, sweetheart," answered his mother in tones which curiously matched his own, yet soft, melodious, intelligent—a mother's voice answering her child.

"Well, are n't you *ever* going to come to me?" he complained speciously.

"Yes; but you must not shout so."

"I was n't angry, mama darling," said the boy. "That was just fun."

"Of course," said his mother.

She sat on the bedside, taking his hands.

"But I could n't help it, mama dear, it was *so* funny. It slipped right out."

He had brought his tones to quite the pleasant pitch of hers, and one understood now where he got them.

"What was it, dear? and why was it funny?"

"Why, everything you have read me about and told me about has been beautiful, gorgeous, splendid! Of course I 'm glad; but, mama dear, there must be something dreadful—ugly?"

There was a tremor in the mother's voice as presently, after thinking, she answered:

"What makes you fancy that?"

"Why, must n't there be something ugly to make the rest seem beautiful? How can you tell? See, I have been thinking."

"No, sweetheart, the world is all beautiful. The splendid things need nothing to compare them with to tell us who see that they *are* splendid. That is a mistake. You must not think mistakes. The sun does not need the darkness to make it seem splendid. It is splendid in the full light of day."

"But, mama darling, is n't there one—just one little thing in all the world that is dreadful?"

She hesitated. His pretty voice pleaded with her ineffably. She must not unnecessarily deny him the truth, neither must she make him sad with it. This was the terror that she faced always, and more and more as his intelligence fed upon hers. Was it better that he should know, and grieve for the knowledge; or that he should yearn to know, with an avidity that was consuming, and never know? The doctors had not at all forecast this strange phase of his development. She herself had learned that there was peril either way. And sometimes, as to-day, she chose the way of truth, with its peril, because she was so desperately weary of falsehood. Is that strange? Know, then, that at times she agonized for the truth. For, now that it was denied her, it seemed royally precious. Once prevarication had not appeared heinous, but now she loathed it. Sometimes it seemed as if she could not live without some physical manifestation of truth; but there was no place to find it save in her bleak room. Here, often, she did find it, on the bleared walls, in the inch or two of daylight; and it healed her.

"Mama, I *want* something to be ugly, dreadful—as dreadful as possible—just some one little thing. I shall be horribly disappointed if there is n't. I don't like to think and think and then be—disappointed."

The little boy insisted upon it with whimsical impatience, as if she might produce what he wished if she would.

"But why, dearest?" she asked, to temporize.

"Oh, because."

The reason was so weak that he added others almost as weak.

"It will be something entirely new. And you will tell me about it. Sometimes I get tired—just a little, mama dear, of everything being beautiful, and wonder whether ugly things would n't be nice, just for a change,—maybe beautiful themselves; that is what I was thinking about."

The boy nestled to her with a caress. She flung up her arms as she did sometimes when the passion smote her, and a great weariness showed in her eyes, and that hunger for the truth came which was so hard to quell. She did not quite vanquish it to-day.

"Yes," she said; "there is one sad thing

in the world, but I cannot tell you about it. I have never seen it—but—but once; and you—never will."

The little boy's interest caught.

"What is it called, mama dear?"

"The name will tell you nothing."

"Please, mama darling!"

"Will you promise not to think of it, not to let it make you unhappy, and that you will tell me if it does, the least bit?"

"Why, mama, of course. Now, what is it called?"

"Death."

"Death?"

He tried the sound of the word curiously.

"Death. It does n't *sound* dreadful, mama dear; not at all. Is it sad? Are you sure?"

It had not hurt him, so she let herself answer, though at the end she halted.

"Very sad."

"Tell me more about it. You see it has not made me unhappy."

"I do not know—much more."

"But when you know you will tell me all, won't you, mama dear, because there are to be no secrets between us, remember. You said that yourself. But now tell me what little you know. Don't be afraid, mama."

"Men have called it glorious." To herself she said: "Oh, God! Glorious!"

"That is fine," said Jack. Then, with a lapse of his interest, he asked: "Is that all you know, mama?" Evidently something else had displaced that.

"Yes; to-night."

"But you will tell me all about it when you know?"

"Yes; when I know."

"And you will not forget? Forgive me, mama; you *never* forget."

"I will not forget, sweetheart."

She sighed her relief. The truth had not hurt him; it had brought them closer together. She felt that it had been good.

HIMSELF.

"But, mama, that was n't the only funny thing," the little boy went on gaily. "See *how* I have just been thinking! You have told me about everything in the world but myself! And I never thought of it before; and of course you did n't. Now, is n't that funnier still? Tell me now, mama—right now!"

The peace he had given her was gone in an instant. She shivered, and put his hands down.

"Oh, have I displeased you, mama? Is that why you shiver?"

"No."

She had only the one word for him, spoken very softly.

"Your hands are cold. Let me warm them."

He reclaimed the hands she had taken away, and tucked them with his own under the warm covers. Then he nestled against her. This he did awkwardly, as all his caressing. But now the mother swept him into her arms. He liked that, and for a while was silent; but he did not forget.

"Don't *you* think it funny—to tell your little boy about all the world and everything in it but himself?" He stopped suddenly, and then whispered, "Mama—did n't you—*wish*—to tell me?"

She could feel him grow rigid. Then, clinging to her arms, he climbed up, and tried to look into her eyes.

"Jack," she half pleaded, half chided, "why are you so strange?"

He did not heed her; his face had grown gray; his heart palpitated against hers; on his forehead, which he put against her own, was a mist.

"Mama darling," he whispered, "can it be that you are—*afraid*—to tell me? Am *I* ugly—like death? Mama!"

The last was a stabbing cry. A spasm of terror closed the mother's throat. She strove piteously for a word.

"No!"

It came like a piccolo-note. Then she was able to wring a little laugh from within, and said:

"I suppose that is why I never thought of it—because you are so much a part of all that is beautiful in the world."

The boy relaxed upon her as if she had given him back life. He believed instantly.

"Oh, mama, *is* it true? *Am* I beautiful like all the rest? For a moment I was afraid. Something stopped down here." He put his hand to his heart, and the mother shivered again. "Forgive me, mama dear! Of course it is true. But tell me; it is so sweet to hear. Do you know what I thought when the thing within stopped?"

"No," she answered.

"That if I were ugly, like death, I should never wish to see."

"No," she said soothingly; "nor—nor should I wish it."

"I know that you are beautiful. I can feel your hair and eyes and lips and cheeks, all quite as if I saw them. Your hair is warm, your cheeks are soft, your eyes have long lashes; but my hair and cheeks and lashes"

—he began to touch them in doubt—"they are not quite like yours."

She stopped him there. Peril was imminent. She had mastered her emotions, as she had taught herself long ago to do; it must be falsehood now. So her voice went on, no more with tremors, but calm, strong, soothing, majestic. She took his hands from their search, and held them in her own.

"Do not trust your hands, darling, but my eyes. You are the most beautiful thing in all the whole world—do you hear?"

"Yes," he whispered in ecstasy. "And oh, think of all the splendid things you have told me!"

"Yet you are more splendid." She touched him affectionately and wiped the damp from his forehead.

"Yes," said Jack, quite satisfied. "It seems so strange to forget it. But I understand. You see me every day." His brief chiding was full of love. "Mama,"—this was the result of a moment of thought, but it was not fearful or doubtful,—"you don't mean that I am beautiful to *you*, because you love me, don't you know? Mama darling, I should love you if you were the ugliest being that ever lived, just because—oh, because—I love you." He laughed. "Oh, yes; you would still be beautiful to me. You don't mean I am beautiful like that, do you, mama dear?"

"No," she said sweetly.

"But really and truly beautiful, like those princes you have read about, and like the splendid flowers? God must have made me beautiful because he made me lame and blind. He always does that, does n't he? You have told me so; and all the lame little princes are beautiful—*always?*"

"Yes; like that—like all of that," pleaded his mother, hastily.

"Go on, now, mama, and tell me about myself. You need n't be afraid. I shall know if you make me *too* beautiful."

He said it gaily, then cuddled happily against her, and waited.

But none of it had been so difficult as this, nothing had been so avoided.

"Oh, Jack, will not some other time do? I am very, very tired," she begged piteously.

"Too tired, mama dear, to tell me a few tiny things, like the color of my hair and eyes? Then, if you are still tired, you shall lie right down here beside me and sleep. I sha'n't say a word, scarcely breathe, mama; only keep my arms about you, very close —so." It was a fervid embrace.

She looked long into the thin elf-face before her; then, as she spoke, she closed her eyes. She wished to know only the tender pressure of the small arms.

"You have long and splendid locks, my darling, in which the very sun at times seems hidden, only to flash out joyously now and then in a curl as you turn. Oh—"

She was tired, it seemed, in her very soul; and her invention flagged and rebelled at this as at nothing before. The last was a rebellious note, caught away in time.

"Go on, mama," he urged; "that is fine. It is like the Prince of—of Something. You read about him yesterday. Only I am more splendid than he?"

"Yes."

He shook his serpent-locks that she might see the sun-flash.

"There—like that! Did it flash—and flash?"

"Yes," whispered his mother, with still closed eyes, kissing the dank hair.

"The great yellow sun which makes the day, the going away of which makes the night—like that? So splendid?"

"Yes."

"The huge, golden ball?" He was quoting her.

"Yes."

"Go on, mama dear. What is the color? Yellow, like the sun, too? I wish it to be yellow. I like yellow best, and most of the princes have yellow hair."

"Yes; yellow, and shining, and silken. Nothing could be more lovely."

"And my eyes—are they yellow, too?"

"Ah, no,"—she could smile a little,—"they are blue, like the sky in which the sun shines, and large and round; and when you wake they open like morning-glories dainty with dew. Oh, then, my bonnie one, it seems impossible that you cannot see! Now—*now!* Your eyes are looking straight into mine. Oh, some day you *must* see—you *shall!*"

"Of course," said Jack, confidently.

"Yes."

But she whispered it, and breathed rapidly for a moment.

"Go on, mama dear. Of course my eyes are blue. Only I forgot. All the princes' are. What next?"

"Yes—and—oh—there are long, curling lashes that lie on your cheeks as you sleep —oh, my God! my God! my God!"

Endurance failed. She sobbed.

Jack put his thin hand up to her eyes.

"Mama darling," he whispered, "tell the rest to-morrow. I forgot that you were tired.

I make you talk so much. Oh, it seems to me that *I* should never, never, *never* get tired talking about things that are beautiful! But it can't be the same with one who can see them. But to-morrow, mama dear."

"No!" she cried out savagely. "Now!"

To herself she said: "Now—to-day—this one time, he shall be as I would have him, as I *prayed* he might be!" "Jack, sweetheart, oh, your face is so fair that it seems vision-like—the kind one dreams of," she went on. "There is a pink spot on each cheek that is more beautiful than any of the flowers or colors I have told you of, because it lives—it *lives!* Here and here, where I touch. And it comes and goes, it glows and pales, as they cannot. Because it *lives!* Sometimes it is but a faint pink; and then, when you are very happy—"

"I am always happy, mama dear."

He almost shouted it.

"Yes, yes, yes! Oh, thank God! Thank the God in heaven, the God of children! But sometimes you are happier than at others, sometimes you are *very* happy. Then it is deep crimson. And your dear mouth, oh, Jack, my beautiful one, is like a rosebud, and more sweet—more sweet to kiss."

She put her lips avidly upon his, and kept them there. Jack's arms went about her neck.

"Mama darling, it is better than seeing—to hear you tell it. Mama, do you know, sometimes I 'm almost glad I 'm blind, when you are like this."

Suddenly, resistlessly, she sobbed.

"But why do you cry, mama dear?"

"Oh, don't you know, Jack, my sweet one?"

"N-no," said Jack, uncertainly. "I guess I don't know much about crying, do I? I have never cried, have I, mama? I don't remember it if I have. Maybe I don't know how."

"God grant that you may never learn! You never shall if I can prevent it. Oh, you shall be the happiest being that ever lived on the earth! You shall know no sorrow, regret, or care—only joy, joy, joy! You shall dream—dream to the end! Thus shall I atone—"

Then she remembered, and explained dully:

"Jack dear, we cry when we are glad as well as when we are sorry—we women."

"Only women do that?"

"Only women."

"And *must* they, mama dear?"

"Yes, Jack; sometimes—they—must." Within she said, "Else they would die!"

"It seems a little—silly, mama, to cry when you are glad. But I like to do everything you do."

"You shall never shed a tear, Jack my own!"

"Thank you, mama. I would rather not if I don't have to. What 's the use?"

She laughed sadly.

"Yes, what 's the use?" She saw that he caught upon her tone, and hastened him away from it. "There is a piquant little nose which we can both find."

Their hands met on the way to it, and they laughed together very joyously.

"And two pretty ears through which the light shines pink. See?" She put his hands with hers upon them, and again they laughed—that he should "see"!

"And here, where we both touch again, comes a dimple every time you smile; and you know how often that is, God bless you!"

"Yes." Jack laughed riotously.

"And here, where we touch once more, is another."

"I can't feel them," complained Jack, trying.

"You must smile, not laugh. They will come for a smile, not for a laugh."

Jack tried desperately to smile, and not to laugh.

"Oh-h-h! That 's the first time I knew that you can't smile when you want to, and that you 've *got* to laugh when you don't want to." But he stopped searching for the dimples, and became almost solemn.

"Why, mama darling, none of the things you have told me about is as beautiful as your own little boy."

Something battled and shouted in her heart.

"No," she whispered with a great throb.

"And some day I shall see myself—oh!"

His mother suddenly gasped and got to her feet. The boy felt her mood change.

"Mama, you said so," he chided softly.

She sat down again and took his hands.

"Yes; but you must be patient. It may be a long while yet."

"Oh, I don't care how *long* it is, only so that it is certain. I am more than nine now. Will it be before I am ten, do you think?"

"It—may—be," she faltered.

His spirits grew buoyant.

"*I* think it *will* be. I have the feeling that I shall see *soon*. I saw the music the other day when the German musicians played at the palace gate. Yes; and, mama dear, the first

thing I shall do will be to look at myself in the wonderful mirror of which you have told me, where one can see one's self just as you see me now. That must be splendid. Sometimes, mama, I almost can't wait."

"You must be very patient," she said.

"Yes; but, oh, I think and think and think of that first moment! But then, after a long time, I make myself stop thinking so that I don't get impatient. I 'd like to get impatient. But that is what you wish—for me not to get impatient, is n't it mama?"

"Yes," said his mother.

"But, mama, it *will* be splendid—oh, glorious, won't it? I may think about its being glorious, may n't I?"

"Yes."

"Glorious! And then, mama darling—forgive me! Oh, how selfish I am! I shall not look in the mirror first. I shall look at *you* first—you, mama darling!"

She put her trembling hand on his mouth. There were no words within for him.

He laughed splendidly, and drew the hand caressingly over his cheeks, one after the other. Finally he kissed it.

"But, mama, that *will* be glorious—the moment when I shall see *you!*"

"Yes, Jack. But you must not forget—we do not all see—alike—"

The little boy stopped her mouth as she had done his; and she was glad.

"No buts, please, mama, not one! That moment will be too splendid for buts."

"Then there shall be none, my boy."

HERSELF.

"AND, mama," again he almost shouted, "we are not *done* with the funny things, not half done, not quarter! I just now thought of another. The glorious moment *made* me think of it. Oh, it is the funniest of all! *Mama*, you have never told me about yourself—not a word! Why, mama! What can you have been thinking of all the time? A little boy not to know anything about the sweetest mother!"

"Ah, that is easier."

Jack unerringly caught her tone.

"Why, mama?" he asked quickly.

Her answer was not at once ready. Often her wits, trained only in dissimulation, could not keep pace with his seeking, in the darkness, only the truth.

"You are not afraid, mama?"

Still she was not ready.

"I *know* you are beautiful. This and this and this and this are all beautiful." He touched successively her hands and hair and face.

"Yes," she said then, comfortingly; "I suppose I too am beautiful."

"Then why are you afraid, mama dear, to tell me?"

"I am not afraid," she stumbled on, "but, oh — perhaps — embarrassed. You must know that one cannot see one's own beauty, even with the wonderful mirror, as one can see another's. I shall have to wait till you can see me with your own dear eyes to know whether or not I am beautiful."

"Oh, won't that be splendid! I would a thousand times rather see you than myself, mama, my sweet mama! No, no, no! I shall not look in the wonderful mirror first, but at you—right up into your face like this! And—oh, yes—I 'll tell you everything—every little thing; and I will tell you true, just as you do me—"

She interrupted him with a breathless sense of guilt.

"Yes, yes. Shall I tell you—you wanted to know—about my—myself?"

"Yes," said Jack; "and excuse me for not letting you."

The mother sighed out her relief.

"Well, then, my eyes also are blue, or rather violet, because I am so much older, I suppose; and my hair too is yellow, and falls in waves, and my lashes are long, and—and I used to have dimples—before—oh!—and—that 's all, is n't it?"

She had spun it off at an almost maudlin gallop.

"Why, no, mama dear. You have missed the best of all—your mouth. Is it red, like mine? I know it is sweet to kiss."

"Oh, I don't know, Jack darling. One cannot tell about one's self as about another. One who can see—"

Reaction had come, and she was suffering now.

"But, mama, did n't some one tell you, just as you tell me? I wish so, mama. Not the mirror—some person. A voice. I wish some one to have been as sweet to you as you are to me. And there must have been some one who could n't help it."

She suddenly swept the strange boy into her arms, and crushed him there. With her mouth at his neck she whispered tempestuously:

"Yes! Yes; some one—did."

"Oh, I just knew it! Who was it, mama?" Jack whispered back eagerly.

"Oh, darling, darling, don't ask, please! I did n't mean to tell you. I must n't tell

you! Yet I must, if you ask. But you won't ask, will you?"

"We were to have no secrets, mama dear, from each other. You know everything which comes into my heart," Jack said sadly. "I like to tell you. And you are happy and unhappy all together! When I am that way, I can't *help* telling you."

This loving chiding sank deep into her soul. She was silent another moment, her breath throbbing upon his neck, trying to decide. She wanted to tell him.

"Mama, was it a little boy?"

A small hand touched her face, timorously.

"No," she whispered fiercely, in the new joy of it—"no; it was a man. A man tall and splendid."

"Oh, that is very beautiful," said Jack. "And was it long ago, mama dear?"

"Long, long ago, Jack."

"Did he—love you, mama?"

"Love me! Oh!"

"As much as you do me?"

"More."

Jack was silent a moment.

"Not more, mama, please," he pleaded then.

She laughed hysterically, and caught him closer.

"No, not more. No. No one *could* love me more. But, oh! he was so great and splendid that it seemed more. It was as if he had all the love in the world—in heaven—to give. And he—gave it—to *me!*"

Again the boy was silent for a space. He had never seen her in such superb emotion as this. It fascinated him, while yet there was a certain difficult terror in it. All the time his voice had been growing softer, more intimate, as he questioned her, as if his soul, always greater than he, not his mind, quite understood.

"Mama, did he kiss your lips—the splendid one?"

"Yes," she confessed.

"As I do?"

She plunged her face deeper, and Jack understood that she wished not to answer this, and forbore.

"Mama—was it—my father?"

She was still silent. But the boy could feel her sobbing within.

"Mama, does n't it make you happier to tell things? It does me. I *must.* If I don't, they slip right out of me, anyhow. But afterward I 'm always glad."

"Yes, yes, yes! Oh, I too must tell things! They break the heart, they kill, unless one does. And I have no one but you!"

"Then tell me—tell me all about the splendid one. It will make you happier to tell. And afterward I shall kiss you so that you may know it has made me happier."

"Jack—will it make you happier? Are you sure?"

"Oh, *sure!*" He laughed a little. "I know it was my father. And I am glad he was the splendid one. Some day I shall be just like him."

"Yes. But—"

Again he could feel her sobbing.

"But?" he urged sweetly.

"One night he—went away—and—never came—back!" She hurried it out as if she might fail.

"Never came back!" Jack was silent then. His mother looked at him.

"Jack, it *has* made you sad! Oh, if it has—"

He answered with a strange deliberation:

"It has made me love you a million times more, all in a moment."

"Thank you, Jack," she whispered.

"I do not see how he *could* stay away from you, mama darling. I don't see how *any* one could. Mama, was I born then?"

"N—no," she faltered.

"I am sorry for that. Was he angry, mama?"

"I cannot tell you more to-day, Jack—please—please!" She begged it in whispers.

"Mama, your little boy only wants to help you; and your voice is dreadful as you say it." He found her mouth and kissed it. She closed her eyes. Both were quiet for a little.

"Mama darling," Jack asked then, "have you his photograph?"

"Yes—on my bureau—by the mirror."

"And shall I see it when my sight comes?"

"Yes."

"Mama, you said he loved you; but did you love *him*—the splendid one?"

"Did I love him? Jack—I—I worshiped him!"

"Oh!"—Jack clicked his teeth together—"how *could* he get angry and go away from you if he was splendid!"

"You will never get angry and go away from me, no matter what I may do?"

"I?" That and Jack's lips gave her sufficient answer.

"God bless you, my little boy!"

"Mama, had he blue eyes and yellow hair, like us?"

"Yes."

"But, mama darling, *why* did n't he come back? Oh, *I* should have come back, if for just one minute, and put my arms around

you and kissed you many, many times, and told you I was sorry. That 's what I would have done if I had been so horrid to you."

"Oh, Jack, you hurt me! He was not horrid. It was I."

"You!" Nothing could have been added to Jack's wondrous inflection to make the one word more impressive.

"I," she repeated miserably.

"Then, mama,"—Jack's voice took on an indescribable maturity and nobility,—"you must ask him to come back. It is a long time; but you must. And I know he will come. Oh, perhaps he has been waiting all the time! Mama, ask him now to come back to you—and to me. Tell him about me. Perhaps he does not know—"

She stopped him like an animal he had driven to bay, panting, reckless, defiant.

"Jack,"—she hurled it at him in a sudden whisper,—"he is—dead!" She caught at the word, but it was too late.

"Dead," repeated the little boy, awed by her manner, not by the word. "Death—the dreadful thing?"

She hurried him to something else.

"The photograph is in his uniform, just as he marched away. Oh, oh, oh, Jack, there is a song they used to sing then—oh, so long, long ago!—

"They marched away,
So gallant and gay.

It was like that. Only he was not gay, Jack dear. We had quarreled. I thought I hated him. I was very wicked and unkind. I told him never to speak to me again. I said, 'Go!' in that voice—do you hear? '*Go!*'"

Her dramatizing had carried him away from that to this—alas! not without its peril, also.

"I never heard your voice like that," said Jack, coming closer, with a shiver of terror. "It must have been dreadful to hear you speak like that. It makes me sorry for him. And all the time, mama dear, you did n't hate him; you loved him?"

"I loved him, but I said I hated him. I thought he knew, and would come back. But I had hurt his heart too badly."

"And yours was hurt, too, mama?"

"Yes; more than his—more—more—more."

"Where did he go, mama?"

"Oh, to something you have never heard of—war." Since he knew the rest, this did not seem perilous.

"Mama, what is war?"

"It is fighting, Jack, by many men—thousands of men—at one time. They have guns and cannons and swords and bayonets, all things made to kill. And they kill one another—kill!" She spoke it with all the sudden hate she had for it; and then, at the enlightenment in Jack's face, she repented.

"And *that* 's why he never came back?"

"Yes."

"Because to kill brings death, does n't it, mama?"

"Yes. Let us sing a little now." She did so hastily.

"Ever of thee I am fondly dreaming,
Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer."

But after one verse she stopped, and there was silence. For Jack was not listening to her music, though it never quavered from her lips so longingly.

"I knew," Jack mused,—and this was the result of his thinking,—"that he *could n't* come back, or else he would. Yes—I know he would."

"I did see him—once more. And oh, Jack, I would tell you if I were sure it would not hurt you. I *want* to tell some one."

"Tell me, mama dear. It will not hurt me. It is all beautiful because it is all about you—all your life. Do not be afraid. Tell me."

She believed him. And she was desperate for his comfort. Yet she hesitated.

"He was killed, was n't he, mama dear?"

"Yes."

"And he was quite still and could n't speak to you? See what a lot I know!"

"Yes."

But the silence embarrassed him.

"That 's all I have guessed so far about death, mama," he confessed.

"There was a bullet-hole here—where I put my finger. A bullet is a small pointed thing made of metal and thrown very swiftly out of a long tube called a gun; and if it strikes one he is killed or desperately wounded. It had struck him here—just above his eye. And it was so sudden that his lips still looked as though he were giving a command. He was an officer then. And—Jack—oh, Jack!—around his neck was a little blue ribbon. I took it out. It had on it—a ring—which he had given me—and which I had given back to him—when—when he went away. This is it. Yes, feel it. Just the little hoop of gold—the yellow metal we have talked about."

Jack for the first time took it off and then put it with a strange solemnity back upon her finger.

"And now you wear it again, mama!"

"Now—I—wear—it—again."

"Dear, dear mama! Mama, you said that death was glorious—"

"That men *called* it glorious, when one dies for one's country, or for some vast and human cause; yes, I said that men called it glorious. But, oh, what do they know of women—of mothers—of wives!" The last word came with passionate cupidity.

"Oh, but, mama darling, I am thinking only of him—the splendid one—and not of countries and causes. How *can* they call it glorious to kill one so beautiful? And then to kill thousands so splendid! Mama, it *can't* be glorious to kill anything that is beautiful, splendid, no matter what for—not even a little flower!"

"No. Men who have been in battle tell only of the horror and terror of it."

"Mama, where do they fight?"

"Out in the fields, by the rivers, on the mountains."

"Where there are flowers?"

"Yes."

He put his arms about her.

"Mama darling, it is not glorious."

"No."

"I should not care for the countries or the causes, but only for those who have to suffer for ever and ever, as you must, mama dear."

"Ah, Jack, I am afraid that is all I or any woman thinks of when our loved ones go to war."

"After that you loved him more and more—because you had hurt his heart—did n't you, mama?" He whispered it, and touched her caressingly.

"Sometimes I used to think that he was glad to die—because I had hurt him. But I always loved him more and more, and I always shall." She flung back her head royally, and said within:

"Oh, I have suffered enough, God, to be permitted this—this to my little boy—*his*—little boy!"

Jack came out of his somberness, presently, to say with a rapturous embrace:

"I 'm glad I 'm like him, mama. And when I grow up you shall have him all back. And, mama," he cooed, "he will never go away—never, never!"

"No."

"And even if you should get angry you will not be so angry that you will let me go away and be killed?"

"No."

"I should be willing to die," mused the boy, "if it would make you happier."

"Jack, oh, Jack, be still! You accuse me. I let him be killed who was only kind and loving to me—"

"No, mama dear. I only wanted you to know that death is not as dreadful to me as it is to you. It is just like sleep, is n't it? When one dreams pleasant things. No, I should n't think it glorious to die for the countries or the causes, but for you—"

"Glorious to go away and leave me the loneliness—oh, the loneliness! That is it! It is that which makes it dreadful! Never to look into his eyes, never to touch his hand, never to hear his voice—oh, it is the loneliness!"

"Mama," asked the little boy, "do you think me brave?"

"Very."

"Do you remember the fire, when everything burned up—every little thing? Everything but you and me? And how I was n't one bit frightened, but waited for you to carry me out in your arms? Do you remember how you kept calling to me: 'Jack! Jack! Jack! Don't be afraid! I 'm coming! I 'm on the third—fourth—last landing!'"

"And how you answered that you were not afraid and were waiting?"

"Mama, *you* were brave, too."

Suddenly she understood his strangeness.

"Jack! You are comforting me!" she cried.

"Yes," he smiled. "Don't you like it?"

"But you do think it dreadful—death?"

"Yes. At first it seemed almost beautiful, to die for one like you. But when you said that about loneliness—oh *yes!*—"

"Jack, what are you thinking of?"

"Mama dear, maybe he, the splendid one, thought it glorious to die for—*you*." Then he put his small hand on her mouth, as they each did when they wished a subject dismissed, and they were quiet. And when the little boy's face lighted up again it was with the splendor of something beautiful within.

"Mama darling, your heart still hurts, I know."

"Yes, Jack; still hurts."

"But—it 's better since—since—I came—is n't it?"

"Yes, yes, yes, darling!"

"After a while it sha'n't hurt at all. For I shall look like the tall one; and I shall be like him, as strong and brave and good and sweet. Perhaps you will think too I am like him—maybe, sometimes, you will forget and think I *am* he. Would n't that be fine, mama dear?"

She said it would.

"Will you try, sometimes, mama?"

She said she would.

"And we will talk of the dreadful things —all of them—for you have said I am brave; and there shall be no more hurt in them, for it takes the hurt out of them—the talks —and you shall be awfully, awfully happy! And I—"

Jack's eyes began to close drowsily.

"Sing, mama," he said. "At the end of things we always sing, you know."

When she got to

"Ever I 'm dreaming fondly of thee,"

Jack woke a little and said:

"You are, mama darling, always, are n't you? I—used n't to—know who. But now—I know. And I 'm so glad—"

His small hand had gone up to her eyes and found the tears. He woke a little more. But sleep had come and would not be denied. From her eyes his hands dropped of their own weight to her hands. He felt the ring.

"Mama," he asked from out the shadows whither he was drifting, "why did he give it to you—then—you give it back to him —then you—take it again—when he was—dead?"

She hesitated. He forgot.

"And, mama darling, why"—the question escaped him, but he filched it sleepily back—"But, mama, what were you—so angry—at my father—for—so—very—very angry—when he went to—be—killed?"

Again she hesitated.

"Mama—"

"You," she whispered then.

"*Me*—?"

But then Jack slept.

THE BUTTON ON THE PRINCE'S COAT.

JACK'S wants were modest enough. His mother managed to keep them so. But what she permitted him to need he ordered royally.

"This morning I shall have nothing but fruit for my breakfast—oranges, bananas, pomegranates—"

"An orange and a banana, sweetheart," she admonished. "Little boys who have plenty must always remember those who have not, even if they are princes, *because* they are princes."

"Yes, mama dear," agreed Jack at once, caressing her hands. "I forget sometimes that all little boys do not have everything they want, and plenty of servants to bring it. Even some of the princes in the stories don't. Yes; an orange and a banana, please, mama dear."

She rose from the side of the bed where she habitually sat.

He stopped her.

"Don't go, mama. Let Donald bring it."

"Yes; but I must order it, and then receive it of Donald. Do not forget that he never sees you closely, that no one but Daniel and me in all the world knows of your blindness."

"Forgive me, mama. And go, but come again quickly."

She went to a closet in the outer room, and opened the door so that he should hear it. Then she called, as if down a stairway:

"Donald! Donald!"

She waited a moment.

"Yes," she said; "you will bring a simple breakfast for the prince. An orange and a banana will be sufficient. And hasten."

She softly procured a plate and the fruit from a shelf in the closet, waited a moment, and then said:

"Thank you, Donald; you are very good."

She closed the door of the closet so that, again, he might hear it, and took the fruit to the little boy.

"I like Donald, mama," he said superbly. "He always answers at once, and so very quietly. And he always brings exactly what one asks for. I shall promote him. Only once he did n't. Oh, do you remember? We had nothing to eat for two whole days. Were n't we hungry! And was n't it strange that even a prince had to starve because the soft white stuff called snow would n't let any one go out! And was n't it jolly, the way we laughed and cried together, and consoled each other? *You* cried, *I* laughed! That 's the time I found out what snow was. I don't understand yet how such soft stuff could be so strong. But even that, you said, was beautiful, mama dear."

"Very beautiful, sweetheart."

"You went out and saw it—miles and miles of nothing but white! I only had a little in my hands. But I shall see it some day, too. And there shall be bells on my horses. Mama dear, don't you want to go out often that way—alone? Daniel stayed that time. But Céleste could stay any time."

"No; mama is never quite so happy anywhere as with her little boy."

"And do you never get tired of just me?"

"Never!"

"Céleste could read to me, maybe?"

"You would not like her voice."

"Mama, I 'm so glad that you don't get

tired of me. I never, never get tired of *you*."

Again the mother understood his strangeness.

"Jack," she said, "you are the sweetest boy a mother ever had!"

"Thank you, mama. Oh, does the sun shine? Shall we go out in the carriage today?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then, mama, will you please tell Céleste that I shall want to wear my new blouse, the one that is to have ruffles down the front?"

The mother went again to the outer room, and again to the closet door, and she called the girl who in that Palace of Fancy had charge of the prince's wardrobe. Then she closed the door, took the new blouse from her sewing-machine, thanked Céleste for its beauty, and bore it to the other room.

"Oh, that *is* fine!" cried Jack, feeling the dainty ruffles lovingly. "Oh, and don't forget, mama, please, to have her sew the button on my long coat. I don't like to go without it."

"No," said his mother.

She opened the closet door.

"Céleste," she called softly, "do not forget the button on Prince Jack's driving-coat. Oh! Already? Why, thank you—thank you very much!"

She took the coat in to the little boy with the button sewn on.

"*Is* n't she quick, mama!"

"She is a very good servant," said his mother.

Jack counted the buttons.

"She shall be promoted, too. When I 'm a man I 'm to see them all, and they are to take their orders from me, are they not, mama?—just as it is in all your stories?"

"Certainly, dear."

And then Céleste brought his porridge, while it heated over the lamp in the other room.

And while it was heating his mother held for his sake a long conversation with Céleste and the other denizens of the purlieus beyond the closet door—God knows where—how—he fancied them! She repeated again, as almost every day she did, Jack's messages to them—very kind and loving always, but imperially, medievally autocratic, as he thought the communications from the young lord of the palace to its servitors should be. And to him she gave back their humble thanks and salutations. And in these Prince Jack was very happy.

"Tell them, mama, that they need not be afraid of me. For the moment I get my sight each one of them shall have a new suit of clothes, and some money in a purse, and, perhaps, to those who have been very good, a ring."

For this, you must know, was all quite in the way of the stories.

All this—save that he was blind—she repeated to the closet.

"And what do they say, mama?"

For you must also understand that he never heard more than one side of these conversations. Once or twice she had tried to speak for the servants also. And Dan had done the same. But it was too perilous. And now he had become used to hearing only her, and was satisfied. For did she not always tell him true?

"They give you their most humble service, and they hope that it will not be much longer till your highness will come to rule over them."

"Oh, that is fine, mama! I love every one of them! And are they all on one knee?"

"Oh, yes."

"And looking straight this way?"

"Yes."

"May I kiss my hand to them?"

"Yes, dear. They will like that."

Jack scrambled to his knees and did this. And for a moment his face was full of color.

"Did they see it?"

"Every one of them."

"I wish they 'd shout, just a little."

"No, sweetheart; I have taught them not to do that. We must not call attention to you yet. At this distance they cannot see that you are blind. But if it should be found out—"

"'*Sh!*" Jack whispered; "I know. They might want another prince. But I hope they speak of me as 'his highness' among themselves?"

"Certainly, certainly," answered his mother. "I have seen to that."

"Daniel forgets sometimes. Once he called me 'Jack.'"

"You must not be impatient with him, dear. He is very, very good."

"Of course! I shall promote *him*." Jack caressed his mother's hand in the curious little awkward fashion he had. "Here it is just 'Jack and mama.'" He stopped, and reversed the phrase with princely gallantry, "'Mama and Jack.' And that is much sweeter than anything else could be. But we must have proper respect from the servants."

"Yes," said his mother, breathless with apprehension now.

Jack wrinkled his small brows in a moment's thought—difficult thought, after which he said:

"I think, mama, when my sight comes, and it is time for me to take my place in the palace, I shall have a regular home-coming. The servants shall all stand in two rows in the great hall, and I shall walk down between, and give them my hand to kiss—so, and so, and so." He inadequately dramatized it. "And of course you shall be with me. I don't quite know where it will be proper for you to walk, mama dear."

She flung up her arms in sudden passion.

"Behind you!" she said.

"Is that the way?"

"Yes."

Jack thought a moment. Then he said superbly:

"I will not have it! There shall be a new way!"

"Where shall I walk?" asked his mother, eagerly.

"You shall walk by my side," said Jack.

"No prince ever did that. It is not the custom. Princes are the creatures of custom."

"I will do it. No prince ever had so dear a mother. We will make a new custom. You shall take my arm—so." He linked her arm within his own. "And you must point out the ones who have been most faithful. I shall want to say a word to them, especially if they are old."

"Yes," said she. "Had I not better dismiss them now?"

"Why," laughed Jack, "you don't mean to tell me that they have been there all this time? The dear things!"

"Yes," she laughed back, "crowding the doorway. You may go," she said to the closet door.

"Mama," said Jack, when she returned, "do you know that ever since you told me about the splendid one you have been happier?"

"Yes, darling," she confessed humbly; "I think I am."

"And I am too. We seem closer, mama dear."

To keep up the illusions the good coachman down-stairs had learned to speak in a number of voices. And when Jack could not be kept from some little contact with his retinue, Dan would be produced to his touch and hearing. But to the Palace of Fancy, the Prince of Illusion, he was the only retainer. Yet a more faithful one never lived in those splendid ages of which they so often read and talked. There were stories—which the little boy had never heard, was never to hear—of men who had suffered, of some who had died, for prince or princess. And Dan would have done this, was ready to do it at any moment. For once, when no one else would, Jack's mother had put her life in peril for Dan's. He had lived when he had been given over to die. She had made him do it. Perhaps it was because he had young blue eyes and yellow, tangled hair. After that he held the life she had saved as a pledge for her and hers.

Dan was at once everything and every one, from the chamberlain to the opener of the great gates through which the prince's carriage passed in state every fine day.

THE PASSING OF THE SHIPS.

A KNOCK upon the door always preceded Dan's "stage entrance," as he called it to himself. Then the mother would say, "Enter!" And one who, like Jack, could not see, but only hear, could fancy it no other than a royal permission. For sometimes he was told to hesitate a little. But, having entered, Dan would announce—so his lesson ran:

"The carriage waits, your grace."

And she would say again:

"His highness will be ready in a moment."

So it all happened on this day as it had happened hundreds of times before.

Jack hurried into his new blouse, and then into the long, green driving-coat with the large horn buttons, and on into a charming little cocked hat and his gloves. Then he said, as a young emperor might:

"Daniel, I am ready."

"Yes, your highness."

And thus they went, the Prince of Illusion in the arms of the shabbiest coachman, with the shabbiest hat and the stumpiest whip and the most unshaven face ever seen. Thus they went, through the noisome outer room, where the lamp always burned, down the rickety stairs, out of the narrow court, into the cobblestoned street to the shabbiest "hack" in all the city.

Oh, the coachman understood his "business"! And between them it was always the sovereign and the serf. The outer room might have been a corridor lined with exquisite marbles. The stairway might have been of bronze and alabaster. The court might have been an avenue lined with pilas-

tered façades. Beyond might have been a very Eden of trees and turf and flowers—the vast and vernal-sounding park—where they drove.

But there was no park within ten miles.

And Jack was, indeed, the most gracious of sovereigns. For when, sometimes, Dan forgot his lessons, Jack gladly excused him, quite as he did his mother, but always with a smiling hope that it would not occur again. Daniel was so much a *serviteur intime*.

"Where shall we go to-day, mama?" shouted Jack, feeling the splendor of the sun to his very heart. "Let us go where everything is joyous, and where there are people! I want to see people, and I want them to see me."

"To-day, darling, we shall go to the most beautiful spot in the park, where there are flowing waters and happy children and flowers, and perhaps music."

"Yes," said the Prince of Illusion, clapping his hands. "And mind you tell me every flower we pass—every one. And what the children are like. I won't have them—not one of them—more splendid than their prince." Then he thought of something, and turned to his mother. "Nor their mothers more beautiful than mine. See to it!"

This last to Dan, who answered, "Certainly, your highness."

It was a short drive: first, carefully over the cobbles, then, more bravely, into a street paved with asphalt. On this the children came and played because it was so much better than anything within their houses. Round and round the squalid block, on the smooth asphalt, they went—not a quarter of a mile in all. And all the way Jack could hear the joyous voices of the children. Presently, with a royal gesture, he made the coachman stop.

"What are these children doing, mama?" he asked; for they were more glad than any he had yet heard.

"Playing a game called hop-scotch. I used to play it when I was small."

Jack at once caught an interest. "Oh! what is it like?"

"You put a stone on the ground and hop and hop against it till you drive it through a maze of chalk-lines to its 'home.'"

Jack's interest vanished.

"Princes do not play hop-scotch, I think," he said severely.

"N-no," faltered the mother.

"Tell me about the children. Are they beautiful?"

It was hard to find beauty in the starved and pinched little faces; but she did it.

"Yes, they are all—*all* beautiful."

She described them separately. One had black hair with glowing eyes, another yellow hair with sky-like eyes, and so on, using again all the rudiments of human beauty which she had been obliged to learn so diligently.

"But none of them are better dressed than I?"

She thanked God that she could truthfully answer no to this.

"And it is still our own park?"

"Oh, yes," she answered.

"How many miles have we come?"

"I don't know, dearest; but a good many. Only we have wound and wound about till we are really not far from the palace in a straight line."

"And, mama dear, describe the spot."

"It is a beautiful place on the bank of a river called—called—"

A sudden, overpowering weariness flooded her soul.

"Peace—Peace!" she cried in smothered agony.

"Oh, that is splendid, a splendid name—the River of Peace!" said Jack.

Then he waited for her to go on.

"And there are grass and flowers down to the very edge of it—yes, even the water is covered with them—huge white lilies. And little waves lap—lap on the beach. And that is a strip of yellow pebbles."

"And the water is blue, mama dear?"

"As the sky itself, which is mirrored in it."

"And I hear people—men and women and children, I think—at a distance?"

"Yes; there are a great many. And they frolic joyously by the river bank."

"But they must not fall in!"

"There is a strong wall to make it safe for them."

"The king built that, of course?"

"Yes. And it is arranged so that they can just see over it—see the pleasure-boats go by with happy people on them. A lot of them, perhaps a hundred, are doing that just on your right."

A factory whistle shrilled deafeningly.

"What is that?" demanded Jack, in royal displeasure.

There was a moment of embarrassment.

"The whistle of the boat that is passing, your highness," said the coachman, always ready with his wits when hers failed.

"They must have softer whistles," said Jack. "I shall see to it when—"

The mother interrupted him lest he should go further.

"And just beyond is a huge clump of roses."

"Oh, mama—roses! I want them."

"Pluck them off their stems so that they wither, sweetheart?"

"No, no, no! But, mama dear, I may smell them?"

"There is no road to them, and—"

"Daniel shall carry me!"

He was already struggling upward.

The coachman telegraphed some surety to the mother's despair, and she trusted the situation to him.

"Yes, your highness," he said, taking the prince in his arms.

Dan had seen a solitary rose growing in a pot at an open window. Back from the window one might see a horror of squalor. But the rose stood there very beautiful. Dan carried the little boy to it and let him smell. It was ineffably fragrant. Then, at his asking,—very carefully, lest he might discover that there was but one,—he put the tiny fingers on the flower. Jack smelled the flower and then his fingers ecstatically. And for an instant he forgot that he was a prince.

"Dan, are there more? Are there millions and millions of them?" Then he remembered. "Daniel! show me some more!" he commanded.

"Yes, your highness."

Dan brought him in a little wavering circle back to the rose—and again and again.

"Oh! is n't this just jolly! Oh! take me to the wall and let me look out on the river. Why, I don't mind being blind—not at all! This is as good as seeing." Then he remembered again, and said in a majestic voice: "Take me to the wall and let me look out on the river, Daniel!"

"Yes, your highness," said Dan. The shabby coachman carried him the length of the block and let him look over the wall of the yard on the corner. Jack put his hands on the wooden coping and gazed outward.

"Where are the ships?"

"There, and there, and there," said Dan.

"Show me with my own hand."

The coachman took the tiny white hand and pointed with it.

"There, and there, and there."

Jack's forefinger outstretched itself, and he did with some accuracy what Dan had done.

"There, and there, and there?" he asked with a little uncertainty.

"Yes, your highness."

What the small finger pointed at were an overflowing ash-barrel, a heap of oyster-shells, a broken stove. Beyond was the mortar-flecked blank wall of the next house.

The place on the corner was a saloon. And just then came the hum of quarreling voices from within. A street piano began to play faintly in the street beyond.

"Is that the people on the ships?" asked Jack.

"Yes, your highness."

"And there are music and flags?"

"Yes, your highness."

"If the music were not so faint I could see it. I can see music. And have they noticed me? Do you suppose they know who I am? They can't see that I 'm blind at this distance, can they? No. For mama says it is hard to tell that when one is quite close to me. Only the people are not to find out that I am blind, you know. They might want another prince. But it is perfectly safe here. Put me up a little higher. There. Now they *must* be able to see me. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

He shouted it against the blank wall with all the strength of his puny lungs.

"Am I high enough? Can they see my velvet jacket—and the blouse?" He pulled the white ruffles out. "*Now* they can, I 'm sure. Give me your handkerchief!"

The good coachman did this. It sadly needed washing, but Jack waved it wildly and hurrahed again.

"But they *must* have seen that," he said in pique.

"Certainly, your highness. They all do. I see them looking this way."

"Then why don't they hurrah back to me?"

At last the coachman understood.

"They *are* doing it, your highness."

"I can't hear them."

The noise in the saloon had stopped. So had the piano. But the coachman had an inspiration.

"They are so far away now that you can barely hear them. Ships go fast, and the river is wide."

"Oh!" said the prince, disappointed, but convinced. But Dan could not bear his disappointment.

"Can't you hear it—very, very faintly?"

"Your highness," suggested Jack. It was the second omission.

"Your highness," repeated the coachman, humbly.

Jack listened with all his soul. Then his face lighted wondrously.

"Yes, yes! I hear it! I *do!*"

Such is the power of suggestion.

"It is going away from us very fast. You can't hear it now, your highness, I 'm sure, because I can't."

"No," said Jack, listening. "And it has been so beautiful!"

But Dan was at the end of his invention.

"They are out of sight now, your highness."

"Oh-h-h! Not *one* left—not one?"

"The last one has just rounded the curve, your highness."

"But we will stay. There will be more."

"I don't think there will be any more, your highness."

"Daniel, you are *not* to think for me," said the prince, sharply.

And Dan was reduced to the necessity of calling in the mother for succor.

"Your highness's mother—"

It needed but that. "Oh, yes! Take me back to mama. Oh, I almost forgot, it was so splendid! We have been away from her very long." She will be lonely.

AND now they might go wearily home. It was over for that day. He would chatter and not remember until he was back in his bed. It was always so.

"Mama dear, I stood up and shouted, and they did n't hear, and they did n't see. So I got Daniel's handkerchief and waved it and waved it, and hurrahed and hurrahed and hurrahed. Then they saw me and hurrahed back. Was n't that fine? And they saw that I had on my velvet jacket and the long coat with the buttons, and I pulled out the ruffles of my new blouse so they would n't miss *that*. I had to unbutton them both to do it. And Daniel thinks they knew that I was the prince. But it was quite too far for any one to see that I was blind. And we shall go to the same spot to-morrow, mama darling, sha'n't we? For I never had such a splendid time."

"Yes, if you wish, sweetheart."

"But, mama dear, what is a pleasureship?"

She told him again about the building of them, the sailing of them, the beauty and splendor of them.

"And, mama, I must have some ships."

She told him he had—of course he had. And he answered:

"Of course."

A prince without ships, indeed! Nearly all the princes in the stories had ships.

"Maybe those we saw *were* mine?"

"Maybe," she said.

THE ONE RETAINER OF THE PRINCE.

ONE night when the little boy was sleeping she went out for their food while the coachman watched. They always did it thus.

When she came back with her little basket the coachman himself was asleep.

"Poor Dan!" she sighed, standing over him and smiling. "Did ever a woman have a truer friend?"

At her voice, though it was but a breath, Dan woke up.

"Why did n't you let me go?" he asked. For sometimes Dan bought the food.

"I saw that you were tired," she said.

"Yes, I was tired. But so were you. Oh, *you* are always tired! I 'd like to get tired for you! Let me!"

She had put the things in the closet. Now she came and stood before him. Her "cloud" had fallen back, disclosing a pair of very beautiful and sorrowful eyes and a mass of disheveled hair. The semi-darkness showed her, but like some splendid, gleaming wraith. Dan had risen and was standing with his back against the wall. He was drinking in her beauty with all his senses. Once, when her back was turned, his arms had rebelliously flung out toward her. And he himself was good to look upon, with all the poverty that clung about him. He had great, childlike eyes, and his beard grew in little blond patches.

"Poor Dan!" she said again.

She looked up at him. He looked down at her. Something within him heaved. He confined his arms behind him—pinned them to the wall with his body.

"*Let* me get tired—for you! *Let* me die—for you! You know I 'd do it."

"Yes," she said, taking the chair and bowing her head.

Dan did not move from his place. He was afraid of himself in motion, afraid of his arms.

"*Let* me," he said again. "It is all I 'm good for."

"Ah, that would be but a poor destiny. Why—don't you go away—to something better — than — this — as you can — and ought?" she asked.

"I don't want to," said Dan.

There was a silence.

"You don't ask me why?"

"No," she answered.

"You know?"

She nodded.

"Yes," he said hopelessly, "there *is* nothing better than this—for me or any man. That is why I stay. And I shall always stay

where you are—if it is in hell! I shall *try* to do the same if it is in heaven. You are all I have, or ever shall have. And, whether you like it or not, I am all you have—thank God!"

"Yes," she whispered.

She shook a little, and her head went lower.

"They flung me into this hole, an outcast, to die. You saved me. My God, to find one like *you* here! Oh, how I tried to account for you in all the fever! I thought you an angel finally. I *know* you are one now. God knows, you had better let me die. No!—or I would never have known any sweetness. This is all I ever had. It is enough. 'Better' things? What can be better than to be near you and help you? You cannot do without my help, thank God! That is why I stay, and why I always will stay—that I may be where you are. Not to bother you. I 'm not such a brute as that, except on nights like this, when I 'm blue, and—tired—tired—tired! That you will forgive again—you always do, God bless you! But simply to help you—do you hear?—to *help* you!"

He bent over her as he said that. She did not look up. And then, presently, after a long silence he went on very softly. And as he spoke he still bent worshipfully over her splendid head. He kept his arms behind him.

"And to see your hair"—he put his lips a moment upon a straying lock; she did not know, and would not—"and your eyes and your lips, and to hear you call me 'Dan, Dan,' sometimes, and to—God bless you!"

Then he shuffled out and closed the door upon himself and all the brightness there was or ever had been in the world for him.

THE next morning there was a soft knock on the door before Jack's time for rising. She knew it was Dan. It always happened thus. He was certain to find some delicate way of apologizing afterward.

She could see, when she opened to him, that he had not slept. And he could see that she had been troubled. But nothing was said of these. Oh, the tact of the lowly is sometimes wondrous!

"Can you and Jack come with me to the real park to-day?" he asked, looking down. "There is to be music—fine music. You will like that. So will he. You know he fancies that he can see the music we hear."

"But, Dan," she faltered, between delight for herself and Jack and concern for him, "what about your employment? This is your day on the street."

"Oh, that is all right," answered Dan, evasively, still looking down.

"Dan,"—she raised his head with a finger under his chin,—"look at me. I understand, we both understand. Don't put that in peril. For if you do, if you lose that, then—why, then, you cannot—help me!"

"Yes," said Dan, swallowing hard on something in his throat. "What do you say to going at night?"

"That will be fine," she said. "The nights are all your own—and ours."

As he went she gave him the smile he had hoped for, which assured him that she did not hate him for what had happened in the night. Always he looked for this afterward. Always he got it.

WHEN SIEGFRIED DIED.

So, that night, under the glare of electric lights, by the side of a river, indeed, Jack heard his first orchestral music. And that night something he had never known woke within him and pulsed and throbbed and burst. And that night he, indeed, saw the music.

The great orchestra was throbbing the story of Siegfried's betrayal and death when Jack gasped sobbingly and put his hands up to his eyes. His mother saw it. But he put his head under her arm, not like a prince, but like a simple little boy; and she was reassured, and put her arm tenderly about his shoulders. In this intrenchment he was very quiet and pale. He faced straight ahead, with his lids closed as if in obedience to some Spartan resolution within, until she herself, enraptured with the music, was off guard. Then he looked into her face, just once, for a long instant, and when she remembered him his head went again safely under her arm. He tried to get closer to her. She helped him.

And all the evening, when the melody would win her for a space, he would look up at her.

Once she saw, suddenly, and covered his eyes with a loving hand.

"Don't, darling," she whispered. "You might strain them. And you must not do that. Perhaps the huge lights are not good for them. You must not try. It will come of itself, in God's own time. But you must be patient—very patient till God sees fit to help us."

"Yes, mama darling," said Jack, so softly that she wondered.

"Oh, that is just my own little boy, and not the prince at all," said his mother.

"I would rather be—just—your little boy—to-night, mama, please."

"God bless you, my darling! And so you shall be. Oh, to-night I, too, like that best! But, Jack dear, you are tired. Come! Shall we go back to the palace?"

He shrank from her a little as she said it.

"Can't we stay a while longer, mama dear? The music is so beautiful! And it seems to call to me."

"Oh, sweetheart! What fancies!"

"Mama, I have heard it often. Only I did n't know what it was. And it always calls. But to-night I knew."

"You have never heard it before, darling."

"Mama dear, I guess that is so. I have *seen* it."

"Oh, Jack! See music?"

But she forbore then.

That night, as she watched him in his sleep, he seemed more pinched and shrunken than before. And there was something piteous in the way he tore his eyes open now and then. Once he sobbed; it was the first time. But then, as if some emotion had been loosed, he slept. He had never before been like that. Always he slept well.

And the next day, when they went out to drive, he was very quiet. He asked no questions and kept his gaze straight ahead.

"Jack, darling," his mother asked, "did n't you like the music?"

"Like the music? Oh, mama!"

He tucked his small head under her arm in that new fashion.

"Then why are you so strange to-day?"

"Mama dear, I am—only—thinking."

She determined that he should not think, and practised a specious gaiety. But it was difficult, for he had never been so sweet to her.

Then, on another day, she said when she ought not, as mothers will:

"Jack, my darling, don't you love me any more?"

And Jack answered almost as a man would, and with almost a man's caresses:

"With every little bit of my heart, mama darling! I never, never loved you so much. I did n't think I could. God must have sent you straight from heaven to me—darling, darling mama!"

And this, so splendid, almost made it right with her.

"But, Jack, you are *strange;* you never ask any questions now; you never scold Daniel—so like a prince! You never want anything—only to put your dear head so sweetly under my arm. Jack, my darling, I am lonely—lonely for the other Jack, the prince! *My* prince! And you don't want me to be lonely—you said you did not. Oh, I *must* be doing something every day for my prince, or it is lonely. Jack, let us go to see the ships to-day?"

This, if anything, would win him, she thought. But Jack hesitated, and then touched her beseechingly.

"Oh, mama, do you wish it—very, very much? It is only two days since—"

"Ah, you do not," she said. "You have never taken the interest in them you did at first."

"Not to-day, mama dear, please. Perhaps—perhaps to-morrow."

He nestled his head more deeply. She closed her arm about him.

"Is it so sweet, Jack?" she whispered.

"Yes," he whispered back, very happily. "It is all I want to-day, mama dear—oh, forever!"

"Jack dear, look up at me and smile; be a boy, if you do not like to be a prince, to-day. Give me the other Jack, dear."

She lifted his chin, and he looked straightly, almost solemnly, into her eyes. She closed out his own with her hand.

"Jack, it seems as if you *do* see, as if you saw my *soul!*"

"Yes—"

"You do—see my soul?"

"Yes; as I see the music—without knowing—except that it is beautiful."

"My prince, my boy, my mystery!" she breathed.

After a while the little boy said quietly:

"I shall be your prince, mama dear; you need not fear. I begin to understand. And I am brave, and I *shall* be your prince."

"Yes, of course," she comforted, "as soon as you get your sight."

"Yes, as soon—"

But he suddenly seemed to droop upon her, and terror possessed her heart.

"Jack!" she begged, "you are not going to be ill? Oh, you *are* brave! And you will not let yourself be ill. No! Fight, my darling, fight whenever the illness comes. I will help you." She closed her teeth savagely. "We have fought together for more than nine years. Think! Nine years! There are only a few more till you will—see!" She could just gasp it out. "Don't abandon me now—don't, Jack, my own! Jack, *are* you ill?"

"Why, no, mama dear!" He smiled his new, mature smile, and touched her hand as it lay in her lap. "And I am braver now than

I have ever been, mama dear. Much braver than at the fire. You may be *sure* of that."

But she made him go out. She thought that best. He yielded, smiling. And she made the day very joyous for him, so that she could say presently:

"Jack, I—I—was frightened—about the illness." She laughed with a mechanical note, and hugged him. Jack took advantage of this to ask to go home.

"Before we have seen the roses and the ships and the children and the river? Before I have told you or you have asked a thing? Don't you know that we are at that spot in the park by the river bank, where it is all so beautiful, and where the ships pass?"

"Yes," said Jack; "but, if you please, mama dear, I don't want the roses or the ships, or even the river, to-day, but only *you*. And, somehow, it is sweeter when I am in my bed, and you sitting on the side."

So they went home, and she tried piteously to be gay for him still, tried to recreate the old fashion of their life, which was gone. She said nothing, did nothing, that had not a smile in it for him. She went through all that business of the closet and Donald and Céleste, and the others in the purlieus, and made it bright with laughter for him. And sometimes Jack would smile his new smile, and caress her—that man's caress which was so thrillingly sweet yet awful; and at the end she plunged her face in the pillows and sobbed in the outer room.

When she came back the little boy said:

"Don't be unhappy, mama."

"Why,"—she wrung a laugh,—"we have been very gay! How did you fancy that I was—unhappy?"

He did not answer her. Instead he said:

"Don't be afraid, mama dear. Your prince will be as brave and strong and noble—do you hear, mama darling?—as the splendid one. And you shall be as proud of him, and as glad—oh, as glad and proud as he is of you."

"Yes, Jack, my own; I know that. I have always known it. But why do you talk so much of it now? What is there about you that I cannot grasp—that parts us?"

"There is nothing that parts us, or ever can, mama dear," smiled little Jack, kissing her to silence.

WHAT THE DOCTOR SAID: WHAT THE MOTHER DID.

THEY drove every day now. But Jack's eyes were always straight ahead, and always his head was tucked under her arm in that sweet new fashion. If one were even more vigilant than his mother—and how *could* one be that?—one might catch now and then a flash of terror in the eyes. After that, if it were there and were not an illusion, they would close for long whiles till peace came. Then, if she looked at him or spoke to him, they would open with the new smile in them—the smile which spoke more and more of patience, honor, devotion—in one word, princeliness.

But he looked straight ahead. And when she would ask him if he were ill he would answer with his man's smile:

"Ill, mama dear, when I am seeing the music?"

Often she took him to *hear* the music—the very music they had heard that night, which he could see, but could not understand. This was the one thing for which he hungered. And though he still said it was beautiful, and more and more beautiful, he always listened with his eyes closed.

And day by day he grew more tired. So that one day he said:

"Mama darling, I am tired to-day before we start. Let us not go out, but stay at home all the whole, long day. And you will talk to me, and sing, very softly, and I shall do nothing but listen."

He laughed gleefully.

"Yes, sweetheart," she agreed. "But what shall it be? The things we have seen together? The river and the ships? The affairs of the palace? This beautiful apartment? What you are to do when you are a man and your sight has come and your leg is well? Shall it be the home-coming, perhaps very near now? What shall it be, my prince? Let us arrange a program."

"You," said Jack.

"Me? We have exhausted me long ago."

He went on without heeding her words.

"And the splendid one."

"And him," she said huskily; "you know all about him."

Again he did not heed.

"And about the ring. Why he gave it to you, why you gave it back to him, why you wear it now, when he is dead, why you were so angry."

"Yes," she said, in a long while, whispering; "and I will 'tell you true'—true!"

And she did, except one small thing.

And afterward she sang for him, the old song she cared for most, and for which he cared most because she did, until he slept. Then she thought to leave him that the cabman might go for a doctor. For something

in his sleeping face accused and terrified her. But his small hands were locked in hers, and as she tried to take them away he claimed them.

"Mama, has any one ever been to heaven and come back?" he asked.

"No," she answered.

"Then how do they know what kind of a place it is—how beautiful it is?"

"God has told us, just as I tell you about the beautiful earth. And we believe him, just as you—you—" her lips and throat went suddenly dry—"just as you believe *me*, because you love and trust me, and because I love you too well to deceive or pain—pain you. Because I 'tell you true.'"

The little boy breathed rapidly a moment.

"Heaven can't be more sweet than the earth you have made for me, mama dear."

"Oh, God bless you, my darling! But what is the matter? Why do you talk like that? Why are you so sweet and tender—and—and—different? Why do you smile in that new way, as if you were a man? I love—oh, I love everything you do and are! But would n't you rather be a little boy, a little prince, such as you were a while ago, laughing, shouting, commanding, rather than a grown, grown *man?*"

"Why, mama dear, that is just what I am—a little boy, a little *prince!*"

And to prove that he was a boy he laughed. And to prove that he was a prince he closed her mouth with his hand and said:

"You are not to ask me whether I am ill."

At this they both laughed genuinely. She had not for a long time been so reassured.

But again, that night, she watched and saw his leaden face—saw that he did not sleep, saw that he gazed about in the semi-darkness. And when she went to her own bed and slept she had the curious sense that he had been from his, trailing his crippled leg on the floor, and that he had searched for and found something—something dreadful.

"Oh, God! 'What dreams may come'!" she said.

In the morning Jack was strangely ill. The cabman brought a doctor. She held him on the stairs afterward.

"I don't know," he said. "I 'm puzzled. What has happened to him?"

"Nothing," answered the mother.

"No shock? No wasting despair? No heart-breaking disappointment?"

"Heart-breaking?"

"A child's heart can be broken."

"But he! He has been absolutely happy. He has never shed a tear. Every wish he has ever had has been gratified. He has never heard an unkind word. He has been enveloped all his little life with all the love God has given me. There has been no one but him. I told you that he was born blind and crippled." (She did not tell him how and when he was to die. She was fighting for every moment of his sweet life, and she would not put her weapons, as she fancied them, into the hands of her enemy, as she fancied him.) "I don't remember when I first understood. But there came a time when I knew that ugliness and sorrow were pain and terror to him, that beauty and joy were life. After that I made the world all beauty and joy for him. And so he thinks it. It began with my earliest teaching. Nothing that might give him pain was ever spoken of. There has been nothing but joy. And then, later, I let him think he was a prince. Was that so wrong? I had made a world for him. I had peopled it. There was not a soul in it who, if not a prince, was not princely. And was he to be less? Oh, it was not he alone. I too wished him to be a prince. Yes! And he has been that, too. Why, it was not wonderful. I had made a world. Might I not make a kingdom for my own son? And I had made emperors. Might I not make him a prince? Oh, he has lived in the kingdom I gave him more happily than any earthly prince ever did. He has been more princely than any earthly prince ever was. And he will be to the end. And he is never to know. That is why I tell you. If you were to let him know I would kill you—I! He shall never know until he is in the presence of God. And then—I pray him every night to have my forgiveness ready. Oh, I can trust Jack to forgive me, for then he will *know*. But can I trust God? That is what I ask you." She put it with a primeval savagery, which turned his pulses to a slower measure. "Can I trust God?"

"Yes," said the doctor, slowly; "I think you can trust God."

"And it was well to do it?"

This he did not answer, and she read in his face that he would not. She challenged him fiercely:

"Coward! It *was* well! I know, if you do not, if you are afraid, if you are bound in the conventions of a mistaken world—I know that it was well. Who but him, in all this sad world, has never shed a tear? And what is there to seek in this world but the little happiness it can give? I said he should be happy. I have kept my word. I am *glad!*"

"But—if he should pay for it with his life?" ventured the good physician, out of the maze of her Protean emotions.

"He shall not! If you cannot save him, I can! I! I have made him live this long—"

"God—" said the physician. But she did not hear him.

"—I can make him live longer. Oh, there is but one immortal, omnipotent thing in this world—but one which performs miracles—heals the sick, raises the dead. It is a mother's love. Do you hear? It is a mother's love."

The doctor looked into her face. Then he suddenly said: "God bless you!"

She held out her hands to him.

"Help me," she begged. "You know nothing of it. You are a man; I a woman—a mother. But—help me!"

He took her hands.

"Yes, with all the skill I have. But we must be on guard constantly. If he should regain his sight—the doctors do not always know—if he should regain his sight—"

He had let go of her hands and was feeling his way down the stairs. His words came back from the darkness with an almost sibylline threat.

"—it would be difficult for him to understand—forgive. Oh, yes! Quite impossible in a boy like him. The pure motive. He could not grasp that, its exaltation, its nobility. And he might not be able to—to—endure the shock. He is only a boy, anemic and weak. Think a moment. Put yourself in his place. He would not survive it. He might hate you. Think of his understanding, *seeing* everything! Himself! Yourself!"

At the last word he looked upward where she stood in the dimness, in the radiance of the small lamp, like a white goddess. Then he murmured to himself:

"Ah, yourself! Seeing *you!* That might mend it all!"

AND HE WAS A PRINCE.

AGAIN, on the dingy stairs—it was a month later—she looked into the kind doctor's eyes. He said nothing. She leaned against the doorway and let her head droop. Then he spoke, with a compassion which had visited him not often in his busy life of healing.

"Perhaps—to-night," he said.

He began to go. But he came back a moment to where she throbbed against the doorway. He held out his hands. She did not see them. He wished to say something, but there were no words.

"To-night—" It was all he had.

Then he went for the last time down the dingy stairs.

And slowly, like the crumbling of the world she had made, she shrank to the floor.

Then she wavered back to the immaculate bed. She put her arms close about Jack, and he put his about her. They looked into each other's eyes. There were no tears.

"Oh, be brave, my darling," she whispered; "be brave! Oh, sweet one, you have been the prince all through, you have fought with me,—fight now!"

"Have I been your prince, mama dear?"

"My prince, my king, my all! Oh, Jack—Jack, my darling, *can* you go, *dare* you go, and leave me *alone!* Oh, think of the loneliness once more, once more, and be brave!"

For a moment Jack drooped sorrowfully.

"I *am* brave, mama darling," he said then, very softly. "So are you brave, mama."

"Yes, yes, yes! Oh, forgive me, my sweetheart! But let us fight! *Fight!*"

"I do fight, mama dear. You don't know *how* I fight." His little voice rose in beseeching. "I do fight—for—*you!*"

"Yes! Fight now, and we shall win. Oh, how shall we do all the things we have planned when you are a man if you do not?"

She could hear their hearts throbbing in strange disunison, his slowly and fitfully, hers stridently, rebelliously. Suddenly the terror and pity of it all filled her soul. Silent, God-sent tears flooded her eyes.

And Jack, forgetting, put up his little hand and tenderly brushed them away.

"Don't cry, mama dear," he begged. "*I* am brave."

Then she understood. And he saw that she knew.

FOR a minute—two, five, ten—neither spoke. Then it was Jack.

"Yes," he whispered with compassion, coming closer, and very happy; "and you will forgive me, mama darling, will you not? I did not mean to let you know. But now—let me wipe the tears out of your beautiful, beautiful eyes—I thought it would hurt you. Sometimes I was not sure, you are so brave. Only—only I thought a prince would do that—*not* let you know—*not* hurt you. And I wanted to be *your* prince—always—always—for ever and ever! Oh—just as in the—stories. But perhaps this is better, because something—maybe God—made it happen. Anyhow, *I* am happier to have you know—even if I cannot be your prince now—only your little boy. Mama darling, I am quite happy."

He paused then, creeping more upon her.

"You *are* my prince!" she sobbed. "Oh!—"

"Yes," he whispered sweetly; "that is what I wished—ever since I knew. I wished you would say—*that*. Mama dear, I have not been blind since I saw the music. It is sixty-seven days. I have seen the music ever since—the strange trumpets and drums. I knew, the moment I heard it, that I was to see it. I had seen it always. And, mama dear,—this I do not like to tell,—I looked in the wonderful mirror—and I saw the picture of the splendid one—one night when you were sleeping. I got out of bed—and—I—*saw* myself—and the splendid one. But first of all, mama—mama, my darling, I saw *you!* It was the night of the music. And all the sixty-seven days—I have seen you."

He stopped, and looked up beseechingly into the tortured eyes above him.

"Mama, do you forgive me? It was so sweet to see you! Forgive me—the rest!"

"Yes; do you—forgive—me?"

It made him very happy to answer:

"With all my heart, mama darling!"

"God—bless you—Jack!"

A little silence fell, in which, again, she could hear the dithyrambic beating of their two hearts. Then Jack said very sweetly:

"Mama darling, I did n't want your heart to be hurt—any more—like—when the splendid one went—away. Mama—*I* wanted to go away like a prince."

He reached vaguely upward. When he found her face he let his hands wander lovingly over it. Each dim feature felt the tiny pressure of their baby farewell. Last the hair. He let them stay among its splendid masses till they fell limply away.

The mother's arms closed avariciously about him. Their faces were close together. Their eyes spoke—each to the other for the first, the last, time.

At the end his voice was but a pleasant, happy whisper out of the shadows.

"Mama darling," it said; "there—is only—one thing—as beautiful—oh, *more*—more beautiful—than—you said—and—that—is—you."

Two tears, the first he had ever shed, came into his eyes, and then they lingeringly closed, looking into hers.

A SHADOW OF THE ROCKIES.

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

THE mountains from my window lie outrolled,
Their solemn peaks with coronals of snow
O'er which the fires of dawn and sunset flow,
And keen, high ridges by fierce winds patrolled.
With evening comes a mighty shadow cold
Across my doorway as the sun sinks low,
And, high above, the loftier summits show
Faint, as the twilight tames their outlines bold.
Then from the heights the spirit of repose
Steals earthward, with the peace that long has lain
Secure amid the deep, untrodden snows—
A shadow stream, for which my soul is fain,
That from the towering peak of silence flows,
And pours its balm upon the toiling plain.

TROGLODYTE DWELLINGS IN CAPPADOCIA.

BY J. R. SITLINGTON STERRETT,
Professor of Greek in Amherst College.

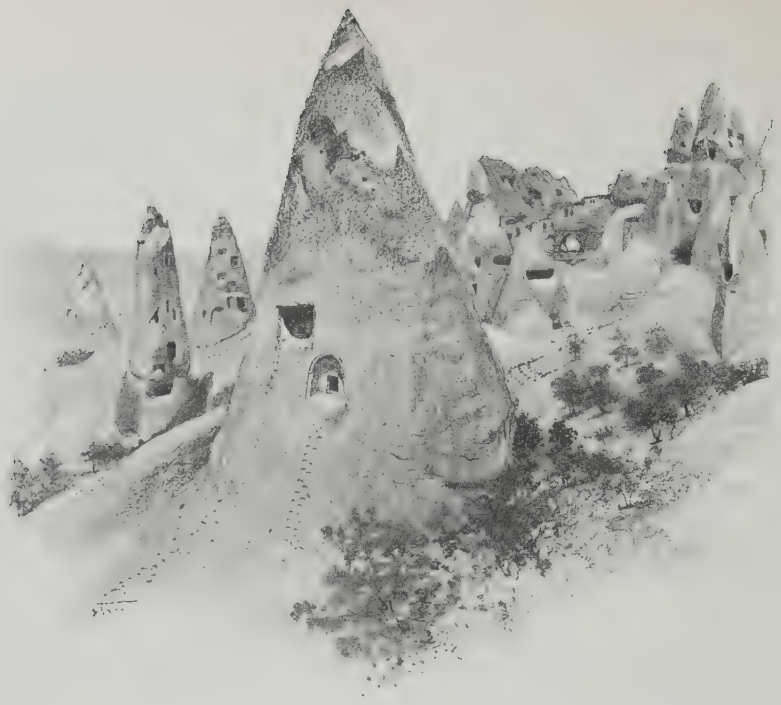
WITH DRAWINGS BY HARRY FENN, AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

ACCORDING to its etymology the word "troglodyte" means a dweller in a *naturally* formed cavity in the earth or the rocks; but as applied to the actual troglodytes of Cappadocia it means also a human being who has his abode in a cavity, whether constructed by enlarging a natural cave or by making a new excavation.

During my travels in Asiatic Turkey in 1883–86 I came in contact with three different types of troglodytes. In the Taurus Mountains I discovered a nest of troglodytes who are near of kin to the most primitive type. The bluffs of the Bakluzan Dere have numerous dwellings in natural cavities which have been walled in roughly on the outside. Some of these dwellings are high up on the sides of the bluffs, and none of them can be reached without artificial help. The entrance to the dwellings is gained by means of a long but strong and perfectly smooth pole. An agile man might easily climb this pole and reach the entrance of the dwelling; but the ascent would seem to be impossible for the aged, as well as for most women and children, without aid of some kind from friends above. These dwellings approximate closely to the dens of primitive man, and it is evident that intercourse with the outside world is not desired by these cliff-dwellers.

The village of Serai, about twenty miles northeast of Karaman, consists entirely of a series of more or less natural cavities in the rim-rocks of the bluffs. No houses of any kind have been built for the accommodation either of man or beast, a fact due in great measure to the geological formation of the region. A stratum of hard stone overlies a thicker stratum of tufa, which, being very soft, is easily excavated. The plateau is broken by a series of ravines formed by erosion, and it so happens that bluffs with southern exposures are abundant. The natives have enlarged the natural cavities of these low bluffs into dwellings, for which the overlying stratum of hard stone serves as a roof. Doors of any kind are entirely dispensed with, probably because the prevailing winds are from the north. At first blush the troglodyte of Serai might seem to be more primitive than the one first mentioned, for the reason that the cavities are more or less natural formations and lack every artificial accessory. But it must be noted that the element of fear of an ever-present foe is absent. It would therefore seem that these troglodytes must be ranked as less primitive than the former, and also because they occupy these dens only half of the year, as in winter they live in the ordinary village of Divli. This is but a variation of the nomadic habit, from which the Turks have never been able wholly to free themselves.

Agatharchides, a Greek geographer who flourished about 250 B.C., wrote a book on the geography and ethnography of the region of the Red Sea. His account of the habits of the primitive troglodytes has survived because it was incorporated into the works of no fewer than four different Greek writers. He tells us that the savage troglodytes were a pastoral people who were governed by sheiks and practised free love, the wives of the sheiks alone being inviolable. They frequently fought for the possession of the pasture-grounds, at first using their fists alone; but as they warmed up to their work they also made use of stones, and finally had recourse to daggers and arrows. The combatants were finally parted and brought to terms by the intervention of the women, for an unwritten law forbade a troglodyte to strike a woman. Their food consisted of meat and bones. The bones were crushed and mixed with the meat so as to form a kind of hash, which was wrapped in raw, untanned skins and roasted. This hash was prepared in a variety of ways by the cooks (who were held to be unclean persons), and the bones, meat, and skin were eaten. They also made a sausage of blood and milk. They slaughtered only the old and sickly animals, and for a peculiar reason. They did



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

CONES IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF MARTCHAN, SHOWING NOTCH LADDERS.

The great height of the cones may be seen by comparison with that of the trees on the right of the picture.

not regard human beings as their parents, but cattle and sheep, for the reason that these animals furnished them with their daily food. They sometimes wore skins, though for the most part they went nude. Those who, on account of age, were no longer able to follow the flocks tied themselves by the neck to the tail of a wild bull, and committed suicide by suffering themselves to be dragged to death. When an old man postponed the evil day as it might be thought unduly, some good friend would place a halter about his neck as a gentle reminder which nobody dared defy. Cripples and those afflicted with incurable diseases were put to death. As a result, all the troglodytes were sound in body, and most were in the prime of life.

Herodotus's account of the Ethiopian troglodytes is short, but it agrees in the main with that of Agatharchides. He tells us that they were swift of foot, that they fed on serpents, lizards, and other similar reptiles, and that their language was unlike that of any other people. However, the Greeks knew only Greek, and to them all peoples who did not speak Greek screeched like bats or twittered like birds.

Xenophon, on the contrary, gives a rather pleasing picture of the troglodytes of Armenia, who may be assigned to the second type. As his account presents a picture of a fairly decent mode of life, his exact words may be quoted:

At this place Polycrates, a captain hailing from Athens, asked for leave of absence. He took with him some active young fellows, and hurried away to the village which had been allotted to Xenophon. He found there the sheik and all the villagers, as well as seventeen colts which were being reared as a tribute to the King of Persia. He also found the sheik's daughter, a bride of nine days' standing. Her husband had gone off to hunt hares, so that they did not find him in any of the villages. *The houses were underground*, with entrances like that of a well, though they were spacious below. The entrances for the animals were dug out, but the men descended by means of ladders. In these houses there were goats, cows, chickens, and the young of the same. The animals were fed on hay inside the houses, which also held a store of wheat, barley, vegetables, and barley-beer in great vessels. The barley-corns floated on the liquor up to the brim of the vessels, and long and short jointless reeds lay thereupon. When desiring to drink, one had to suck the beverage through the reeds. When unmixed with water this beer was very fiery, but the drink was most acceptable when one had acquired a liking for it.

These troglodytes were evidently happy and prosperous, because provident, and they

enjoyed the ordinary comforts of life, as well as some of the luxuries, such as beer. Of course we could not expect to find the same customs prevailing in cold Armenia as in the hot regions of the Red Sea and Ethiopia. A severe climate always makes for thrift and attendant civilization.

The third type of troglodytes had their abodes in cavities excavated with great labor in the living rocks. In point of civilization they were decidedly in advance of those whose acquaintance we have just made, and from the Old Testament we learn that troglodytes of this type sometimes attained to might and power, and even became arrogant and called down upon themselves the vengeance of Jehovah. The words of Obadiah in regard to the troglodytes of Edom are:

> Thus saith the Lord God concerning Edom; . . . Behold, I have made thee small among the heathen: thou art greatly despised. The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee, *thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, whose habitation is high; that saith in his heart, Who shall bring me down to the ground? Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars,* thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord.

These appear to be astonishing words to apply to troglodytes, or dwellers in holes. But no doubt these holes were not only high *above* the ground, but, on occasion, might even be palatial residences, and the words of Obadiah were literally true if we apply them to the modern dwellings of the Cappadocian troglodytes.

If we draw a line through Tarsus due north across the peninsula of Asia Minor, and another through Smyrna directly east, the two lines will intersect in the volcanic region of Mount Argæus, where the cone-pyramids and pure cliff-dwellings of Cappadocia are found. The country west and southwest of Mount Argæus and Cæsarea-Mazaca is in some respects one of the most remarkable in the world. The whole region is of volcanic formation, which covers a vast area, extending west to Selme and south to Soghanlü Dere, and is composed of a deep

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

CONE FOREST NEAR MARTCHAN.

layer of pumice-stone, tuff, tufa, or peperine, overlaid in the region of Tatlar by rugged lava-fields, which, as will be seen, originally covered the entire area. The pumice or tufa forms a solid bed of almost incredible thickness, whose depth is not known up to the present, as the region has never been examined by a geologist. The overlying layer of lava is comparatively thin, its maximum thickness being under three feet. The tufa is so soft that it can be dug away with the thumb-nail, so that only time and patience were necessary in order to excavate it into chambers of any required size. It is known that a chamber twenty-five feet long, thirteen feet broad, and ten feet high was excavated by a single workman in the space of thirty days.

In the course of the centuries this pumice-field has been worn away by the solvent action of water, and the watercourses have gradually formed cañons of great depth and width. The pumice mass was not worn away equally and evenly, as a glance at the accompanying pictures from photographs will show. In spots the overlying lava offered a sturdier resistance to the abrasive influences, and the result was the formation of tens of thousands of more or less isolated cones or cone-pyramids. Geologists must tell us why the resultant of the erosion should be a series of cones, rather than a series of rectangular obelisks or cylindrical columns. Obelisks are found, to be sure (see picture, page 682), and I saw one cylindrical column; but cone-pyramids are the rule. In the middle distance of the picture on page 682 the rim of a bluff appears and gives approximately the original level of the pumice-field. Stratification is apparent and continues horizontally *through* the isolated obelisks and cones, which therefore originally formed part of an unbroken bed of pumice-stone. If we imagine a region of country twenty or more miles in diameter, some idea of the immensity of the area covered by the cone-formation may be imagined.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

DECAYED CONES NEAR UDJ ASSARÜ.

The first European to describe this remarkable region was Paul Lukas, who, at the beginning of the last century, traveled in Asia Minor at the instance of Louis XIV. For more than a century Lukas had no successor, and his story of the wonders he saw was discredited by geographers and scholars alike. And yet Lukas was right in every particular, except in supposing that the cones were constructed by man, if indeed he did entertain such a belief. I have not seen the entire field of this cone-formation, though I spent three days among the cones, but I can easily believe that Lukas understated the truth when he estimated their number at fifty thousand. The region was visited in succession by Texier, Hamilton, Tschichatscheff, Ainsworth, Barth, and Mordtmann, but nevertheless it is still virtually unknown.

The height of the cones varies greatly, ranging perhaps from fifty to three hundred feet. One of the old travelers puts the maximum height at four hundred feet, certainly an overstatement. The tallest cones usually stand in the center of the eroded valleys, but not always. The process of disintegration still continues, of course, and in many cones the exterior wall has been worn away to such an extent that the chambers are laid bare. Such exposed chambers, if they lie fairly to the sun, are used for drying grapes, apricots, and other fruit, as they are safe against invasion by animals.

Often the cones are almost perfect in shape, and originally all of them were crowned by caps of lava (as in the picture on page 679), which were the primal cause of the cone-formation. The caps maintain their position because they form one integral conglomerate mass with the cone.

Oftentimes the doorways are quite elaborate and display an attempt at architectural and decorative effect, more especially in the case of cones that have been turned into temples, churches, or chapels (see below). Sometimes the doorway gives entrance direct from the ground (as in the picture on page 683), but in many cones the entrance is high above the ground, in which case ingress is attained by means of two parallel rows of holes cut at regular intervals, so that one may climb to the door with hands and feet Sometimes there are no visible means of reaching the entrance, but this is apparent rather than actual, for the process of disintegration constantly decreases the circumference of the cones, and the original ladder-holes have disappeared. If we enter the doorway of any of these cone-dwellings, we find ourselves within a spacious chamber, about whose walls niches and shelves for the storage of small household effects have been cut into the stone. The stairways leading to the upper stories are like wells or round chimneys, and one ascended to an upper story by means of ladder-holes precisely like those which gave access to the front entrance. The floors between the stories were usually thick enough to withstand any weight that might be put upon them, but occasionally the excavators miscalculated the thickness of the floor, with the result of making one lofty chamber instead of two. I counted as many

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY W. G. WATT.

A PORTION OF THE TROGLODYTE VILLAGE OF MARTCHAN.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

LANDSCAPE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF UDJ ASSARÜ.

as nine stories in one cone, but most have only two, three, or four stories. One can easily count the stories from the outside by means of the windows. Great numbers of the cone-dwellings are used to-day as dove-cotes for the hosts of pigeons, the eggs and flesh of which are used as food by the natives. The windows of such hen-coop cones are always walled in, holes of ingress being left for the birds.

A due proportion of the cones were reserved for the worship of some god, whether pagan or Christian. The period to which these belong is revealed by the imitated architecture. A cone with a portico and Doric columns belongs clearly to the period when Greek civilization was dominant. An interior with pseudo-arches belongs to the Greco-Roman period. An interior which imitates the characteristic Byzantine church (page 687) is clearly of Christian origin, though its date may be matter of dispute. The interior walls of these Byzantine churches are still covered with frescos, which of course are more or less obliterated. Among them are found not merely portraits of Greek saints, each with the characteristic nimbus, but even pretentious paintings embracing a large number of figures. Some of these paintings are ancient in style, others more modern.

The natives of this region, to all intents and purposes, are still troglodytes. But if we leave out of consideration the fact that their dwellings are at least partially underground, they differ in habits and customs in no whit from the ordinary Turkish villagers with ordinary, humdrum surroundings. Frequently the front or façade of a house is constructed from blocks of the easily quarried pumice-stone, while all the rêst of the abode is subterranean (page 685), the cone or cliff being used as an annex. But in most cases a modern dwelling is excavated, not in a cone, but in the face of the bluff, and thus it becomes a cliff-dwelling properly so called. This is true of the business street of the town of Ürgüb, where the front or façade opening on the street is the only room in the dwelling into which the light pene-

trates. The other rooms are enveloped in midnight darkness the year round. The owner of such an abode can extend his dwelling indefinitely into the bowels of the earth, and no one need know aught of his enlarged residence, a feature which is not without its advantages in a land where the wise man conceals the fact that he is wealthy. The interior chambers are used chiefly for granaries and storage. Even their chaff, which is made to take the place of our hay, is safely stowed away in these dry and dark chambers.

In passing along the main street of Ürgüb the superficial observer will not detect the slightest indication that he is in the presence of troglodyte dwellings, though he may quickly convince himself that such is the fact. The upland or plateau-level of this region abounds in hummocks, hills, and lofty pinnacles (page 686), and they are all used as an annex or background against which modern dwellings are built. It may even happen (as in the picture on page 685) that the house of the owner of a vineyard is actually located beneath the vineyard itself.

The landscapes amid which the modern troglodyte loves to dwell are exceedingly varied, and they are never tame; indeed, they are often startling, or at least fascinating. The modern troglodytic usages add to, rather than detract from, the general weirdness of the landscape. The soil in the valleys is fertile, and produces grapes, vegetables, and fruit, chiefly apricots, of superb quality. Indeed, one of the old travelers claims this region as the original home of the apricot. Even the uplands, whose soil consists wholly of disintegrated and ash-like pumice-stone, produce not only grapes and fruit, but beans, melons, cucumbers, etc. Of course the soil even of the lowlands is still disintegrated pumice-stone, but, being capable of irrigation, it is very fertile, and is under cultivation wherever it is not too rugged. It often happens that garden and desert are close neighbors, for the reason that the garden flourishes wherever the stone has rotted sufficiently, whereas the adjacent but naked and unrotted stone is the most barren of deserts.

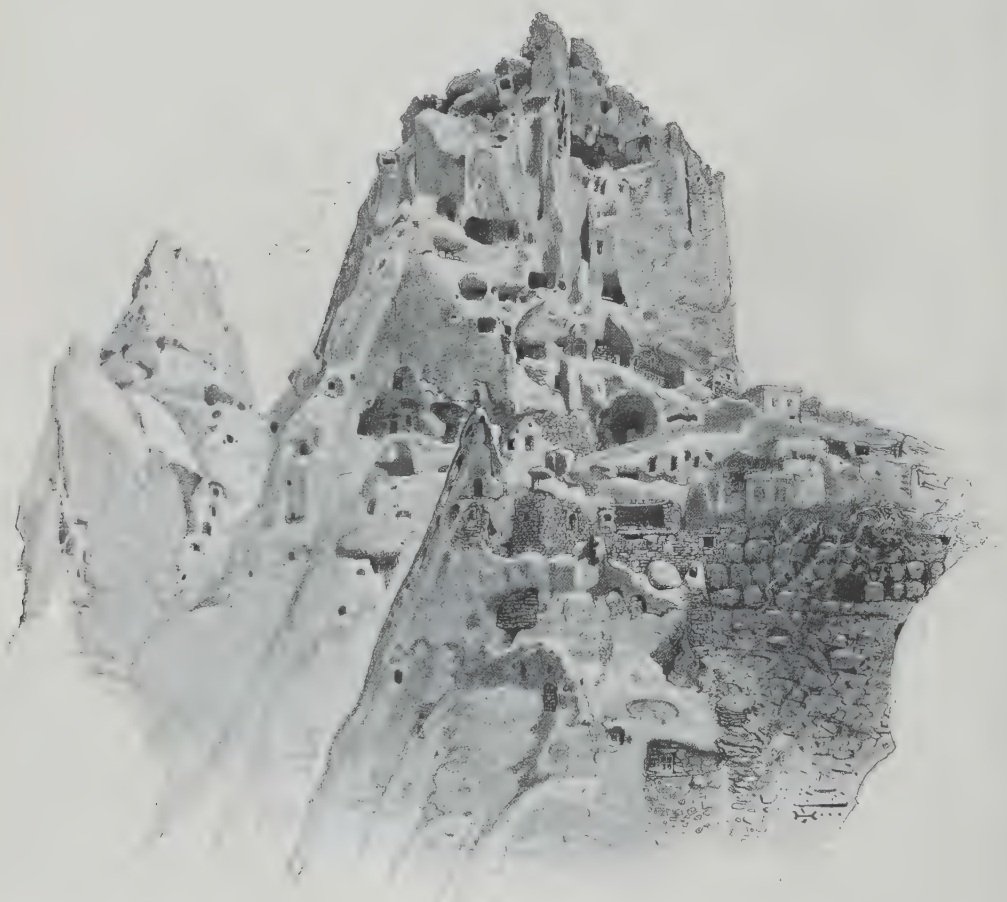
The real center of these white cones and troglodytic abodes is the region about Udj Assarü (page 684), a huge mass of pumice-

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY E. CLEMENT.

VIEW OF A CLIFF IN SOGHANLÜ DERE (ONION VALLEY).

stone which lifts its lofty head in the midst of many branching valleys. The Turkish name means "the castle of Udj," but it is not known whether Udj was the name of a man (princeling), or that of the place or district. It is a virtual shell at present, in that it is honeycombed to the very pinnacle with chambers sufficient in number to meet the wants of even the wealthiest troglodyte. It recalls vividly to mind the words of Obadiah, as does also the lofty pinnacle seen on page 686. The original level of the surrounding plateau corresponded with the summit of these lofty rocks, and all the rest of the plateau has been washed away by erosion. It is hard to conceive of such an amazing amount of erosion and disintegration, but it is clearly proved by the fact that on the very summit of the watershed of Udj Assarü a number of lofty and almost perfect cones are found. But the original level of the plateau was above the tops of these cones. In these and similar masses the processes of erosion and disintegration were retarded by the superincumbent layer of harder stone, which, however, has now disappeared.

Journeying westward from Udj Assarü, after passing Nev Shehir one reaches a vast lava-field that overlies the pumice-stone in one unbroken sheet, which is still as rough and barren as the lava-beds of Vesuvius, and extends certainly as far as Tatlar, a village fifteen miles distant, lying in a valley formed by erosion. The cones are absent, but the activity of the troglodytes is everywhere visible in the rim-rocks of the bluffs. The excavated chambers are almost interminable, and inspire the ignorant and superstitious natives with awe, which is increased by the ever-present fear that some portion of the overhanging bluff may break away and thunder down upon the village, leaving death and destruction in its wake. This actually happened four days before my visit to Tat-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

UDJ ASSARÜ (PALACE OR CASTLE OF UDJ).

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. M. NORTHCOTE.

TROGLODYTE VILLAGE OF MARTCHAN.

lar, when such a boulder, weighing many tons, crashed down upon the village, burying twelve houses and killing five *men* (no count was made of casualties among the women).

Soghanlü Dere (Onion Valley, page 683) lies a full day's journey south of the Ürgüb-Udj Assarü region. It is a lateral cañon of the great cañon of Ortakieui. Its cliffs also are mere shells, and contain thousands on thousands of chambers, churches, chapels, and cemeteries. Cones, though they do occur even here, are rare, and there are no temple or church façades as at Martchan. In the picture five entrances may be seen, all other openings being windows. It is plain to any observer that story rises upon story, but I did not try to discover the maximum number of stories. Soghanlü Dere is no longer inhabited by man, but thousands of pigeons have preëmpted its abandoned abodes. Both here and elsewhere many of the windows are painted for some distance on the outside, but I did not discover the reason therefor. Chapels are numerous in these cliffs, and pictures of Greek saints still abound on the walls. Many of the saints are named by painted inscriptions, some of which I copied. In the floors of the chapels graves were cut, and in some of them human skeletons may still be seen, quite exposed. In point of fact, graves are frequently found even in the dwellings themselves, and it seems evident that the people lived in the same rooms with their pigeons and their dead.

The neighboring village of Ortakieui, situated in the cañon of the same name, is one of the few villages in the far interior of Asia Minor in which Greek is still spoken. These cañons lie far below the surrounding plateau, which is waterless and therefore a semi-desert waste during the hot season of the year; but the soil in the cañons is exceedingly fertile, and produces luxuriant gardens, which are most welcome after a sojourn in the desert of the neighboring plateau. The entrance to the cañon of Ortakieui is artificial, consisting of a roadway excavated at a convenient grade in the rim-rock of the bluff.

The problem of the age of these dwellings is difficult, and it is impossible to discuss adequately here; but I will give a brief outline of the method of reasoning by which a

date may be arrived at. The dwellings themselves give us but few data for fixing the genesis of the troglodytic habit in this region. We find on the walls of the churches no paintings of rulers, with the exception of those of Constantine and Helena, both of whom are saints in the Greek Orthodox Church, so that their pictures do not necessarily fix a date. Indeed, Mordtmann claims that all the mural paintings were made after Islam had become the official religion of the land. This, of course, involves a stretch of time between the advent of the Seljuks and the beginning of the last century, when the region was visited by Paul Lukas. That does not carry us back very far.

It is remarkable that no classical author, Greek or Roman, makes the slightest mention of the Cappadocian troglodytes, with the possible exception of Cicero. But we have one precious allusion to them from the pen of Leo Diaconus, who was born about 950 A.D., and wrote a history of the period between 959 and 975. In discussing the campaign of Nicephorus, Leo remarks incidentally that "the Cappadocians were formerly called troglodytes, because they concealed themselves in caves, holes, and labyrinths; as it were, in subterranean bays and recesses." Accordingly, these dwellings were in existence *before* 950 A.D.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

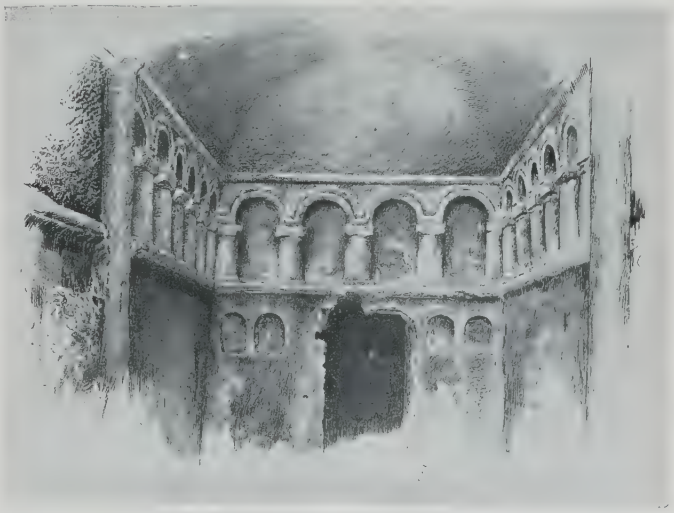
LANDSCAPE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF ÜRGÜB.

But the names of the villages in this region are veritable sign-boards pointing in the direction of the truth, and it is in this connection, as Mordtmann says, that the importance of the visit of Paul Lukas becomes apparent, and then chiefly because he gives the name of Ürgüb in French as Jurcup-Estant (French *u* = German *ü*), which is certainly a valuable mistake, on the part of Lukas, for Ürgübistan, a word of Turkish formation, which means "the region or country in which Ürgüb live or are found." From a comparison with modern Armenian speech it would appear that Ürgüb means "caves or graves cut out of the rock," and Ürgüb plus the Turkish ethnic suffix *-istan*, *i. e.*, Ürgübistan, means "the region of country in which artificial cavities exist in rocks." In the "Jerusalem Itinerary" we find a village Argustana mentioned as being on the road leading from Ancyra to Tyana,

i.e., somewhere in this very region. As Ürgüb-istan is none other than Argustana, these dwellings were in existence before the year 333 A.D., the date of the "Jerusalem Itinerary."

In a passage in Cicero mention is made of hiding in the latebræ of Pontus and Cappadocia. Now "latebræ" means hiding-places, retreats, lurking-places, hidden recesses. There can be little doubt that in speaking of the hiding-places of Cappadocia Cicero had precisely this region of country in mind, for as proconsul he must have seen it with his own eyes. The point is inherently probable, but it cannot be definitely proved. I am familiar with the greater part of Cappadocia, and I can think of no other region to which Cicero could be referring. If we may assume, then that he does refer to this region of cone- and cliff-dwellings, we gain a date before Christ; we are thus brought into antiquity, and are justified in looking to the tombs of the Phrygian kings for a means of comparison. There the rock-formation is similar in character to that found in Cappadocia, except that it is slightly harder. The façades of the tombs of the Phrygian kings found in Midas-town are well known from histories of art. Many of them have porticos with Doric columns similar to, but of better execution than, those found in Cappadocia. The sculptured ornaments are sometimes identical, as the chevron-molding occurs in both places. The altars on the Acropolis of Midas-town are hewn from the rock, and not far distant is Pismish Kale (Cooked or Baked Castle), so called because tne walls of circumvallation were not built, but are natural, inasmuch as the interior of the citadel has been sunk into the living rock. The cone-formation is also met with in this region, though cones are very rare and not so perfect as they are in Cappadocia. In the region of Midas-town we have to do with the abodes of the dead, but in the neighboring Ayazin dwellings for the living and Christian churches are found excavated out of the native rock. In Cappadocia no attention was paid to the exterior form of the churches or chapels, for the reason that the exterior was either determined by the cone, or was entirely absent because immured, so to speak, in the cliff. But at Ayazin the churches have architectural form, in that great attention was paid to the structural details both of the interior and the exterior, and that, too, though the churches are in the cliffs, and not excavated in isolated hummocks or cones. There are therefore many points of resemblance and kinship between the rock-cut tombs and dwellings of Phrygia and the cone-dwellings of Cappadocia. The date of the royal tombs of Phrygia is about 800 B.C. We are getting back to a respectable antiquity. But we need not rest satisfied even with this remote date.

Around the rim of the celebrated bilingual boss of Tarkondemos there runs a cuneiform inscription, which is easily read and gives the name and the title of the king whose figure is engraved in the center of the boss (=Tarku-dimme, king of the country of Erme). On each side of the king is a duplicate inscription in Hittite hieroglyphs, which repeats the cuneiform inscription. What interests us in this inscription is the fact that the ideograph for "king" is a cone, and the ideograph for "country" is two cones. These are the veritable cones of Cappadocia Sayce regards Cappadocia as the original home of the Hittites, and bases his theory precisely on the fact that in the Hittite hieroglyphs cones are used as ideographs for "king" and "country." And hereby we find that the cones of Cappadocia were well known and inhabited in the dim, distant Hittite period, at about 1900 B.C., a date beyond which we cannot go, and need not try to go.



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.

INTERIOR VIEW, SHOWING TROGLODYTE CHURCH OF THE BYZANTINE EPOCH.

"WITH A CRY MONSIEUR SPRANG AT MY THROAT." (SEE PAGE 693.)

THE HELMET OF NAVARRE.

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

SYNOPSIS OF THE OPENING CHAPTERS, IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

Upon the death, in 1589, of Henry III of France, the Duke of St. Quentin, one of the greatest nobles of the court, found himself without a master. He was no friend to either king or League, being too staunch a Catholic to bow to the Huguenot Henry of Navarre, too staunch a patriot to forward the ambitions of the Guises. Therefore he retired into Picardie, where he remained passive until, in the year 1593, learning the king's intention to turn Catholic, he swears allegiance to his Majesty, and during Henry's investment of Paris undertakes for him a mission into the city, the stronghold of the League. Thither follows the duke's page, Félix Broux, who tells the story.

Before he has been in the city twenty-four hours the lad Félix discovers a plot for the murder of his master. Completely in the power of the conspirators, whom he knows only as Pontou, Gervais, and Yeux-gris, Félix is saved from death at the hands of the first two by Yeux-gris, who risks his life to rescue the boy. Escaping, Félix warns the duke of the plot, but, in gratitude to his champion Yeux-gris, refuses to disclose the names or whereabouts of the plotters. St. Quentin gives the page half an hour to relent; if he will not, the truth must be flogged out of him.

VIII. CHARLES-ANDRÉ-ÉTIENNE-MARIE.

VIGO led me out into the anteroom, unpleased, but unprotesting. Those men who judged by the outside of things and, knowing Vigo's iron ways, said that he ruled Monsieur, were wrong.

The big equerry gave me over to the charge of Marcel and returned to the inner room. Hardly had the door closed behind him when the page burst out:

"What is it? What is up? What have you done, Félix?"

Now, you can guess I was too sick-hearted for chatter. I had defied and disobeyed my liege lord; I could never hope for pardon or any man's respect. They threatened me with flogging; well, let them flog. They could not make my back any sorer than my conscience was. For I had not the satisfaction in my trouble of thinking that I had done right. Monsieur's danger should have been my first consideration. What was Yeux-gris, perjured scoundrel, in comparison with M. le Duc? And yet I knew that at the end of the half-hour I should not tell; at the end of the flogging I should not tell. I had warned Monsieur; that I would have done had it been the breaking of a thousand oaths. But give up Yeux-gris? Not if they tore me limb from limb!

"What is it all about?" cried Marcel, again. "You look as glum as a Jesuit in Lent. What is the matter with you, Félix?"

"I have cooked my goose," I said gloomily.

"What have you done?"

"Nothing that I can speak about. But I am out of Monsieur's books."

"What was old Vigo after when he took you in to Monsieur? I never saw anything so bold. When Monsieur says he is not to be disturbed, he means it."

I had nothing to tell him, and was silent.

"What is it? Can't you tell an old chum?"

"No; it is Monsieur's private business."

"Well, you are grumpy!" he cried out pettishly. "You must be out of grace." He seemed to decide that nothing was to be made out of me just now on this tack, and with unabated persistence tried another.

"Is it true, Félix, what one of the men said just now, that you tried to speak with Monsieur this morning when he drove out?"

"Yes. But Monsieur did not recognize me."

"Like enough," Marcel answered. "He has a way of late of falling into these absent fits. Monsieur is not the man he was."

"He does look older," I said, "and worn. I trow the risk he is running—"

"Pshaw!" cried Marcel, with scorn. "Is Monsieur a man to mind risks? No; it is M. le Comte."

I started like a guilty thing, remembering what Yeux-gris had told me and I, wrapped in my petty troubles, had forgotten. Monsieur had lost his only son. And I had chosen this time to defy him.

"How long ago was it?" I asked in a hushed voice.

"Since M. le Comte left us? It will be three weeks next Friday."

"How did he die?"

"Die?" echoed Marcel. "You crazy fellow, he is not dead!"

It was my turn to stare.

"Then where is he?"

"It would be money in my pouch if I knew. What made you think him dead, Félix?"

"A man told me so."

"Pardieu!" he cried in some excitement. "When? Who was it?"

"To-day. I do not know the man's name."

"It seems you know very little. Pardieu! I do not believe M. le Comte is dead. What else did your man say?"

"Nothing. He only said the Comte de Mar was dead."

"Pshaw! I don't believe it. You believe everything you hear because you are just from the country. No; if M. le Comte were dead we should hear of it. Oh, certainly, we should hear."

"But where is he, then? You say he is lost."

"Aye. He has not been seen or heard of since the day they had the quarrel."

"Who quarrelled?"

"Why, he and Monsieur," answered Marcel, in a lower voice, pointing to the door of the inner room. "M. le Comte has been his own master too long to take kindly to a hand over him; that is the whole of it. He has a quick temper. So has Monsieur."

But I thought of Monsieur's wonderful patience, and I cried:

"Shame!"

"What now?"

"To speak like that of Monsieur."

"Enfin, it is true. He is none the worse for that. But I suppose if Monsieur had a cloven hoof one must not mention it."

"One would get his head broken."

"Oh, you Broux!" he cried out. "I have not seen you for half a year. I had forgotten that with you the St. Quentins rank with the saints."

"You—you are a hired servant. You come to Monsieur as you might come to anybody. With the Broux it is different," I retorted angrily. Yet I could not but know in my heart that any hired servant might have served Monsieur better than I. My boasted loyalty—what was it but lip-service? I said more humbly: "Pshaw! it is no great matter. Tell me about the quarrel."

"And so I will, if you 're civil. In the first place, there was the question of M. le Comte's marriage."

"What! is he married?"

"Oh, by no means. Monsieur would n't have it. You see, Félix," Marcel said in a tone deep with importance, "we 're Navarre's men now."

"Of course," said I.

"I suppose you would say 'of course' just like that to Mayenne himself. You greenhorn! It is as much as our lives are worth to side openly with Navarre. The League may attack us any day."

"I know," I said uneasily. Every chance word Marcel spoke seemed to dye my guilt the deeper. "But what has this to do with M. le Comte's marriage?" I asked him.

"Why, he was more than half a Leaguer. Perhaps he is one now. Some say he and Monsieur were at daggers drawn about politics; but I warrant it was about Mlle. de Montluc. They call her the Rose of Lorraine. She 's the Duke of Mayenne's own cousin and housemate. And we 're king's men, so of course it was no match for Monsieur's son. Monsieur would n't hear of it. But the backbone of the trouble was M. de Grammont."

"And who may he be?"

"He 's a cousin of the house. He and M. le Comte are as thick as thieves. Before we came to Paris they lodged together. So when M. le Comte came here he brought M. de Grammont. Dare I speak ill of Monsieur's cousin, Félix? For I would say, at the risk of a broken head, that he is a sour-faced churl. You cannot deny it. You never saw him."

"No, nor M. le Comte, either."

"Why, you have seen M. le Comte!"

"Never. The only time he came to St. Quentin I was laid up in bed with a strained leg. I missed the chase. Don't you remember?"

"Why, you are right; that was the time you fell out of the buttery window when you were stealing tarts, and Margot got after you with the broomstick. I remember very well."

He was for calling up all our old pranks at the château, but it was little joy to me to think on those fortunate days when I was Monsieur's favourite. I said:

"Nay, Marcel, you were telling me of M. le Comte and the quarrel."

"Oh, as for that, it is easy told. You see, M. le Comte and this Grammont took no interest in Monsieur's affairs, and they had very little to say to him, and he to them. They had plenty of friends in Paris, Leaguers or not, and they used to go about amusing themselves. But at last M. de Grammont

had such a run of bad luck at the tables that he not only emptied his own pockets but M. le Comte's as well. I will say for M. le Comte that he would share his last sou with any one who asked."

"And so would any St. Quentin."

"Oh, you are always piping up for the St. Quentins."

"He should have no need in this house."

We jumped up to find Vigo standing behind us.

"What have you been saying of Monsieur?"

"Nothing, M. Vigo," stammered the page. "I only said M. le Comte—"

"You are not to discuss M. le Comte. Do you hear?"

"Yes, M. Vigo."

"Then obey. And you, Félix, I shall have a little interview with you shortly."

"As you will, M. Vigo," I said hopelessly.

He went off down the corridor, and Marcel turned angrily on me.

"Mon dieu, Félix, you have got me into a nice scrape with your eternal chanting of the praises of Monsieur. Like as not I shall get a beating for it. Vigo never forgets."

"I am sorry," I said. "We should not have been talking of it."

"No, we should not. Come over here where we can watch both doors, and I 'll tell you the rest before the old lynx gets back."

We sat down close together, and he proceeded in a low tone to disobey Vigo.

"Enfin, as I said, the two young gentlemen were quite sans le sou, for things had come to a point where M. le Duc looked pretty black at any application for funds—he has other uses for his gold, you see. One day Monsieur was expecting some one to whom he was to pay a thousand pistoles, and to have the money handy he put it in a secret drawer in his cabinet in the room yonder. The man arrives and is taken to Monsieur's private room. Monsieur gives him his orders and goes to the cabinet for his pistoles. No pistoles there!"

Marcel paused dramatically. "And what then?" I asked.

"Well, it appears he had once shown M. le Comte the trick of the drawer, so he sent for him—not to accuse him, mind you. For M. le Comte is wild enough, yet Monsieur did not think he would steal pistoles, nor would he, I will stake my oath. No, Monsieur merely asked him if he had ever shown any one the drawer, and M. le Comte answered, 'Only Grammont.'"

"And how have you learned all this?"

"Oh, one hears."

"One does, with one's ears to the keyhole."

"It behooves you, Félix, to be civil to your better!"

I made pretence of looking about me.

"Where is he?"

"He sits here. I am page to the Duke of St. Quentin. And you?"

"Touché!" I admitted bitterly enough. Little Marcel, my junior, my unquestioning follower in the old days, was now indeed my better, quite in a position to patronize.

"Continue, if you please, Marcel. Yet, in passing, I should like to ask you how much you heard of our talk in there just now."

"Nothing," he answered candidly. "When they are so far down the room, one cannot hear a word. In the affair of the pistoles, they stood near the cabinet at this end. One could not help but hear. As for listening at keyholes, I scorn it."

"Yes, it is well to scorn it. People have an unpleasant trick of opening doors so suddenly."

He laughed cheerfully.

"Old Vigo caught us, certes. Let 's see, where was I? Oh, yes, then Monsieur put on his proud look and said, if it was a case of no one but his son and his cousin, he preferred to drop the matter. But M. le Comte got out of him what the trouble was, and went off for Grammont, red as fire. The two together came back to Monsieur and denied up and down that either of them knew aught of his pistoles, or had told of the secret to any one. They say it was easy to see that Monsieur did not believe Grammont, but he did not give him the lie, and the matter came near dropping there, for M. le Duc would not accuse a kinsman. But then Lucas gave a new turn to the affair."

"How long has Lucas been here, Marcel? Who is he?"

"Oh, he 's a rascal of a Huguenot. Monsieur picked him up at Mantes, just before we came to the city. And if he spies on Monsieur's enemies as well as he does on this household, he must be a useful man. He has that long nose of his in everything, let me tell you. Of course he was present when Monsieur missed the pistoles. So, then, quite on his own account, without any orders, he took two of the men and searched M. de Grammont's room. And in a locked chest of his which they forced open they found five hundred of the pistoles in the very box Monsieur had kept them in."

"And then?"

Marcel made a fine gesture.

"And then, pardieu! the storm broke. M. de Grammont raved like a madman. He said Lucas was the thief and had put half the sum in his chest to divert suspicion. He said it was a plot to ruin him contrived between Monsieur and his henchman, Lucas. It is true enough, certes, that Monsieur never liked him. He threatened Monsieur's life and Lucas's. He challenged Monsieur, and Monsieur declined to cross swords with a thief. He challenged Lucas, and Lucas took the cue from Monsieur. I was not there —on either side of the door. What I tell you has leaked out bit by bit from Lucas, for Monsieur keeps his mouth shut. The upshot of the matter was that Grammont goes at Lucas with a knife, and Monsieur has the guards pitch my gentleman into the street. Then M. le Comte swore a big oath that he would go with Grammont. Monsieur told him if he went in such company it would be forever. M. le Comte swore he would never come back under his father's roof if M. le Duc crawled to him on his knees to beg him."

"Ah!" I cried; "and then?"

"Marry, that 's all. M. le Comte went straight out of this gate, without horse or squire. And we have not heard a word of either of them since."

He paused, and when I made no comment, said, a trifle aggrieved:

"Eh bien, you take it calmly, but you would not had you been here. It was an altogether lively affair. It would n't surprise me a whit if some day Monsieur should be attacked as he drives out. He 's not one to forget an injury, this M. Gervais de Grammont."

At the name, intelligence flashed over me, sudden and clear as last night's lightning-gleam. Yet this thing I seemed to see was so hideous, so horrible, that my mind recoiled from it.

"Marcel," I stammered, shuddering, "Marcel—"

"Mordieu! what ails you? Is some one walking on your grave?"

"Marcel, how is M. le Comte named?"

"The Comte de Mar? Oh, do you mean his names in baptism? Charles-André-Étienne-Marie. They call him Étienne. Why do you ask? What is it?"

It was a certainty, then. Yet I could not bring myself to believe this horrible thing.

"I have never seen him. How does he look?"

"Oh, not at all like Monsieur. He has fair hair and gray eyes—que diable!"

For I had flung open Monsieur's door and dashed in.

IX. THE HONOUR OF ST. QUENTIN.

MONSIEUR was seated at his table, talking in a low tone and hurriedly to Lucas. They started and stared as I broke in upon them, and then Monsieur cried out to me:

"Ah, Félix! You have come to your senses."

"Monsieur, I will tell you all, the whole story."

He tested my honesty with a glance, then looked beyond me at Marcel, standing agape in the doorway.

"Leave us, Marcel. Go down-stairs. Leave that door open, and shut the door into the corridor."

Marcel obeyed. Monsieur turned to me with a smile.

"Now, Félix."

I had hardly been able to hold my words back while Marcel was disposed of.

"Monsieur, I knew not, myself, the names of those men. Now I have found out. They—"

My eyes met the secretary's fixed excitedly upon me, and the words died on my tongue. Even in my rage I had the grace to know that this was no story to tell Monsieur before another.

"I will tell Monsieur alone."

"You may speak before M. Lucas," he rejoined impatiently.

"No," I persisted. "I must tell Monsieur alone."

He saw in my face that I had strong reason for asking it; he said to the secretary:

"You may go, Lucas."

Lucas protested.

"M. le Duc will be wiser not to see him alone. He is not to be trusted. Perchance, Monsieur, this demand covers an attack on your life."

The warning nettled my lord. He answered curtly:

"You may go."

"Monsieur—"

"Go."

Lucas passed out, giving me, as he went, a look of hatred that startled me. But I did not pay it much heed.

"Well!" exclaimed Monsieur.

But by this time I had bethought myself what a story it was I had to tell a father of his son. I could not blurt it out in two words. I stood silent, not knowing how to start.

"Félix! Beware how much longer you abuse my patience!"

"Monsieur," I began, "the spy in the house is named Martin."

"Ah!" cried Monsieur. "So it is Louis Martin. How he knew— But go on. The others—"

"I lay the night in the Rue Coupejarrets, not far from the St. Denis gate," I said, still beating about the bush, "at the sign of the Amour de Dieu. Opposite is a closed house, shuttered with iron from garret to cellar. You can enter from a court behind. It is here that they plot."

Monsieur's brows drew together, as if he were trying to recall something half remembered, half forgotten.

"But the men," he cried, "the men!"

"They are three. One a low fellow named Pontou."

"Pontou? The name is nothing to me. The others?" He was leaning forward eagerly. I knew of what he was thinking —the quickest way to reach the Rue Coupejarrets.

"There are two others, Monsieur," I said slowly. "Young men—noble."

I looked at him. But no light whatever had broken in upon him.

"Their names, lad!"

Then, seeing him unsuspecting, the fury in my heart surged up and covered every other feeling. I shouted out:

"Gervais de Grammont and the Comte de Mar."

He looked me in the face, and he knew I was telling the truth. Unexpected as it was, hideous as it was, yet he knew I was telling the truth.

I had seen cowards turn pale, but never the colour washed from a brave man's face. The sight made my fingers itch to strangle that gray-eyed cheat.

With a cry Monsieur sprang at my throat.

"You lie, you cur!"

"No, Monsieur," I gasped; "it is the truth."

He let me go then, and laid his hand on the collar of the dog, who had sprung to his aid. But Monsieur had got a hurt from which the dumb beast's loyalty could not defend him. He stood with bowed head, a man stricken to the heart's core. Full of wrath as I was, the tears came to my eyes for Monsieur.

He recovered himself.

"It is some damnable mistake! You have been tricked!"

My rage blazed up again.

"No! They tricked me once. Not again! Not this time. I knew not who they were till now, when I talked with Marcel. The two things fitted."

"Then it is your guess! You dare to say—"

"No, I know!" I interrupted rudely, too excited to remember respect. "Shall I tell you what these men were like? I had never seen M. le Comte nor M. de Grammont before. One was broad-shouldered and heavy, with a black beard and a black scowl, whom the other called Gervais. The younger was called Étienne, tall and slender, with gray eyes and fair hair. And like you, Monsieur!" I cried, suddenly aware of it. "Mordieu, how he is like you, though he is light! In face, in voice, in manner! He speaks like you. He has your laugh. I was blind not to see it. I believe that was why I loved him so much."

"It was he whom you would not betray?"

"Aye. That was before I knew he was your son."

Thinking of the faith I had given him, my wrath boiled up again. Monsieur took me by the shoulder and looked at me as if he would look through me to the naked soul.

"How do I know that you are not lying?"

"Monsieur does know it."

"Yes," he answered after a moment. "Alas! yes, I know it."

He stood looking at me, with the dreariest face I ever saw—the face of a man whose son has sought to murder him. Looking back on it now, I wonder that I ever went to Monsieur with that story. I wonder why I did not bury the shame and disgrace of it in my own heart, at whatever cost keep it from Monsieur. But the thought never entered my head then. I was so full of black rage against Yeux-gris—him most of all, because he had won me so—that I could feel nothing else. I knew that I pitied Monsieur, yet I hardly felt it.

"Tell me everything—how you met them —all. Else I shall not believe a word of your devilish rigmarole," Monsieur cried out.

I told him the whole shameful story, every word, from my lightning vision to my gossip with Marcel in the antechamber, he listening in hopeless silence. At length I finished. It seemed hours since he had spoken. At last he said, "Then it is true." The grayness of his face drew the cry from me:

"The villain! the black-hearted villain!"

"Take care, Félix, he is my son!"

I got hold of my cross and tore it off, breaking the chain.

"See, Monsieur. That is the cross on

which he swore the plot was not against you. He swore it, and Gervais de Grammont laughed! I swore, too, never to betray them! Two perjuries!"

I flung the cross on the floor and stamped on it, splintering it.

"Profaner!" cried Monsieur.

"It is no sacrilege!" I retorted. "That is no holy thing since he has touched it. He has made it vile—scoundrel, assassin, parricide!"

Monsieur struck the words from my lips.

"It is true," I muttered.

"Were it ten times true, you have no right to say it."

"No, I have none," I answered, shamed. I might not speak ill of a St. Quentin, though he were the devil's own. But my rage came uppermost again.

"Monsieur, I can bring you to the house in twenty minutes. You can take Vigo and a handful of men and have them prisoners before they suspect anything amiss. They are only three—he and Grammont and the lackey."

But Monsieur shook his head.

"I cannot do that."

"Why not, Monsieur?"

"Can I take my own son prisoner?"

"Monsieur need not go," said I, wondering. In his place I would have gone and killed Yeux-gris with my own hands. "Vigo and I and two more can do it. Vigo and I alone, if Monsieur would not shame him before the men." I guessed at what he was thinking.

"Not even you and Vigo," he answered. "Think you I would arrest my son like a common felon—shame him like that?"

"He has shamed himself!" I cried. I cared not whether I had a right to say it. "He has forgotten his honour."

"Aye. But I have remembered mine."

"Monsieur! Monsieur cannot mean to let him go scot-free?"

But his eyes told me that he did mean it.

"Then," I said in more and more amazement, "Monsieur forgives him?"

His face set sternly.

"No," he answered. "No, Félix. He has placed himself beyond my forgiveness."

"Then we will go there alone, we two, and kill him! Kill the three!"

He laughed. But not a man in France felt less mirthful.

"You would have me kill my son?"

"He would have killed you."

"That makes no difference."

I looked at him, groping after the thoughts that swayed him, and catching at them dimly. I knew them for the principles of a proud and honour-ruled man, but there was no room for them in my angry heart.

"Monsieur," I cried, "will you let three villains go unpunished for the sake of one?" It was what I had meant to do, awhile back, but the case was changed now.

"Of two: Gervais de Grammont is also of my blood."

"Monsieur would spare him as well—him, the ringleader!"

"He is my cousin."

"He forgets it."

"But I do not."

"Monsieur, will you have no vengeance?"

Monsieur looked at me.

"When you are a man, Félix Broux, you will know that there are other things in this world besides vengeance. You will know that some injuries cannot be avenged. You will know that a gentleman cannot use the same weapons that blackguards use to him."

"Ah, Monsieur!" I cried. "Monsieur is indeed a nobleman!" But I was furious with him for it.

He turned abruptly and paced down the room. The dog, which had been standing at his side, stayed still, looking from him to me with puzzled, troubled eyes. He knew quite well something was wrong, and vented his feelings in a long, dismal whine. Monsieur spoke to him; Roland bounded up to him and licked his hand. They walked up and down together, comforting each other.

"At least," I cried in desperation, "Monsieur has the spy."

Monsieur laughed. Only a man in utter despair could have laughed then as he did.

"Even the spy to wreak vengeance on consoles you somewhat, Félix? But does it seem to you fair that a tool should be punished when the leaders go free?"

"No," said I; "but it is the common way."

"That is a true word," he said, turning away again.

I waited till he faced me once more.

"Monsieur will not suffer the spy to go free?"

"No, Félix. He shall be punished lest he betray again."

He passed me in his dreary walk. Half a dozen times he passed by me, a broken-hearted man, striving to collect his courage to take up his life once more. But I thought he would never get over the blow. A husband may forget his wife's treachery, and a mother will forgive her child's, but a father

can neither forget nor forgive the crime of the son who bears his name.

"Ah, Monsieur, you are noble, and I love you!" I cried from the depths of my heart, and knelt to kiss his hand.

Monsieur laid that kind hand on my shoulder.

"You shall serve me. Go now and send Vigo here. I must be looking to the country's business."

X. LUCAS AND "LE GAUCHER."

I CURSED myself for a fool that I had carried the tale to Monsieur. It should have been my business to keep a still tongue and go kill Yeux-gris myself. For this last it was not yet too late.

Marcel was hanging about in the corridor, and to him I gave the word for Vigo. I tore away from his eager questionings and hurried to the gate.

In the morning I had not been able to get in, and now I could no more get out. By Vigo's orders, no man might leave the house.

Vigo was after the spy, of course. Monsieur knew the traitor now; he would inform Vigo, and the gates would be open for the honest men. But that might take time, and I could not wait five minutes. I had the audacity to cry to the guards:

"M. le Duc will let me pass out. I refer you to M. le Duc."

The men were impressed. They had a respect for me, since I had been closeted with Monsieur. Yet they dared not disobey Vigo for their lives. In this dilemma the poor sentry, fearful of getting into trouble whatever he did, sent up an envoy to ask Monsieur. I was frightened then. I had uttered my speech in sheer bravado, and was very doubtful as to how he would answer my impudence. But presently the word came down that I might pass out.

The sun was setting as I hastened along the streets. I must reach the Rue Coupejarrets before dark, else there was no hope for me. A man in his senses would have known there was no hope anyway. Who but a madman would think of venturing back, forsworn, to those three villains, for the killing of one? It would be a miracle if aught resulted but failure and death. But I felt no jot of fear as I plunged into the mesh of crooked streets in the Coupejarrets quarter—only ardour to reach my goal. When, on turning a corner, I came upon a group of idlers choking the narrow *ruelle*, I said to myself that a dozen Parisians in the way could no more stop me than they could stop a charge of horse. All heels and elbows I pushed into them. But, to my abasement, promptly was I seized upon by a burly porter and bidden, with a cuff, to mind my manners. Then I discovered the occasion of the crowd to be a little procession of choristers out of a neighbouring church—St. Jean of the Spire it was, though I knew then no name for it. The boys were singing, the watchers quiet, bareheaded. They sang as if there were nothing in the world but piety and love. The last level rays of the sun painted their white robes with glory, crowned them with radiant aureoles. I shut my eyes, dazzled; it was as if I beheld a heavenly host. When I opened them again the folk at my side were kneeling as the cross came by. I knelt, too, but the holy sign spoke to me only of the crucifix I had trampled on, of Yeux-gris and his lies. I prayed to the good God to let me kill Yeux-gris, prayed, kneeling there on the cobbles, with a fervour I had never reached before. I rose and ran on at redoubled speed, never doubting that a just God would strengthen my hand, would make my cause his.

I entered the little court. The shutter was fastened, as before, but I had my dagger, and could again free the bolt. I could creep up-stairs and mayhap stab Yeux-gris before they were aware of my coming. But that was not my purpose. I was no bravo to strike in the back, but the instrument of a righteous vengeance. He must know why he died.

One to three, I had no chance. But if I knocked openly it was likely that Yeux-gris, being my patron, would be the one to come down to me. Then there was the opportunity, man to man. If it were Grammont or the lackey, I would boldly declare that I would give my news to none but Yeux-gris. In pursuance of this plan, I was pounding vigorously on the door, when a voice behind me cried out blithely:

"So you are back at last, Félix Broux!"

At the first word I wheeled around. In the court entrance stood Yeux-gris, smiling and debonair. He had laid aside his sword, and held on his left arm a basket containing a loaf of bread, a roast capon, and some bottles, for all the world like an honest prentice doing his master's errand.

"Yes, I am back!" I shouted. "Back to kill you, parricide!"

He had a knife in his belt; the fight was even. I was upon him, my dagger raised to strike. He made no motion to draw, and I remembered in a flash he could not: his right

arm was powerless. He sprang back, flinging up his burdened left as a shield, and my blade buried itself in the side of the basket.

As I stabbed I heard feet thundering down the stairs within. I jerked my knife from the wicker and turned to face this new enemy. "Grammont," I thought, and that my end had come.

The door flew open, and, shoulder to shoulder like brothers, out rushed Grammont and—Lucas!

My fear was drowned in amaze. I forgot to run, and stood staring in sheer, blank bewilderment. Crying "Damned traitor!" Gervais, with drawn sword, charged at me.

I had only the little dagger. I owe my life to Yeux-gris's quick wits and no less quick fingers. Dropping the basket, he snatched a bottle from it and hurled it at Gervais.

"Ware, Grammont!" shouted Lucas, springing forward. But the missile flew too quickly. It struck Grammont square on the forehead, and he went down like a slaughtered ox.

We looked, not at him, but at Lucas—Lucas, the duke's deferential servant, the coward and skulker, Grammont's hatred, standing here by Grammont's side, glaring at us over his naked sword.

I saw in one glance that Yeux-gris was no less astounded than I, and from that instant, though the inwardness of the matter was still a riddle to me, my heart acquitted him of all dishonesty, of all complicity. His was not the face of a parricide.

"Lucas!" he cried, in a dearth of words. "*Lucas!*"

I was staring at Lucas in thick bewilderment. The man was altered utterly from the one I knew. At M. le Duc's he had been pale, nervous, and shaken—senselessly and contemptibly scared, as I thought, since he was warned of the danger and need not face it. But now he was another man. I can think only of those lanterns I have seen, set with coloured glass. They look dull enough all day, but, when the taper within is lighted, shine like jewels. So Lucas now. His face, so keen and handsome of feature, was brilliant, his eyes sparkling, his figure instinct with defiance. A smile crossed his face.

"Aye," he answered evenly, "it is Lucas."

M. le Comte appeared to be in a state of stupor. He could not for a space find his tongue to demand:

"How, in the name of Heaven, come you here?"

"To fight Grammont," Lucas answered at once.

"A lie!" I shouted. "You 're Grammont's friend. You 're in the plot. You came here to warn him off. It 's your plot!"

"Félix! The plot?" Yeux-gris cried.

"The plot 's to murder Monsieur. Martin let it out. I thought it was you and Grammont. But it 's Grammont and Lucas!"

Lucas hesitated. Even now he debated whether he could not lie out of it. Then he burst into laughter.

"It seems the cat 's out of the bag. Aye, M. le Comte de Mar, I came to warn Grammont off. The duke will be here straightway to arrest you. How will you like to swing for parricide?"

Yeux-gris stared at him, neither in fear nor in fury, but in utter stupefaction.

"But Gervais? He plotted with you? But he hates you!"

We gaped at Lucas like yokels at a conjurer. He made us no answer, but looked from one to the other of us with the alertness of an angry viper. We were two, but without swords. I knew he was thinking how easiest to end us both.

M. le Comte cried: "You! You come from Navarre's camp, from M. de Rosny!"

"Aye. I have outwitted more than one man."

"Mordieu! I was right to hate you!"

Lucas laughed. Yeux-gris blazed out:

"Traitor and thief! You stole the money. I said that from the first. You drove us from the house. How you and Grammont—"

"Came together? Very simple," Lucas answered with easy insolence. "Grammont did not love Monsieur, your honoured father. It was child's play to make an assignation with him and to lament the part forced on me by Monsieur. Grammont was ready enough to scent a scheme of M. le Duc's to ruin him. He had said as much to Monsieur, as you may deign to remember."

"Aye," said M. le Comte, still like a puzzled child, "he was angry with my father. But afterward he changed his mind. He knew it was you, and only you."

Lucas broke again into derisive laughter.

"M. de Grammont is as dull a dolt as ever I met, yet clever enough to gull you. He thought you must suspect. I dreaded it—needlessly. You wise St. Quentins! You never noticed what went on under your very nose."

M. le Comte sprang forward, scarlet. Lucas flourished the sword.

"The boy there saw at a glance what you

had not seen in a fortnight. He gets to the duke and blocks my game—for to-day. But if they sent him ahead to hold us till they could bring their men up, they were fools, too. I 'll have the duke yet, and I 'll have you now."

He rushed at the unarmed Yeux-gris. The latter darted at Grammont's fallen sword, seized it, was on guard, all in the second before Lucas reached him. He might have been in a fortnight's trance, but he was awake at last.

I trembled for him, then took heart again, as he parried thrust after thrust and pressed Lucas hard. I had never seen a man fight with his left arm before; I had not realized it could be done, being myself helpless with that hand. But as I watched this combat I speedily perceived how dangerous is a left-handed adversary. In later years I was to understand better, when M. le Comte had become known the length of the land by the title "Le Gaucher." But at this time he was in the habit, like the rest of the world, of fencing with his right hand; his dexterity with the other he rated only as a pretty accomplishment to surprise the crowd. He used his left hand scarcely as well as Lucas the right; yet, the thrust sinister being in itself a strength, they were not badly matched. I stood watching with all my eyes, when of a sudden I felt a grasp on my ankle, and the next instant was thrown heavily to the pavement.

Grammont had come to life and taken prompt part in the fray.

I fell close to him, and instantly he let go my leg and wound his arms around me. I tried to rise and could not, and we rolled about together in the wine and blood and broken glass. All the while I heard the sword-blades clashing. Yeux-gris, God be thanked! seemed to be holding his own.

Fighting Gervais was like fighting two men. Slowly but steadily he pressed me down and held me while his fingers sought my windpipe, and the blood from his gashes dripped warm over my face. I struggled for dear life—and could not push him back an inch.

I still held my knife, but my arms were pinned down. Gervais raised himself a little to get a better clutch, and his fingers closed on my throat. One grip, and life seemed flowing from me. My arm was free now if I could but lift it. If I could not, nevermore should I lift it on this sunny earth. I did lift it, and drove the dagger deep into him.

I could not take aim; I could not tell where the knife struck. A gasp showed he was hit; then he clinched my throat once more. Sight went from me, and hearing. "It is no use," I thought, and then thought went, too.

But once again the saints were kind to me. The blackness passed, and I wondered what had happened that I was spared. Then saw I Grammont clutching with both hands at the dagger-hilt. After all, the blow had gone home. I had struck him in the left side under the arm. Three good inches of steel were in him.

He had turned over on his side, half off me. I scrambled out from under him. To my surprise, Yeux-gris and Lucas were still engaged. I had thought it hours since Grammont had pulled me down.

As I rose, Yeux-gris turned his head toward me. Only for a second, but in that second Lucas pinked his shoulder. I dashed between them; they lowered their points.

"First blood for me!" cried Lucas. "That serves for to-day, M. le Comte. I regret that I cannot wait to kill you, but that will come. It is necessary that I go before M. le Duc arrives. Clear the way."

M. le Comte stood his ground, barring the alley. They glared at each other motionless.

Grammont had raised himself to his knees and was trying painfully to get on his feet.

"A hand, Lucas," he gasped.

Lucas gave him a startled glance, but neither went nor spoke to him.

"I am not much hurt," said Grammont, huskily. Holding by the wall, he clambered up on his feet. He swayed, reeled forward, and clutched Lucas's arm.

"Lucas, Lucas, help me! Draw out the knife. I cannot. I shall be all right when the knife is out. Lucas, for God's sake!"

"You will die when the knife is out," said Lucas, wrenching himself free. He turned again to M. le Comte, and his eyes gleamed as he saw the blood trickling down his sleeve and the sword tremble in his hand.

"Come on, then," he cried to Yeux-gris.

But I sprang forward and seized the sword from M. le Comte's hand.

"On guard!" I shouted, and we went to work.

I could handle a sword as well as the next one. M. le Duc had taught me in his idle days at St. Quentin. It served me well now, and him, too.

The light was fading in the narrow court. Our blades shone white in the twilight as the weapons clashed in and out. I saw, without looking, Grammont leaning against the wall, his bloody face ashen, and Yeux-gris watch-

ing me with all his soul, now and then shouting a word of advice.

I had had good training, and I fought for all there was in me. Yet I was a boy not come to my full strength, and Lucas was more than my match. He drove me back farther and farther toward the house-wall. Of a sudden I slipped in a smear of blood ('t is no lying excuse, I did slip) and lost my guard. He ran his blade into my shoulder, as he had done with Yeux-gris.

He would likely have finished me had not a cry from Grammont shaken him.

"The duke!"

In truth, a deepening noise of hoofs and shouts came down the alley from the street.

Lucas looked at me, who had regained my guard and stood, little hurt, between him and M. le Comte. He could not push past me into the house and so through to the other street. He made for the alley, crying out:

"Au revoir, messieurs! We shall meet again."

Grammont seized him.

"Help me, Lucas, for the love of Christ! Don't leave me, Lucas!"

Lucas beat him off with the sword.

"Every man for himself!" he cried, and sprang down the alley.

"It is not the duke," I said to Yeux-gris. "It is most likely the watch." I paled at the thought, for the watch was the League's, and Lucas by all signs the League's tool. It might go hard with us if captured. "Go through the house, M. le Comte," I cried. "Quick, if you love your life! I 'll keep them at the alley's mouth as long as I can."

Not waiting for his answer, I rushed down the passage. At the end of it I ran against Lucas, who, in his turn, had bowled into Vigo.

XI. VIGO.

I KNEW of old that it was easier to catch a weasel asleep than Vigo absent where he was needed; yet I did not expect to meet him in the alley. Monsieur, then, had changed his mind.

"Well caught!" cried Vigo, winding his arms around Lucas, who was struggling furiously for liberty. "Here, Maurice, Jules, I have number one. Ah, you young sinner! with your crew again? I thought as much. Tie the knots hard, boys. Better be quiet, you snake; you can't get away."

Lucas seemed to make up his mind to this, for he quieted down directly.

"So the game is up," he said pleasantly. "I hoped to leave before you arrived, dear Vigo."

We had both been deprived promptly of our swords, and Lucas's wrists were roped together, but my only bond was Vigo's hand on my arm.

"Where are the others?" he demanded. "No tricks, now."

"Here," I said, and led the way down the passage. Maurice and Jules, with their prisoner, pressed after us, and half a dozen of the duke's guard after them. The rest stayed without to mind the horses and keep off the gathering crowd.

One of the men had a torch, which lighted the red pavement. Vigo saw this first.

"Morbleu! is it a shambles?"

"That is wine," I said.

"They spilled wine for effect, they spilled so little blood!" Thus Lucas, speaking with as cool devilry as if he still commanded the situation. Vigo could not know what he meant, but he asked no questions; instead, bade Lucas hold his tongue.

"I am dumb," Lucas rejoined, with a mock meekness more insolent than insolence. But we paid it no heed, for M. le Comte came forward out of the shadows. He held his head well up, but his face was white above his blood-stained doublet.

"M. Étienne! Are you hurt?" shouted Vigo.

"No, but he is." M. le Comte stepped aside to show us Grammont leaning against the wall.

"Ah!" cried Vigo, triumphantly. He and two of the men rushed at Gervais.

"You would not take me so easily but for a cursed knife in my back," Grammont muttered thickly. "For the love of Heaven, Vigo, draw it out."

With amazement Vigo perceived the knife.

"Who did it?"

"I."

"You, Félix? In the back?" Vigo looked at me, as if to demand again which side I was on.

"He lay on me, throttling me," I explained. "I stabbed any way I could."

"I trow you are a dead man," Vigo told Grammont. "Natheless, here comes the knife."

It came, with a great cry from the victim. He fell back against Vigo's man, clapping his hand to his side.

"I am done for," he gasped faintly.

"That is well," said Vigo, carefully wiping off the knife.

"Yon is the scoundrel," Grammont gasped, pointing at Lucas.

"He will die a worse death than you," said Vigo.

Grammont looked from the one to the other of us, the sullen rage in his face fading to a puzzled helplessness. He said fretfully:

"Which—which is Étienne?"

He could no longer see us plain. M. le Comte came forward silently. Grammont struggled for breath in a way pitiable to see. I put my arm about him and helped the guardsman to hold him straighter. He reached out his hand and caught at M. le Comte's sleeve.

"Étienne — Étienne — pardon. It was wrong toward you—but I never had the pistoles. He called me thief—the duke. I beseech—your—pardon."

M. le Comte stood silent.

"It was all Lucas—Lucas did it," Grammont muttered with stiffening lips. "I am sorry for—it. I am dying—I cannot die—without a chance. Say you—for—give—"

Still M. le Comte held back, silent. Treachery was no less treachery though Grammont was dying. All the more that they were cousins, bedfellows, was the injury great to forgive. M. le Comte said nothing.

How Grammont found the strength only God knows, who haply in his goodness gave him a last chance of mercy. Suddenly the man straightened his sinking body, started from our hold, and went to M. le Comte, both hands stretched in appeal. And Yeux-gris, his set look melting as wax in the sun, held out his hand.

But the old comrades, estranged by traitory, were never to clasp again. As he reached M. le Comte's side, Grammont fell.

"He was a strong man," said Vigo. He turned Grammont's face up and added the word, "Dead." Vigo adored the Duke of St. Quentin. Otherwise he had no emotions.

But I was not case-hardened. And I—I myself—had slain this man, who had died slowly and in great pain. Vigo's voice sounded to me far off, as he said bluntly:

"M. le Comte, I make you my prisoner."

"No, by Heaven!" cried M. Étienne, in a vibrating voice that brought me back to reality; "no, Vigo! I am no murderer. Things may look black against me, but I am innocent. You have one villain at your feet and one a prisoner, but I am not a third! I am a St. Quentin; I do not plot against my father. I was to aid Grammont to set on Lucas, who would not answer a challenge. I have been tricked. Gervais asked my forgiveness—you heard him. Their fool, yes—accomplice I was not. Never have I lifted my hand against my father, nor would I, whatever came. That I swear. Never have I laid eyes on Lucas since I left Monsieur's presence, till now when he came out of that door side by side with Grammont. Whatever the plot, I knew naught of it. I am a St. Quentin—no parricide!"

The ringing voice ceased, and M. le Comte stood silent, with haggard eyes on Vigo. Had he been prisoner at the bar of judgment, he could not have waited in greater anxiety. For Vigo, the yeoman and servant, never minced words to any man, nor swerved from the stark truth.

I burned to seize Vigo's arm, to spur him on to speech. Of course he believed M. Étienne; how dared he make his master wait for the assurance? On his knees he should be, imploring M. le Comte's pardon.

But no thought of humbling himself troubled Vigo. Nor did he pronounce judgment, but merely said:

"M. le Comte will go home with me now. To-morrow he can tell his story to the duke."

"I will tell it before this hour is out!"

"No. M. le Duc has left Paris. But it matters not, M. Étienne. Monsieur suspects nothing against you. Félix kept your name from him. And by the time I had screwed it out of Martin, Monsieur was gone."

"Gone out of Paris?" M. Étienne echoed blankly. To his eagerness it was as if M. le Duc were out of France.

"Aye. He meant to go to-night—Monsieur, Lucas, and I. But when Monsieur learned of this plot, he swore he 'd go in open day. 'If the League must kill me,' says he, 'they can do it in daylight, with all Paris watching.' That 's Monsieur!"

At this I understood how Vigo came to be in the Rue Coupejarrets. Monsieur, in his distress and anxiety to be gone from that unhappy house, had forgotten the spy. Left to his own devices, the equerry, struck with suspicion at Lucas's absence, laid instant hands on Martin, the clerk, with whom Lucas, misliked in the household, had had some intimacy. It did not occur to Vigo that M. le Comte, if guilty, should be spared. At once he sounded boots and saddles.

"I will return with you, Vigo," M. le Comte said. "Does the meanest lackey in my father's house call me parricide, I must meet the charge. My father and I have differed, but if we are no longer friends we are still noblemen. I could never plot his murder,

nor could he for one moment believe it of me."

I, guilty wretch, quailed. To take a flogging were easier than to confess to him the truth. But I conceived I must.

"Monsieur," I said, "I told M. le Duc you were guilty. I went back a second time and told him."

"And he?" cried M. Étienne.

"Yes, monsieur, he did believe it."

"Morbleu! that cannot be true," Vigo cried, "for when I saw him he gave no sign."

"It is true. But he would not have M. le Comte touched. He said he could not move in the matter; he could not punish his own kin."

M. le Comte's face blazed as he cried out:

"Vastly magnanimous! I thank him not. I'll none of his mercy. I expected his faith."

"You had no claim to it, M. le Comte."

"Vigo!" cried the young noble, "you are insolent, sirrah!"

"I cry monsieur's pardon."

He was quite respectful and quite unabashed. He had meant no insolence. But M. Étienne had dared criticise the duke, and that Vigo did not allow.

M. Étienne glared at him in speechless wrath. It would have liked him well to bring this contumelious varlet to his knees. But how? It was a byword that Vigo minded no man's ire but the duke's. The King of France could not dash him.

Vigo went on:

"It seems I have exceeded my duty, monsieur, in coming here. Yet it turns out for the best, since Lucas is caught and M. de Grammont dead, and you cleared of suspicion."

"What!" Yeux-gris cried. "What! you call me cleared!"

Vigo looked at him in surprise.

"You said you were innocent, M. le Comte."

M. le Comte stared, without a word to answer. The equerry, all unaware of having said anything unexpected, turned to the guardsman Maurice:

"Well, is Lucas trussed? Have you searched him?"

Maurice displayed a poniard and a handful of small coins for sole booty, but Jules made haste to announce: "He has something else, though—a paper sewed up in his doublet. Shall I rip it out, M. Vigo?"

With Lucas's own knife the grinning Jules slashed his doublet from throat to thigh, to extract a folded paper the size of your palm. Vigo pondered the superscription slowly, not much at home with the work of a quill, save those that winged arrows. M. Étienne, coming forward, with a sharp exclamation snatched the packet.

"How came you by my letter?" he demanded of Lucas.

"M. le Comte was pleased to consign it for delivery to Martin."

"What purpose had you with it?"

"Rest assured, dear monsieur, I had a purpose."

The questions were stormily vehement, the answers so gentle as to be fairly caressing. It was waste of time and dignity to parley with the scoundrel till one could back one's queries with the boot. But M. Étienne's passion knew no waiting. Thrusting the letter into his breast ere I, who had edged up to him, could catch a glimpse of its address, he cried upon Lucas:

"Speak! You were ready enough awhile ago to jeer at me for a dupe. Tell me what you would do with your dupe. You never dared open the plot to me—you did me the honour to know I would not kill my father. Then why use me blindfold? An awkward game, Lucas."

Lucas disagreed as politely as if exchanging pleasantries in a salon.

"A dexterous game, M. le Comte. Your best friends deemed you guilty. What would your enemies have said?"

"Ah-h," breathed M. Étienne.

"It dawns on you, monsieur? You are marvellously thick-witted, yet surely you must perceive. We had a dozen fellows ready to swear that your hand killed Monsieur."

"You would kill me for my father's murder?"

"Ma foi, no!" cried Lucas, airily. "What an idea! We should have let you live, in the knowledge that whenever you displeased us we could send you to the gallows."

M. le Comte, silent, stared at him with wild eyes, like one who looks into the open roof of hell. Lucas fell to laughing.

"What! hang you and let our cousin Valère succeed? Mon dieu, no! M. de Valère is a man!"

With a blow the guardsman struck the words and the laughter from his lips. But I, who no more than Lucas knew how to hold my tongue, thought I saw a better way to punish this brazen knave. I cried out:

"You are the dupe, Lucas! Aye, and coward to boot, fleeing here from—nothing. I knew naught against you—you saw that.

To slip out and warn Martin before Vigo got a chance at him—that was all you had to do. Yet you never thought of that, but rushed away here, leaving Martin to betray you. Had you stuck to your post you had been now on the road to St. Denis, instead of the road to the Grève! Fool! fool! fool!"

He winced. He had not been ashamed to betray his benefactor, to bite the hand that fed him, to desert a wounded comrade; but he was ashamed to confront his own blunder. I had the satisfaction of pricking, not his conscience, for he had none, but his pride.

"I had to warn Grammont off," he retorted. "Could I believe St. Quentin such a lack-wit as to forgive these two because they were his kin? You did better than you knew when you shut the door on me. You tracked me, you marplot, you sneak! How came you into the coil?"

"By God's grace," M. le Comte answered. He laid a hand on my shoulder and leaned there heavily. Lucas grinned.

"Ah, waxing pious, is he? The prodigal prepares to return."

M. Étienne's hand clinched on my shoulder. Vigo commanded a gag for Lucas, saying, with the only touch of anger I ever knew him to show:

"He shall hang when the king comes in. And now to horse, lads, and out of the quarter; we have wasted too much time palavering. King Henry is not in Paris yet. We shall do well not to rouse Belin, though we can make him trouble if he troubles us. Come, monsieur. Men, guard your prisoner. I misjudge if he is not cropful of the devil still."

He did not look it. His figure was drooping; his face purple and contorted, for one of the troopers had crammed his scarf into the man's mouth, half strangling him. As he was led past us, with a sudden frantic effort, fit to dislocate his jaw, he disgorged the gag to cry out wildly:

"Oh, M. l'Écuyer, have mercy! Have pity upon me! For Christ's sake, pity!"

His bravado had broken down at last. He tried to fling himself at Vigo's feet. The guards relaxed their hold to see him grovel.

That was what he had hoped for. In a flash he was out of their grasp, flying down the alley.

"To Vigo! Vigo is attacked," we heard him shout.

It was so quick, we stood dumfounded. And then we dashed after, pell-mell, tumbling over one another in our stampede. In the alley we ran against three or four of the guard answering Lucas's cry. We lost precious seconds disentangling ourselves and shouting that it was a ruse and our prisoner escaped. When they comprehended, we all rushed together out of the passage, emerging among frightened horses and a great press of excited men.

XII. THE COMTE DE MAR.

"WHICH way went he?"

"The man who just came out?"

"This way!"

"No, yonder!"

"Nay, I saw him not."

"A man with bound hands, you say?"

"Here!"

"Down that way!"

"A man in black, was he? Here he is!"

"Fool, no; he went that way!"

M. Étienne, Vigo, I, and the guardsmen rushed hither and thither into the ever-thickening crowd, shouting after Lucas and exchanging rapid questions with every one who passed. But from the very first the search was hopeless. It was dark by this time, and a mass of people blocked the street, surging this way and that, some eagerly joining in the chase, others, from ready sympathy with any rogue, doing their best to hinder and confuse us. There was no way to tell how he had gone. A needle in a haystack is easy found compared with him who loses himself in a Paris crowd by night.

M. Étienne plunged into the first opening he saw, elbowing his way manfully. I followed in his wake, his tall bright head making as good an oriflamme as the king's plume at Ivry, but when at length we came out far down the street we had seen no trace of Lucas.

"He is gone," said M. le Comte.

"Yes, monsieur. If it were day they might find him, but not now."

"No. Even Vigo will not find him. He is worsted for once. He has let slip the shrewdest knave in France. Well, he is gone," he repeated after a minute. "It cannot be mended by me. He is off, and so am I."

"Whither, monsieur?"

"That is my concern."

"But monsieur will see M. le Duc?"

He shook his head.

"But, monsieur—"

He broke in on me fiercely.

"Think you that I—I, smirched and sullied, reeking with plots of murder — am likely to betake myself to the noblest gentleman in France?"

"He will welcome M. le Comte."

"Nay; he believed me guilty."

"But, monsieur—"

"You may not say 'but' to me."

"Pardon, monsieur. Am I to tell Vigo monsieur is gone?"

"Yes, tell him." His lip quivered; he struggled hard for steadiness. "You will go to M. le Duc, Félix, and rise in his favour, for it was you saved his life. Then tell him this from me—that some day, when I have made me worthy to enter his presence, then will I go to him and beg his forgiveness on my knees. And now farewell."

He slipped away into the darkness.

I stood hesitating for a moment. Then I followed my lord.

He slackened his pace as he heard footsteps overtake him, and where a beam of light shone out from an open door he wheeled about, thinking me a footpad.

"You, Félix?"

"Yes, monsieur; I go with M. le Comte."

"I have not permitted you."

"Then must I go in despite. Monsieur is wounded; I cannot leave him to go unsquired."

"There are lackeys to hire. I bade you seek M. le Duc."

"Is not monsieur a thought unreasonable? I cannot be in two places at once. Monsieur can send a letter. The duke has Vigo and a household. I go with M. le Comte."

"Oh," he cried, "you are a faithful servant! We are ridden to death by our faithful servants, we St. Quentins. Myself, I prefer fleas!" He added, growing angrier, "Will you leave me?"

"No, monsieur," said I.

He glowered at me, and I think he had some notion of chasing me away with his sword. But since his dignity could not so stoop, he growled:

"Come, then, if you choose to come unasked and most unwelcome!"

With this he walked on a yard ahead of me, never turning his head nor saying a word, I following meekly, wondering whither, and devoutly hoping it might be to supper. Presently I observed that we were in a better quarter of the town, and before long we came to a broad, well-lighted inn, whence proceeded a merry chatter and rattle of dice. M. Étienne with accustomed feet turned into the court at the side, and seizing upon a drawer who was crossing from door to door, despatched him for the landlord. Mine host came, fat and smiling, unworried by the hard times, greeted Yeux-gris with acclaim as "this dear M. le Comte," wondered at his long absence and bloody shirt, and granted with all alacrity his three demands of a supper, a surgeon, and a bed. I stood back, ill at ease, aching at the mention of supper, and wondering whether I were to be driven off like an obtrusive puppy. But when M. le Comte, without glancing at me, said to the drawer, "Take care of my serving-man," I knew my stomach was safe.

That was the most I thought of then, I do confess, for, except for my sausage, I had not tasted food since morning. The barber came and bandaged M. le Comte and put him straight to bed, and I was left free to fall on the ample victuals set before me, and was so comfortable and happy that the Rue Coupe-jarrets seemed like an evil dream. Since that day I have been an easy mark for beggars if they could but manage to look starved.

Presently came a servant to say that my bed was spread in M. le Comte's room, and up-stairs ran I with an utterly happy heart, for I saw by this token that I was forgiven. Indeed, no sooner had I got fairly inside the door than my master raised himself on his sound elbow and called out:

"Ah, Félix, do you bear me malice for an ungrateful soul?"

"I bear malice?" I cried, flushing. "Monsieur is mocking me. I know you cannot love me, monsieur, since I attempted your life. Yet my wish is to be allowed to serve you so faithfully that you can forget it."

"Nay," he said; "I have forgotten it. And it was freely forgiven from the moment I saw Lucas at my cousin's side."

"Monsieur," I said, "for the second time you saved my life." And I dropped on my knees beside the bed to kiss his hand. But he snatched it away from me and flung his arm around my neck and kissed my cheek.

"Félix," he cried, "but for you my hands would be red with my father's blood. You shielded him from murder and me from worse. If I have any shreds of honour left 't is you have saved them to me."

"Monsieur," I stammered, "I did naught. I am your servant till I die."

"You deserve a better master. What am I? Lucas's puppet! Lucas's fool!"

"Monsieur, it was not Lucas alone. It was a plot. You know what he said—"

"Aye," he cried with bitter vehemence. "I shall remember for some time what he said. They would not kill me to make my cousin Valère duke! He was a man. But I —nom de dieu, I was not worth the killing."

"It is the League's scheming, monsieur?"

"Oh, that does not need the saying. Secretaries don't plot against dukedoms on their own account. Some high man is behind Lucas—I dare swear his Grace of Mayenne himself. It is no secret now where Monsieur stands. Yet the king's party grows so strong and the mob so cheers Monsieur, the League dare not strike openly. So they put a spy in the house to choose time and way. And the spy would not stab, for he saw he could make me do his work for him. He saw I needed but a push to come to open breach with my father. He gave the push. Oh, he could make me pull his chestnuts from the fire well enough, burning my hands so that I could never strike a free blow again. I was to be their slave, their thrall forever!"

"Never that, monsieur; never that!"

"I am not so sure," he cried. "Had it not been for the advent of a stray boy from Picardie, I trow Lucas would have put his purpose through. I was blindfolded; I saw nothing. I knew my cousin Gervais to be morose and cruel; yet I had done him no harm; I had always stood his friend. I thought him shamefully used; I let myself be turned out of my father's house to champion him. I had no more notion he was plotting my ruin than a child playing with his dolls. I was their doll, mordieu! their toy, their crazy fool on a chain. But life is not over yet. To-morrow I go to pledge my sword to Henry of Navarre."

"Monsieur, if he comes to the faith—"

"Mordieu! faith is not all. Were he a pagan of the wilderness he were better than these Leaguers. He fights honestly and bravely and generously. He could have had the city before now, save that he will not starve us. He looks the other way, and the provision-trains come in. While the Leaguers, with all their regiments, dare not openly strike down one man,—one man who has come all alone into their country,—they put a spy into his house to eat his bread and betray him; they stir up his own kin to slay him, that it may not be called the League's work. And they are most Catholic and noble gentlemen! Nay, I am done with these pious plotters who would redden my hands with my father's blood and make me outcast and despised of all men. I have spent my playtime with the League; I will go work with Henry of Navarre!"

I caught his fire.

"By St. Quentin," I cried, "we will beat these Leaguers yet!"

He laughed, yet his eyes burned with determination.

"By St. Quentin, shall we! You and I, Félix, you and I alone will overturn the whole League! We will show them what we are made of. They think lightly of me. Why not? I never took part with my father. I lazed about in these gay Paris houses, bent on my pleasure, too shallow a fop even to take sides in the fight for a kingdom. What should they see in me but an empty-headed roisterer, frittering away his life in follies? But they will find I am something more. Well, enter there!"

He dropped back among the pillows, striving to look careless, as Maître Menard, the landlord, opened the door and stood shuffling on the threshold.

"Does M. le Comte sleep?" he asked me deferentially, though I think he could not but have heard M. Étienne's tirading halfway down the corridor.

"Not yet," I answered. "What is it?"

"Why, a man came with a billet for M. le Comte, and insisted it be sent in. I told him Monsieur was not to be disturbed; he had been wounded and was sleeping; I said it was not sense to wake him for a letter that would keep till morning. But he would have it 't was of instant import, and so—"

"Oh, he is not asleep," I declared, eagerly ushering the maître in, my mind leaping to the conclusion, for no reason save my ardent wish, that Vigo had discovered our whereabouts.

"I dared not deny him further," added Maître Menard. "He wore the liveries of M. de Mayenne."

"Of Mayenne," I echoed, thinking of what M. Étienne had said. "Pardieu, it may be Lucas himself!" And snatching up my master's sword, I dashed out of the door, and was in the cabaret in three steps.

The room contained some score of men, but I, peering about by the uncertain candlelight, could find no one who in any wise resembled Lucas. A young gamester seated near the door, whom my sudden entrance had jostled, rose, demanding in the name of his outraged dignity to cross swords with me. On any other day I had deemed it impossible to say him nay, but now with a real vengeance, a quarrel à outrance, on my hands, he seemed of no consequence at all. I brushed him aside as I demanded M. de Mayenne's man. They said he was gone. I ran out into the dark court and the darker street.

A tapster, lounging in the courtyard, had seen my man pass out, and he opined, with

much reason, that I should not catch him. Yet I ran a hundred yards upstreet and back, and a hundred yards down street, shouting on the name of Lucas, calling him coward and skulker, bidding him come forth and fight me. The whole neighbourhood became aware that I wanted one Lucas to fight: lights twinkled in windows; men, women, and children poured out of doors. But Lucas, if it were he, had for the second time vanished soft-footed into the night.

I returned to M. Étienne like a dog with a drooping tail. He was alone, sitting up in bed awaiting me, his cheeks scarlet, his eyes blazing.

"He is gone," I panted. "I looked everywhere, but he was gone. Oh, if I caught Lucas—"

"You little fool!" he exclaimed. "This was not Lucas. Had you waited long enough to hear your name called, I had told you. This is no errand of Lucas, but a very different matter."

He sat a moment, thinking, still with that glitter of excitement in his eyes. The next instant he threw off the bedclothes and started to rise.

"Get my clothes, Félix. I must go to the Hôtel de Lorraine."

But I flung myself upon him, pushing him back into bed and dragging the cover over him by main force.

"You can go nowhere, M. Étienne; it is madness. The surgeon said you must lie here for three days. You will get a fever in your wounds; you shall not go."

"Get off me, 'od rot you! you 're smothering me," he gasped. I cautiously relaxed my grip, still holding him down. He appealed: "Félix, I must go. So long as there is a spark of life left in me, I have no choice but to go."

"Monsieur, you said you were done with the Leaguers—with M. de Mayenne."

"Aye, so I did," he cried. "But this—but this is Lorance."

Then, at my look of mystification, he suddenly opened his hand and tossed me the letter he had held close in his palm.

I read:

M. de Mar appears to consider himself of very little consequence, or of very great, since he is absent a whole month from the Hôtel de Lorraine. Does he think he is not missed? Or is he so sure of his standing that he fears no supplanting? In either case he is wrong. He is missed, but he will not be missed forever. He may, if he will, be forgiven; or he may, if he will, be forgotten. If he would escape oblivion, let him come to-night, at the eleventh hour, to lay his apologies at the feet of

LORANCE DE MONTLUC.

"And she—"

"Is cousin and ward to the Duke of Mayenne. Yes, and my heart's desire."

"Monsieur—"

"Aye, you begin to see it now," he cried vehemently. "You see why I have stuck to Paris these three years, why I could not follow my father into exile. It was more than a handful of pistoles caused the breach with Monsieur; more than a quarrel over Gervais de Grammont. That was the spark kindled the powder, but the train was laid."

"Then you, monsieur, were a Leaguer?"

"Nay, I was not!" he cried. "To my credit,—or my shame, as you choose,—I was not. I was neither one nor the other, neither fish nor flesh. My father thought me a Leaguer, but I was not. I was not disloyal, in deed at least, to the house that bore me. Monsieur reviled me for a skulker, a fainéant; nom de diable, he might have remembered his own three years of idleness!"

"Monsieur held out for the religion—"

"Mademoiselle is my religion," he cried, and then laughed, not merrily.

"Pardieu! for all my pains I have not won her. I have skulked and evaded and temporized for nothing. I would not join the League and break my father's heart; would not stand out against it and lose Lorance. I have been trying these three years to please both the goat and the cabbage—with the usual ending. I have pleased nobody. I am out of Mayenne's books: he made me overtures, and I refused him. I am out of my father's books: he thinks me a traitor and parricide. And I am out of mademoiselle's: she despises me for a laggard. Had I gone in with Mayenne I had won her. Had I gone with Monsieur I was sure of a command in King Henry's army. But I, wanting both, get neither. Between two stools, I fall miserably to the ground. I am but a dawdler, a do-nothing, the butt and laughing-stock of all brave men.

"But I am done with shilly-shally!" he added, catching his breath. "For once I shall do something. Mlle. de Montluc has given me a last chance. She has sent for me, and I go. If I fall dead on her threshold, I at least die looking at her."

"Monsieur, monsieur," I cried in despair, "you will not die looking at her, for you will die out here in the street, and that will profit neither you nor her, but only Lucas and his crew."

"That is as may be. At least I make the attempt. A month back I sent her a letter.

"IN A FLASH HE WAS OUT OF THEIR GRASP, FLYING DOWN THE ALLEY."

I found it to-night in Lucas's doublet. She thinks me careless of her. I must go."

"Monsieur, you are mad," I cried. "You have said yourself Mayenne is likely to be behind Lucas. If you go you do but walk into the enemies' very jaws. It is a trap, a lure."

"Félix, beware what you say!" he interrupted with quick-blazing ire. "I do not permit such words to be spoken in connection with Mlle. de Montluc."

"But, monsieur—"

"Be quiet!" he commanded in a voice as sharp as crack of pistolet. The St. Quentins had ever the most abundant faith in those they loved. I remembered how Monsieur in just such a blaze of resentment had forbidden me to speak ill of his son. And I remembered, too, that Monsieur's faith had been justified and that my accusations were lies. Natheless, I liked not the look of this affair, and I attempted further warnings.

"Monsieur, in my opinion—"

"You are not here to hold opinions, Félix, but your tongue."

I did, at that, and stood back from the bed to let him do as it liked him He rose and went over to the chair where his clothes lay, only to drop into it half swooning. I ran to the ewer and dashed half the water in it into his face.

"Peste, you need not drown me!" he cried testily. "I am all right; it was but a moment's dizziness." He got up again at once, but was forced to seize my shoulder to keep from falling.

"It was that damnable potion he made me drink," he muttered. "I am all right else; I am not weak. Curse the room; it reels about like a ship at sea."

I put my arm about him and led him back to bed; nor did he argue about it, but lay back with his eyes shut, so white against the white bed-linen I thought him fainted for sure. But before I could drench him again he raised his lids.

"Félix, will you go get a shutter? For I see clearly that I shall reach Mlle. de Montluc this night in no other way."

"Monsieur," I said, "I can go. I can tell your mistress you cannot walk across this room to-night. I can do my best for you, M. Étienne."

"My faith! I think I must e'en let you try. But what to bid you say to her—pardieu! I scarce know what I could say to her myself."

"I can tell her how sorely you are hurt—how you would come, but cannot."

"And make her believe it," he cried eagerly. "Do not let her think it a flimsy excuse. And yet I do think she will believe you," he added, with half a laugh. "There is something very trust-compelling about you, Félix. And assure her of my lifelong, never-failing service."

"But I thought monsieur was going to take service with Henry of Navarre."

"I was!" he cried. "I am! Oh, Félix, was ever a poor wight so harried and torn betwixt two as I? Whom Jupiter would destroy he first makes mad. I shall be gibbering in a cage before I have done with it."

"Monsieur will be gibbering in his bed unless he sleeps soon. I go now, monsieur."

"And good luck to you! Félix, I offer you no reward for this midnight journey into the house of our enemies. For recompense you will see her."

(To be continued.)

THE DETROIT BICENTENNIAL MEMORIAL.

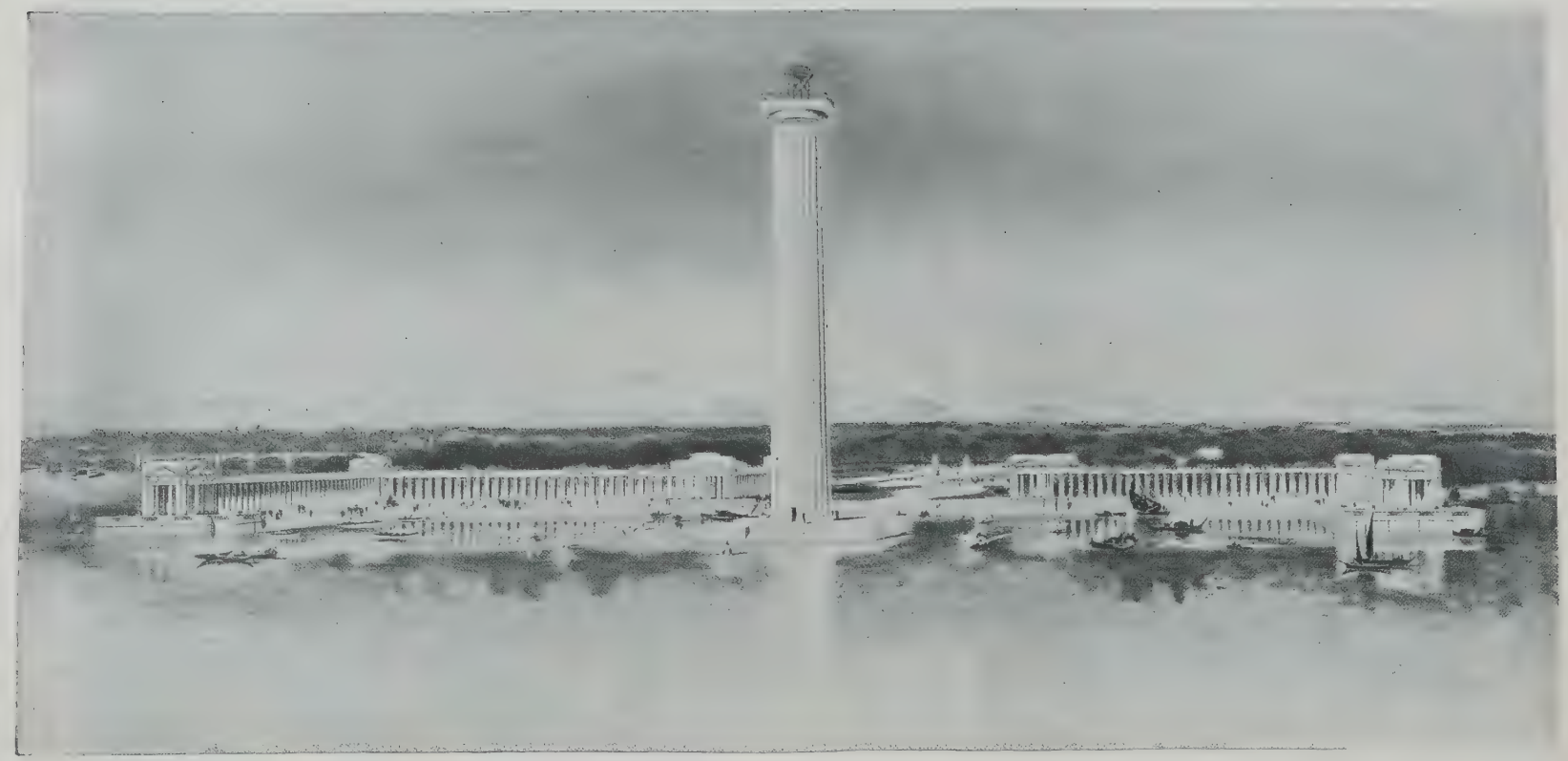
BY ANNA MATHEWSON.

ON July 24, 1901, the people of Detroit, Michigan, hope to witness the completion of a unique memorial erected to commemorate the two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of their city.

There are features of this enterprise which make it of more than local interest. The design is a gift, for the sake of art, from five of America's leading architects, sculptors, and painters; and its transmutation into marble is to be a free-will offering of the community. Not one cent of the required million dollars is to be raised by taxation or by any means other than voluntary contribution. Perhaps the nearest parallel to this can be found in the civic pride of the craftsmen of Florence, which resulted in the building of Giotto's Campanile. The movement in Detroit, however, has been upon a broader base, all classes being included. Side by side are

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, BY PERMISSION, FROM A SKETCH. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY THE DETROIT PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.

THE SHAFT BY NIGHT.



DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY THE DETROIT PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.

THE MEMORIAL BY DAY.

written the subscriptions of the factory-girl and the millionaire—unequal in amount but not in significance. Many gifts were made in memory of men who had been identified with the early life of this section, or simply as tributes to departed friends, connecting by a link of tenderness the givers and the monument.

Detroit is senior among the Western cities, and if we consider her record as a fur-trading post in 1610, she antedates Philadelphia and Baltimore. But it is the permanent settlement in 1701, by the Chevalier Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, that is to be perpetuated by the proposed memorial. To the Easterner, who sometimes classifies every outlying city as an architectural mushroom, and who has suggested that Detroit is laid out after the plan of our national capital, while Washington, in turn, resembles Versailles, it is a surprise to be reminded that Detroit was in existence when Augustine Washington, father of our first President, was a small boy; also, that before Louis XIV constructed his palace, the "Gateway of the West," as the French explorers called Detroit, was already standing open. At the time of Boston's exclusive Tea-party her Western sister was a dame of seventy years, who might have been eligible for an invitation had her patriotism been more stable.

About two years ago it was proposed to celebrate the city's bicentenary birthday by holding an exposition, but as Buffalo had preempted that ground for 1901, the matter was dropped. The energetic mayor, William C. Maybury, was not willing, however, to let the occasion pass unnoted. So, as the result of coöperation between the Democratic mayor and Senator James McMillan, a Republican, fourteen other public-spirited citizens were entertained by the senator at a dinner in December, 1899, and there informed that the time had come for definite action. It was decided that a permanent memorial, in some way typical of local history, should be erected, and, further, upon the suggestion of Charles L. Freer, that advice should be sought from prominent artists as to the character and location of the memorial. Five advisers were selected: Stanford White, representing the architects; Augustus St. Gaudens and Frederick MacMonnies, for the sculptors; Dwight W. Tryon and Thomas W. Dewing, from among the painters. These men were so impressed by the possibilities of the project that they volunteered to work out the problem, and have declined compensation for the services thus far rendered. The credit for the design is Mr. White's. Detroit was visited, every possible site was surveyed, and the history and traditions of the locality were studied. Afterward, at a meeting in New York, the advisers unanimously adopted the plan embodied in the following report, which was presented by Mr. White before a gathering of citizens at the Detroit Museum of Art on February 22, 1900:

Your committee is of the undivided opinion that the lower point of the park on Belle Isle, in the center of the Detroit River, is, beyond question, the situation preferable to all others, and offers an opportunity without parallel in the world. A monument erected here would be commanding and significant as on no other site. It would stand as a gateway and beacon to the commerce of the West; and it has been the endeavor of your committee, in the design submitted, to present a monument that preserves this beacon-like character and significance.

The design contemplates the erection of a great Doric column, the highest in the world,—surrounded by groups of sculpture in the water,—treated in the character of the memorial columns of classic time, and supporting a tripod which would assume a torch-like character at night by the use of electricity and by a great flame of natural gas, so characteristic of the West and impossible elsewhere. This light at night would command the river and both lakes.

The design further contemplates, as a support and surrounding to the column, a great basin, flanked by flights of steps supporting colonnades, in the center of which would rest the statue of Cadillac, or a group of sculpture embodying, with the statue of Cadillac, the story of the discoverers; and upon the connecting esplanade positions are afforded for the future erection of statues of distinguished citizens of Detroit.

In order that the column should center on the avenue of trees which now exists upon the island, and be seen from one end of the Grand Central Boulevard to the other, the present casino would have to be removed, and the avenue of trees connected with the column by a formal rectangular lake, in which illuminated fountains might play at night, and upon each side of which formal gardens are part of the design. . . .

Your committee has undertaken the consideration of this memorial with the greatest enthusiasm; they feel that there is here offered an unrivaled opportunity, and that if such a design is artistically and properly carried out the Detroit column would forever stand as the sign and insignia of the city the world over, and rank with the famous monuments of all time.

The column will measure twenty-four feet in diameter at its base and rise to a height of two hundred and twenty feet. The colonnades forming the court are nine hundred feet in length, with a wing at each end pro-

jecting three hundred feet. The shaft, pillars, corner pavilions, and steps will be of America's fairest marble, in striking contrast to the deep blue of the river and the background of forest trees, untouched since the days of the Indian. The surmounting tripod of bronze will be a fitting addition; and its flame of gas, direct from nature's laboratory, will be seen far up and down the highway of the Great Lakes.

It was natural that many citizens should have individual preferences regarding the form of their bicentenary tribute, but these ideas could not make any stand when the cartoon prepared by the designer and his confrères was publicly exhibited. The plan took its place as an original conception, beside which all previous suggestions were but imitations of something to be seen elsewhere. It found a warm welcome in the hearts of an art-loving community, for such Detroit may justly claim to be. The careful consideration which is given to art in the city schools may be a factor in this; and it is to be observed that during the past six years courses of twenty-five free lectures on art have been annually attended by over fifteen thousand persons, who, after filling the lecture-hall of the Museum of Art, crowd the windows and stairways in their pursuit of knowledge.

On the other hand, it is no marvel that the artists are enthusiastic over the site chosen for the project. Belle Isle, the people's favorite park, lying midway between the Canadian and American shores, is connected with the city by a bridge and is easily accessible by ferries. Its extent is seven hundred acres, and thirty-eight will be added by the reclamation of ground upon which the colonnades are to stand. According to legends, it was to this island that the sorrowing savages brought the fragments of their idol, a stone image of Manitou, broken by the zealous missionaries, but afterward collected by the unconverted, who then set aside this spot as sacred to the Great Spirit. The river, although but little over a mile in width at this point, plays an important part in the artistic scheme. Flowing from the inexhaustible Northern lakes, its serene waters are never affected by flood or drought, and bring no terror to the inhabitants of its shores. Along this stream, for eight months of the year, passes that procession of vessels which is the wonder of the commercial world; and if one believes in the uplifting power of art, there will be many thousand lives touched with inspiration when the white beauty of the memorial column shall speak to the passer-by.

The romantic history of the Northwest will furnish many suitable subjects for the groups or statues suggested as accessories to the memorial. Besides the name of Cadillac may be mentioned La Salle, Champlain, St. Clair, Joliet, and Marquette; George Rogers Clark, whose victory over the British at Kaskaskia determined that Detroit should be an American possession; Daniel Boone, who was a prisoner here during the Revolution; Israel Putnam, who came with Bradstreet's army after the Pontiac conspiracy; Benjamin Harrison, who commanded the forces at the British evacuation, and Commodore Perry. Perhaps Tecumseh and Pontiac should also find places. The latter's siege of Detroit, lasting for four months in 1763, has been described as unequaled in Indian warfare "for comprehensiveness of plan and skill in execution." But let there be also some recognition of that nameless Indian girl whose higher nature impelled her to save the garrison by revealing Pontiac's conspiracy.

Indeed, from that far-away deliverer down to the women of to-day, earnestly working as the Women's Auxiliary to aid in the erection of the memorial and in its future care, there have been milestones set along the way of the city's development that show the traces of womanly influence. The name of Belle Isle was given in honor of Isabelle Cass, daughter of Governor Lewis Cass. There should be in imperishable marble one group to signalize the wifely devotion of Mme. Cadillac, no less than the fact that she and her companion, Mme. Tonty, were the first white women to land upon this site. Their perilous voyage of one thousand miles in birch-bark canoes, under the guidance of Indians, was successfully completed in the spring of 1702. Transformed by their presence, the fort became a home; and that power must have lasted, for now the most affectionate sobriquet of the many bestowed upon Detroit is that of the "City of Homes."

NOTE.—As we go to press we learn that the above project may be abandoned for lack of funds. Even if the contemplated memorial be not realized, the artistic value of the design makes it worthy of record.—EDITOR.

EOLA.

BY BEATRIX DEMAREST LLOYD.

SAY, can you tell me the way to Eola?—
There where Apollo's god-melody rang
Into the sky from his harp as he sang.

All the day long do I search for Eola,
High on the mountain, deep in the dale,
Until the daylight in heaven grows pale.

Then do I lie down to dream of Eola,
Haunted at night by the longing I bear,
Even though sleeping I yearn to be there—

There, far away in this sacred Eola,
Where his great secret of heavenly sound
Woven of music and thought can be found.

Once on the undulate breast of Eola,
While he was playing at tending his sheep,
Phœbus Apollo sank into a sleep.

And on a rock, to this day in Eola,
Rested Apollo his pulsating lyre,
Filled as it fell from his hands with his fire.

Thus as he lay on the breast of Eola,
Into this stone from his harp-strings there crept
Some of his melody, while yet he slept.

Oh, could I find it, this heart of Eola,
Touch its mute lips, that they quiver and yield
Passions of harmony ages have sealed!

Say, can you tell me the way to Eola?—
There where Apollo's god-melody rang
Into the sky from his harp as he sang.

H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
IN THE COSTUME OF A KNIGHT OF MALTA.
FROM THE MINIATURE BY
AMALIA KÜSSNER.

PAINTED AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE IN JULY, 1897, BY ORDER, AND PRESENTED TO H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

H. I. M. THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

FROM THE MINIATURE BY
AMALIA KÜSSNER.

PAINTED AT THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG, IN APRIL, 1899, BY ORDER, AND PRESENTED TO H. I. M. THE CZARINA.

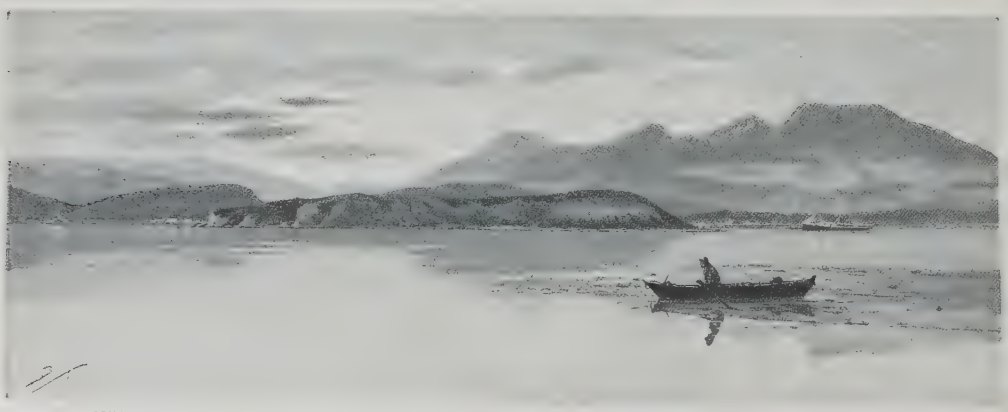
A SUMMER HOLIDAY IN BERING SEA

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

THE SEAL ISLANDS.

IT was the 8th of July, 1899, when the *George W. Elder*, bearing the Harriman expedition,[1] steamed out of Dutch Harbor. The first hour or two we sailed past high, rolling green hills, cut squarely off by the sea, presenting cliffs seven or eight hundred feet high, of soft, reddish, crumbling rock, a kind of clay porphyry of volcanic origin, touched here and there on the face with the tenderest green. It was as if some green fluid had been poured upon the tops of the hills, and had run down and dripped off the rock eaves and been caught upon every shelf and projection. The color was deepest in all the wrinkles and folds of the slopes and in the valley bottoms. At one point we looked into a deep, smooth valley, or trough, opening upon the sea, its shore-line a complete half-circle. Its bottom was nearly at the water-level, and was as fresh and vivid as the greenest lawn. Some one suggested that it looked like a huge dry-dock, if dry-docks were ever carpeted with grass. The effect was extremely strange and beautiful. The clouds rested low across the hills and formed a dense canopy over the vast, verdant cradle. Under this canopy we looked along a soft green vista for miles back into the hills, where patches of snow were visible. At another point a similar trough had been carved down to within a hundred or more feet of the sea, and upon its rocky face hung a beautiful waterfall. Then followed other lesser valleys that did not show the same glacial erosion; they were V-shaped instead of U-shaped, each with a waterfall tumbling into the sea. There were three of these in succession, cutting the rocky sea-front into pyramidal forms. Often the talus at the foot of the cliffs was touched by the same magic green. Then opened up larger valleys, into which we looked under a rolled-up drop-curtain of cloud. One of them was lighted up by the sun, and we saw an irregularly shaped

[1] For a narrative by the same writer of the preceding portion of the cruise, with map, see the August CENTURY.



DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. H. HARRIMAN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

THE WATERS OF DUTCH HARBOR, WITH KUILAK VILLAGE TO THE LEFT.

valley landscape, suggesting endless possibilities of flocks and herds and rural homes; here again the green fluid seemed to have found its way down the creases and runnels, and was deepest there.

Everywhere there was a sweep of green skirts, such as these Alaska hills and mountains present, often trailing to the sea. I never tired of them, and if I dwell upon them unduly, let the reader remember that a thousand miles of this kind of scenery, passing slowly before one on a succession of summer days, makes an impression not easily thrown off.

DRAWN BY BRUCE HORSFALL, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS MADE ON THE EXPEDITION. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY W. G. WATT.

FUR-SEALS, ST. PAUL ISLAND.

Before many hours we ran into lowering, misty weather in Bering Sea, and about seven o'clock were off the Bogoslof Islands, two abrupt volcanic mounds, one of them thrown up in recent years, and the breeding-grounds of innumerable sea-lions, yes, and of myriads of murres, a species of diver. With our glasses we could see the murres, when we were several miles away, making the air almost thick about the rocks as with clouds of black specks. We could see the sea-lions, too, great windrows of them upon the beach. We dropped anchor about two miles away, and a party of eight went ashore in a boat. It was a hazardous proceeding, our captain thought, as the fog seemed likely to drop at any moment and obliterate islands and ship alike: but it did not drop; only the top of the islands was obliterated. We could see the sea-lions lift themselves up and gather in groups as the boat approached them.

After the landing was effected, they disappeared, and we could see the spray rise up as the monsters plunged into the water. Hundreds of them were in a small lake a

DRAWN BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

A WINTER TOPEK, PLOVER BAY, SIBERIA.

few rods back from the shore, and the spectacle which the procession of huge creatures made rushing across the beach to the sea was described as something most extraordinary. Those who were so fortunate as to witness it placed it among the three or four most memorable events of their lives.

On the afternoon of Sunday, July 9, we dropped anchor off St. Paul Island, one of the Pribilofs, the famous resort of the fur-seals. A special permit from the Secretary of the Treasury gave us this privilege. There is no harbor here, and the landing, even in calm weather, requires to be carefully managed. The island is low, with a fringe of loose boulders around it, which in places looks almost like an artificial wall. The government agent conducted us a mile or more, through wild meadows starred with flowers and covered with grass nearly knee-high, to the boulder-paved shore where the seals were congregated. Those of our party who had been there before, not many years back, were astonished at the diminished numbers of the animals—hardly one tenth of the earlier myriads. We visited eight or ten harems, as they are called, groups of a dozen or more females, each presided over by a bull seal, whose position was usually upon a kind of throne or higher boulder in the midst of his wives. Every few minutes this male, who was much larger and darker in color than the females, would lift himself up and glance about over his circle, as if counting his flock, then snarl at some rival a few yards away, or turn and threaten us. We gazed upon them and trained our cameras upon them from the ground fifty or a hundred feet above them. Often a young male, wifeless, and crowded back by the older bulls, threatened us, near the edge of the grass, with continued demonstrations of anger. These unmated males were in a bad humor, and our appearance seemed to furnish them with a good excuse for giving vent to their feelings. In this market the females belong to the strong. We saw several forlorn old males hovering about who had played the game and lost. They looked like bankrupt gamblers at a watering-place. The females are much smaller and lighter in color than their lords and masters. They lay very quietly upon the rocks, now and then casting uneasy glances at us. The seal's head is small and his jaws are slender, and his snarls and threats are not very terrifying.

Lying there in masses, or wriggling about upon the rocks, all their lines soft and flowing, all their motions hampered, they suggested a huge kind of larva, or something between the grub and the mature insect. They appeared to be yet in a kind of sack or envelop. The males wriggle about like a man in a bag, but once in the water they are a part of the wave, as fleet and nimble as a fish, or as a bird in the air. In the

sounds which they continually emitted they did not remind one of bulls or cows, but of sheep. We seemed to be in some vast sheepfold. The hoarse staccato bleating of the males was precisely like that of old rams, while the shriller calls of the females and the finer treble of the pups were equally like those of ewes and lambs. Some belated females were still arriving while we looked on. They came in timidly, lifted themselves upon the edge of the rocks, and looked about as if to find a vacant place or to receive a welcome. Much threatening and sparring was going on among the males, but I saw none actually come to blows; a firm stand on the part of each seemed all that was necessary to preserve his household intact. Others, however, reported having seen bloody encounters.

By careful movements and low tones, we went about without much exciting them.

On this island we first saw the yellow poppy. It was scattered everywhere in the grass like the crimson poppy of Europe. A wonderful display of other wild flowers was about our feet as we walked. Here also the Lapland longspur was in song, and a few snow-buntings in white plumage drifted about over the flowery meads. On a big windrow of boulders along the beach near where we landed were swarms of the little auk.

SIBERIA.

ACCORDING to our original program, our outward journey should have ended here; but Mrs. Harriman expressed a wish to see Siberia, and, if all went well, the midnight sun. "Very well," replied Mr. Harriman, "we will go to Siberia"; and toward that barren shore our prow was turned. It was about eight o'clock in the evening when we left St. Paul's; a dense fog was prevailing, hiding the shore. We had not been half an hour under way when a raking blow from some source made the ship tremble from stem to stern; then another, and another still more severe. Many of the company were at dinner; all sprang to their feet and looked the surprise and alarm they did not speak. The engines were quickly reversed, and in a few moments the ship's prow swung off to the right, and the danger was past. The stern of the ship, which sat two feet deeper in the water than the bow, had raked across the rocks. No damage was done, and we had had a novel sensation, something

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ESKIMO SUMMER TOPEK, PLOVER BAY, SIBERIA.

DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE ON THE EXPEDITION.

ESKIMOS IN SKIN BOATS, PORT CLARENCE, BERING STRAIT.

DRAWN BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

THE WHALING FLEET AT PORT CLARENCE.

analogous, I fancy, to the feeling one has upon land during a slight earthquake.

Some of us hoped this incident would cause Mr. Harriman to turn back. Bering Sea is a treacherous sea; it is shallow, it has many islands, and in summer it is nearly always draped in fog. But our host was a man not easy to turn back; in five minutes he was romping with his children again as if nothing had happened. But the ship's course was

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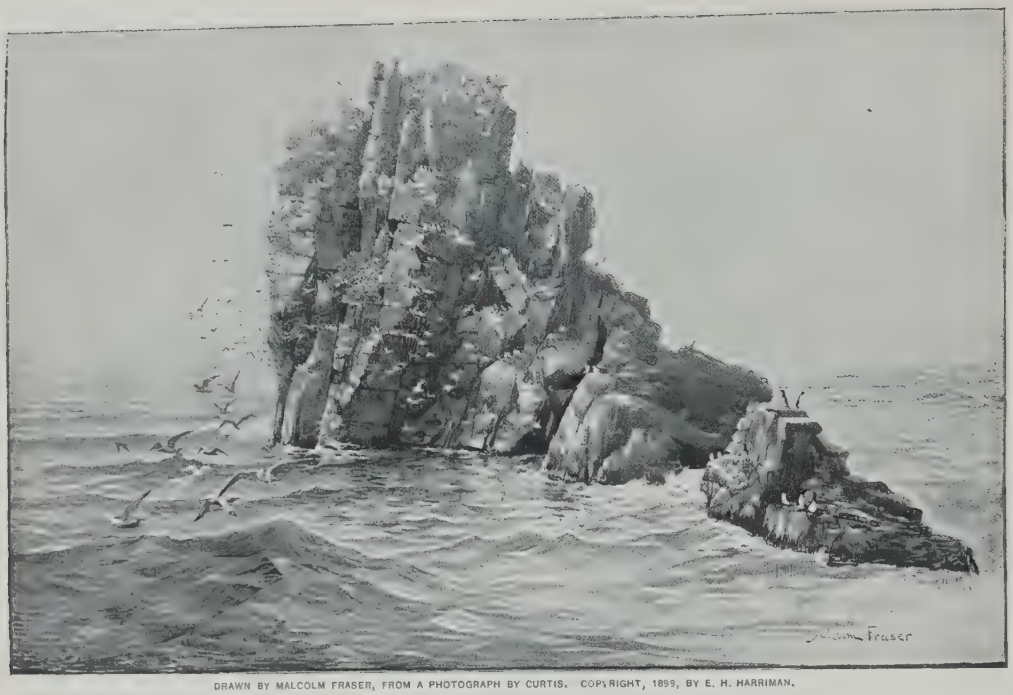
INNUIT BOYS AT PORT CLARENCE.



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. H. HARRIMAN.

BIRD-ROOKERY, HALL ISLAND.

changed to southeast around Walrus Island. It did, indeed, look for a while as if we had more than half a mind to turn back. But in a few hours we were headed toward Siberia again, and went plunging through the fog and obscurity, with our "ferocious whistle," as Professor Emerson characterized it, tearing the silence, and with it our sleep, to tatters. The next day, the 10th, we hoped to touch at the island of St. Matthew; but we missed it in the thick obscurity, and searching for it was considered hazardous, so we continued our way northward The fog continued on the 11th till nearly noon, when we ran into clear air and finally into sunshine, and in the early afternoon the coast of Siberia lay there like a cloud upon the horizon. Asia at last, crushed down there on the rim of the world as if with the weight of centuries of wrong. As we drew near, her gray, crumbling, decrepit granite bluffs and mountains, streaked with snow, helped the illusion. This was the Old World indeed. Our destination was Plover Bay, in which, at 6 P.M., we dropped anchor behind a long, crescent-shaped sand-spit that put out from the eastern shore. On this sand-spit was an Eskimo encampment of skin and canvas tents, which was soon active with moving forms.

Presently eight or ten figures were seen coming down to the beach. A boat was launched and filled, and came rapidly to the ship's side. It was made of walrus-skin stretched over a wooden frame, and was strong and shapely. Its occupants were also clad in skins. There were three women and nine men in the boat, but one had to look very closely to tell which was which. The men's crowns were shaved, leaving a heavy fringe of coarse black hair around their heads. One of them stood up in the bow of the boat, and, with his cloak of reddish-gray fur, was really a handsome man. He had a thin black beard and regular, clear-cut features, and he looked as one fancies an old Roman of his age might have looked. They were evidently drawn to us partly by curiosity and partly by the hope of gifts of tobacco and whisky. The tobacco was freely showered upon them by Mr. Harriman, and was as eagerly seized, but the whisky was not forthcoming. Our own boats were rapidly lowered, and we were soon upon Asiatic soil, gathering flowers, observing the birds, and strolling about among the tents and huts of the natives. We bought skins and curios of them, or bartered knives, cloth, and flour for such things as they had to dispose of. They were not shy of our cameras, and freely admitted us to the greasy and smoky interiors of their dwellings. Seals and seal-oil, reindeer-skins, walrus-hides, and blubber were to be seen in quantities. Back of one tent I saw a deep, partly covered pit in the ground, nearly filled

with oil. The bones of whales served them instead of timbers in most of their rude structures. Their winter houses were built by standing whale-ribs up in a circle about two feet apart, and filling the interstices with turf, making a wall two feet thick. For roof they used walrus-hides resting upon poles. In my walk over this crescent of land I came here and there upon the huge vertebræ of whales, scattered about and looking like the gray, weather-worn granite boulders of a New England farm. Beyond the present site of the encampment I saw the ruins of an older or earlier village, the foundations of whalebones partly overgrown by the turf.

The skin costumes of the people gave them a singular stuffed appearance. One was reminded of grotesque dolls filled with bran or sawdust. This effect was partly given by the awkward cut of their garments, and by the skins being made up with the hair side in. In many of them a strain of European blood was evident. Whalers bound for the Arctic Ocean sometimes stop here, and corrupt the natives with bad morals and villainous whisky. They would take our silver dollar, but much preferred to barter for some useful article.

As we came in one end of the encampment most of the dogs went out at the other end. They had never seen such creatures, and they fled off toward the mountain and sat down and howled their mournful protest. Some of the children were frightened, too. One youngster of five or six years, riding astride of its mother's neck and stuffed like a small scarecrow, cried and yelled vigorously as we approached.

The sun was bright, but the air was very chilly, the mercury standing at about 38°. We were within one hundred and twenty miles of the Arctic Circle. As the Eskimos stood regarding us, they would draw their hands into their sleeves, after the manner of children on a cold day. The slender peninsula we were on was several hundred feet wide, marshy in places, but for the most part dry and covered with herbage. We found the yellow poppy blooming, and two species of saxifrage. In my walk I came upon a large patch of ground covered with a small, low, pink primrose; the ground was painted with it. But the prettiest flower we found was a low forget-me-not, scarcely an inch high, of deep ultramarine blue—the deepest, most intense blue that I ever saw in a wild flower. Here we also saw and heard the Lapland longspur and the yellow wagtail. A flock of male eider-ducks were seen in the bay.

PORT CLARENCE.

WE traveled two hours in Asia. I am tempted to write a book on the country, but forbear. At eight o'clock we steamed away along the coast toward Indian Point in an unending twilight. We reached the Point at one o'clock, but the surf was running so high that no landing was attempted. Then we stood off across the straits for Port Clarence in Alaska, where we hoped to take on water, and about noon again dropped our anchor behind a long, sickle-shaped sand-spit which curves out from the southern headland, ten or twelve miles away. In the great basin behind this sand-bar a whaling-fleet of a dozen vessels or more was anchored and making ready to enter the Arctic Ocean, where some of the vessels expected to spend the winter. The presence of the fleet had drawn together upon the sand-bar over two hundred Eskimos for trade and barter with the whalers. Their shapely skin boats, filled with men, women, children, and dogs, often to the number of twenty, soon swarmed about our ship. They had all manner of furs, garments, baskets, ornaments, and curios for sale or for barter. They presented an animated and picturesque scene, and dozens of cameras were turned upon them. In dress they presented a much more trim and shapely appearance than the people we had just left in Siberia, though much the same in other respects. Some of the younger women were fairly good-looking, and their fur hoods and fur cloaks became them well. I noticed that the babies cried very much, as at home. Most of the women wore fur "parkas," but some wore an outer garment of colored cotton cloth, hanging loosely to their knees. It was interesting to see them tuck their babies under this garment from the rear. The mother would bend forward very low, thrust the child under the garment at her hips, and by a dexterous wriggling movement of her body propel it forward till its head protruded in its place above her shoulder. One marked its course along her back as he does a big morsel down a chicken's gullet. Some of the captains of the whalers came aboard our ship to advise us about taking on water. They were large, powerful, resolute-looking men, quite equal, one would say, to the task before them. Water was to be had from a stream that came in from the tundra on the southern shore of the bay, about a dozen miles distant. Leaving part of our company to visit the whalers and the Eskimos, the ship steamed away with

the rest of us for water, and in due course anchored off the mouth of the little stream.

This gave us an opportunity to spend several hours upon a real tundra many miles in extent. Cape Nome was on the other side of the peninsula, fifty miles away, but the fame of the gold-fields had not then reached us. As we approached the land it looked as smooth as if it had just been gone over with a mowing-machine. My first thought was, "Well, the people are done haying here." The tundra was of a greenish-brown color, and rose from a long, crescent-shaped beach in a very gentle ascent to low cones and bare volcanic peaks many miles away. It had the appearance of a vast meadow, lifted up but a few degrees above the level. This, then, was the tundra that covers so much of the northern part of North America, where the ground remains perpetually frozen to an unknown depth, thawing out for only a foot or so on the surface during the summer. How eagerly we set foot upon it; how quickly we dispersed in all directions, lured on by the strangeness, the solitude, and the beauty! In a few moments our hands were full of wild flowers, which we kept dropping to gather others still more beautiful, to be in turn discarded as still more novel ones appeared. I found myself very soon treading upon a large pink Claytonia, or spring-beauty, many times larger than our delicate April flower. Then I came upon a bank by the little creek covered with a low, nodding purple primrose; the masses of the shooting-star attracted me, then several species of pedicularis, then a yellow anemone and many saxifrages. A complete list of flowers blooming here within sixty miles of the Arctic Circle, in a thin coat of soil resting upon perpetual frost, would be a long one. There were wild bees here, too, to cross-fertilize the flowers; bumblebees boomed by very much as at home. And mosquitos, how they swarmed up out of the grass upon me when, in my vain efforts to reach a little volcanic cone that stood there before me like a haystack in a meadow, I sat down to rest! I could not seem to get any nearer the haystack, though I sometimes ran to get away from the mosquitos. The tundra proved far less smooth to the foot than the eye had promised. It was wet and boggy. A tundra is always wet in summer, as the frost prevents any underground drainage. But it was very uniform, and the walking not difficult. Moss, bogs, grass, and flowering plants covered it everywhere. The savanna-sparrow and the longspur started up before me as I walked, till, as I descended toward a branch of the little creek after an hour's tramp, a new note caught my ear. Presently I saw some kind of plover skimming over the ground in advance of me, or alighting upon some tussock of moss and uttering a soft, warbling call. It proved to be a golden plover. I had evidently invaded the breeding-grounds of the birds, and they were uttering their musical protest. At times the males, as they circled about me, warbled in the most delightful manner—truly a rich, golden warble. There was in it a tone of soft, pleading entreaty, underneath its bright joyousness, that was very moving—the voice of the tundra, soft, alluring, plaintive, beautiful. The golden plover is mottled black and white, with a rich, golden tinge to its back. It is a wonderful flier. We found it near the Arctic Circle; six months later probably the same birds might have been found near the Antarctic in Patagonia.

In a patch of low alders along the creek the gray-cheeked thrush, Townsend's bunting, and the Canada tree-sparrow were in song. I saw one of the thrushes do what I never saw any of the thrush kind do before: it hovered in the air fifty or more feet above the moor, and repeated its song three times very rapidly. As there were no trees to give it a lofty perch, it perched upon the air.

It was a novel experience, this walking over the tundra. Its vastness, its uniformity, its solitude, its gentleness, even softness, of contour, its truly boreal character; the truncated hills and peaks on the near horizon, that suggested huge earthworks; farther off the rounded and creased elevations, like the curves of prostrate giants turned up to the sun, and the high, serrated, snow-streaked ranges on the remote horizon to the north—all made up a curious and unfamiliar picture.

We were fortunate in having clear, bright skies during our stay in these high latitudes. But the nights were starless, for the sun was so near, and gave so much light in the sky, that the stars were blotted out. The sun set about ten, and rose after two, dipping down only a little way below the horizon.

Port Clarence was the northernmost point that we reached. An excursion into the Arctic Ocean and to the midnight sun did not hold out inducements enough to offset the dangers. In the early morning of July 13 we steamed away on the return trip. Before noon we were again in the thick veil of fog with which Bering Sea always seems to cover her face. Near nightfall, with a stiff

wind blowing, we anchored off St. Lawrence Island, and two boat-loads of our people went ashore. St. Lawrence is a large island at the gateway of the Arctic Ocean, and in the spring the ice-floes from the north often strand polar bears upon it. Our hunters still dreamed of bears. The shore was low and marshy, and the high land was miles away, with the canopy of fog resting upon it. In his walk one of our doctors saw the backs of two large white objects showing above a little swell in the land beside an inlet. Here, evidently, were the polar bears they were in quest of. The doctor began to stalk them, replacing the shells in his gun with heavier ones as he crept along. Now he had another glimpse of the white backs, and was certain that they could be nothing but bears. A few moments more and he would be within close range, when, lo! the heads and long necks of two white swans came up above the bank. The doctor said he never felt so much like a goose before in his life. The birds and flowers found were about the same as those we had already seen.

Not many years ago there were numerous encampments of Eskimos on St. Lawrence Island, embracing several hundred people. Late one autumn some whalers stopped there with the worst kind of whisky, with which they wrought the ruin of the natives, persuading them to exchange most of their furs and other valuables for it, and leaving them so debauched and demoralized that they perished of cold and hunger the following winter. Village after village was found quite depopulated, the people lying dead in their houses.

ST. MATTHEW ISLAND.

From here our course was again through fog and mist to St. Matthew Island, which we missed on our way up, and now found late in the afternoon of the next day. Our first stop was at Hall Island, which once probably formed a part of St. Matthew, and which is now separated from it by only a narrow strait. This was our first visit to uninhabited land, and to a land of such unique grace and beauty that the impression it made can never be forgotten—a thick carpet of moss and many-colored flowers covering an open, smooth, undulating surface of country that faced the sea in dark basaltic cliffs, some of them a thousand feet high. The first thing that attracted our attention were the swarms of murres about the cliffs. Here were their rookeries, and their numbers darkened the air. As we approached, the faces of the rocks seemed paved with them, with a sprinkling of gulls, puffins, black cormorants, and auklets. On landing at a break in the cliffs where a little creek came down to the sea, our first impulse was to walk along the brink and look down upon the murres and see them swarm out from beneath our feet. On the discharge of a gun, the air would be black with them, while the cliffs apparently remained as populous as ever. They sat upon little shelves or niches in the rocks, with their black backs to the sea, each bird covering one egg. In places one could have reached down and seized them by the neck, they were so tame and so near the top of the rocks. I believe one of our party did actually procure a specimen in this way. It was a strange spectacle, and we lingered long looking upon it. To behold sea-fowls like flies in uncounted millions was a new experience. Everywhere upon Bering Sea the murres swarm like vermin. It seemed as if there was a murre to every square yard of surface. They were at all times flying about our ship or flapping away over the water from her bow. I noticed that they could not get up from the water except against the wind; the wind lifted them as it does a kite. With the wind or in a calm they skimmed along on the surface, their heads bent forward, their wings beating the water impotently. Unable to rise, they would glance behind them in a frightened manner, and then plunge beneath the wave till they thought the danger had passed. At all hours of the night and day one could hear this impotent flapping of the frightened murres. The bird is a species of diver, nearly as large as a black duck. They are apparently tailless, and in flying their two red feet, stretched straight behind them, do the duty of a tail. It was amusing to see them spread or contract them in turning or changing their course, as the case required.

After we had taken our fill of gazing upon the murres came the ramble away from the cliffs, in the long twilight, through that mossy and flowery solitude. Such patterns and suggestions for rugs and carpets as we walked over for hours! Such a blending of grays, drabs, browns, greens, and all delicate neutral tints, all dashed with masses of many-colored flowers, it had never before been my fortune to witness, much less to walk upon. And drifting over this marvelous carpet, or dropping down upon it from the air above, was the hyperborean snow-bird, as white as a snowflake, and with a

song of great sweetness and power. With lifted wings the bird would drop through the air to the earth, pouring out its joyous, ecstatic strain. Out of the deep twilight also came the song of the longspur, delivered on the wing, and touching the wild solitude as with the voices of children at play. Then there was the large Aleutian sandpiper, that ran before me and uttered its wild, curious plaint. The robber jaeger was there, too, a very beautiful bird, sitting quietly upon the moss and eying our movements. On the top of the grassy bank, near the sea, some of the party found the nest and young of the snowy owl. Fragments of the bodies of murres and ducks lay upon the ground beside it.

The most novel and striking of the wild flowers was a species of large white Claytonia, growing in rings the size of a tea-plate —floral rings dropped here and there upon this carpet of moss. In the center was a rosette of pointed green leaves pressed close to the ground; around this grew the ring of flowers, made up of thirty or forty specimens, all springing from the same root, their faces turned out in all directions from the parent center. In places one could have stepped from one circle to another.

The forenoon of the next day, the 15th, we spent upon St. Matthew, and repeated our experience of walking over ground covered with nature's matchless tapestry. Here, too, a thick, heavy carpet of variegated mosses and lichens had been stretched to the very edge of the cliffs, with mats and rugs of many-colored flowers—white, violet, yellow, pink; saxifrage, chickweed, astragalus, Claytonia—dropped here and there upon it. Sometimes the flowers seemed worked into the carpet itself. A species of creeping willow spread its leaves out as if stitched upon it. Scattered here and there were the yellow poppies, a yellow and a red pedicularis, and a rare and curious blue flower in heads, the name of which I have forgotten. On the highest point, more than one thousand feet above the sea, the blue-and-purple astragalus colored large areas. The most novel of all the flowers was a little species of silene with a bluish ribbed flower precisely like a miniature Chinese lantern.

The highest point of the island was enveloped most of the time in fog and cloud. While groping my way upon one of these level summits, probably fifteen hundred feet above the sea which flowed at its base, I came suddenly upon a deep cleft, or chasm, which opened in the moss and flowers at my feet and led down between crumbling rocky walls at a fearful incline to the beach. It gave one a sense of peril that made him pause quickly. The wraiths of fog and mist whirling through and over it enhanced its dreadful mystery and depth. Yet I hovered about it, retreating and returning, quite fascinated by the contrast between the smooth, flowery carpet upon which I stood and the terrible yawning chasm. When the fog lifted a little and the sun gleamed out, I looked down this groove into the ocean, and Tennyson's line in "The Eagle" came to mind as accurately descriptive of the scene:

> The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls.

Another curious effect was the bottom of the sea visible a long way out from shore. The water seemed suddenly to become shallow, or else to take on a strange transparency; the color and conformation of the rocky floor were surprisingly distinct.

A species of small blue fox was found and killed upon the island; and a sorry apology for a fox it was. It looked as if it might have been singed or else skinned once, and this was the second growth of fur. The polar bears which our sportsmen had hoped for were not found, though the deep, broad, unused trails leading back from the cliffs had doubtless been made by them. Nothing is plainer than that one cannot go to Alaska, or probably to any other country, and say, "Come, now, we will kill a bear," and kill it, except as a rare streak of luck. It is a game at which two can play, and the bear plays extremely well. All large game has its beat or range. The first thing to be done is to find this beat, which may take days or weeks; then the trial of strategy begins. If you outgeneral the bear you may carry off his pelt.

We found the snow-bunting nesting in the crevices of the rocks. It was probably compelled to this course to escape the foxes. This was the type locality for this bird, and it was very abundant. The rosy finch was also seen along the cliffs. There were snowbanks on the beach by the sea, and piles of driftwood, much of it large tree-trunks doubtless brought down by the Yukon, and many hewn and sawed timbers from wrecked vessels.

From this point our homeward voyage to Seattle was unmarked by any noteworthy incident, save the view of the St. Elias and Fairweather ranges of mountains, which we had under clear skies, and which left an impression upon our minds not likely to be effaced. Deeply wrapped in snow, under the July sun they shone like great orbs, and actually lighted up the shady side of the ship.

PÈRE DIDON.

BY TH. BENTZON.

THE recent death of Père Didon has removed one of the most remarkable figures of modern France. In 1892, when, after an enforced silence of several years, he resumed preaching in Paris, it would have been hard for a stranger seeking to gain entrance into the Church of the Madeleine to place any faith in the existence of that indifference in the matter of religion which is so generally charged to Parisians. The crowd which packed the approaches to the church was one of those through which one despairs of opening a way. The choir was invaded by men to the very foot of the altar; its steps swarmed with people, and each of the great columns was surrounded by clusters. In the street there stood a long file of carriages; hawkers cried programs gotten up in a kind of religious form and bearing the preacher's likeness; your ticket for the course of sermons had to be presented at the entrance; ladies of fashion were compelled to go into the church by side doors, from which, with triumphant steps, they ascended the dark and narrow stairways, until they reached those boxes upholstered with red velvet, which are at all times suggestive of the theater.

The "Temple of Glory," the erection of which was begun by Napoleon, has been with difficulty adapted to the needs of Catholic worship, and, in truth, I have never seen it wear a less religious aspect than in those Lenten days of 1892, when its sumptuously painted and gilded precincts of marble were packed with people jostling one another to hear and see the man whom a rigorous decree had for a long time debarred from mounting the pulpit. Nothing could temper this perfervid zeal, neither the inclemency of the weather nor the fear of being the victim of an explosion of dynamite—for it was the very season of the anarchist manifestations. Yet here the "great world" met to listen to a preacher guilty of having spoken the funeral oration of Mgr. Darboy, and of having thundered against the Commune. The women, ensconced in their furs, enjoyed the satisfaction of feeling themselves daring, and I will even venture to believe that for the central figure of the day, for Père Didon himself, all these rumors and all these concomitant elements of sensationalism had nothing displeasing. Yet this feature of his temperament did not have the slightest injurious effect upon the undisputed virtues of the monk's character.

The special characteristics of Père Didon were that he was a man of his time and a man of marked individuality. What is known of his history may be told in a few words.

Henri Didon was born March 17, 1840, at Touret, Dauphiné, in the midst of picturesque mountains, the beauty of which is enhanced by the Grande Chartreuse, which reflects on them a shadow of mysticism. He was educated at the Petit Séminaire of Grenoble, which he left at the age of eighteen to enter the Order of St. Dominic as a novice. Four years later he took his vows, and for the purpose of completing his studies was sent to Rome, where he devoted himself principally to the philosophy of the greatest of all Dominicans, St. Thomas Aquinas, in whose works the scholars of the present day continually discover things which, albeit said in the thirteenth century, are still new. On his return to France he began to exercise his talents as a preacher, residing in succession in Paris, Marseilles, and again in Paris, at the monastery of St.-Jean-de-Beauvais. At

the outset of his career, in 1868, he pleaded the cause of monasticism, in the Church of St.-Germain-des-Prés, with all the fervor of an ardent vocation, and that vocation the hard trials of life never blunted.

Personally, I had not heard him since the year 1879, when, as if foreseeing the approaching enforcement of the divorce laws, he had strenuously upheld the indissolubility of the marriage tie. The result was that a fierce journalistic warfare had raged about him. How we were all carried away in those days, while spectators of this impetuously fought campaign, which gave the great preacher the opportunity of displaying his leading qualities! The censure of him that brought the combat to an abrupt termination carried with it no other result than to bespeak the widest publicity for the book which contained the discourses that had been interrupted. The following year Père Didon was made to suffer a still higher penalty for his bold sallies in other directions. Having spoken of the attitude of the church in the presence of science, after having first directed his attacks against a science which ignored God, he was accused before the Pope of being in contradiction to the Syllabus, and the general of his order condemned him to a long retreat in the monastery of Corbara, in Corsica. But the penance imposed on Père Didon placed an aureole about his head, and in his absence he was not forgotten.

So, when he stood erect once more in the far too richly gilded pulpit of the Madeleine, with that majestic carriage of his which brought out in magnificent relief on his broad shoulders the habit of Savonarola,—the white robe and the black mantle which Père Lacordaire had worn in days gone by at Notre Dame, in the Constituent Assembly, and at the Académie,—a thrill went through the audience, followed by a sympathetic murmur respectfully subdued. Père Didon was one of those men whose aspect, physiognomy, and speech inspire one with an irresistible desire to applaud; there was in him, whatever he did, something of the actor of genius, and this was emphasized by his vague resemblance to Coquelin, whose type, curiously enough, is to be met with in the person of another of the great Catholic preachers of the present day, Père Monsabré. Of course time had left its mark on the physique of Père Didon. His face seemed to me heavier under the load of fifty years, but the black eye was still full of fire, and when that incomparable voice began to vibrate, warm and sonorous, throughout the church, when, so to speak, he embraced all his hearers with his superb gesture, we felt that we were as much as ever under the spell.

I cannot say, however, that the potency of this charm made itself equally felt throughout the sermon. Père Didon was preaching on the divinity of Jesus, and theology was not his special domain. One has but to read his vast work entitled "Jesus Christ" to perceive that he did not approach the question of historical criticism with sufficient solidity. It was necessary for him, in order that he might be himself, to have a subject which enabled him to treat of social questions, to bring into play the life of to-day. He excelled in moving and startling you; his most powerful means of conviction were not derived from reasoning, for he was not the best of dialecticians. The younger Dumas, once an ardent admirer of his, referring to his earlier discourses, of which he praised the clear and elevated form, said: "The Christian afflatus finds its way out of them freely by doors and windows which open on every horizon." But when dogma was in play many of these windows closed themselves in spite of the preacher. Assuredly one of the finest moments in his career was during his agitation of social questions, and when he proclaimed that God had no reason to fear any investigation carried on by science. His efforts toward doing away with the misunderstandings between Christianity and the culture of this period were frequently crowned with success, whereas, according to all indications, his purely theological discourses will convince those only who, like myself, need no convincing. I was confirmed in this belief by a most highly cultivated Jewish lady who sat by my side as he set forth his proofs of the divinity of Jesus. One thing struck her, however, and that was the sense of equity shown by Père Didon in always looking at matters from the point of view of his opponents. As an instance, he demonstrated to us how, apart from the political side of the question, the Jews might have feared that the doctrines of Christ would sap the foundations of that monotheism of which they were the guardians. Père Didon did not display a settled opinion against any person, but was moved by a perfect sincerity, a limitless desire to transmit to his hearers the ardent faith which held possession of him. The vast torrent of his eloquence sprang from his innermost heart. At times, though, there are to be found in it traces of declamation and slight offenses against good taste. In his

predilection for what was modern he freely introduced into the noble and dignified language of the pulpit familiar and discordant words, sometimes borrowed from the current slang.

Père Didon's weak point consisted in demonstrating constantly that, in spite of his cassock, he was "in the swim," and this weakness was nothing but a consequence of the self-consciousness which Marie Bashkirtseff, with the spirit of irreverence of that ill-bred little Russian girl, discovered in him at first sight. This gifted artist, who was consumed by the thirst for notoriety, herself exhibited that ever-increasing malady of our century, the hypertrophy of the *me*. And so it is that in her pen-portrait of Père Didon (he did not allow her to paint one with her brush) she set forth this foible. She showed him to us looking grand indeed with his tonsure, with his splendid eyes and forehead, a man of the world, with a proud carriage, admirable hands, a bright, cheerful, and witty countenance; with a voice of beautiful, changing inflections, rich in its variety, and even in ordinary conversation passing from the softest tones to accents that were almost terrible; withal, having a good deal of assurance, and some satisfaction in the stir that was being made about his personality. And yet what assumed the appearance of vanity in Père Didon was perhaps nothing more than a very human and simple thirst for sympathy, which the austerities of monastic life did not quench, and which left him a young man in spite of his gray hairs.

This juvenility is manifest in a touching fashion in that curious book on the Germans, "Les Allemands." In 1881, while he was, in his enforced retreat, studying the beginning of Christianity, the subject itself carried him away through the maze of modern criticism, and inasmuch as this criticism has nowhere, in so far as Christ is concerned, been developed with more patience and more force than in Germany, it occurred to him to frequent as a student the universities of Leipsic, Göttingen, and Berlin. There, he tells us, he learned that, frontiers and naturalization notwithstanding, men of alien races can meet together in peace in the worshipof truth. "Science is one; like God, she is universal; she knows neither Alps, Pyrenees, nor Rhine. Whosoever serves her labors with the same heart, with the same arm, for the greatness of his own country and for the evolution of human thought." While these generous ideas were causing his heart to expand, he became deeply interested in all his new surroundings. The harmony that reigned at Tübingen between the Catholic and Protestant faculties of theology, which existed fraternally side by side, was to him a magnificent lesson to sectarians. In German militarism he recognized with admiration (what he hardly understood, being of those who would "convert swords into plowshares") the spirit of respect, of passive obedience. He noticed that Germany in her schools accorded to religion its legitimate place, and, *en passant*, he rendered homage to the United States, which, under the joint action of the spirit of Christianity and that of democracy, has given marvelous expansion to public education.

On his return to France he told his countrymen the truth, without exaggeration, without toning it down, but without counseling them to imitate the Germans. "Make changes slowly; do not destroy anything," he said. Let Frenchmen preserve their particular spirit, their twofold forward impulse toward equality and toward liberty. Those two aspirations will constitute a powerful lever, provided that liberty be the handmaid of justice, while equality should rather signify the elevation of the humble than the debasing of the great. To Père Didon the university was the foundation-stone of the German Empire, and he shows us with keen insight its organization, its results. He pleaded for a coalition of university and church in his own country, and expressed the hope that they might unite in a common devotion to the interests of the democracy and of the republic.

A journey to the East enabled Père Didon to finish and to give the proper local color to a book which had occupied his mind for many years. He studied lovingly the locality in which was developed the sacred personality of Christ, but without being able to rival Renan in the description of landscapes or the painting of the atmosphere. In this volume Père Didon combats "the lively prejudice which seeks to establish between science and faith an absolute divorce." "I will fight it," he says, in his admirable preface—"I will fight it as long as there is breath in my body, and I will never cease to bring into harmony my eternal faith and my modern culture." Herein is to be found the grandeur of that out-of-the-common personality of this nineteenth-century Dominican monk, whose self-set ideal was "to hold one's faith by the aid of a virile and independent mind," and to demonstrate "that modern civilization, with all its tendencies toward justice and the well-being of the humble, toward peace and charity, is born of Jesus Christ."

The books of Père Didon do not possess as much merit as his sermons, which themselves lose by being read, for gesture and voice have had much to do in giving them their prestige. It would therefore not be fair to judge this writer and orator, on parallel lines, with Père Lacordaire, that illustrious rival of men like Montalembert and Lamennais. In regard to certain points, however, the comparison forces itself upon one. Their liberal ideas drew upon both the censure of the church; both met it with the same submissiveness, which, for both, must have been an extraordinary sacrifice. The end of their two careers also bears an analogy, Père Lacordaire having ended his by becoming director of the Collège of Sorèze, Père Didon as head of the Collège of Arcueil, known as the Collège of Albert the Great.

Like the other educational establishments governed by the Dominicans, Arcueil has always enjoyed a high reputation. In that fine country place, six kilometers only from Paris, Père Didon rusticated in the midst of youths who really were his "children." Every Thursday and Sunday afternoon he received visitors. So frank, straightforward, and spontaneous was he, so perfectly human in the broadest and most sympathetic sense of the word, that it was difficult to realize that this leader of intellects was at the same time as obedient as any of his brothers to the rule of St. Dominic, one of the most ascetic in the church. The private life of a monk, even if he be a man of genius, must be humble, hidden, and devoid of personality; therefore no biographical sketch of Père Didon exists: of this I have made sure by applying to the Dominicans themselves, who, since the promulgation of the decrees against the religious orders, dwell in a large, plain gray house, of no special appearance, in the Rue du Bac.

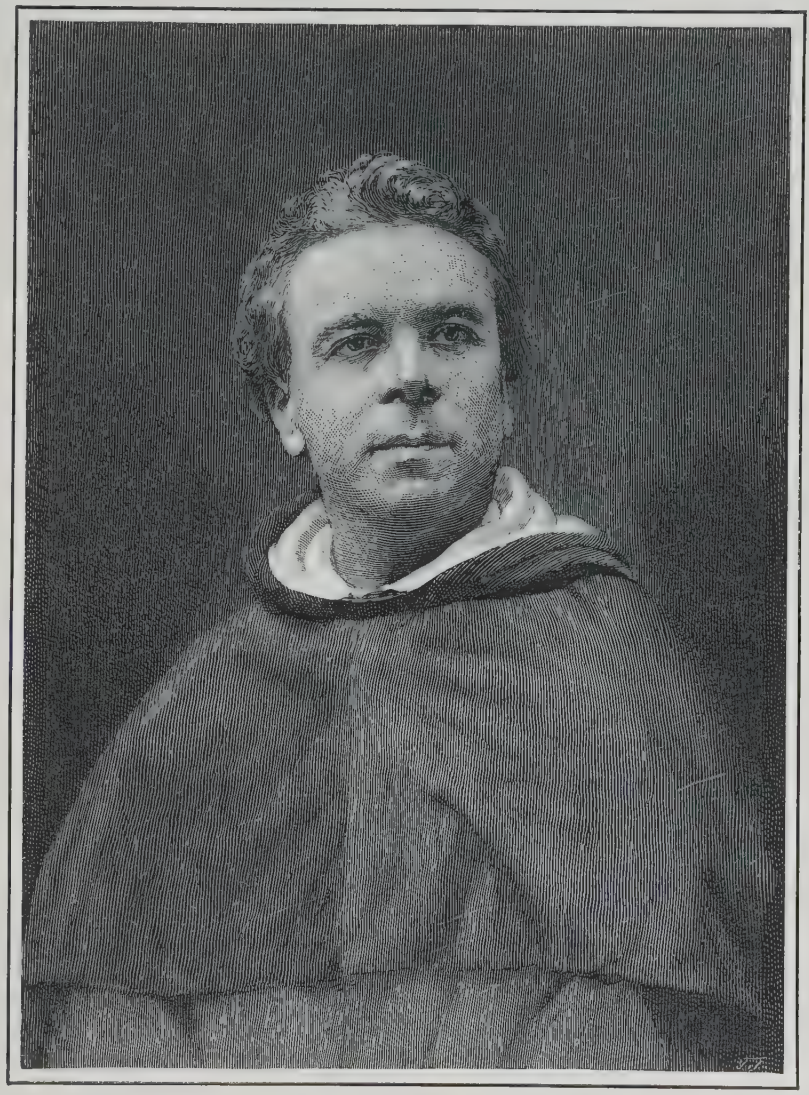
Among the cherished theories of Père Didon which were cultivated at Arcueil are: to consider discipline as the stepping-stone toward liberty, to banish compulsion as much as possible, to discourage precocious development, and particularly the critical spirit, which has taken too deep a root in France. "There is no surer way of not knowing anything at forty than to know everything at seventeen," said Père Didon. "The child must *believe*, the young man exists for the purpose of *admiring;* let, therefore, the severe and difficult rôle of critic be left to a maturer age."

It were impossible to praise too highly the spirit of tolerance which obtains at Arcueil, of which let me cite an instance: A well-known Protestant family gave two sons into Père Didon's charge, with the stipulation that their childhood belief should be respected. For several years the compact was scrupulously observed. One day, however, a certain professor of history spoke with rather too vehement Catholic zeal of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Not long afterward, Père Didon, who knew what took place under his roof as though he were everywhere at the same moment, apologized in person to the boys, whose feelings had naturally been wounded by the professor's lack of tact.

Speaking of the rôle which reverence should play in the instruction of the young, Père Didon once said: "I have but one dream, and that dream is to awaken in the soul of a pupil reverence, to strengthen it as soon as it appears, and to wed it to a faith at once stable and ardent." He goes on to show how necessary it is to instil reverence in the hearts of the young in order that they may respond to the duties of the day and the hour—reverence for the good, the beautiful, the true, reverence for action, for will, for energy, for humanity, for the divine.

Père Didon was an unqualified optimist. "Freedom and justice," he said, "will triumph over all." "Pay no heed," he counseled, "to those who claim that the country is in an evil pass. Harken not to those who say that nations which have received immortality from Christ the Redeemer can ever suffer destruction. Give no ear to men who would make of your state an Athens, an academy, a conservatoire, a theater, or a pleasure-garden, who misapply the sacred gift of force, nor yet to those who prate of the exclusive domination of any one party. Never deny the enemy tolerance; rather respect him in the light of necessary opposition."

On March 13, 1900, news came from Toulouse that this strong and powerful man, scarcely sixty years old, was dead. A few days before he had lectured in Bordeaux, and then, on his way to Rome, where he was expected, he had called upon friends at the Dominican of Toulouse. The simple funeral took place in Paris on the 19th, in the Church of Ste.-Clotilde. The interment was at Arcueil. His death is a great loss to the cause of liberal education, at a time when a most serious battle is being fought in France on that ground. Priest as he was, he always was an acknowledged Republican. His influence was great in many directions, and he had friends everywhere.



ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY T. JOHNSON, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES HIDEUX.

PÈRE DIDON

FROM A PRINT IN CLARENDON'S "HISTORY," IN THE HOPE COLLECTION, BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD.

THE ARMS OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

ELEVENTH PAPER.

XXXIV. THE MILITARY DICTATORSHIP.

WITH the dismissal of the first Parliament a new era began. For twenty months the Protectorate was a system of despotic rule as undisguised as that of Tudor or Stuart. Yet it was not the dictatorship of Elizabeth, for Cromwell shared authority both in name and fact with the Council, that is, with the leaders of the army. What were the working relations between Oliver and the eighteen men who composed his Council of State, and to what extent his policy was inspired or modified by them, we cannot confidently describe. That he had not autocratic power the episode of the kingship in 1657 will show us. That his hand was forced on critical occasions we know.

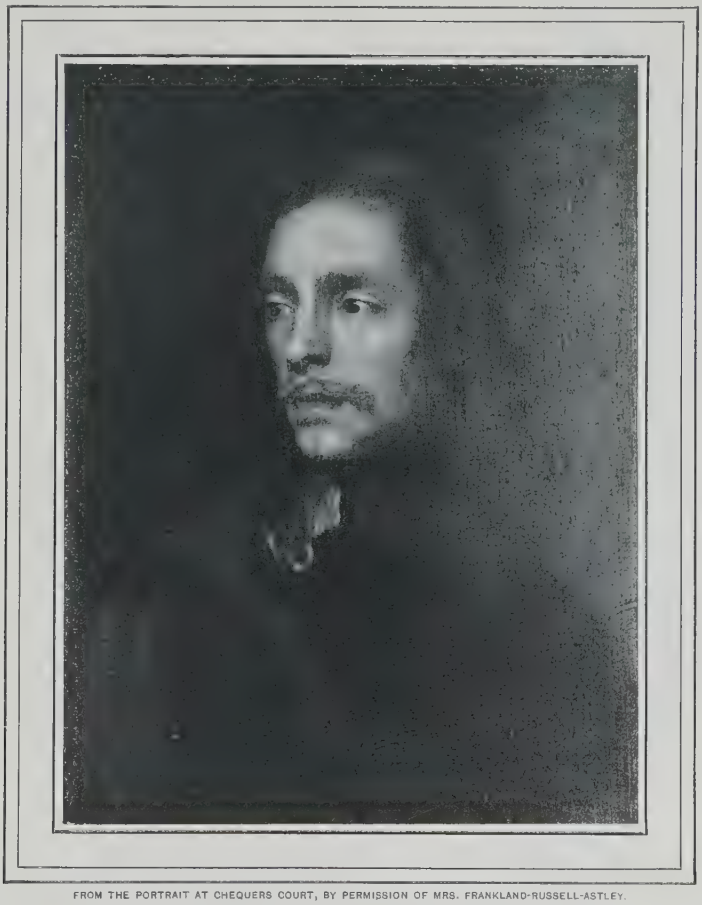
The latter half of 1654 has sometimes been called the grand epoch of Oliver's government. Ireland and Scotland were in good order; he had a surplus in the chest; the army and navy seemed loyal; his star was rising high among the European constellations. But below the surface lurked a thousand perils, and the difficulties of government were enormous. So hard must it inevitably be to carry on conservative policy without a conservative base of operations at any point of the compass. Oliver had reproached his Parliament with making themselves a shade under which weeds and nettles, briers and thorns, had thriven. They were like a man, he told them, who should protest about his liberty of walking abroad, or his right to take a journey, when all the time his house was in a blaze. The conspiracies against public order and the foundations of it were manifold. A serious plot for the Protector's assassination had been brought to light in the summer of 1654, and Gerard and Vowel, two of the conspirators, had been put to death for it. They were to fall upon him as he took his customary ride out from Whitehall to Hampton Court on a Saturday afternoon. The king across the water was aware of Gerard's design, and encouraged him in it in spite of some of his advisers who thought assassination impolitic. It was still a device in the manners of the age, and Oliver's share in the execution of the king was taken, in many minds to whom it might otherwise have been repugnant, in his case to justify sinister retaliation.

The schisms created in the republican camp by the dispersion of the old Parliament and the erection of the Protectorate naturally kindled new hopes in the breasts of the Royalists. Charles, with the sanguine credulity common to pretenders, encouraged them. He put himself in the hands of the forward men, the conspiracy was pushed on, and at length, in March, the smoldering fire broke into a flickering and feeble flame.

The Yorkshire Royalists met on the historic ground of Marston Moor, and reckoned on surprising York with a force of four thousand men. When the time came, a hundred made their appearance, and in despair they flung away their arms and dispersed. In Northumberland the Cavaliers were to seize Newcastle and Tynemouth, but here, too, less than a hundred of them ventured to the field. At Rufford, in Sherwood Forest, there was to have been a gathering of several hundreds, involving gentlemen of consequence; but on the appointed day, though horses and arms were ready, the country would not stir. At midnight the handful

cried in a fright that they were betrayed, and made off as fast as they could. Designs were planned in Staffordshire, Cheshire, Shropshire, but they came to nothing, and not a blow was struck. All the counties in England, said Thurloe, instead of rising for them, would have risen against them. The Protector, he declared, if there had been any need, could have drawn into the field, within fourteen days, twenty thousand men, beside the standing army. "So far are they mistaken who dream that the affections of this people are toward the house of Stuart." [1]

In the army, though there was no disaffection, a mutinous section was little less busy than the Royalists. Harrison, who had been in charge of King Charles on his fatal journey from Hurst Castle to Windsor, was now himself sent a prisoner to Carisbrooke. Wildman, who had been one of the extremist agitators as far back as 1647, was arrested, and the guard found him writing a "declaration of the free and well-affected people of England now in arms against the tyrant Oliver Cromwell, Esquire." It is no irrational document on the face of it, being little more than a restatement of the aims of the revolution for twelve years past. But it is not always palatable for men in power to be confronted with their aims in opposition.



FROM THE PORTRAIT AT CHEQUERS COURT, BY PERMISSION OF MRS. FRANKLAND-RUSSELL-ASTLEY.

JOHN THURLOE, SECRETARY TO OLIVER CROMWELL.

The Protector spared no money in acquiring information. He expended large sums in secret service, and little passed in the Royalist camp abroad that was not discovered by the agents of Thurloe. Cecil and Walsingham were not more vigilant or more successful in their watch over the safety of Elizabeth than was Cromwell's wise, trusty, and unwearied Secretary of State. Plotters were so amazed how the

[1] March 16, 1655. See Mr. Firth's examination of the rising in "English Historical Review," 1888–89.

FROM THE PORTRAIT AT CHEQUERS COURT, BY PERMISSION OF MRS. FRANKLAND-RUSSELL-ASTLEY.

HENRY CROMWELL.

Lord Protector came to hear of all the things contrived against him that they fell back on witchcraft and his familiarity with the devil. A gentleman got leave to travel, and had an interview with the king at Cologne one evening after dark. On his return he saw the Protector, who asked him if he had kept his promise not to visit Charles Stuart. The gentleman answered that he had. "But who was it," asked Cromwell, "that put out the candles when you saw Charles Stuart?" He further startled the traveler by asking whether Charles had not sent a letter by him. The gentleman denied. Cromwell took his hat, found a letter sewed up in the lining of it, and sent him to the Tower. Cromwell's informant was one Manning, and this transaction was his ruin. The Royalists at Cologne suspected him; his rooms were searched, his ciphers discovered, and his correspondence read. Manning then made a clean breast of it, and excused his treason by his necessities, and the fact that he was to have twelve hundred pounds a year from Cromwell for his work. His only chance of life was a threat of retaliation by Cromwell on some Royalist in prison in England, but this was not forthcoming, and Manning was shot dead by two gentlemen of the court in a wood near Cologne.

On every side the government struck vigorous blows. Special watch was kept

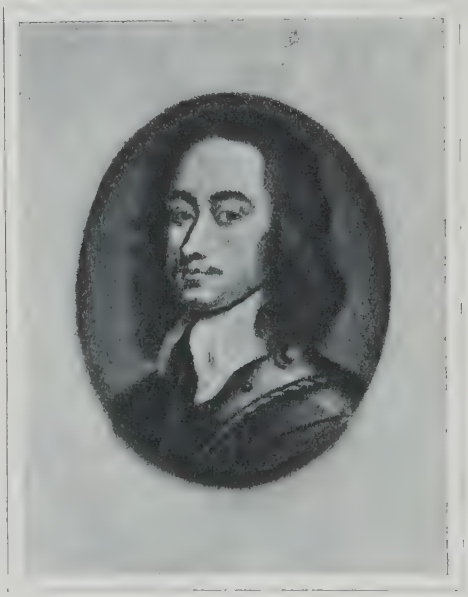
upon London. Orders were sent to the ports to be on guard against surprise, and to stop suspected persons. The military forces were strengthened. Gatherings were put down. Many arbitrary arrests were made among minor persons and major, and many were sent to Barbados to a condition of qualified slavery. The upright and blameless Overton was arbitrarily flung into prison without trial, kept there for three years, and not released until after Cromwell's death and the restoration of the Rump. When that day arrived, both Thurloe and Barkstead, governors of the Tower, quaked for the strong things that they had done on the personal authority of the Protector. The stories of 1659 are a considerable deduction from Burke's praise of the admirable administration of the law under Cromwell. But though there was lawless severity, it did not often approach ferocity.

Subterranean plots and the risings of hot-headed country gentlemen were not all that Cromwell and the Council had to encounter. The late Parliament had passed no effective vote of money. The government fell back upon its power of raising taxes by ordinance. The validity of the ordinance was disputed; the judges inclined to hold the objections good; and it looked for a moment as if a general refusal to pay customs and excise might bring the whole financial fabric to the ground. The three counsel for Cony, the merchant who had declined to pay the customs dues, were summoned before the Protector and the Council of State. After hearing what they had to say, Oliver signed a warrant for their committal to the Tower for using words tending to sedition and subversive of the government. Violation of the spirit and letter of the law could go no further. They were soon set free, and Cromwell bore them no malice, but people not unreasonably saw in the proceeding a

FROM THE PORTRAIT AT CHEQUERS COURT, BY PERMISSION OF MRS. FRANKLAND-RUSSELL-ASTLEY.

JOHN CLAYPOLE.

strong resemblance to the old Star Chamber. The judges were sent for, and humbly said something about Magna Charta. The Protector scoffed at Magna Charta with a mock too coarse for modern manners, declared that it should not control actions which he knew to be required by public safety, reminded them that it was he who made the judges, and bade them no more to suffer the lawyers to prate what it would become them to hear. The judges may have been wrong either in their construction of the Instrument, or in their been much regretted; I say there was a little thing invented, which was the erection of your major-generals." This device had all the virtues of military simplicity. In the summer and autumn of 1655 England and Wales were mapped out into a dozen districts. Over each district was planted a major-general, Lambert, Desborough, Fleetwood, Skippon, Whalley, Barkstead, Goffe, and the rest, all picked veterans, and the trustiest of them. Their first duties were those of high police: to put down unlawful assemblies by force; to disarm papists and



FROM A MINIATURE ON IVORY IN THE COLLECTION OF SIR RICHARD TANGYE

MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES FLEETWOOD.

view that a section of the Instrument did not make a good law. But the committal of three counsel to prison by the executive, because their arguments were too good to be convenient, was certainly not good law, whatever else it was. Judges who proved not complaisant enough were displaced. Sir Peter Wentworth, who had tried to brave Cromwell at the breaking up of the Long Parliament, tried to brave him now by bringing a suit against the tax-collector. The Protector haled him before the Council. Wentworth said that he had been moved by his constant principle that no money could be levied but by consent of Parliament. Cromwell commanded him to drop his suit, and Wentworth submitted.

"It was now," says Oliver, "we did find out a little poor invention, which I hear has

persons dangerous to the peace of the nation; to exact a bond from any householder considered to be disaffected for the good behavior of his servants, and the servants were to appear before the major-general or his deputy wherever and whenever called upon. Persons in this category were to be registered, and if they changed their abode, the major-general was to be informed. Anybody coming from beyond the sea was to report himself, and his later movements were to be followed and recorded. The major-general was further to keep a sharp eye upon scandalous ministers, and to see that no disaffected person should take any share in the education of youth.

All this, however, was the least material part of the new policy. The case for the change rested on the danger of more dar-

ing plots and more important risings, the inadequateness of local justices and parish constables, the need of the central government for hands and eyes of its own, finally on the shadows of division in the army. There were those in the late Parliament who thought the peril inconsiderable, but Thurloe tells us that "his Highness saw a necessity of raising more force, and in every county, unless he would give up his cause to the enemy." This involved a new standing militia for all the counties of England, and that again involved a new money charge. "What so just as to put the charge upon those whose disaffection was the cause of it?" Such a plan needed no more than the "decimation" of those against whom, after personal inquisition made, they chose to set the mark of delinquency or disaffection. From such persons they were instructed to exact one tenth of their annual income. For these exactions there was no pretense of law; nor could they be brought into the courts, the only appeal being to the Protector in Council. The Parliament had been dissolved for meddling with the Instrument of Government. Yet all this was contrary to the Instrument. The scheme took some time to complete, but by the last three months of 1655 it was in full operation.

Two other remarkable measures of repression belong to this stern epoch. An edict was passed for securing the peace of the Commonwealth (November, 1655), ordering that no ejected clergyman should be kept in any gentleman's house as chaplain or tutor, or teach in a school, or baptize, or celebrate marriages, or use the Prayer-book. That this was a superfluity of rigor is shown by the fact that it was never executed. It is probable that other measures of the time went equally beyond the real necessities of the crisis, for experience shows that nothing is ever so certain to be overdone as the policy of military repression against civil disaffection. The second measure was still more significant of the extent to which despotic reaction was going in the policy of the government. Orders were issued that no person whatever do presume to publish in print any matter of public news or intelligence without leave of the Secretary of State. The result of this was to reduce the newspaper press in the capital of the country to a single journal coming out twice a week under two different names. Milton was still Latin secretary, and it was only eleven years since the appearance of his immortal plea for unlicensed printing. "Our ministers are bad," one of the major-generals reports in 1655, "our magistrates idle, and the people all asleep." The new authorities set resolutely to work. They appointed commissioners to assess the decimation of delinquents, not, however, without constant reference to the Protector and Council for directions how individuals were to be dealt with. The business of taxing the Cavaliers in this high manner was "of wonderful acceptation to all the Parliament party, and men of all opinions joined heartily therein." That men of one opinion should heartily rejoice at the compulsory exaction of the taxes from men of another opinion, is in accord with human nature—not that the activity of the major-generals prevented the imposition of a general property tax in 1656. The Cavaliers submitted with little ado. Wider irritation was created by stringent interference with ale-houses, bear-baiting, and cock-fighting. Lord Exeter came to ask Whalley whether he would allow the Lady Grantham cup to be run for at Lincoln, for if so, he would start a horse. "I assured him," reports Whalley to the Protector, "that it was not your Highness's intention, in the suppressing of horse-races, to abridge gentlemen of that sport, but to prevent the great confluences of irreconcilable enemies," and Exeter had his race. Profane and idle gentry, whose lives were a shame to a Christian commonwealth, were hunted out, and the government was adjured to banish them.

The defense of reason of state is success, and here the result soon proved to be not success, but failure. While so many individuals and orders were exasperated, no great class of society was reconciled. Rigid order was kept, plotters were cowed, money was squeezed, but the keenest discontent was quickened in those various organized bodies of men with lively minds and energetic interests, by whom, in the long run, effective public opinion in every community is generated. Oliver must soon have seen that this vast change of system would cut up his policy of healing and conciliation by its roots.

XXXV. THE REACTION.

WANT of money has ever been the wholesome check of kings, parliaments, and cabinets, and now it pinched the Protector. In spite of the decimation screw, the militia often went short of their pay, and suffered many jeers in consequence. Apart from the cost of domestic administration, Cromwell

had embarked, as we shall see, on a course of intervention abroad; and he was soon in the same straits as those against which advised him to raise money on his own direct authority by forced loans or general taxation. There is reason to suppose that

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PAINTING BY ROBERT WALKER IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, BY PERMISSION OF THE ART FOR SCHOOLS ASSOCIATION.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Strafford had long ago warned his master, as the sure result of a foreign policy to be paid for by discontented subjects. In June, 1656, the Protector held a conference with his Council and some of the principal officers of the army. There were those who Cromwell himself leaned this way, for, before long, he chid the officers for urging the other course. The decision, however, was taken to call a new Parliament.

The election that went forward during the summer of 1656 had all the rough animation

of the age, and well deserves consideration. Thurloe writes to Henry Cromwell that there is the greatest striving to get into Parliament that ever was known; every faction is bestirring itself with all its might, and all sorts of discontented people are incessant in their endeavors. The major-generals on their side were active in electioneering arts, and their firmly expressed resignation to the will of overruling Providence did not hinder the most alert wire-pulling. They pressed candidates of the right color, and gave broad hints as to any who were not sober and suitable to the present work. Every single major-general was himself a candidate and was elected. At Dover the rabble was strong for Cony, who had fought the case of the customs dues, and the major-general thought he was likely to be elected unless he could be judiciously "secluded." At Preston, once the scene of perhaps the most critical of all Cromwell's victories, the major-general expected much thwarting through the peevishness of friends and the disaffection of enemies. In Norwich an opposition preacher of great popularity was forbidden to go into the pulpit. A sharp eye was kept upon all printed matter finding its way through the post. Whalley reports that the heart is sound in what he calls the mediterranean part of the nation; people know that money will be wanted by the government, but they will not grudge it as the price of a settlement. One opposition candidate assured his audience that his Highness had sent for three thousand Swiss to be his body-guard; that he had secretly sold the trade of England to the Dutch, and would grant no convoy from Holland; that most of the counties in England would bring up their numbers in thousands, in spite of Oliver and his redcoats; and that he would wager his life that not five hundred in the whole army would resist them. Another cry was that the free people of England would have no more swordmen, no more decimators, nor anybody in receipt of a salary from the state.

An energetic manifesto was put out against the government, stating with unusual force the reasons why dear Christian friends and brethren should bestir themselves in a day of trouble, rebuke, and blasphemy; why they should make a stand for the pure principles of free-born Englishmen against the power and pomp of any man, however high he might bear himself. Half the books in the Old Testament are made to supply examples and warnings, and Hezekiah and Sennacherib, Jethro and Moses, Esther, Uzzah, Absalom, are all turned into lessons of what a voter should do or abstain from doing. The whole piece gives an instructive glimpse of the state of mind of the generation.

The Parliament met in September, 1656, and Oliver addressed it in one of his most characteristic speeches. He appealed at great length to the hatred of Spain, on the standing-ground of its bondage to the Pope; for its evil-doings upon Englishmen in the West Indies; for its espousal of the Stuart interest. Then he turned to the unholy friendliness at home between papists, all of them "Spaniolized," and Cavaliers; between some of the republicans and the Royalists; between some of the Commonwealth men and some of the mire and dirt thrown up by the revolutionary waters. He recalled all the plots and the risings and attempted risings, and warned them against the indolent supposition that such things were no more than the nibbling of a mouse at one's heel. For the major-generals and their decimation of royalist delinquents he set up a stout defense. Why was it not righteous to make that party pay for the suppression of disorder which had made the charge necessary? Apart from the mere preservation of the peace, was it not true that the major-generals had been more effectual for discountenancing vice and settling religion than anything done these fifty years? The mark of the Cavalier interest was profaneness, disorder, and wickedness; the profane nobility and gentry, that was the interest that his officers had been engaged against. "If it lives in us, I say, if it be in the general heart, it is a thing I am confident our liberty and prosperity depend upon—reformation of manners. By this you will be more repairer of breaches than by anything in the world. Truly these things do respect *the souls of men and the spirits—which are the men. The mind is the man.* If that be kept pure, a man signifies somewhat; if not, I would very fain see what difference there is between him and a beast."

Of the real cause of their assembling, deficit and debt, the Protector judiciously said little. As he observed of himself on another occasion, he was not much better skilled in arithmetic than he was in law, and his statement of accounts would not satisfy the standards of a modern exchequer. Incapacity of legal apprehension and incapacity in finance are a terrible drawback in a statesman with a new state to build. Before

business began the Protector took precautions after his own fashion against the opposition critics. He and the Council had already pondered the list of members returned to the Parliament, and as the gentlemen made their way from the Painted Chamber to their House soldiers were found guarding the door. There was no attempt to hide the iron hand in a velvet glove. The clerk of the Commonwealth was planted in the lobby with certificates of the approval of the Council of State. Nearly a hundred there found no such tickets, and for them there was no admission. This strong act of purification was legal under the Instrument, and the House, when it was reported, was content with making an order that the persons shut out should apply to the Council for its approbation. The excluded members, of whose fidelity to his government Cromwell could not be sure, comprised a faithful remnant of the Long Parliament; and they and others, ninety-three in number, signed a remonstrance in terms that are a strident echo of the protests which had so often been launched in old days against the king. Vehemently they denounced the practice of the tyrant to use the name of God and religion and formal fasts and prayer to color the blackness of the fact, and to command one hundred, two hundred, or three hundred to depart, and to call the rest a Parliament by way of countenancing his oppression. The present assembly at Westminster, they protested, sits under the daily awe and terror of the Lord Protector's armed men, not daring to consult or debate freely the great concernments of their country, nor daring to oppose his usurpation and oppression, and no such assembly can be the representative body of England. We may be sure if such was the temper of nearly one fourth of a Parliament that was itself just chosen under close restrictions, this remonstrance gives a striking indication how little way had even yet been made by Cromwell in popular opinion.

XXXVI. A CHANGE OF TACK.

THE Parliament speedily showed signs that, winnowed and sifted as it had been, and loyally as it always meant to stand to the person of the Protector, yet, like the Rump, like the Barebones convention, and like the first Parliament under the Instrument, all of them one after another banished in disgrace, it was resolved not to be a cipher in the constitution, but was full of that spirit of corporate self-esteem without which any Parliament is a body void of soul. The elections had taught them that the rule of the swordmen and the decimators was odious even to the honest party in the country. Oliver, anxiously watching the signs of public feeling, had probably learned the same lesson, that his major-generals were a source of weakness and not of strength to his government. The hour had come when the long struggle between army and Parliament, which in various forms had covered nine troubled years, was to enter a fresh and closing phase.

The opportunity for disclosing the resolve of the Parliament to try a fall with the military power soon came. It was preceded by an incident that revealed one of the dangers so well known to Oliver, and viewed by him with such sincere alarm as attending any kind of free Parliament, whether this or another. The general objects of the new Parliament of 1656, like the objects of its immediate predecessor of 1654, were to widen the powers of Parliament, to limit those of the Protector, to curb the soldiers, and finally, although this was kept in discreet shade, to narrow the area of religious tolerance. A test of tolerance occurred almost at once. Excesses of religious emotion were always a sore point with Protestant Reformers, for all such excesses seemed a warrant for the bitter predictions of the Catholics at the Reformation, that to break with the church was to open the flood-gates of extravagance and blasphemy in the heart of unregenerate man. Hence nobody was so infuriated as the apostle of private judgment with those who carried private judgment beyond a permitted point.

James Nayler was an extreme example of the mystics whom the hard children of this world dismiss as crazy fanatics. For several years he had fought with good repute in the Parliamentary army, and he was present on the memorable day of Dunbar. Then he joined George Fox, by and by carried Quaker principles to a higher pitch, and in time gave to his faith a personal turn by allowing enthusiastic disciples to salute him as the Messiah. In October, 1656, he rode into Bristol, attended by a crowd of frantic devotees, some of them casting branches on the road, all chanting loud hosannas, several even vowing that he had miraculously raised them from the dead. For his share of these transactions Nayler was brought before a committee of Parliament. No sworn evidence was taken. Nobody proved that he had spoken a word. The worst that could be alleged was that he had taken part in a

hideous parody. The House found that he was guilty of blasphemy, that he was a grand impostor, and a seducer of the people. It was actually proposed to inflict the capital sentence, and the offender escaped death only by a majority of fourteen in a division of a hundred and seventy-eight members. The debate lasted over many days. The sentence finally imposed was this: to stand in the pillory two hours at Westminster; to be whipped by the hangman from Westminster to the old Exchange, and there to undergo another two hours of pillory; to have his tongue bored through with a hot iron; to be branded on the brow with the letter B; then to be sent to Bristol, carried on a horse barebacked with his face to the tail, and there again whipped in the market-place; thence to be brought back to London to be put into solitary confinement with hard labor during the pleasure of Parliament, without use of pen, ink, or paper. So horrid a thing could Puritanism be, so little was there to choose between the spirit of Laud and the hard hearts of the people who cut Laud's head off.

Cromwell showed his noblest quality. The year before he had interposed by executive act to remove John Biddle, charged with Socinian heresy, from the grasp of the courts. Cromwell denounced the blasphemy of denying the godhead of Jesus Christ, but he secluded Biddle from harm by sending him to Scilly, with an allowance of ten shillings a week and a supply of books. So now in Nayler's case he hated the cruelty, and he saw the mischief of the assumption by Parliament of the function of a court of law. The most ardent friends of Parliament must still read with a lively thrill the words that Oliver now addressed to the Speaker: "Having taken notice of a judgment lately given by yourselves against one James Nayler, although we detest and abhor the giving or occasioning the least countenance to persons of such opinions and practice, . . . yet we, being interested in the present government on behalf of the people of these nations, and not knowing how far such proceeding, entered into wholly without Us, may extend in the consequence of it, Do desire that the House will let Us know the grounds and reasons whereupon they have proceeded" (December 12, 1656). This rebuke notwithstanding, the execrable sentence was carried out to the letter. It galled Cromwell to find that under the Instrument he had no power to interfere with the parliamentary assumption of judicial attributes, and this became an additional reason for that grand constitutional revision which was now coming into sight.

A few days after the disposal of Nayler a bill was brought in that raised the great question of the major-generals, their arbitrary power, and their unlawful decimations. By the new bill the system was to be continued. The lawyers argued strongly against it, and the members of the Council of State and the major-generals themselves were, of course, as strongly for it. The debate was long and heated, for both sides understood that the issue was grave. When the final division was taken the bill was thrown out by a majority of thirty-six in a House of two hundred and twelve.

"Some gentlemen," Thurloe tells Henry Cromwell, "do think themselves much trampled upon by this vote against their bill, and are extremely sensible thereof." That is to say, most of the major-generals, with the popular and able Lambert at their head, recognized that the vote was nothing less than a formal decision against the army and its influences. So bold a challenge from a Parliament in whose election and purification they had taken so prominent a part roused sharp anger, and the consequences of it were immediately visible in the next and greater move. Cromwell's share in either this first event or in that which now followed is as obscure as his share in the removal of the king from Holmby, or in Pride's Purge, or in the resolve to put Charles to death. The impression among the leaders of the army undoubtedly seems to have been that in allowing the recent vote the Lord Protector had in effect thrown his major-generals over.

As we are always repeating to ourselves, Cromwell from 1647 had shown himself ready to follow events rather than go before. He was sometimes a constitutional ruler, sometimes a dictator, sometimes the agent of the barrack, each in turn as events appeared to point and to demand. Now he reverted to the part of constitutional ruler. The elections and the Parliament showed him that the "little invention" of the major-generals had been a mistake, but he was not so sure of this as to say so. Ominous things happened. Desborough, his brother-in-law, brought in the bill, but Claypole, his son-in-law, was the first to oppose it. Parliaments are easily electrified by small incidents, and men felt that a new chapter was about to open. It was evident that Cromwell, who had, only a few days before, so strongly defended the

major-generals, was now for sailing on a fresh tack.

About this time was published the pamphlet with the famous title of "Killing no Murder." It sets out with truculent vigor the arguments for death to tyrants, with a direct deadly exhortation to apply them to the case of the Lord Protector. The Royalists did not conceal their approval of this doctrine of dagger and pistol. It is a most excellent treatise, says Nicholas, the king's Secretary of State. Cromwell had no more right to law than a wolf or a fox; and the exiles found comfort in telling one another that the Protector went about in as much fright as Cain after he had murdered Abel. Three weeks before this pungent incitement began to circulate, its author had almost succeeded in a design that would have made pamphlets superfluous. Sexby, whom Cromwell had described at the opening of the new Parliament as a wretched creature, an apostate from all honor and honesty, one of the republicans whom Oliver's later proceedings had turned into a relentless enemy, was deep in plots with Royalists abroad, and even with the Spaniards, against the life of the Protector. Diligent watch was kept upon Sexby, and for long his foreign employers got nothing for their money. At length he secured a confederate as determined as himself, and less well known to Thurloe's police, in Miles Sindercombe, an old trooper of Monk's, and a hater of tyrants rather after Roman than Hebrew example. Sindercombe dogged the Protector with a pistol in his pocket, took a lodging in the road between Whitehall and Hampton Court, where Oliver passed every week, offered bribes to the guards, and at last his pertinacity came very near to success in a plan for setting fire to the Protector's apartments in Whitehall. He was arrested, brought before a jury,—a substantial body of men, most of them justices of the peace,—and was condemned. He died in his bed in the Tower the night before the execution.

Sindercombe's plot was exploded in January (1657), and the Protector's narrow escape made a profound impression on the public mind. It awoke sober men, who are a majority in most countries when opportunity gives them a chance, to the fact that only Oliver's life stood between them and either anarchy on the one hand, or a vindictive restoration on the other.

The confusion of the sects may have involved less direct political peril than some of the government supposed, but it marked a social chaos without a parallel. Oliver was denounced as the Serpent, the Beast, the Bastard of Ashdod. The saints, on the other hand, were engaged, on life and death, to stand or fall with the Lord Jesus, their Captain-General on his red horse, against the Beast's government. Cromwell was infinitely patient and even sympathetic with the most fanatical of them. He could not bear to quarrel with the brave and open-hearted Harrison. He sent for him to Whitehall, gave him a handsome feast, and then discharged the duty of a friend by admonishing him to quit deceitful and slippery ways. Like the sensible statesman that he was, he always liked to carry as many of his old friends with him as he could, and if they would not go with him, then he went on alone.

It is now (1654) that the Quakers enter into history. It was indeed high time, for the worst of Puritanism was that in so many of its phases it dropped out the Sermon on the Mount, and left the best texts in the New Testament to Arianizing heretics. Militant Puritanism was often only half Christian. Quakerism has undergone many developments, but in all of them it has been the most devout endeavor to turn Christianity into the religion of Christ. In uncouth phrases, but with glowing souls, they carried to its furthest point the protest against all outer form and ceremonial as degrading to the life of the spirit. They fell in with the corresponding principle of antagonism to powers and institutions as hindrances to human freedom. No other sect so alarmed and exasperated the authorities, for much the same military and political reasons as had made statesmen persecute the Christian professors in the early days of imperial Rome. Cromwell treated them as kindly as he could. He listened in his chamber at Whitehall with attention and emotion to one of George Fox's exhortations, saying, "That is very good," or "That is true," and when they parted Cromwell said to him: "Come again to my house; if thou and I were but an hour of the day together, we should be nearer one to the other. I wish no more harm to thee than I do to my own soul." When Fox lay in prison a friend went to Cromwell and begged to be allowed to suffer in his stead. The Protector answered that it was contrary to the law, "and turning to his Council, 'Which of you,' quoth he, 'would do as much for me if I were in the same condition?'"

Notwithstanding his own good will, the

Quakers suffered much bitter usage from county justices, from judges, and from military officers. These Friends complained that justices delighted in tendering to them the oath of abjuration, knowing that they could not take it, and so designing to make a spoil of them. "It was never intended for them," cried Oliver; "I never so intended it." When they were harshly punished for refusing to pay their tithe, Oliver disclaimed all share in such severities, and assured them that all persecution and cruelty was against his mind. Thurloe, on the other hand, who represented that secular spirit which is so apt to be the counterfeit of statesmanship, saw in the Quakers foes of civil government, and regarded them as the most serious enemies the government had. The chapter of Quaker persecution must be considered a dark blot on the administration of the Protectorate.

A curious interview is recorded (1654) between the Protector and some of his angry critics. John Rogers had denounced him from the pulpit, and written pamphlets lamenting over Oliver, Lord Cromwell, from that most useful of all texts, the everlasting "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," and for these and other proceedings he was arrested. Cromwell admitted Rogers and a crowd of followers to an audience. Before they reached him they were struck, hustled, and abused as a pack of cursed dogs and damned rogues by the guards down-stairs. When they came to the presence, "the Great Man had with him two gentlemen more, who stood by the fireside, and a pistol lay prepared at the window where he himself at first was. Then he came to the fireside in great majesty, without moving, or showing the least civility of a man, though all stood bare to him, and gave respect."

Cromwell listened to them with rough good nature, trying with homely banter to bring them to the point. "I believe ye speak many things according to the gospel, but what you suffer for is railing and evil-doing," and so forth, like a good-humored police magistrate trying to bring street preachers to reason for blocking the thoroughfare.

Even with Anglicanism he was, in spite of the ordinance of 1656, for fair play. A deputation of London ministers waited upon the Protector and complained that the Episcopal clergy got their congregations away from them. "Have they so?" said Oliver, making as if he would say something to the captain of the guard. "But hold," said he; "after what manner do the Cavaliers debauch your people?" "By preaching," said the ministers. "Then preach back again," said Oliver, and so left them to their reflections.[1] Yet Cromwell's tolerance did not prevent a major-general from sending the harmless and virtuous Jeremy Taylor arbitrarily to prison.

When Mazarin (1656) pressed for the same toleration for Catholics in England as was asked for Protestants abroad, the Protector replied that he believed Mazarin had less reason to complain of rigor on men's consciences under him than under the Parliament. "And herein it is my purpose as soon as I can remove impediments to make a further progress," but "I may not—shall I tell you I cannot?—at this juncture of time answer your call for toleration; I say I cannot, as to a public declaration of my sense on that point."

As constable of the parish, Cromwell's power was limited only by the council of officers, but national leadership in the field of opinion he did not possess. In 1655 a retrograde proclamation was issued for the execution of the laws against Jesuits and priests, and for the conviction of popish recusants. Sensible men like Whitelocke protested that it was not needed, and little came of it. In 1651 Peter Wright, a priest, was hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn, along with a group of ordinary criminals, for seducing the people, and in 1654 another priest, John Southworth, an old man of seventy-two, suffered the same fate for the same offense. In 1657 the Independents, whose political existence had begun with a protest for toleration, passed an act by which anybody over sixteen suspected of being a papist might be called upon to abjure the leading articles of Catholic belief, and if he failed to purge himself should forfeit two thirds of his property. From this flagitious law the Protector did not withhold his assent. It was one of the last legislative performances of the Cromwellian Parliament.

The Jews had been banished by law from England since the end of the thirteenth century, yet it is pretty certain that their presence was not entirely unknown in either country or town. Shakspere and Marlowe had made dark figures of them on the stage, though Shakspere's glorious humanity had put into the mouth of *Shylock* one of the most pathetic appeals in all literature against the cruelty of theological hate. Puritanism was impregnated with ideas, language, argument, and history, all borrowed from Jewish antiquity and sacred books. Roger Williams,

[1] Neal, 501 *n.*

most unswerving of the advocates of toleration, argued strongly for breaking down the wall of superstition between Jew and Gentile. Stern men like Whalley saw reasons both of religion and policy why Jews should be admitted, for they would bring much wealth into the state, and they would be all the more likely to be converted. Cromwell with great earnestness held the same view, but though the question was debated candidly and without heat, opinion in his Council was divided. In the end, all that he felt himself able to do was to grant a certain number of private dispensations to individuals, and to connive at a small synagogue and a cemetery. It was enough to show him on the side of freedom, pity, and light.

But the tolerance of the Puritanism around him was still strictly limited. It would be graceless indeed to underestimate or forget the debt we owe to both Quakers and Independents; they it was who, at a critical time, made liberty of conscience a broad, an actual, and a fighting issue. Yet it was from the rising spirit of rationalism, and neither from the liberal Anglicans like Taylor, the latitudinarians, nor from the liberal Puritans like Cromwell and Milton, that the central stream of toleration flowed, with volume enough in time to mitigate law and pervade the national mind.

XXXVII. KINGSHIP.

MEANWHILE a new and striking scene was opening. The breakdown of military rule, consternation caused by plot upon plot, the fact that four years of dictatorship had brought settlement no nearer, all gave an irresistible impetus to the desire to try fresh paths. Christopher Packe, an active and influential representative of the City of London and once lord mayor, startled the House one day (February 23) by asking leave to bring forward a proposal for a new government, in which the chief magistrate was to take upon himself the title of king, and the Parliament was to consist of two Houses. Violent controversy immediately broke out, and Packe was even hustled to the bar to answer for his boldness. The storm quickly died down; he had only precipitated a move for which the mind of the House was ready; leave was given to read his paper; and "The Humble Petition and Advice," as the paper came in time to be called, absorbed the whole attention of the public for four months to come.

That Cromwell should have had no share in such a step as this may seem incredible in view of the immense power in his hands, and of his supreme command over popular imagination. Yet the whole proceeding was obviously a censure of some of his most decisive acts. He had applauded the Instrument of Government that had made him Protector. The Instrument was now to be remodeled, if not overthrown. He had broken the first Parliament of the Protectorate for wasting its time on constitutional reform; yet constitutional reform was the very task that his second Parliament was now setting about more earnestly than ever. He had tried government by major-generals and exacted taxes for which no sanction was given by law. That system was swept away, and in the new project a clause was passed against taxation without consent of Parliament, stringent enough to satisfy the sternest of popular reformers. Only six months ago he had shut the doors of the House against a hundred duly elected members; and in the previous Parliament he had in the same way insisted that no member should sit who had not signed a recognition of his authority. All these high-handed acts were now formally stamped as wrong. It was laid down that persons legally chosen by free election could be excluded from Parliament only by judgment and consent of that House whereof they were members. The substitution of the title of king for protector was therefore the least part of the matter. Cromwell slowly, ponderously, and after long periods of doubt and misgivings decided to acquiesce. Yet the change of title was a momentous thing in itself, in the eyes alike of those who sought it and those who resisted. The strongest advocates of the kingship were the lawyers, that powerful profession of which historians and politicians do not always recognize the permeating influence even through the motions of revolutionary politics. The lawyers argued for a king, and their points were cogent. The only argument by which Cromwell could have refuted them was a demonstration that the Protectorate had brought a settlement, and this was just what the Protectorate had as yet notoriously failed to do. It is impossible not to believe that in this crisis of things Cromwell had convinced himself that the lawyers were right.

From the balance of argument he turned, as statesmen must or should, to the balance of forces; to that formidable host of armed men whom he had welded into the most powerful military instrument in Europe;

whom he had led to victory after victory in nine years of toil and peril; whom he had followed rather than led in all the successive stages of their revolutionary fervor; whose enthusiasms were as the breath of his nostrils. How would these stern warriors view the sight of their chief putting on the mantle of that hated office and title which they had been taught to regard as the ensigns of bondage, and against which the Lord of hosts had borne such crushing witness?

With angry promptness the officers showed their teeth. Lambert and others of the military leaders instantly declared against the new design. Within three days of Packe's announcement, a hundred of them waited on the Protector, and besought him not to listen to the proffer of the crown. It would displease the army and the godly; it would be a danger to the nation and to his own person; it would one day bring back the exiled line. Cromwell dealt very faithfully with them in reply. He liked the title as little as they liked it, a mere feather in a hat, a toy for a child. But had they not themselves proposed it in the Instrument? Here he glanced at Lambert, formerly the main author of such a proposal in 1653, and now, in 1657, the main instigator of opposition. He continued in the same vein of energetic remonstrance, like a man wearied, as he said, of being on all occasions made a drudge. Strangely does he light up the past. His reply was a double arraignment of himself and of them for the most important things that both of them had done. He said it was they who had made him dissolve the Long Parliament. It was they who had named the convention that followed, which went to such fantastic lengths that nobody could be sure of calling anything his own. It was they who had pressed him to starve out the ministers of religion. Was it not they, too, who must needs dissolve the Parliament in 1655 for trying to mend the Instrument, as if the Instrument did not need to be mended? They had thought it necessary to have major-generals, and the major-generals did their part well. Then after that nothing would content them till a Parliament was called. He gave his vote against it, but they were confident that somehow they would get men chosen to their heart's desire. How they had failed therein, and how much the country had been disobliged, was only too well known. Among other things, this string of reproaches helps to explain the curious remark of Henry Cromwell while walking in the garden of Ludlow's country house at Monkstown, in Dublin Bay. "You that are here," he said, "may think that my father has power, but they make a very kickshaw of him at London."

Oliver's rebuke made the impression that he had calculated. Time was gained, and a compromise agreed to. The question of the kingly title was postponed until the end of the bill, and the rest of its proposals went forward in order. When the clause was at last reached (March 25) the title of king was carried by 123 to 62. Operations in the House were completed by the end of March, and on the last day of the month (1657) the new constitution, engrossed on vellum, was submitted to the Protector at Whitehall. He replied in a tone of dignity, not without pathos, that it was the greatest weight of anything that ever was laid upon a man; that he might perhaps be at the end of his work; that were he to make a mistake in judgment here, it were better that he had never been born; and that he must take time for the utmost deliberation and consideration. Then began a series of parleys and conferences that lasted for the whole of the month of April, with endless dubitancies, postponements, and adjournments, iteration and reiteration of arguments. Cromwell's speeches were found "dark and promiscuous," nor can a modern reader wonder; and he undoubtedly showed extraordinary readiness in keeping off the point and balking the eager interlocutor. One passage (April 13) is famous. He told them that he had undertaken his position originally, not so much out of a hope of doing any good, as from a desire to prevent mischief and evil. "For truly I have often thought that I could not tell what my business was, nor what I was in the place I stood in, save comparing myself to a good constable set to keep the peace of the parish."

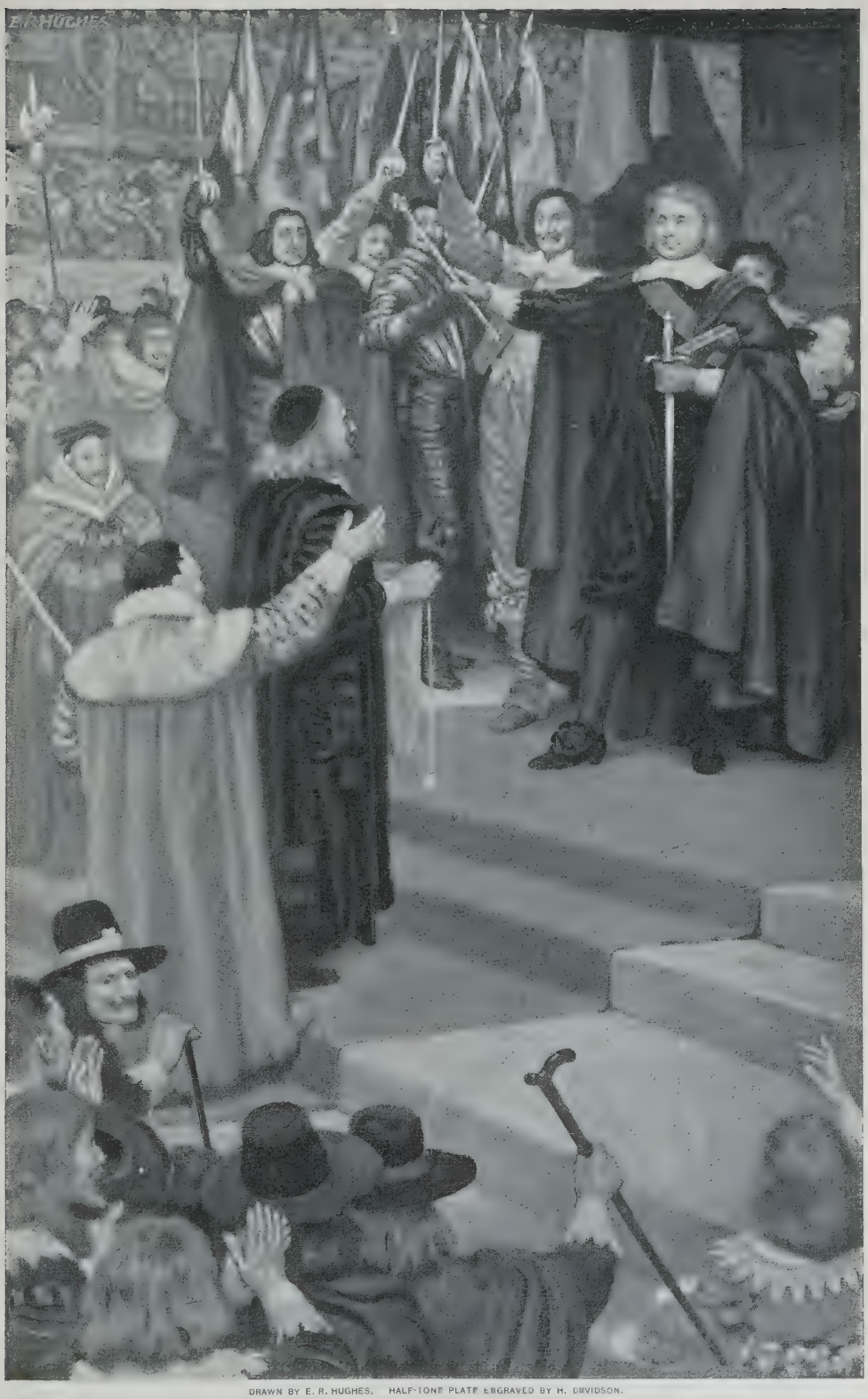
At last Cromwell declared to several members that he was resolved to accept. Lambert, Desborough, and Fleetwood warned him that if he did they must withdraw from all public employment, and that other officers of quality would certainly go with them. Desborough, happening, after he knew the momentous decision, to meet Colonel Pride, told him that Cromwell had made up his mind to accept the crown. "That he shall not," said the unfaltering Pride. "Why," asked the other, "how wilt thou hinder it?" "Get me a petition drawn," answered Pride, "and I will prevent it." The petition was drawn, and on the day when

the House was expecting Oliver's assent a group of seven-and-twenty officers appeared at the bar with the prayer that they should not press the kingship any further. Pride's confidence in the effect of a remonstrance from the officers was justified by the event. When news of this daring move against both the determination of the Protector and the strong feeling of the Parliament reached Whitehall, Cromwell was reported as extremely angry, calling it a high breach of privilege, and the greatest injury they could have offered him short of cutting his throat. He sent for Fleetwood, reproached him for allowing things to go so far, while knowing so well that without the assent of the army he was decided against the kingship, and bade him go immediately to Westminster to stay further proceedings on the petition, and instantly invite the House to come to Whitehall to hear his definite reply. They came. He gave his decision in a short, firm speech, to the effect that if he accepted the kingship, at the best he should do it doubtingly, and, assuredly, whatever was done doubtingly was not of faith. "I cannot," he said, "undertake this government with the title of king; and that is mine answer to this great and weighty business." This was all he said, but everybody knew that he had suffered his first repulse, a wound in the house of his friend. He set his mark on those who had withstood him, and Lambert was speedily dismissed.

The House proceeded with their measure on the new footing, and on June 26 Oliver was solemnly installed as Lord Protector under the new law. Though the royal title was in abeyance, the scene marked the conversion of what had first been a military dictatorship, and then the protectorate of a republic, into a constitutional monarchy. A rich canopy was prepared at the upper end of Westminster Hall, and under it was placed the royal coronation chair of Scotland, which had been brought from the Abbey. On the table lay a magnificent Bible and the sword and scepter of the Commonwealth. When the Lord Protector had entered, the Speaker, in the name of the Parliament, placed upon his shoulders a mantle of purple velvet lined with ermine, girt him with the sword, delivered into his hands the scepter of massy gold, and administered the oath of fidelity to the new constitution. A prayer was offered up, and then Cromwell, amid trumpet-blasts and loud shouting from the people who thronged the hall, took his seat in the chair, holding the scepter in his right hand, with the ambassador of Louis XIV on the one side and the ambassador of the United Provinces on the other. "What a comely and glorious sight it is," said the Speaker, "to behold a lord protector in a purple robe, with a scepter in his hand, with the sword of justice girt about him, and his eyes fixed upon the Bible! Long may you enjoy them all, to your own comfort and the comfort of the people of these nations." Before many months were over Oliver was declaring to them: "I can say, in the presence of God, in comparison with whom we are but like poor creeping ants upon the earth, that I would have been glad to have lived under my woodside, to have kept a flock of sheep, rather than undertake such a government as this."

The Protectorate has sometimes been treated as a new and original settlement of the crucial question of parliamentary sovereignty. On the contrary, the history of the Protectorate in its two phases, under the two instruments of 1653 and 1657, by which it was constituted, seems rather to mark a progressive return to an old system than the creation of a new one. "The Agreement of the People" (1649) was the embodiment of the idea of the absolute supremacy of a single elective House. "The Instrument of Government" (1653) went a certain way toward mitigating this supremacy by intrusting executive power to a single person, subject to the assent and coöperation of a council, itself the creation, at first direct and afterward indirect, of the single House. "The Humble Petition and Advice" (1657) in effect restored the principle of monarchy, and took away from Parliament the right in future to choose the monarch. The oath prescribed for a privy councilor was an oath of allegiance to the person and authority of the Lord Protector and his successors, and he was clothed with the more than regal right of deciding who the successor should be. On the other hand, the Council or Cabinet, by whose advice the Lord Protector was bound to govern, was to be approved by both Houses, and to be irremovable without the consent of Parliament. The Protectorate, then, was finally established, so far as constitutional documents go, and in rudimentary forms, on the same principles of parliamentary supremacy over the executive and of ministerial responsibility which have developed our modern system of government by parliamentary cabinet.

(To be concluded.)



DRAWN BY E. R. HUGHES. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE SECOND INSTALLATION OF CROMWELL.

THE THAMES FROM WAPPING TO BLACKWALL.

BY SIR WALTER BESANT.

WITH PICTURES BY PHIL MAY AND JOSEPH PENNELL.

OUTSIDE the docks begins the hamlet called Wapping. It used to be Wapping in the Ouze or Wapping on the Wall. I have spoken of the embankment of the marsh. All along the river, all round the low coast of Essex, stands the "wall," the earthwork by which the river is kept from overflowing these low grounds at high water. This wall, which was constantly getting broken down and cost great sums of money to restore, was the cause of the first settlement of Wapping. It was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth that people were encouraged to settle here, in order that by building houses on and close to the wall this work would be strengthened and maintained.

Stow says that about the year 1560 there were no houses here at all, but forty years later the place was occupied and thickly settled by "seafaring men and tradesmen dealing in commodities for the supply of shipping and shipmen." If this had been all, there would have been no harm done; but the place was outside the jurisdiction of the City, and grave complaints were presently heard that in all such suburbs a large trade was carried on in the making and selling of counterfeit goods. The arm of the law was apparently unable to act outside the boundaries of the lord mayor's authority; therefore the honest craftsman was encouraged by impunity to make counterfeit indigo, musk, saffron, cochineal, wax, nutmegs, steel, and other things. "But," says Strype, "they were bunglers in their business." They took too many apprentices, they kept them for too short a time, and their wares were bad, even considered merely as counterfeits. The making of wooden nutmegs has been unjustly attributed to New England. It was a practice in vogue in East London so far back as the sixteenth century. The craftsmen of the City petitioned James I on the subject. A royal commission was appointed, who recommended that the City companies should receive an extension of their power and should have control of the various trades within a circle of five or six miles' radius. Nothing, however, seems to have come of the recommendation.

Before this petition, and even in the lifetime of Queen Elizabeth, there was alarm about the growth of the suburbs. There were too many people already; they were too crowded; there were not enough provisions for so many; if the plague came back there would be a terrible mortality; and so on. Therefore orders were issued that no new buildings should be erected within three miles of the City, and that not more than one family should live in one house. Nothing could be wiser than these ordinances. But nature is not always so wise as human legislators. It is therefore intelligible that children went on being born; that there continued to be marrying and giving in marriage; that the population went on increasing; and since one cannot, even in order to obey a wise law, live in the open air, this beneficent law was set at defiance: new houses were built in all the suburbs, and if a family could not afford a house to itself, it did just what it had always done—took part of a house. In the face of these difficulties East London began to create itself, and riverside London not only stretched out a long arm upon the river wall, but threw out lanes and streets to the north of the wall.

Not much of the original Wapping survives. The London docks cut out a huge cantle of the parish. The place has since been still further curtailed by the creation of a recreation ground of the newest type. Some of the remaining streets retain in their names the memory of the gardens and fields of the early settlements. Such are Wapping Wall, Green Bank, Rose Lane, Crabtree Lane, Old Gravel Lane, Hermitage street, Love Lane,—no London suburb is complete without a Love Lane or a Lovers' Walk,—Cinnamon street. Does this name recall the time of the wooden nutmegs?

Let me at this point introduce you to Raine's charity and our only London rosière. The excellent Raine, who flourished during

the last century, built and endowed a school for girls, who were trained for domestic service. He also left money for giving, once a year, a purse containing a hundred golden sovereigns to a girl upon her wedding-day. She had to be a girl from his own school, and one who could show four years' domestic service with unblemished character. On the occasion when I assisted at this function there was observed—I do not think that the custom has since been abolished—a quaint little ceremony. The wedding was held in the Church of St. George's in the East. This church, a massive structure of stone built a hundred and fifty years ago, stands a little off a certain famous street, once called Ratcliffe Highway, of which more anon.

The marriage service was celebrated in a church crowded with all the girls, children, and women of the quarter. This spontaneous tribute to the domestic virtues, on the part of a people concerning whom so many cruel things have been alleged, caused a glow in the bosom of the stranger. Indeed, it was a curious thing to watch this intense interest in the reward of the rosière. The women

IN AN EAST-END GIN-SHOP.

crowded the streets and filled the galleries; they thronged the great stone porch; they made a lane outside for the passage of the bridal party; they whispered eagerly, without the least sign of scoffing; when the bride in her white dress walked through them, they gasped, they trembled, the tears came into their eyes. What did they mean, those tears?

After the service the clergyman, with the vestry, the bridal party, and the invited guests, marched in procession from the church through the broad churchyard at the back to the vestry hall. With the procession walked the church choir in their surplices. Arrived at the vestry hall, the choir sang an anthem composed in the last century especially for this occasion. The rector of St. George's delivered a short oration, congratulating the bride and exhorting the bridegroom; he then placed in the hands of the bridegroom an old-fashioned long silk purse containing fifty sovereigns at each end. This done, cake and wine were passed round, and we drank with enthusiasm to the health of the bride and her bridegroom. The bride, I remember, was a blushing, rosy maiden of two-and-twenty or so. It was a great day for her, the one day of all her life; but she carried herself with a becoming modesty. The bridegroom, a goodly youth about the same age, was proposing, we understood, something creditable, something superior, in the profession of carter or carman. It is more than ten years ago. I hope that the gift of the incomparable Raine—the anthem said that he was incomparable—has brought good luck to this London rosière and her bridegroom.

The Church of St. George's in the East stands, as I have said, beside the once infamous street called the Ratcliffe Highway. This street was formerly the home of Mercantile Jack when his ship was paid off. Here, where every other house was a drinking-den, where there was not the slightest attempt to preserve even a show of deference to respectability, Jack and his friends drank and sang and danced and fought,—Portugal Jack and Italy Jack and Lascar Jack have always been very handy with their knives,—while no one interfered, and the police could walk about only in little companies of three and four. Within these houses, their windows, their doors, their fronts stained and discolored like a drunk-

THE TURN OF THE TIDE ON THE LOWER THAMES.

COMING UP THE LOWER THAMES WITH THE TIDE.

ard's face, there lay men stark and dead after one of these affrays—the river would be their churchyard; there lay men wounded and men in fevers sick unto death, with no one to look after them; and all the time, day and night, the noise of the revelry went on, for what matters a few more sick or dead? The fiddler kept it up; Jack footed it, one Jack after the other, heel and toe with folded arms, to the sailor's hornpipe; there were girls who could dance him down; there was delectable singing; and the universal thirst was like unto the thirst of Gargantua.

The street is changed; it has now assumed a certain air of respectability, though it has not yet arrived at the full rigors, so to speak, of virtue. Still the fiddle may be heard from the frequent public house; still Mercantile Jack keeps it up, heel and toe, while his money lasts; still there are harmonic evenings and festive days: but there are changes. One may frequently, such is the degeneracy, walk down the street, now called St. George's, without seeing a single fight, without being hustled or assaulted, without coming across a man too drunk to lift himself from the curb. It is a lively, cheerful street, with points which an artist might find picturesque. It is growing in respectability, but it is not yet by any means so clean as it might be; and there are fragrances and perfumes lingering about its open doors and courts which some parts of London, too dainty, perhaps, will not admit within their boundaries. There are two squares in the middle of the street. In one of them is the Swedish church, where, on a Sunday morning, you may see rows of light-haired, blue-eyed mariners listening to the sermon in their own tongue. In a corner, if you look about, you may chance upon the quaintest little Jewish settlement you can possibly imagine. It is an almshouse, with a synagogue and all, complete. If you are lucky, you will find one of the old beadsmen, who will show you the place and talk to you. St. George's street, also, rejoices in a large public garden. No street, indeed, ever wanted one so badly. It is made out of the great churchyard, where dead sailors and dead bargemen and dead roisterers lie together by the hundred thousand. And one must never forget Jamrack's. This world-wide merchant imports wild beasts. In his

OFF SHADWELL.

place—call it not shop or warehouse—you will find pumas and wild cats of all kinds, jackals, foxes, wolves, wolverenes. It is a veritable ark of Noah.

In the very heart of Wapping stands a group of early eighteenth-century buildings, with which every right-minded visitor straightway falls in love. They consist of schools and a church. To these may be added a churchyard. I suppose we may say that a churchyard is built when it is full of tombs. This churchyard is partly separated from the church by the road. It is surrounded by an iron railing, and within there is a little coppice of lilac, laburnum, and other shrubs and trees, which have grown up between the tombs, so that in the spring and summer the monuments become half revealed and half concealed; the sunshine falling on them, quivering and shifting through the light leaves and blossoms, glorifies the memorials of these dead mariners. The schools are adorned with wooden effigies of boys and girls, stiff and formal in their ancient garb. The church is not without a quiet dignity of its own, such a dignity as may be observed in the simplicity of a meeting-house in a small American town. In some unexplained manner it seems exactly the sort of church which should have been built for captains, mates, quartermasters, and bo's'ns of the mercantile marine, in the days when captains wore full wigs and waistcoats down to their knees. The master boat-builder and master craftsman in all the arts and mysteries pertaining to ships and boats, their provision and their gear, were also admitted within these holy walls. The church seems to have

been built only for persons of authority. Surely nothing under the rank of quartermaster, except the charity children, would sit within these dignified walls. You can see the tombs of former congregations; they are solid tombs, signifying rank in the mercantile marine. The tombs are in the churchyard about the church, and in the churchyard on the other side of the road. As you look upon the old-fashioned church, this Georgian church, time runs back, the ancient days return. There stands in the pulpit the clergyman in his full wig, reading his learned and doctrinal discourse in a full, rich monotone. Below him sit the captains and the mates and the quartermasters; with them the master craftsmen, all with wigs. The three-cornered hat is hanging on the door of the high pew. For better concentration of thought, the eyes of all the honest gentlemen are closed. The ladies, however, sit upright, aware of their Sunday best; besides, one might, in falling asleep, derange the nice balance of the head. When the sermon is over they all walk home in neighborly conversation to the Sunday dinner and the after-dinner bottle of port. The tombs in the churchyard belong to the time when a part of Wapping was occupied by this better class, which has long since vanished, though one or two of the houses remain. Of the baser sort who crowded all the lanes I have spoken already. They did not go to church. Always on Sunday the doors stood wide open to them if they would come in, but they did not accept the invitation; they stayed outside. The church, however, received this part of her flock three times in the life of each—for the christening, for the wedding, for the burial. Whatever the life has been, the church receives all alike for the funeral service, and asks no questions. After their brief term of yielding to all temptations, after their sprightly course along the primrose path, they are promised, if in the coffin one can hear, a sure and certain hope.

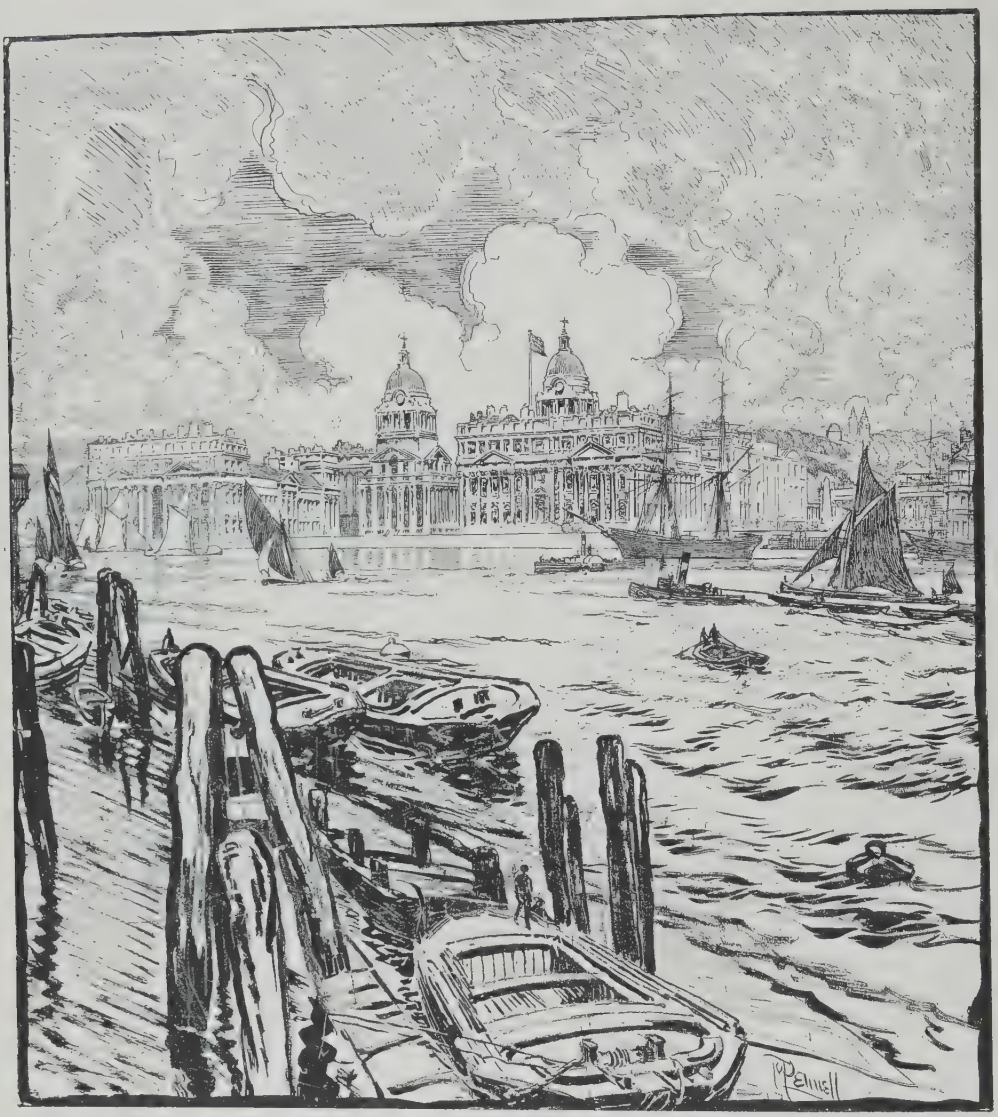
Here are Wapping Old Stairs. Come with me through the narrow court and stand upon the stairs leading down to the river. They are now rickety old stairs and deserted. Time was when the sailors landed on these stairs when they returned from a voyage. Their sweethearts ran down the steps to meet them.

Your Polly has never been faithless, she swears,
Since last year we parted on Wapping Old Stairs.

And here, when Polly had spent all his money for him, Jack hugged her to his manly bosom before going aboard again. Greeting and farewell took place in the presence of a theaterful of spectators. They were the watermen, who lay off the stairs by dozens waiting for a fare, at the time when the Thames was the main highway of the City. The stairs were noisy and full of life. Polly herself had plenty of repartee in reply to the gentle badinage of the young watermen. Her Tom had rivals among them. When he came home the welcome began with a fight with one or other of these rivals. The stairs are silent now; a boat or two, mostly without any one in them, lie despondently alongside the stairs, or in the mud at low tide.

Sometimes the boats pushed off with intent to fish. The river was full of fish, though there are now none left. There were all kinds of fish that swim, including salmon. The fishery of the Thames is responsible for more rules and ordinances than any other industry of London. The boatmen were learned in the times and seasons of the fish. For instance, they could tell by the look of the river when a shoal of roach was coming up-stream. At such times they took up passengers who would go a-fishing and landed them on the sterlings, the projecting piers of London Bridge, where they stood angling for the fish all day long with rod and line.

Next to Wapping Old Stairs is Execution Dock. This was the place where sailors, mutinous or murderous, were hanged, and all criminals sentenced for offenses committed on the water. They were hanged at low tide on the foreshore, and they were kept hanging until three high tides had flowed over their bodies, an example and an admonition to the sailors on board the passing ships. Among the many hangings at this doleful spot is one which is more remarkable than the others. It was conducted up to a certain point with the usual formalities. The prisoner was conveyed to the spot in a cart beside his own coffin, while the ordinary sat beside him and exhorted him. The prisoner also wore the customary white nightcap and carried a prayer-book in one hand, while a nosegay was stuck in his bosom. He preserved a stolid indifference to the exhortations. He did not change color when the cart arrived at the head of the stairs; but it was remembered afterward that he glanced round him quickly as if expecting something. They carried him to the fatal beam, and they hanged him up. Now, if you come to think of it, as the spot had to be



GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

approached by a narrow lane and by a narrow flight of steps, while the gallows stood in the mud of the foreshore, the number of constables on guard could not have been many. On this occasion, no sooner was the man turned off than a boat's company of sailors armed with bludgeons appeared most unexpectedly, rushed upon the constables, knocked down the hangman, hustled the chaplain, overthrew the sheriff's officers, cut down the man, carried him off, threw him into a boat, and were away and in midstream, going down swiftly with the current, before the officers understood what was going on.

When they picked themselves up they gazed stupidly at the gallows with the rope still dangling. Where was the man? He was in the boat, and the boat was already a good way down the river, and, by that kind of accident which often happened at that time when the arrangements of the executive were upset, there was not a single wherry within sight or within hail.

Then the ordinary closed his book and pulled his cassock straight, the hangman sadly removed the rope, the constables looked after the vanishing boat, and there was nothing to be done but just to return home again. As for the man, that hanging was never completed, and those rescuers were never discovered.

As an illustration of the solitude of this

place before the migration under Queen Elizabeth, one observes that there was a field called Hangman's Acre, situated more than a quarter of a mile from the river, where in the year 1440 certain murderers and pirates were hanged in chains upon a gallows set on rising ground, so that they should be seen by the sailors in the ships going up and down the river. There was not, therefore, at that time a single house to obstruct this admonitory spectacle.

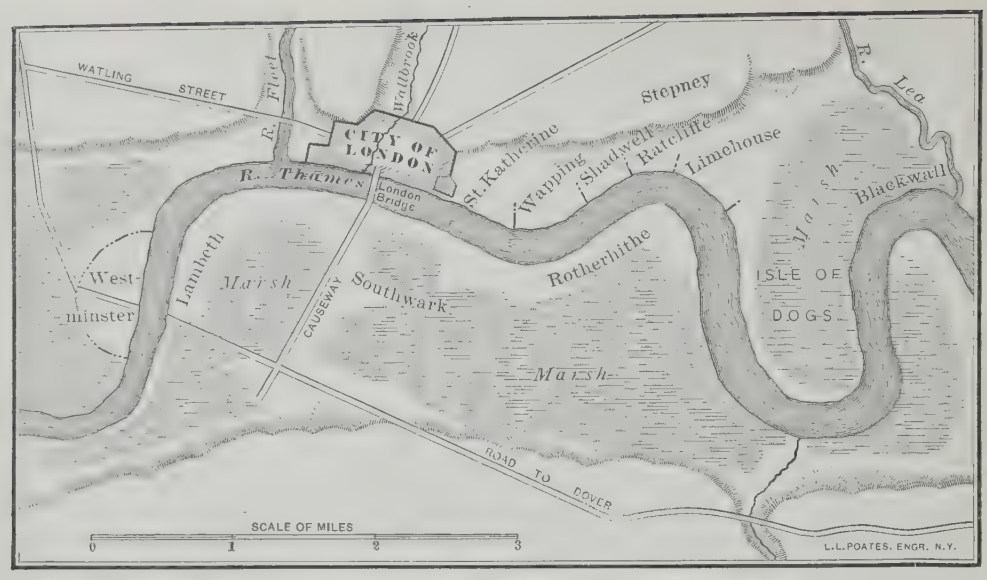
The hamlet of Shadwell is only a continuation of St. George's or Ratcliffe Highway. Its churchyard is converted into a lovely garden, one of the many gardens which were once burial-grounds. The people sit about in the shade or in the sun. Along the south wall is a terrace commanding a cheerful view of the London docks with their shipping. There is a fish-market here, the only public institution of Shadwell. There are old houses which we may look at and represent, but there is little about its people that distinguishes them from the folk on either hand.

In the year 1671 the church was built. Shadwell was already a place with a large population. The church was built in order to minister to their spiritual wants. What could be better? But you shall learn how the best intentions may be frustrated, and how the riverside folk were suffered to go from bad to worse, despite the creation of the parish and the erection of the church. The first rector was a nephew of that great divine and philosopher, Bishop Butler. He was so much delighted with the prospect of living and working among this rude and ignorant folk, he was so filled and penetrated with the spirit of humanity and the principles of the Christian religion, that his first sermon was on the text, "Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar!" This good man, however, received permission from the bishop to live in Norfolk street, Strand, about three miles from his church; and so, with a non-resident clergy, with no schools, with no restraints of example or precept, with little interference from the law, what wonder if the people reeled blindly down the slopes that lead to death and destruction?

The name of Ratcliffe, or Redcliff, marks a spot where the low cliff which formerly rose up from the marsh curved southward for a space and then receded. It is a hamlet which at first offers little to interest or to attract. It consists of mean and dingy streets; there is not a single street which is not mean and dingy. None of the houses is old, none is picturesque in the least; all are rickety, dirty, shabby, without one redeeming feature. There is a church, but it is not stately like St. George's in the East, nor venerable like Stepney. It is unlovely. There are stairs to the river, and they are rickety; there are warehouses which contain nothing and are tumbling down; there are public houses which do not pretend to be bright and attractive — low-browed, dirty dens, which reek of bad beer and bad gin. Yet the place, when you linger in it and talk about it to the clergy and the ladies who work for it, is full of interest, for it is a quarter entirely occupied by the hand-to-mouth laborer. The people live in tenements; it is thought luxury to have two rooms. There are eight thousand of them, three quarters being Irish. In the whole parish there is not a single person of what we call respectability except two or three clergymen and half a dozen ladies who work for the church. There are no good shops; there are no doctors or lawyers; there is not even a news-vender, for nobody in Ratcliffe reads a newspaper. But the place swarms with humanity. The children play by thousands in the gutters and on the door-steps; the wives and mothers sit all day long and in all weathers, carrying on a perpetual parliament of grievances. Here once, I know not when, stood Ratcliffe Cross, and the site of the cross, removed I know not when, was one of the spots where, in 1837, Queen Victoria was proclaimed. Why the young queen should have been proclaimed at Ratcliffe Cross I have never been able to discover. I have asked the question of many persons and many books, but I can find no answer. The oldest inhabitant knows nothing about it. None of the books can tell me if the accession of the queen's predecessors was also proclaimed by ancient custom at Ratcliffe Cross. Unfortunately, it is now extremely difficult to find persons who remember the accession of the queen, not to speak of that of William IV.

Ratcliffe has other historical memories. Here stood the hall of the Shipwrights' Company. This was a very ancient body; it existed as the Fraternity of St. Simon and St. Jude from time immemorial. The Shipwrights' Company formerly had docks and building-yards on the south of the Thames; then they moved their hall to this place on the north bank, and seem to have given up their building-yards.

Here was a school founded and maintained



ANCIENT LONDON AND ITS OUTLYING HAMLETS.

by the Coopers' Company, where, among others, Lancelot Andrewes, the learned bishop, was educated.

There is another historical note concerning Ratcliffe. It belongs to the year 1553. It was in that year that Admiral Sir Hugh Willoughby embarked on that voyage of discovery from which he was destined never to return. He was sent out on a roving commission to "discover regions, dominions, islands, and places unknown," and he began by an attempt to discover the Northeast Passage. Remember that geographers knew nothing in those days of the extent of Siberia. Willoughby had three ships. Their tonnage was respectively one hundred and sixty tons, one hundred and twenty tons, and ninety tons. His crews consisted of fifty men, thirty-five men, and twenty-seven men, respectively. With such tiny craft they put forth boldly to brave the unknown arctic seas. It was from Ratcliffe Stairs that Willoughby went on board on May 10, 1553. Half a mile down the river the flotilla passed Greenwich Palace, where the young King Edward VI was residing. It was within a few weeks of his death; consumption had laid him low. When the ships passed the palace, they "dressed" with flags and streamers, they fired cannons of salute, they blew their trumpets. The young king was brought out to see them pass. It was his last appearance in public; on the 6th of July he was dead. As for Willoughby, he parted with one of his ships, and after being tossed about off the coast of Lapland he resolved to winter at the mouth of a river. Here in the following spring he was found, with his companions, all dead and frozen. A strange story of English enterprise to be connected with these forlorn and ramshackle stairs!

Here is another story about Ratcliffe. Close down by the river, beside the stairs, are two or three big, ruinous warehouses, mostly deserted. One of these has a double front, the left side representing a private house, the right a warehouse. What was stored in the warehouse I know not. The whole riverside is lined with warehouses and stores. The place is now for a third time deserted, and stands with broken windows. It has been deserted, so far as its original purpose is concerned, for many years. Some thirty years ago a young medical man began to live and to practise in Ratcliffe. He became presently aware that the death-rate among the children was frightful. There was no hospital nearer than the London Hospital in the Whitechapel Road, and that was two miles away. There were no nurses to be obtained, there were no appliances. If a child was taken ill it had to lie in the one room occupied by the whole family, without ventilation, without proper food, without skilled care, without medicines. Therefore in most cases of illness the child died.

He found this rickety old warehouse empty. He thought that he would do what he could, being a poor man, to make a hospital for children. He did so. With his slender funds he got a few beds and filled

them with children. He was physician, surgeon, dispenser, druggist, everything. His wife was nurse and everything else. Together these two devoted people started their hospital. Well, it grew; it became known; money began to come in; other doctors and nurses were taken on; all the rooms —there were many—were filled; the children began to recover. Presently the hospital became so well off that it was resolved to remove it from the old warehouse, and to build a separate children's hospital, which was done, and you may see it—a noble place. But for the founder it was too late. The work killed him before the new hospital, the crown of his labors, was completed. One of the wards, the Heckford Ward, is named after the man who gave all his strength, all his mind, all his knowledge, all his thoughts; who gave his life and his death; who gave himself, wholly and ungrudgingly, to the children. His patients recovered, but their physician died. He had offered his own life to stay the hand of death, and the offer was accepted.

Then the house stood empty for a time. It was presently taken over by the vicar of the parish, and made into a playhouse for the little children in the winter after school hours, from four to seven. You have seen how the children swarm in the Ratcliffe streets. After seven the house was converted into a club for the rough riverside lads, where they could box and play single-stick and subdue the devil in them, and so presently could sit down and play games and listen to reading and keep out of mischief. But the house is now condemned. It is really too ramshackle. It is empty again and is to be pulled down.

There is still another story the scene of which is laid at Ratcliffe. The house beside the church is now the vicarage. It is a square, solid house, built about the end of the seventeenth century. It is remarkable for a dining-room the walls of which are painted with Italian landscapes. The story is that there lived here early in the eighteenth century a merchant who rode into London every day, leaving his only daughter behind. He desired to decorate his house with wall-paintings, and engaged a young Italian to stay in the house and to paint all day. Presently he made a not unusual discovery, that the Italian and his daughter had fallen in love with each other. He knew what was due to his position as a City merchant, and, as might have been expected, he rose with dignity to the occasion. That is to say, he ordered the young man to get out of the house within half an hour. The young man obeyed, so far as to mount the stairs to his own room. Here, however, he stopped, and when the angry parent climbed the stairs after the expiration of the half-hour to know why he was not gone, he found the young lover dead, hanging to the canopy of the bed. His ghost was long believed to haunt the house, and was only finally laid, after troops of servants had fled shrieking, when the wife of the vicar sat up all night by herself in the haunted chamber, and testified that she had neither seen nor heard anything, and was quite willing to sleep in the room. That disgusted the ghost, who then went away of his own accord. I wish I could show you one room in the house. It was the old "powdering-room." When your wig had been properly curled and combed, you threw a towel or dressing-gown over your shoulders, and sat in this little room, with your back to the door. Now, the door had a sliding panel, and the barber on the other side was provided with the instrument which blew the white powder through the panel upon the wig. The operation finished, you arose, slipped off the dressing-gown, and descended to your coach with all the dignity of a gold-laced hat, a wig as white as the driven snow, lace ruffles, a lace tie, and a black velvet coat—if you were a merchant—with gold buttons and white silk stockings. A beautiful time it was for those who could afford the dignity and the splendor which made it beautiful. For those who could not—humph! not quite so beautiful a time.

After Ratcliffe we pass into Limehouse. It was at Limehouse Hole that Rogue Riderhood lived. The place is more marine than Wapping. The public houses have a look, an air, a something that suggests the sea; the shops are conducted for the wants of the merchantman; the houses are old and picturesquely dirty; the streets are narrow. One may walk about these streets for a whole afternoon and find something to observe in every one—either a shop full of queer things, or a public house full of strange men, or a house that speaks of other days, of crimps, for instance, and of press-gangs, and of encounters in the streets. There are ancient docks used for the repair of wooden sailing-ships; there are places where they build barges. A little inland you may see the famous church of Limehouse, with its lofty steeple; it was built only in 1730. Before that time there was no church to which the people of Limehouse could go. Since

that time nobody has gone to church at Limehouse, speaking of the true natives, the riverside folk, not of those who dwell respectably in the West India Dock Road. It is, however, doubtless a great advantage and benefit to a sea-going population to have a churchyard to be buried in. We will come back to Limehouse in another place.

At Limehouse the river suddenly bends to the south and then again to the north, making a loop within which lies a peninsula. This is a very curious place. It occupies an area of a mile and a half from north to south, and about a mile from east to west. The place was formerly a dead level, lower than the river at high tide, and therefore a broad tidal marsh; it was, in fact, part of the vast marsh of which I have already spoken, now reclaimed, lying along the north bank of the river. This marsh was dotted over with little eyots, or islets, sometimes swept away by the tide, then forming again, composed of rushes living and dead, the rank grasses of the marsh, and sticks and branches and leaves carried among the reeds to form a convenient and secure place where the wild birds could make their nests. When the river wall was built the marsh became a broad field of rich pasture, in which sheep were believed to fatten better than in any other part of England. Until quite recently it had no inhabitants. Probably the air at night was malarious, and the sheep wanted no one to look after them. The river wall was adorned with half a dozen windmills. Dead men hanging in chains preached silent sermons by their dolorous example to the sailors of the passing craft. These decorations were not attractive.

There was instituted at some time or other before the seventeenth century a ferry between its southern point and Greenwich, and a road to meet the ferry running north through the island. Pepys crossed once by this ferry in order to attend a wedding. It was in the plague year, when one would have thought weddings were not common, and wedding festivities dangerous things; but there was still marrying and giving in marriage. He was with Sir George and Lady Carteret. They got across from Deptford in a boat, but found that their coach, which ought to have met them, had not come over by ferry, the tide having fallen too low. "I being in my new colored silk suit and coat trimmed with gold buttons and gold broad lace round my hands very rich and fine, . . . so we were fain to stay there in the unlucky Isle of Dogs, in a chill place, the morning cool, the wind fresh, to our great discontent." Why does he call the Isle of Dogs unlucky?

In the middle of the island stood, all by itself, a little chapel. Nothing is known about the origin of this chapel in the marsh, with no houses near it. I am inclined to think that, like many other chapels built on this river wall, on town walls, and on bridges, it was intended to protect the wall by prayers and masses sung or said "with intention." We have already found a hermitage by or on the wall at Wapping, another place of prayer for the maintenance of this important work.

Why this peninsula was called the Isle of Dogs no one knows. One learned antiquary says that the king kept his hounds there when he stayed at Greenwich Palace. Perhaps. But the antiquary produces no proof that the royal kennels were ever set up here, and the person who trusts a little to common sense asks why the king should have sent his hounds across a broad and rapid river by a dangerous ferry, when he had the whole of Greenwich Park and Black Heath in which to build his kennels. "Drowned dogs," suggests another, but doubtfully. No; I have never heard of drowned dogs being washed ashore in any number either here or elsewhere. Drowned dogs, it is certain, were never an appreciable factor in the flotsam and jetsam of the Thames. "Not the Isle of Dogs," says another, "but the Isle of Ducks. Ducks, you see, from the wild ducks which formerly—" No; when the wall was built, which was probably in the Roman time, the wild ducks vanished, and as no tradition of any kind can be traced among the Saxons concerning the Roman occupation, they never heard of these ducks. For my own part, I have no suggestion to offer except a vague suspicion that, as Pepys thought, there was a tradition of bad luck attaching in some form to the place, which was named accordingly. If a man on the downward path is said to be going to the dogs, a place considered unlucky might very well have been called the Isle of Dogs. Now, a level marsh without any inhabitants, and adorned by gibbets and dangling dead bodies, would certainly not be considered a lucky place.

You must not now expect anything in the place of the least antiquity. Yet a walk round the Isle of Dogs is full of interest. To begin with, the streets are wide and clean; the houses are all small, built for workingmen—there are no houses of the better sort at all; the children swarm and

are healthy, well fed, and rosy; the shops are chiefly those of provisions and cheap clothing. All round the shore there runs an unbroken succession of factories. These factories support the thousands of workingmen who form the population of the Isle of Dogs. All kinds of things are made, stored, received, and distributed in the factories of this industrial island. Many of them are things which require to be carried on outside a crowded town, such as oil-storage, paint, color, and varnish works, disinfectant-fluid works, boiler-makers, lubricating-oil works. There are foundries of brass and iron, lead-smelting works, copper-depositing works, antimony and gold-ore works. All kinds of things wanted for ships are made here—cisterns and tanks, casks, steering-gear, tarpaulin, wire rope, sails, oars, blocks, and masts. There are yards for building ships, barges, and boats.

Of public buildings there are few—two churches, one of them, apparently, of an extreme ritualist type, one or two chapels, board schools and church schools. There are not any places of amusement, but posters indicate that theaters and music-halls are within reach. On the south of the island the County Council has erected a most lovely garden. It is four or five acres in extent. There are lawns, trees, and flower-beds; there is a stately terrace running along the river; there are seats dotted about, and on certain evenings in the summer a band plays. Above all, there is the view across the river. All day long that pageant of which we have already spoken goes up and down, never ending. The ships follow each other, great ships, small ships, splendid ships, mean ships. The noisy little tugs plow their way, pulling after them a long string of lighters heavily laden. The children peeping through the iron railings know all the ships, where they come from, and to what line they belong. Beyond the river is Greenwich Hospital, once a splendid monument of the nation's gratitude to her old sailors, now a shameful monument of the nation's thanklessness. Would any other country so trample upon sentiment as to take away their hospital from the old sailors, to whom it belonged, and to whom it had been given? The pensioners are gone, and the people have lost the education in patriotism which the sight and discourse of these veterans once afforded them.

It is needless to say that there is not a single book-shop in the Isle of Dogs. We do not expect a book-shop anywhere in East London. There are also very few news-agents. I saw one the whole of whose window was tastefully decorated with pictures from the "Illustrated Police Budget." These illustrations are blood-curdling: a lady bites another lady, such is the extremity of her wrath; a burglar enters a bedroom at night; a man with a revolver shows what revenge and jealousy can dare and do; and so on. I am sure that the people read other things, the "Police Budget" is not their only paper; but I confess that this was the only evidence of their favorite reading which I was able to discover when I was last on the island. There are no slums, I believe, on the Isle of Dogs. I have never seen any Hooligans, Larrikins, or any of that tribe—perhaps because they were all engaged in work, the harder the better. You will not see any drunken men, as a rule, nor any beggars, nor any signs of misery. We may conclude that the Isle of Dogs contains an industrious and prosperous population. The air that they breathe, when the fresh breeze that comes up with the tide is not blowing, is perhaps too heavily charged with the varied fragrance of multitudinous works, and with the noise of various industries, the hammering of hammers, the grinding and blowing and whirring of engines; to these one gets accustomed. It is a place where one might deliberately choose to be born, because, apart from the general well-being of the people and the healthfulness of the air, there is a spirit of enterprise imbibed by every boy who grows up in this admirable island. It is engendered by the universal presence of the sailor and the ship. Wherever the sailor and the ship are found there springs up naturally, in every child, the spirit of adventure. A large part of the island is occupied by docks—the West India Docks, the Blackwall Basin, and the Millwall Dock. We need not enter into the statistics of the tonnage and the trade. It is sufficient to remember that the docks are always receiving ships, and that the sailors are always getting leave to go ashore, and that some of them have their wives and families living in the Isle of Dogs. That would be in itself sufficient to give this suburb a marine flavor; but think what it means for a boy to live in a place where at every point his eyes rest upon a forest of masts, where he is always watching the great ships as they work out of dock or creep slowly in; think what it means when, in addition to living beside these great receiving-docks, he can look through doors half open and see the old-fashioned repairing-dock

with the wooden sailing-ship shored up, and the men working at her ribs, while her battered old figurehead and her bowsprit stick out over the wall of the dock and over the street itself. The Tritons and the Oceanides, the spirits of the rolling sea, open their arms with invitation to such a boy. "Come," they say, "thou, too, shalt be a sailor. It is thy happy fate. Come with a joyful heart. We know the place, deep down among the tiny shells of ocean, where thou shalt lie, but not till after many years. Come. It is the sweetest life of any; there is no care or cark for money; there is no struggle on the waves for casual work and for bare food; no foul diseases lurk on the broad Atlantic; the wind of the sea is pure and healthy; the fo'c's'le is cheerful, and the wage is good." And so he goes, this favorite of fortune, and enjoys life and meets his fate.

For some strange reason the gates of the docks are always bright and green in spring and summer with trees and Virginia creepers, which are planted at the entrance and grow over the lodge. Within, flower-beds are planted. Outside, the cottages for the dock-people also have bright and pleasant little front gardens. To the forest of masts, to the bowsprit sticking out over the street, to the ships that are warped in and out of the dock, add the pleasing touch of trees and flowers and creepers before we leave the Isle of Dogs —that "unlucky" isle, as Pepys called it.

The last of the East London riverside hamlets is Blackwall. Where Blackwall begins no one knows. Poplar Station is in the middle of the place included in the map within the letters which spell Blackwall. And where are the houses of Blackwall? It is covered entirely with docks. There are the East India Docks and the Poplar Docks and the Basin. There are also half a dozen of the little old repairing-docks left, and there is a railway-station with a terrace looking out upon the river. There is a street running east, and another street running north. Both streets are stopped by Bow Creek. The aspect of both causes the visitor to glance nervously about him for a protecting policeman. And here, as regards the riverside, we may stop. Beyond Bow Creek we are outside the limits of London. There follow many more hamlets—West Ham, East Ham, Canning Town, Silvertown, and others, which for us, in this place, must remain names.

BARGE-BUILDERS.

"THE VERY TODDLERS OF THE PLANTATION, WHITE AND BLACK, LOOKED DOWN UPON HIM—AND LOVED HIM."

THE CALLING OF CAIRO.

BY ANNIE STEGER WINSTON.

THE first really great event which I can remember is Mammy's wedding—an event great in my eyes for its astounding unexpectedness no less than for what seemed to me its magnificence. For, childlike, I had looked upon Mammy as being somewhere in the neighborhood of a hundred, she being, I suppose, about fifty, a gaunt yellow woman, of boundless capacity for self-devotion and an uncertain temper.

In her bridal finery, her white frills and flounces, her long veil, and her wreath of snowy pop-corn, she seemed to me a radiant vision—pageant enough if there had been no bridegroom, as, indeed, there was next to none. For Cairo, a small, meek, smiling black man, was barely able to inspire respect even in his wedding splendor—in his black coat, noticeably too large, his baggy white trousers, his tall beaver, which he retained upon his head during the ceremony, and his large white yarn gloves, with a considerable length of string depending from each finger. In every-day life the very toddlers of the plantation, white and black, looked down upon him—and loved him; rode on his back, levied tribute of willow whistles and partridge eggs, and imposed what tasks their fancy dictated. For Cairo was a man of leisure almost as boundless as his good nature, as the very aspect of the little plot of ground around his cabin in the old slave quarters bore silent witness in its scantiness of crops and gorgeousness of weeds. But how could he be expected to work hard with a chronic "mis'ry in de laig"?

It was this "mis'ry in de laig," and his consequent inability to get on in the world, it seemed, which determined Mammy's choice. As she said at the wedding, "*Somebody* hatter take keer o' Cairo."

There was at all times in Mammy a strong instinct for martyrdom, which, under any feeling of protest or injury, would vent itself in wild paroxysms of house-cleaning, in frantic scourings and sweepings, in prodigies of exhausting and reproachful labor. It was in these fits of stormy industry that my admiration for Mammy was greatest, albeit most fearful, for I considered that she herself then strikingly exhibited the "high-mindedness" which she had been careful to secure to each baby of the family by carrying it *up*-stairs (into the garret) before it ever went *down*-stairs. I had early decided that when Mammy was a baby (if she ever *was* a baby) somebody had taken her up to the top of a steeple—which, however, I was not at all

sure was generally advisable, for I dimly perceived that high-mindedness in excess was apt to be, to other people, just a trifle "wearing."

Of the self-sacrifice involved in her marriage Mammy made no secret, nor did she profess any illusions concerning Cairo, of whom she invariably spoke with slighting frankness, so that the cook, unable to appreciate the elevation of Mammy's character and motives, openly proclaimed the theory (behind Mammy's back) that Mammy was marrying Cairo simply because she "did n' wan' have 'Miss' on her tombstone."

But I knew better, especially when I considered that she was not likely to have a tombstone, and nobody ever called her "Miss." No; it was clearly some stern sense of duty alone which impelled her to take upon her the galling yoke of wedlock.

As Mammy's wedding stands out in my memory as the first pageant of my life, so with her departure from us is associated my earliest distinct recollection of remorse. For I was shocked to find myself not wholly sorry. It is true that since my own babyhood she had been a "mammy" only in name, with her usual force of character retaining, while discharging the functions of housemaid and seamstress, the title and authority which of right belonged to Aunt Chloe, the nurse. But I remembered the multiplied labors in my behalf which she had so often pointed out for my confusion of face, and was troubled at the baseness of my own ingratitude—troubled most of all when, at the last moment, she caught me to her breast and cried over me.

Mammy henceforth "took in washing" at her home in Cairo's transformed cabin, which, from that time forth, nobody, by any chance, ever thought of as Cairo's. "Cairo 'd be right smart he'p totin' de clo'es," she said in the first halcyon days of wedlock, "ef 't wa'n' for his laig." But his leg, so far from improving under the "wroppin'" with "flannen" and rubbings with "spets turkumtime" and "karrysene" which Mammy in the beginning energetically bestowed upon it (for, as she said, she "did n' wan' have no no-'count man roun' *her*"), became worse with astonishing rapidity, speedily incapacitating him for all manner of work whatsoever, except fishing and picking the banjo, and an occasional possum-hunt, to which, by a happy chance, "de mis'ry in de laig" was no obstacle. Nor did it, indeed, interfere in any way with his friendly offices for his young friends. He never ceased to be able to tramp with them and for them after coveted woodland treasures, and to "tote" the little ones when they tired or the way grew rough, or to climb agilely enough after "honey-shucks" and scaly-barks, empty birds' nests and "flyin' squir'ls," for their delectation.

Not even I, at last, could quite believe in Cairo's "laig," and Mammy, even in the first year of wedlock, openly avowed her conviction that he "wa'n' no lamer 'n he wanted to be," and that his sole complaint was utter laziness—a conviction which, as time went on, she habitually clothed in fluent, forcible, and picturesque language for the edification of her spouse, who met with a wide, wistful smile, or a meek and deprecatory rubbing of his round head, both her voluble upbraidings and the silent reproach of her fits of frenzied and awe-inspiring industry.

But possibly he did not breathe quite freely in the rarefied atmosphere of Mammy's high-mindedness, and more and more he grew prone to enjoy the fragrance of his pipe and the "plunk" of his banjo anywhere rather than upon his own door-step or by his own fireside, if his they could be called.

Up at the "gre't house" we would hear her calling him to his meals:

"Cai-ro! Cai-ro! Cai-ro!
You-u Cai-ro!
U-ur Cai-ro!"

—hear her especially in the quiet of evening. And in my own mind I could supply the sharp challenge which never failed to greet him: "Cairo, whar you been?"

But one day no Cairo came to the dinner-call; the next summons spent itself in vain; the next, the next, and still the next. Cairo was gone!

One of his last deeds had been the gift to me of a nondescript yellow dog, which I considered a present of unparalleled richness, placing me upon a plane of ownership with my two brothers, who both had dogs of their own. My Tagger, by the way (otherwise, I suppose, Tiger), was not a welcome addition to the family circle, and so, with my tearful and reluctant consent, he was repeatedly sent into banishment, from which he invariably returned in a flurry of delighted excitement and renewed his residence with us; the last time, after which he stayed on undisturbed, rushing, with a broken chain jingling after him, into the dining-room, where we were kneeling at evening prayer, and congratulating each member of the family in turn upon his restoration to us by

"ON HER CABIN STEP SHE PAUSED."

an exceedingly moist and loving lick in the face. Countless other benefits of Cairo's in which I had participated might be recalled, from the catching of "Juney-bugs," to buzz and circle, green-bronze, bewildered, at the end of a string, for the reception of which their beautiful, shining "hind legs" seemed to our tender minds specifically designed by nature, to elaborate feats of handicraft in our behoof, specimens of which, in the shape of a doll's house and furniture, I still have. Cairo it was who could find stores of may-pops and papaws, the first shriveled and candied persimmons, the earliest ripe chinkapins. It was he who had taught us the chant which would lure doodle-bugs from their holes; how to make granddaddy-long-legs "p'int" at their cows; how to catch jack-snappers with straws; and the exquisite sport of putting live coals on "tarrypins'" backs to make them break into uncharacteristic runs (though the exact connection between the coal of fire and their sudden haste he never mentioned, and I, for one, never remotely suspected).

In view of all this and more, I, with all the young of the plantation, heartily mourned his loss. And even among his older and more critical acquaintances, when it had become clear that he had really gone "for good,"

there were expressions of mild and tolerant regret for him and his banjo, and half-kindly, half-scornful reminiscences of his skill in a hundred idle and unprofitable things. There was even a general agreement, though with the evident accompaniment of surprise, that "Cairo leavin' mek right smart diffunce."

To Mammy, however, it apparently made none. But even I could dimly understand how Mammy's utter disapproval of Cairo could express itself in a refusal to recognize as praiseworthy or pleasing any act of his, even one so acceptable as his relieving her of his presence. Certainly she scrupulously refrained from noticing it by any comment, by any change in her demeanor or her mode of life. She even declined an opportunity to return to the "gre't house," which I had imagined she would embrace with joy.

"I here now," she said. "I jes will stay here."

It had been before, as it was now, she who spaded and hoed and planted the little plot of ground about the cabin; and there was not a weed the more, nor an ear of corn the less, for the absence of Cairo. There was not even a pone of bread the less upon the table, which bore its same two plates and mugs; and still at every meal Mammy would go to the door and call:

"Cai-ro! Cai-ro! Cai-ro!
You-u Cai-ro!
U-ur Cai-ro!"

precisely as before.

Whether she took this way of emphasizing her high-minded determination to ignore the trivial incident of his leaving (as, to me, seemed probable), or whether, as some contended, she was skeptical of his actual going, and wanted him to know that he "wa'n' foolin' her" if he was skulking around in temporary hiding, remained an open question. Nobody, it is needless to say, ventured to question Mammy herself, or even to refer to her procedure as at all unusual. For Mammy would brook no liberty, real or fancied, as well I knew from long and sometimes painful experience. I had even drawn down her high displeasure upon myself once, during her days at the "gre't house," by the innocent pedantry of telling her, when she had demanded the time,—which she never could tell,—that it was twenty-six minutes after nine, which it was, exactly. I remember still the sternness of her eye.

"G' way fum here, chile!" she said. "*You* know d' ain' no sich time as dat!"

And Mammy's temper, even after her release from the burden of Cairo, showed the strain which her three years' contemplation of his irritating unworthiness had put upon it by a steadily increasing infirmity.

Naturally, as I grew older, I visited the quarters less frequently, and Mammy, as years went on, seldom left the precincts of her cabin. But I had a daily reminder of her, if I had needed a reminder, in the call, so clear in the stillness of evening:

"Cai-ro! Cai-ro! Cai-ro!
You-u Cai-ro!
U-ur Cai-ro!"

"It is a weird sound," people who heard it for the first time would often say, while among the negroes of the neighborhood there gradually grew up a distinct conviction of its uncanniness—a conviction which generated around Mammy an atmosphere of fearful respect. "'T is cunjer call!" was tremblingly whispered about; and what it portended to the luckless Cairo was the favorite subject of darkly unctuous speculation. But to us at the "gre't house" the call became, in the course of years, merely one of the myriad sounds of evening, as disregarded as the monotonous chirp of the crickets, or the plaintive cry of the whippoorwills.

I was ten years old, I remember, just about the time that Cairo went. Tagger, in fact, together with a fine (empty) hornets' nest, which I almost equally appreciated, had been his birthday present to me. When I had reached twenty Tagger still remained to me, and was still dear to me in spite of his many and various shortcomings, which were all atoned for by his lavish affection. Perhaps if there had been danger in the solitary walks which I sometimes took, he, now grown old, and, as his decriers said, more worthless than ever, would hardly have been an efficient guard; but he furnished companionship, if not protection. And so I had him with me one brisk November evening as I was returning home at sunset.

Near Mammy's cabin I came to a standstill among the scattered pines and underbrush, and looked about me,—for where was Tagger?—and my eyes rested on her idly as she came to her cabin door to utter her habitual call:

"Cai-ro! Cai-ro! Cai-ro!
You-u Cai-ro!
U-ur Cai-ro!"

Meaninglessly almost it fell upon my long-accustomed ears; but I vaguely noticed the

querulousness into which her voice had fallen, and for a moment I was chilled by a faint touch of the mysterious dread with which the ignorant invested her, so witch-like, so grim of aspect was she.

On her cabin step she paused, with the light of the fading west full in her wrinkled face, and my glance was passing from her carelessly in renewed search for Tagger, when suddenly I saw her start, then stiffen in feature and frame to a rigidity death-like, awful. I looked where she stared, and there, creeping toward her, was a small, bent, ragged figure, and Tagger was following it! For a moment, I confess, a sensation of blind, irrational horror clutched at my heart; for I knew it was Cairo—Cairo answering the "cunjer call."

Face to face they stood in utter silence, and then I heard the sound of a mighty sob.

"Cairo," she said, "*whar* you been?"

MEMORIES OF A MUSICAL LIFE.

BY WILLIAM MASON.

THIRD PAPER.

ACCEPTED BY LISZT.

WHEN we rose from the table and went into the drawing-room, Liszt said: "I have a new piano from Érard of Paris. Try it, and see how you like it." He asked me to pardon him if he moved about the room, for he had to get together some papers which it was necessary to take with him, as he was going to the palace of the grand duke. "As the palace is on the way to the hotel, we can walk as far as that together," he added.

I felt intuitively that my opportunity had come. I sat down at the piano with the idea that I would not endeavor to show Liszt how to play, but would play as simply as if I were alone. I played "Amitié pour Amitié," a little piece of my own which had just been published by Hofmeister of Leipsic.

"That 's one of your own?" asked Liszt when I had finished. "Well, it 's a charming little piece." Still nothing was said about my being accepted as a pupil. But when we left the Altenburg, he said casually, "You say you are going to Leipsic for a few days on business? While there you had better select your piano and have it sent here. Meanwhile I will tell Klindworth to look up rooms for you. Indeed, there is a vacant room in the house in which he lives, which is pleasantly situated just outside the limits of the ducal park."

I can still recall the thrill of joy which passed through me when Liszt spoke these words. They left no doubt in my mind. I was accepted as his pupil. We walked down the hill toward the town, Liszt leaving me when we arrived at the palace, telling me, however, that he would call later at the hotel and introduce me to my fellow-pupils. About eight o'clock that evening he came.

I had no idea then, neither have I now, what his means were, but I learned soon after my arrival at Weimar that he never took pay from his pupils, neither would he bind himself to give regular lessons at stated periods. He wished to avoid obligations as far as possible, and to feel free to leave Weimar for short periods when so inclined —in other words, to go and come as he liked. His idea was that the pupils whom he accepted should all be far enough advanced to practise and prepare themselves without routine instruction, and he expected them to be ready whenever he gave them an opportunity to play. The musical opportunities of Weimar were such as to afford ample encouragement to any serious-minded young student. Many distinguished musicians, poets, and literary men were constantly coming to visit Liszt. He was fond of entertaining, and liked to have his pupils at hand so that they might join him in entertaining and paying attention to his guests. He had only three pupils at the time of which I write, namely, Karl Klindworth from Hanover, Dionys Pruckner from Munich, and the American whose musical memories are here presented. Joachim Raff, however, we regarded as one of us, for although not at the time a pupil of Liszt, he had been in former years, and was now constantly in association with the master, acting frequently in the capacity of private secre-

THE ALTENBURG, LISZT'S HOUSE AT WEIMAR.

tary. Hans von Bülow had left Weimar not long before my arrival, and was then on his first regular concert-tour. Later he returned occasionally for short visits, and I became well acquainted with him. We constituted, as it were, a family, for while we had our own apartments in the city, we all enjoyed the freedom of the two lower rooms in Liszt's home, and were at liberty to come and go as we liked. Regularly on every Sunday at eleven o'clock, with rare exceptions, the famous Weimar String Quartet played for an hour and a half or so in these rooms, and Liszt frequently joined them in concerted music, old and new. Occasionally one of the boys would take the pianoforte part. The quartet-players were Laub, first violin; Störr, second violin; Walbrühl, viola; and Cossmann, violoncello. Before Laub's time Joachim had been concertmeister, but he left Weimar in 1853 and went to Hanover, where he occupied a similar position. He occasionally visited Weimar, however, and would then at times play with the quartet. Henri Wieniawski, who spent some months in Weimar, would occasionally take the first violin. My favorite as a quartet-player was Ferdinand Laub, with whom I was intimately acquainted, and I find that the greatest violinists of the present time hold him in high estimation, many of them regarding him as the greatest of all quartet-players. We were always quite at our ease in those lower rooms, but on ceremonial occasions we were invited up-stairs to the drawing-room, where Liszt had his favorite Érard piano. We were thus enjoying the best music, old and new, played by the best artists. In addition to this there were the symphony concerts and the opera, with occasional attendance at rehearsal. Liszt took it for granted that his pupils would appreciate these remarkable advantages and opportunities and their usefulness, and I think we did.

THE ALTENBURG.

LISZT'S private studio, where he wrote and composed, was at the back of the main building in a lower wing, and may easily be distinguished in the picture by the awnings over the windows. I was not in this room more than half a dozen times during my stay in Weimar, and one of these I remember as the occasion of Liszt's playing the Beethoven "Kreutzer Sonata" with Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist, and giving him a lesson in conception and style of performance. Remenyi was a violinist of fine musical talent, but not a classicist, his style being after the fashion of the class represented by Ole Bull. He was, as is well known, a genuine Hungarian, thoroughly at home in the musical characteristics of his native country. He was unconsciously disposed to color and mark the music of all composers with Hungarian peculiarities, and this habit gave rise to a story about his treatment of the concluding strain of the first theme in the slow

movement of the "Kreutzer Sonata," namely, that, forgetting himself, he added to Beethoven's music the peculiar Hungarian termination,

as a final ornament. Whether this story is true or not, it was widely circulated and caused a great deal of merriment all over Germany.

The picture gives a very good view of the house as it appeared in 1853–54. In the nearest corner of the building were the two large rooms on the ground floor to which reference has already been made, of which we boys had the freedom at all times, and where strangers were unceremoniously received. The Fürstin Sayn-Wittgenstein had apartments, I think, on the *bel étage* with her daughter, the Prinzessin Marie. Any one who was to be honored with an introduction to them was taken to a reception-room upstairs; adjoining this was the dining-room. This print is from a water-color painted for me by my friend Mr. Thomas Allen of Boston. It is copied from a photograph of the original,—a water-color by Carl Hoffman,—which Mr. Hoffman painted expressly for his friend Mr. James M. Tracy, a former pupil of Liszt, who is now a professional pianist and teacher in Denver, Colorado, and to whom I am indebted for permission to publish it here. Mr. Tracy writes me that it has been published before, but without his permission.

We boys saw little of the Wittgensteins, and I remember dining with them only once. I sat next to the Princess Marie, who spoke English very well, and it may have been due to her desire to exercise in the language that I was honored with a seat next to her.

Rubinstein met her when he was at Weimar (I shall have more to tell of his visit later), and composed a nocturne which he dedicated to her. When he came to this country in 1873 he told me that he had met her again some years later at the palace in Vienna, but that she had become haughty, and had not been inclined to pay much attention to him. There are many of these Wittgensteins in Russia. When I was in Wiesbaden in 1879–80 I saw half a dozen Russian princes of that name. There was but one Rubinstein.

Returning to the Gasthaus zum Erbprinzen, after smoking a cigar and chatting half an hour, Liszt proposed going down to the café, saying, "The gentlemen are probably there, as this is about their regular hour for supper." Proceeding to the dining-room, we found Messrs. Raff, Pruckner, and Klindworth, to whom I was presented in due form, and who received me in a very friendly manner.

Liszt had the pick of all the young musicians in Europe for his pupils, and I attribute his acceptance of me somewhat to the fact that I came all the way from America, something more of an undertaking in those days than it is now. I became very well acquainted with those whom I have mentioned, especially with Klindworth and Raff, and before many days we were all "Dutzbrüder."

This first evening Raff, whom I had previously never heard of, struck me as being rather conceited; but when I grew to know him better, and realized how talented he was, I was quite ready to make allowance for his little touch of self-esteem. We became warm friends, dining together every day at the table d'hôte, and after dinner walking for an hour or so in the park. Nineteen years later I went abroad again and visited Raff at the Conservatory in Frankfort. He interrupted his lessons the moment that he heard I was there, came running downstairs, threw his arms around my neck, and was so overjoyed at seeing me that I felt as if we were boys once more at Weimar. Of the pupils and of the many musicians who came to Weimar to visit Liszt at that time,—"Die Goldene Zeit" (the Golden Age), as it is still called at Weimar,—Klindworth and I, I think, are the only survivors. Klindworth is one of the most distinguished teachers in Europe, and taught for many years at the Conservatory in Moscow. He is now in Berlin.

HOW LISZT TAUGHT.

WHAT I had heard in regard to Liszt's method of teaching proved to be absolutely correct. He never taught in the ordinary sense of the word. During the entire time that I was with him I did not see him give a regular lesson in the pedagogical sense. He would notify us to come up to the Altenburg. For instance, he would say to me, "Tell the boys to come up to-night at half-past six or seven." We would go there, and he would call on us to play. I remember very well the first time I played to him after I had been accepted as a pupil. I began with the "Ballade" of Chopin in A flat major; then I played a fugue by Handel in E minor.

After I was well started he began to get

excited. He made audible suggestions, inciting me to put more enthusiasm into my playing, and occasionally he would push me gently off the chair and sit down at the piano and play a phrase or two himself by way of illustration. He gradually got me worked up to such a pitch of enthusiasm that I put all the grit that was in me into my playing.

I found at this first lesson that he was very fond of strong accents in order to mark off periods and phrases, and he talked so much about strong accentuation that one might have supposed that he would abuse it, but he never did. When he wrote to me later about my own piano method, he expressed the strongest approval of the exercises on accentuation.

"PLAY IT LIKE THIS."

WHILE I was playing to him for the first time, he said on one of the occasions when he pushed me from the chair: "Don't play it that way. Play it like this." Evidently I had been playing ahead in a steady, uniform way. He sat down, and gave the same phrases with an accentuated, elastic movement, which let in a flood of light upon me. From that one experience I learned to bring out the same effect, where it was appropriate, in almost every piece that I played. It eradicated much that was mechanical, stilted, and unmusical in my playing, and developed an elasticity of touch which has lasted all my life, and which I have always tried to impart to my pupils.

At this first lesson I must have played for two or three hours. For some reason or other Raff was not present, but Klindworth and Pruckner were there. They lounged on a sofa and smoked, and I remember wondering if they appreciated the nice time they were having at my ordeal. However, not many days afterward came my opportunity to light a cigar and lounge about the room while Liszt put them through their paces.

Two or three hours is not a long time for a professional musician to practise, and I had often spent many more hours at the piano, but never under such strong incitement. I was exceedingly tired afterward, and actually felt stiff the next day, as if I had performed some very arduous physical work. Liszt heard of this, and turned it into a joke, telling people that at the time set for the next lesson I appeared at the Altenburg with my hand in a sling, and said that I had strained my wrist while hunting, and would be unable to play. I think this is *non è ver e ben trovato*, as I have no recollection of it.

LISZT IN 1854.

THE best impression of Liszt's appearance at that time is conveyed by the picture which shows him approaching the Altenburg. His back is turned; nevertheless, there is a certain something which shows the man as he was better even than those portraits in which his features are clearly reproduced. The picture gives his gait, his figure, and his general appearance. There is his tall, lank form, his high hat set a little to one side, and his arm a trifle akimbo. He had piercing eyes. His hair was very dark, but not black. He wore it long, just as he did in his older days. It came almost down to his shoulders, and was cut off square at the bottom. He had it cut frequently, so as to keep it at about the same length. That was a point about which he was very particular.

HIS FASCINATION.

As I remember his hands, his fingers were lean and thin, but they did not impress me as being very long, and he did not have such a remarkable stretch on the keyboard as one might imagine. He was always neatly dressed, generally appearing in a long frock-coat, until he became the Abbé Liszt, after which he wore the distinctive black gown. His general manner and his face were most expressive of his feelings, and his features lighted up when he spoke. His smile was simply charming. His face was peculiar. One could hardly call it handsome, yet there was in it a subtle something that was most attractive, and his whole manner had a fascination which it is impossible to describe.

I remember little incidents which are in themselves trivial, but which illustrate some character-trait. One day Liszt was reading a letter in which a musician was referred to as a certain Mr. So-and-so. He read that phrase over two or three times, and then substituted his own name for that of the musician mentioned, and repeated several times, "A *certain* Mr. Liszt, a *certain* Mr. Liszt, a *certain* Mr. Liszt," adding: "I don't know that that would offend me. I don't know that I should object to being called 'a *certain* Mr. Liszt.'" As he said this his face had an expression of curiosity, as though he were wondering whether he really would be offended or not. But at the same time there was in his face that look of kindness I saw there so often, and I really believe he would not have felt injured by such a reference to himself. There was nothing petty in his feelings.

LISZT'S INDIGNATION.

On one occasion, however, I saw Liszt grow very much excited over what he considered an imposition. One evening he said to us: "Boys, there is a young man coming here to-morrow who says he can play Beethoven's 'Sonata in B Flat, Op. 106.' I want you all three to be here." We were there at the appointed hour. The pianist proved to be a Hungarian, whose name I have forgotten.

He sat down and began to play in a conveniently slow tempo the bold chords with which the sonata opens. He had not progressed more than half a page when Liszt stopped him, and seating himself at the piano, played in the correct tempo, which was much faster, to show him how the work should be interpreted. "It 's nonsense for you to go through this sonata in that fashion," said Liszt, as he rose from the piano and left the room.

The pianist, of course, was very much disconcerted. Finally he said, as if to console himself: "Well, he can't play it through like that, and that 's why he stopped after half a page."

When the young man left I went out with him, partly because I felt sorry for him, he had made such a fiasco, and partly because I wished to impress upon him the fact that Liszt could play the whole movement in the tempo in which he began it. As I was walking along with him, he said, "I 'm out of money; won't you lend me three louis d'or?"

A day or two later I told Liszt by the merest chance that the hero of the Op. 106 fiasco had tried to borrow money of me. "B-r-r-r! What?" exclaimed Liszt. Then he jumped up, walked across the room, seized a long pipe that hung from a nail on the wall, and brandishing it as if it were a stick, stamped up and down the room in almost childish indignation, exclaiming, "Drei louis d'or! Drei louis d'or!" The point is, however, that Liszt regarded the man as an artistic impostor. He had sent word to Liszt that he could play the great Beethoven sonata, not an inconsiderable feat in those days. He had been received on that basis. He had failed miserably. To this artistic imposition he had added the effrontery of endeavoring to borrow money from some one whom he had met under Liszt's roof.

OBJECTS TO MY EYE-GLASSES.

I have mentioned that Liszt was careful in his dress. He was also particular about the appearance of his pupils. I remember two instances which show how particular he was in little matters. I have been near-sighted all my life, and when I went to Weimar I wore eye-glasses, much preferring them to spectacles. Eye-glasses were not much worn in Germany at that time, and were considered about as affected as the mode of wearing a monocle. The Germans wore spectacles. I had not been in Weimar long when Liszt said to me: "Mason, I don't like to see you wearing those glasses. I shall send my optician to fit your eyes with spectacles."

I hardly thought that he was serious, and so paid no attention to him. But, sure enough, about a week later there was a knock at my door, and the optician presented himself, saying he had come at the command of Dr. Liszt to examine my eyes and fit a pair of spectacles to them. As I was evidently to have no say in the matter, I submitted, and a few days later I received two pairs, one in a green and one in a red case. I thought them extremely unbecoming, but I was very particular to put them on whenever I went to see Liszt.

Not long afterward Liszt went to Paris, and when we called to see him after his return, and he was talking about his experiences there, he said casually: "By the way, Mason, I find that gentlemen in Paris are wearing eye-glasses now. In fact, they are considered quite *comme il faut*, so I have no objection to your wearing yours." As he did not ask me to send him the spectacles, I kept them, and have them to this day.

Klindworth, Pruckner, and I had played the Bach triple concerto in a concert at the town hall, and had been requested to repeat it at an evening concert at the ducal palace. An hour before the ducal carriage arrived to take me to the concert, a servant came from the Altenburg with a package which he said Liszt had requested him to be sure to deliver to me. On opening it, I found two or three white ties. It was a hint to me from Liszt that I must dress suitably to play at court.

This incident shows the care that Liszt bestowed on little things relating to the customs and amenities of social life. He evidently sent the ties as a precautionary measure. Possibly he was not sure whether Americans were civilized enough to wear white ties with evening dress, and was afraid I might appear in a red-white-and-blue one. Seriously, however, it was very kind of him to think of a little thing like this.

DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF UNCERTAIN DATE.

LISZT IN MIDDLE LIFE.

A MUSICAL BREAKFAST.

BEFORE I went to Weimar I had not been of a very sociable disposition. At Weimar I had to be. Liszt liked to have us about him. He wished us to meet great men. He would send us word when he expected visitors, and sometimes he would bring them down to our lodgings to see us. In every way he tried to make our surroundings as pleasant as possible. It would have been strange if, under such circumstances, we had not derived some benefit from our intercourse with our great master and his visitors.

I shall always recall with amusement a breakfast which, at Liszt's request, Klindworth and I gave to Joachim and Wieniawski, the violinists, then, of course, very young men, and to several other distinguished visitors. Liszt had been entertaining them for several days. We knew that it was about time for him to bring them down to see one of us. So I was not surprised when he turned to me one evening and said, "Mason, I want you and Klindworth to give us a breakfast to-morrow." I asked him what we should have. "Oh," he replied, "some *Semmel* [rolls], caviar, herring," etc.

The next morning Liszt and his visitors came. I remember looking out of my window and watching them cross the ducal park, over the long foot-path which ended directly opposite the house where Klindworth and I lived. It had been raining, and the path was slippery, so that their footsteps were somewhat uncertain.

The breakfast passed off all right. When he had finished, Liszt said, "Now let us take a stroll in the garden." This garden was about four times as large as the back yard of a New York house, and it was unflagged and, of course, muddy from the rain of the previous night. Never shall I forget the sight of Liszt, Joachim, Wieniawski, and our other distinguished guests "strolling" through this garden, wading in mud two inches deep.

LISZT'S PLAYING.

TIME and again at Weimar I heard Liszt play. There is absolutely no doubt in my mind that he was the greatest pianist of the nineteenth century. Liszt was what the Germans call an *Erscheinung*—an epoch-making genius. Taussig is reported to have said of him: "Liszt dwells alone upon a solitary mountain-top, and none of us can approach him." Rubinstein said to Mr. William Steinway in the year 1873: "Put all the rest of us together and we would not make one Liszt." This was doubtless hyperbole, but nevertheless significant as expressing the enthusiasm of pianists universally conceded to be of the highest rank. There have been other great pianists, some of whom are now living, but I must dissent from those writers who affirm that any of these can be placed upon a level with Liszt. Those who make this assertion are too young to have heard Liszt other than in his declining years, and it is unjust to compare the playing of one who has long since passed his prime with that of one who is still in it. In the year 1873 Rubinstein told Theodore Thomas that it was fully worth while to make a trip to Europe to hear Liszt play; but he added: "Make haste and go at once; he is already beginning to break up, and his playing is not up to the standard of former years, although his personality is as attractive as ever."

Stavenhagen and Remenyi were dining at my house some five years ago, and the former began to speak in enthusiastic terms of Liszt's playing. Remenyi interrupted with emphasis: "You have never heard Liszt play—that is, as Liszt used to play in his prime"; and he appealed to me for corroboration, but, unhappily, I never met Liszt again after leaving Weimar in July, 1854.

The difference between Liszt's playing and that of others was the difference between creative genius and interpretation. His genius flashed through every pianistic phrase, it illuminated a composition to its innermost recesses, and yet his wonderful effects, strange as it must seem, were produced without the advantage of a genuinely musical touch.

I remember on one occasion Schulhoff came to Weimar and played in the drawing-room of the Altenburg house. His playing and Liszt's were in marked contrast. He has been mentioned in Part II of these papers as a parlor pianist of high excellence. His compositions, exclusively in the smaller forms, were in great favor and universally played by the ladies.

Liszt played his own "Bénédiction de Dieu dans la Solitude," as pathetic a piece, perhaps, as he ever composed, and of which he was very fond. Afterward Schulhoff, with his exquisitely beautiful touch, produced a quality of tone more beautiful than Liszt's; but about the latter's performance there was intellectuality and the indescribable impressiveness of genius, which made Schulhoff's playing, with all its beauty, seem tame by contrast.

I was not surprised to hear from Theodore Thomas what Rubinstein had told him concerning Liszt's "breaking up," for as far back as the days of "die Goldene Zeit" it had seemed to me that there were certain indications in his playing which warranted the belief that his mechanical powers would begin to wane at a comparatively early period in his career. There was too little pliancy, flexion, and relaxation in his muscles; hence a lack of economy in the expenditure of his energies.

He was aware of this, and said in effect on one occasion, as I learned indirectly through either Klindworth or Pruckner: "You are to learn all you can from my playing, relating to conception, style, phrasing, etc., but do not imitate my touch, which, I am well aware, is not a good model to follow. In early years I was not patient enough to 'make haste slowly'—thoroughly to develop in an orderly, logical, and progressive way. I was impatient for immediate results, and took short cuts, so to speak, and jumped through sheer force of will to the goal of my ambition. I wish now that I had progressed by logical steps instead of by leaps. It is true that I have been successful, but I do not advise you to follow my way, for you lack my personality."

In saying this Liszt had no idea of magnifying himself; but it was nevertheless genius which enabled him to accomplish certain results which were out of the ordinary course, and in a way which others, being differently constituted, could not follow. His advice to his pupils was to be deliberate, and through care and close attention to important, although seemingly insignificant, details to progress in an orderly way toward a perfect style.

Notwithstanding this caution, and falling into the usual tendency of pupils to imitate the idiosyncrasies and mannerisms, even faults or weak points, of the teacher, some of the boys, in their effort to attain Lisztian effects, acquired a hard and unsympathetic touch, and thus produced mere noise in the place of full and resonant tones.

Before going to Weimar I had heard in various places in Germany that Liszt spoiled all of those pupils who went to him without a previously acquired knowledge of method and a habit of the correct use of the muscles in producing musical effects. It was necessary for the pupil to have an absolutely sure foundation to benefit by Liszt's instruction. If he had that preparation Liszt could develop the best there was in him.

LISZT AND PIXIS.

In his concertizing days Liszt always played without the music before him, although this was not the usual custom of his time; and in this connection I remember an anecdote told to me by Theimer, one of Dreyschock's assistant teachers. Pixis was an old-fashioned player of considerable reputation in his day, and was the composer of chamber-music, besides pianoforte pieces. Among other works of his was a duo for two pianofortes. While this composition was yet in manuscript it was played in one of the concerts of Pixis with the assistance of Liszt. Pixis, knowing Liszt's habit of playing from memory, requested him on this occasion at least to have the music open before him on the piano-desk, as he himself did not like to risk playing his part without notes, and he felt it would produce an unfavorable impression on the public if Liszt should play from memory while he, the composer, had to rely on his copy. Liszt, as the story goes, made no promise one way or the other. So when the time came the pianists walked on the stage, each carrying his roll of music. Pixis carefully unrolled his and placed it on the piano-desk. Liszt, however, sat down at the piano, and, just before beginning to play, tossed his roll over behind the instrument and proceeded to play his part by heart. Liszt was young at that time, and—well—somewhat inconsiderate. Later on he very rarely played even his own compositions without having the music before him, and during most of the time I was there copies of his later publications were always lying on the piano, and among them a copy of the "Bénédiction de Dieu dans la Solitude," which Liszt had used so many times when playing to his guests that it became associated with memories of Berlioz, Rubinstein, Vieuxtemps, Wieniawski, Joachim, and our immediate circle, Raff, Bülow, Cornelius, Klindworth, Pruckner, and others. When I left Weimar I took this copy with me as a souvenir, and still have it; and I treasure it all the more for the marks of usage which it bears. I also have a very old copy of the Handel "E Minor Fugue," which was given to me by Dreyschock and which I studied with him and afterward with Liszt. Dreyschock had evidently used this same copy when he studied the fugue under Tomaschek. It has penciled figures indicating the fingering, made by both Dreyschock and Liszt. A few years ago I missed this valuable relic for a while, and was much grieved by my loss.

Fortunately it was discovered in the ash-barrel at the back of the house. Shades of Tomaschek, Dreyschock, and Liszt!

LISZT CONDUCTING.

In his conducting Liszt was not unerring. I do not know how far he may have progressed in later years, but when I was in Weimar he had very little practice as a conductor, and was not one of the highest class. He conducted, however, and with good results on certain important occasions, such as, for instance, when "Lohengrin" was produced.

On account of his strong advocacy of Wagner and modern music generally, he had many enemies, as was to be expected of a man of his prominence. If perchance a mishap occurred during his conducting there were always petty critics on hand to take advantage of the opportunity and to magnify the fault.

One of these occasions happened at the musical festival at Karlsruhe in October, 1853, while he was conducting Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony." In a passage where the trombone enters on an off beat the player made a mistake and came in on the even beat. This error, not the conductor's fault, occasioned such confusion that Liszt was obliged to stop the orchestra and begin over again, and the little fellows made the most of this royal opportunity to pitch into him.

LISZT'S SYMPHONIC POEMS—REHEARSING "TASSO."

When Liszt first began his career as an orchestral composer two parties were formed, one of which predicted success, the other disaster. The latter asserted that he was too much of a pianist and began too late in life for success in this direction. Even in Weimar, in his own household, so to speak, opinions were divided. I remember one of my fellow-pupils saying that he did not think it was his forte. Raff had pretty much the same opinion, and I inclined to agree with them. Liszt was in earnest, however, and availed himself of every means of preparation for the work. Frequently upon his request the best orchestral players came to the Altenburg, and he asked them about their instruments, their nature, and whether certain passages were idiomatic to them. About the time I came to Weimar to study with him he had nearly finished "Tasso," and before giving it the last touches he had a rehearsal of it, which we attended. We went to the theater, and he took the orchestra into a room which would just about hold it. Imagine the din in that room! The effect was far from musical, but to Liszt it was the key to the polyphonic effects which he wished to produce.

THE WEIMAR STRING QUARTET.

Weimar had an excellent string quartet in those days, or rather it might better have been called Liszt's household quartet, for while the occasions of the quartet's public performances were rare, it was the custom to meet at the lower room in the Altenburg house regularly every Sunday at eleven o'clock in the morning; and this was a custom rigidly observed, and we never missed being present.

The members of the quartet were Laub, violin; Störr, second violin; Walbrühl, viola; and Cossmann, violoncello. Before Laub and Cossmann came, Joachim, then concertmeister, had been the first violin.

EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY.

As an illustration of some of the advantages of a residence at Weimar almost *en famille* with Liszt during "die Goldene Zeit," a few extracts from my diary are presented, showing how closely events followed upon one another:

"Sunday, April 24, 1853. At the Altenburg this forenoon at eleven o'clock. Liszt played with Laub and Cossmann two trios by César Franck."

This is peculiarly interesting in view of the fact that the composer, who died about ten years ago, is just beginning to receive due appreciation. In Paris at the present time there is almost a César Franck cult, but it is quite natural that Liszt, with his quick and far-seeing appreciation, should have taken especial delight in playing his music forty-seven years ago. Liszt was very fond of it.

"May 1. Quartet at the Altenburg at eleven o'clock, after which Wieniawski played with Liszt the violin and pianoforte 'Sonata in A' by Beethoven."

"May 3. Liszt called at my rooms last evening in company with Laub and Wieniawski. Liszt played several pieces, among them, I think, my 'Amitié pour Amitié.'"

"May 6. The boys were all at the Hotel Erbprinz this evening. Liszt came in and added to the liveliness of the occasion."

"May 7. At Liszt's, this evening, Klindworth, Laub, and Cossmann played a piano trio by Spohr, after which Liszt played his recently composed sonata and one of his concertos. In the afternoon I had played during my lesson with Liszt the 'C Sharp

Minor Sonata' of Beethoven and the 'E Minor Fugue' by Handel."

"May 17. Lesson from Liszt this evening. Played Scherzo and Finale from Beethoven's 'C Sharp Minor Concerto.'"

"May 20, Friday. Attended a court concert this evening which Liszt conducted. Joachim played a violin solo by Ernst."

"May 22. Went to the Altenburg at eleven o'clock this forenoon. There were about fifteen persons present—quite an unusual thing. Among other things, a string quartet of Beethoven was played, Joachim taking the first violin."

"May 23. Attended an orchestral rehearsal at which an overture and a violin concerto by Joachim were performed, the latter played by Joachim."

"May 27. Joachim Raff's birthday. Klindworth and I presented ourselves to him early in the day and stopped his composing, insisting on having a holiday. Our celebration of this event included a ride to Tiefurt and attendance at a garden concert."

"May 29, Sunday. At Liszt's this forenoon as usual. No quartet to-day. Wieniawski played first a violin solo by Ernst, and afterward with Liszt the latter's duo on Hungarian airs."

"May 30. Attended a ball of the Erholung Gesellschaft this evening. At our supper-table were Liszt, Raff, Wieniawski, Pruckner, and Klindworth. Got home at four o'clock in the morning."

"June 4. Dined with Liszt at the Erbprinz. Liszt called at my rooms later in the afternoon, bringing with him Dr. Marx and lady from Berlin, also Raff and Winterbeyer. Liszt played three Chopin nocturnes and a scherzo of his own. In the evening we were all invited to the Altenburg. He played 'Harmonies du Soir, No. 2,' and his own sonata. He was at his best and played divinely."

"June 9. Had a lesson from Liszt this evening. I played Chopin's 'E Minor Concerto.'"

"June 10. Went to Liszt's this evening to a bock-beer soirée. The beer was a present to Liszt from Pruckner's father, who has a large brewery in Munich."

"Sunday, June 12. Usual quartet forenoon at the Altenburg. 'Quartet, Op. 161,' of Schubert's was played, also one of Beethoven's quartets."

The last entry may not seem to be particularly important, but it may be as well not to end the quotations from a musical diary with a reference to a bock-beer soirée.

OPPORTUNITIES.

THE period covered by these extracts was chosen at random, and they give a fair idea of the many musical opportunities which were constantly recurring throughout the entire year.

Ferdinand Laub, the leader of the quartet, was about twenty-one years of age, and already a violinist of the first rank.

Wieniawski and Joachim, young men of the age of twenty-two and nineteen years respectively, were among the most welcome visitors to Weimar. Joachim, already celebrated as a quartet-player, was regarded by some as the greatest living violinist. The playing of Wieniawski appealed to me more than that of any other violinist of the time, and I remember it now with intense pleasure.

BRAHMS IN 1853.

ON one evening early in June, 1853, Liszt sent us word to come up to the Altenburg next morning, as he expected a visit from a young man who was said to have great talent as a pianist and composer, and whose name was Johannes Brahms. He was to come accompanied by Eduard Remenyi.

The next morning, on going to the Altenburg with Klindworth, we found Brahms and Remenyi already in the reception-room with Raff and Pruckner. After greeting the newcomers, of whom Remenyi was known to us by reputation, I strolled over to a table on which were lying some manuscripts of music. They were several of Brahms's yet unpublished compositions, and I began turning over the leaves of the uppermost in the pile. It was the piano solo, "Op. 4, Scherzo, E Flat Minor," and, as I remember, the writing was so illegible that I thought to myself that if I had occasion to study it I should be obliged first to make a copy of it. Finally Liszt came down, and after some general conversation he turned to Brahms and said: "We are interested to hear some of your compositions whenever you are ready and feel inclined to play them."

NERVOUS BEFORE LISZT.

BRAHMS, who was evidently very nervous, protested that it was quite impossible for him to play while in such a disconcerted state, and, notwithstanding the earnest solicitations of both Liszt and Remenyi, could not be persuaded to approach the piano. Liszt, seeing that no progress was being made, went over to the table, and taking up the first piece at

hand, the illegible scherzo, and saying, "Well, I shall have to play," placed the manuscript on the piano-desk.

We had often witnessed his wonderful feats in sight-reading, and regarded him as infallible in that particular, but, notwithstanding our confidence in his ability, both Raff and I had a lurking dread of the possibility that something might happen which would be disastrous to our unquestioning faith. So, when he put the scherzo on the piano-desk I trembled for the result. But he read it off in such a marvelous way —at the same time carrying on a running accompaniment of audible criticism of the music—that Brahms was amazed and delighted. Raff thought, and so expressed himself, that certain parts of this scherzo suggested the Chopin "Scherzo in B Flat Minor," but it seemed to me that the likeness was too slight to deserve serious consideration. Brahms said that he had never seen or heard any of Chopin's compositions. Liszt also played a part of Brahms's "C Major Sonata, Op. 1."

DOZING WHILE LISZT PLAYED.

A LITTLE later some one asked Liszt to play his own sonata, a work which was quite recent at that time, and of which he was very fond. Without hesitation, he sat down and began playing. As he progressed he came to a very expressive part of the sonata, which he always imbued with extreme pathos, and in which he looked for the especial interest and sympathy of his listeners. Casting a glance at Brahms, he found that the latter was dozing in his chair. Liszt continued playing to the end of the sonata, then rose and left the room. I was in such a position that Brahms was hidden from my view, so that I was not an eye-witness of the event; but I was aware that something unusual had taken place, and I think it was Remenyi who afterward told me of the untoward episode. It is very strange that among the various accounts of this Liszt-Brahms first interview—and there are several—there is not one which gives an accurate description of what took place on that occasion; indeed, they are all far out of the way. The events as here related are perfectly clear in my own mind, but not wishing to trust implicitly to my memory alone, I wrote to my friend Klindworth two or three months ago,—the only living witness of the incident except myself, as I suppose,—and requested him to give an account of it as he remembered it. He immediately wrote a reply and corroborated my description in every particular excepting one, viz.: according to my recollection, Brahms left Weimar on the afternoon of the day on which the meeting took place; Klindworth writes that it was on the morning of the following day—a discrepancy of very little moment.

Brahms and Remenyi were on a concert tour at the time of which I write, and were dependent on such pianos as they could find in the different towns in which they appeared. This was unfortunate, and sometimes brought them into extreme dilemma. On one occasion the only piano at their disposal was just a half-tone at variance with the violin. There was no pianoforte-tuner at hand, and although the violin might have been adapted to the piano temporarily, Remenyi would have had serious objections to such a proceeding. Brahms therefore adapted himself to the situation, transposed the piano part to the pitch of the violin, and played the whole composition, Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata," from memory. Joachim, attracted by this feat, gave Brahms a letter of introduction to Schumann. Shortly after the untoward Weimar incident Brahms paid a visit to Schumann, then living in Düsseldorf. The acquaintanceship resulting therefrom led to the famous article of Schumann entitled "Neue Bahnen," published shortly afterward (October 23, 1853) in the Leipsic "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," which started Brahms on his musical career. It is doubtful if up to that time any article had made such a sensation throughout musical Germany. I remember how utterly the Liszt circle in Weimar were astounded. This letter was at first, doubtless, an obstacle in the way of Brahms, but as it resulted in stirring up great rivalry between two opposing parties it eventually contributed much to his final success.

"LOHENGRIN" FOR THE FIRST TIME IN LEIPSIC.

LISZT never questioned Wagner's sincerity. He considered "Lohengrin" Wagner's greatest work up to the time at which it was composed. It was dedicated to Liszt, and, as Raff told me, the good man could not conceive that Wagner would dedicate anything but his best and greatest to his friend and champion, such was Liszt's faith in the struggling composer whose cause he had made his own.[1]

[1] In a letter written twenty-four years later, in 1878, Liszt says of "Parsifal": "The composition of the first act is finished; in it are revealed the most wondrous depths and the most celestial heights of art."

On the occasion of the first performance of a Wagner opera in any neighboring town, a delegation from Weimar was apt to be on hand for the purpose of making propaganda; and this was the case on Saturday, January 7, 1854, when the opera of "Lohengrin" was given in Leipsic for the first time.

We boys were demonstrative claqueurs, and almost always succeeded in making a sensation, especially in a town like Leipsic, where we had acquaintances among the Conservatory students and could get them to help us.

The general public and a large majority of the musicians were not at all favorably disposed toward Wagner's music in those days, and in this connection a remark of Joachim Raff made to me in 1879–80, on the occasion of my second visit to Germany, was significant. Raff had been in earlier years, perhaps, the most ardent of all pioneers in the Wagner cause, but as much of the work he accomplished was under Liszt's direction, the latter received most of the credit for it. A quarter of a century had elapsed since I had seen Raff, and naturally one of my first questions was, "Raff, how is the Wagner cause?" "Oh," said he, "the public have gone 'way over to the other extreme. You know how hard it was to force Wagner upon them twenty-five years ago, and now they go just as much too far the other way and are unreasonable in their excessive homage." "Well," I replied, "I suppose the matter will find its level and be adjusted as time passes on."

BRAHMS AGAIN.

After the performance of "Lohengrin," which, by the way, was successful, the whole Liszt party, by invitation, went to supper at the house of the concertmeister, Ferdinand David. Quite a number of other guests were present. Among them I remember with pleasure my Boston friends and fellow-townsmen, Charles C. Perkins and J. C. D. Parker, who were temporarily located in Leipsic, pursuing their musical studies.

Brahms was also present, and during the evening he played the andante from his "F Minor Sonata, Op. 5."

THE SCHUMANN "FEIER" IN BONN, 1880.

Over a quarter of a century elapsed before I saw Brahms again, and then the meeting occurred at Bonn on the Rhine, on May 3, 1880. He was there, in company with Joachim and other artists, to take part in the ceremonies attendant on the unveiling of the Schumann *Denkmal*.

There were also musical performances, and at a morning recital of chamber-music the program consisted solely of Schumann's works, vocal and instrumental, with the addition of the Brahms "Violin Concerto," played by Joachim. The concluding number was Schumann's "Piano Quartet in E Flat Major, Op. 47," Brahms playing the piano part, and Joachim, Heckmann, and Bellman playing respectively violin, viola, and violoncello.

BRAHMS'S PIANOFORTE-PLAYING.

The pianoforte-playing of Brahms was far from being finished or even musical. His tone was dry and devoid of sentiment, his interpretation inadequate, lacking style and contour. It was the playing of a composer, and not that of a virtuoso. He paid little if any attention to the marks of expression as indicated by Schumann in the copy. This was especially and painfully apparent in the opening measures of the first movement. This introductory passage is marked, "Sostenuto assai," followed by the main movement marked, "Allegro ma non troppo." Instead of accommodating himself to the quiet and subdued nature of the introduction, the pianist quite ignored Schumann's esthetic directions, and began with a vigorous attack, which was sustained throughout the movement. The continued force and harshness of his tone quite overpowered the stringed instruments. As an ensemble the performance was not a success.

On going home to dinner, and learning that Brahms was stopping at the hotel, I gave my card to the porter, with instructions to deliver it to Brahms as soon as he came in. When about half-way through the table d'hôte the porter entered and said that Brahms was in the outer hall, waiting to see me. He was very cordial. At the moment I had quite forgotten about meeting him at David's house in Leipsic, so I said: "The last time I met you was in Weimar on that very hot day in June, 1853; do you remember it?"

"Very well indeed, and I am glad to see you again. Just now my time is very much engaged, but we are going up the river on a picnic this afternoon—Joachim and others; will you come along? We are going to a summer restaurant on the Rhine, where they have excellent beer, and it will be *ganz gemütlich*."

I regretted extremely that I had to forego the pleasure of this excursion, and fully

realized the opportunity I was losing; but my party—there were four of us, my wife and I and two children—had previously arranged our plans, and in order to make connections we were obliged to go on to Cologne that day.

Here was a companion-piece to the disappointment occasioned by my having to forego the pleasure and profit of a foot-tramp through the Tyrol with Richard Wagner, as already related in these "Memories." But so the Fates ordained.

Partly on account of the untoward Weimar incident, and partly for the sake of his own individuality, I took a peculiar interest in Brahms. His work is wonderfully condensed, his constructive power masterly. By his scholarly development of themes through augmentation, diminution, inversion, imitation, and other devices, he seems to be introducing new thematic material, while the fact is, as will be seen on close investigation, that he is presenting the original theme in varied form and shape, and gradually unfolding and expanding its possibilities to the uttermost. In other words, his treatment is exhaustive and complete. In his later piano compositions this is readily apparent, and as these pieces are short, and at the same time complete in form, they furnish excellent opportunities to the student for analytical studies. In all that relates to the intellectual faculty Brahms is indisputably a master. I find this to be the consensus of opinion among intelligent musicians. But there are differences of opinion as regards his emotional susceptibilities, and it is just this fact that prevents many from fully accepting him. The emotional and intellectual should be in equipoise in order to attain the highest results, but in the music of Brahms the latter seems to predominate. In sympathetic and affectionate treatment, so far as relates to his piano composition, he does not compare with Chopin.

A HISTORICAL ERROR CORRECTED.

I HAVE read in a recent number of a musical magazine the following sentence: "We have seen with what ardor the first compositions of this serious young man [Brahms] were greeted by Schumann and Liszt." I have already mentioned the fact that all of the published accounts of the first meeting of Liszt and Brahms were far from accurate, and in fact convey an impression directly opposite to the truth; and the foregoing statement, according to my belief, is just as far from being in accordance with the facts. I am quite sure that Liszt was not enthusiastic about Brahms at the time of the first interview in Weimar heretofore described, and the letter received from my friend Karl Klindworth, in Berlin, within the last three months, sustains me in this belief. Liszt was of too kindly a disposition to treasure up animosity against Brahms on account of the mishap on that occasion. The fact that Brahms was put forward by the anti-Wagnerites as their champion may possibly have influenced him somewhat. A coolness also sprang up between Joachim and Liszt, although during my stay in Weimar the violinist had been welcomed so frequently at the Altenburg. During the entire career of Brahms he and Joachim were close friends.

MORE ABOUT LISZT'S WONDERFUL SIGHT-READING.

LISZT'S playing of the Brahms scherzo was a remarkable feat, but he was constantly doing almost incredible things in the way of reading at sight. Another instance of his skill in this direction occurs to me and is well worthy of mention. Raff had composed a sonata for violin and pianoforte in which there were ever-varying changes in measure and rhythm; measures of $\frac{7}{8}$, $\frac{7}{4}$, $\frac{5}{4}$, alternated with common and triple time, and seemed to mix together promiscuously and without regard to order. Notwithstanding this apparent disorder, there was an undercurrent, so to speak, of the ordinary $\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{4}{4}$ time, and to the player who could penetrate the rhythmic mask the difficulty of performance quickly vanished. Raff had arranged with Laub and Pruckner that they should practise the sonata together, and then, on a favorable occasion, play it in Liszt's presence. So on one of the musical mornings at the Altenburg these gentlemen began to play the sonata. Pruckner, of sensitive and nervous organization, found the changes of measure too confusing, especially when played before company, and broke down at the first page. Another and yet a third attempt was made, but with the like result. Liszt, whose interest was aroused, exclaimed: "I wonder if I can play that!" Then, taking his place at the instrument, he played it through at sight in rapid tempo and without the slightest hesitation. He had intuitively divined the regularity of movement which lay beneath the surface.

LISZT'S MOMENTS OF CONTRITION.

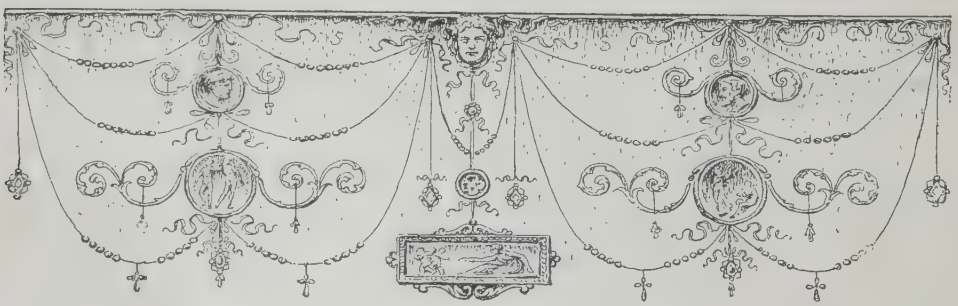
DEEP beneath the surface there was in Liszt's organization a religious trend which

manifested itself openly now and then, and there were occasions upon which his contrition displayed itself to an inordinate degree. Joachim Raff, long his intimate friend and associate, told me that these periods were sometimes of considerable duration, and while they lasted he would seek solitude, and going frequently to church, would throw himself upon the flagstones before a *Muttergottesbild*, and remain for hours, as Raff expressed it, so deeply absorbed as to be utterly unconscious of events occurring in his presence.

Rubinstein also told me that on one occasion he had been a witness of such an act on the part of Liszt. One afternoon at dusk they were walking together in the cathedral at Cologne, and quite suddenly Rubinstein missed Liszt, who had disappeared in a mysterious way. He searched for quite a while through the many secluded nooks and corners of the immense building, and finally found Liszt kneeling before a *prie-dieu*, so deeply engrossed that Rubinstein had not the heart to disturb him, and so left the building alone.

PETER CORNELIUS.

SOMETIME, I think late, in 1853 Peter Cornelius, nephew of the celebrated painter of that name, and composer of the comic opera "The Barber of Bagdad," came to Weimar and was added to the Altenburg circle. He was well known and highly esteemed by musicians, and as he was always cheery and bubbling over with musical enthusiasm, I at once became very fond of him as a friend, and later on paid due homage to his decided talent as a composer. As an illustration of how easy it is to underrate the abilities of a new acquaintance the following incident is both interesting and instructive. In October, 1853, or thereabouts, quite a large musical festival took place in Karlsruhe, which was under the general direction of Liszt, who also conducted the orchestra. It goes without saying that under the management of Liszt a number of selections from the Wagner operas were played, and one of these happened to be the bridal chorus from "Lohengrin." Wagner at that time was an entirely new experience to Cornelius, and after the concert, while speaking to Liszt of the beauty of Wagner's music, he instanced this bright and pretty melody, emphasizing its beauty as though it were the special object of his admiration. We boys, while we recognized the beauty of the bridal march and its fitness for the place in which it occurs, were apt to coddle ourselves upon our superior knowledge of Wagner, and would have saved our enthusiasm for the more completed and distinctly Wagnerian characteristics. The enthusiasm of Cornelius for the purely melodic phrases of Wagner, which were in no wise characteristic of his genius, rather led us to look down upon the musical perceptions of Cornelius—or perhaps I should speak only for myself and give these as my personal impressions; but it was not long before his great talent was duly recognized and acknowledged, at least by musicians. Cornelius was a charming fellow, and I enjoyed his society because he was so enthusiastically and intensely musical.



DR. NORTH AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL,
Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Characteristics," etc.

PART SEVEN.

XIII.

THE Vincents had rented a small farm-house on Frenchman's Bay, upon the shores of Mount Desert Island, and we,—my wife and child and I,—having accepted their invitation, settled down for a long stay in the delightful summer climate of Maine. It was still half wilderness; the people simple and interesting, with a flavor of the salt seas and fish. The hills were trackless, the roads bad, and the contrast with our city life very grateful to us all. Vincent's yacht lay at anchor in the bay, and there were boats and canoes on or at the landing-slip.

One day I went away a little thoughtful to take my afternoon pull on the water. As I passed, I heard Sibyl call from her favorite nest in a hammock, "May I go with you?"

I said, "Yes, of course. Delighted to have you."

"Then the canoe, please."

I settled her comfortably on the red cushions in the birch, and knelt, Indian fashion, in the stern, facing her, as I paddled out on to the broad waters of Frenchman's Bay.

"Let us not talk for a while," she said.

Sibyl sat quiet a short time, as she was apt to do when considering something of interest. Then she sat up rather abruptly, and said, "Mr. St. Clair—"

"What, Sibyl?"

"Mr. St. Clair is on the water. I hear him coming."

"Nonsense."

"I do, doctor. Do not you hear?" She was plainly excited. She sat up erect of a sudden, staring down the bay.

"Lie down. Keep still, Sibyl." I feared more hysterics, and this, in a frail birch half a mile from land, presented me with a new terror. "Take care," I said. "Lie still."

"But he is coming."

Her voice betrayed her excitement.

"Well, what then? Sit still."

My own ear now detected the splash of a paddle. I turned toward the landing. Another boat drew near. As we paddled in through the dark, I heard St. Clair call, "Is that you, Owen North? Good evening, Miss Maywood."

To my surprise, she was suddenly as quiet as any woman of half a dozen social campaigns. I felt relieved. She had come again, for the hour at least, into healthy self-command of her unstable nervous system.

As we walked toward the house, St. Clair said: "Glad to see you. I have been camped on Iron Bound Island, and then on the shore at Seal Harbor. As you know, for I wrote from Portland, I came in my canoe by sea from New York. Last night my little tent took fire. I could not find a corner in the village, and so here I am. Luckily your clothes fit me. I have not a garment except what is on me."

I was a little annoyed, thinking of Sibyl, but the poet was made welcome, and it was soon clear that Sibyl was mistress of herself. She neither sought nor shunned St. Clair, and his pleasure in her serene and tender face had apparently gone the way of many another such possession. Very soon we all felt easier, and he was so charming a companion that not to be glad of his company was impossible. My wife declared herself reassured, and said: "Victor, tell us of your voyage."

"Certainly, but first here is a queer thing. You may remember that Alcott bought, years ago, my Indian standing unarmed, with his pipe in his hand, on a peak of the Catskills, looking down sadly on the land where once his tribe had hunted. Alcott failed, and at the sale of his gallery Xerxes bought my chief. I grieve to say it cost him very little."

"That is queer," said Vincent.

"Look out for mischief," said I.

"But what," said Mrs. Vincent, "can he do?"

"I do not know," I replied. "The devil is ingenious. He may roast it to make lime of it."

"Well," said St. Clair, "we shall see."

"Let us drop Xerxes," said Vincent. "But what of the voyage, Victor?"

"Oh, I wrote all about it to Owen."

"I never saw your letters," said my wife, reproachfully. "Owen has so trained himself to hold his tongue that I never, never hear anything."

"I could not read his letter," said I. "An intoxicated beetle, just out of an ink-pot and crawling over the page, would have scrawled his maudlin dreams as clearly." Having said as much in my defense, I went out and brought back with me the letter. "Read it yourself," said I.

He took it and, spinning round on the piano-stool, faced us and the letter with a puzzled look. How much of what we heard was letter and how much was added, I do not know.

At last he said: "It is not fair to ask a man to read his own letters aloud—I mean two weeks after writing them. How can he remember?"

This was greeted with wild laughter, and, thus reviled, he began:

"'I left New York at noon in my Rob Roy canoe, and ran up the sound, with my little red silk sail spread, and a gentle southwester after me, and much chaff from coasters. Toward evening, next day, I stood out to sea, using my paddle. I soon lost sight of land. Then about midnight I lashed my paddles together, lighted my small lantern, and lay on a moveless ocean under a starlit sky. I fell back at ease on my cushions. I was folded about with peace as with a mantle. Around me and above was the night, and below the deeper darkness of the sea. A great ocean liner went by a few hundred yards away. I heard the pulse of her propeller, and saw the upheaval of white water at her bow. The touch of peril made sweet the sense of solitude, the voiceless loneliness of the ocean. The darkness deepened toward dawn. A strange feeling of the imminence of death possessed me. All life was so far away, with its busy contradictions of life's inevitable ending. I was alone as God is alone, as the unpeopled stars are alone. I seemed to be a soul in space, thought-bereft, without hopes or memories, a child-soul to drift on to alien shores. Then a great white bird swept by on hesitative wing, and far to the east the day welled up on the edge of the night; and so a gentle joy fell upon me, and I slept till the fuller light wakened me, saying, "Here is time again."' The rest," he said, "is worthless." Upon this he turned to the piano and sang song after song. He rose at last, and said, "I have kept the floor rather long, dear people. Good night and good by, for I must be off early in the morning." Then he turned back, and said, "Have you ever at evening on the ocean, alone, watched a gull hovering overhead, he and you alone, both silent?"

"I have been in that good company," said I.

"Then you will like this. I made it while I watched him. I have never written it." He played some sort of improvised accompaniment, and chanted, or rather intoned. It was not singing.

We rose silently. No words can convey the effect he could produce when in one of these rapt moods. I have never seen any one else who had this power.

"Thank you," said my wife. "Leave us with this to dream on. Come, Anne."

While I was dressing next morning, Mrs. Vincent knocked and asked me to see Sibyl before I breakfasted. I found Miss Maywood in bed, and was more than ever struck with her singular beauty. The spinal distortion was, of course, unseen as she lay with her perfect hands outside of the cover. I have as a physician a great horror of deformities. They usually represent incompetence, vice, neglect, or ignorance. Because some doctor did not know his business this girl was to be whipped through life with a lash he would never feel. Sibyl's first welcome was usually a smile like the ready smile of childhood —mysterious coinage before mirth is conscious. Now she did not smile. Clearly she was not well, had slept ill, and, as I found, had a slight fever. It was nothing, she said. I advised rest for a day.

As I went from her bedside I saw something which caused me to take Mrs. Vincent aside after breakfast. I said to her: "Last night, after Sibyl left us, she heard St. Clair reading or singing. She went halfway down the stair and listened. He began just after she left us."

"How do you know that, Owen North?"

"She dropped candle-grease on the stair and also on her gown."

"Oh, I am glad you are not my doctor. And what next?"

"I do not think that she knew what she was doing."

"Can that be?"

"Yes. I do not think that she realizes her own condition. Perhaps she never will. The mischief is done. It is vain to talk to her. Common sense is a tonic which here is useless. Time, which some one brutally

called the opium of grief, time will not help her."

"Then this is serious? Her physical state, I mean."

"Yes."

Mrs. Vincent stood still. "I have come to love this girl more than I thought I could love so peculiar a person. Is there no way to help her? What can we do or help you to do? St. Clair must not know. He is more really sorry for what has occurred than I ever saw him about anything in life. He thinks it is over; that it was on her side a brief fancy. But he does not like to talk of it or of her. I have sometimes thought—but no matter."

"Ah, me!" I said. "First some fool costs her this crippled life, then this unthoughtful fellow adds an unendurable pain. And yet, how could he dream that she is a woman capable of love, of passion, of despair? We are apt not to credit physical incompleteness with the moral or even the mental equipment of the physically competent."

"Yes, that is true. I myself have the feeling. Poor Sibyl, I see it all now. At times she gives way as in the garden, or as she did last night. And then there is a new Sibyl. It is a strange nature."

SOME days later, when we were all together, Mrs. Vincent exclaimed in the middle of the conversation: "Ah, here is the mail. I must see my letters."

The talk again became general, while Mrs. Vincent, excusing herself, ran over the letters.

"One for you, Fred, and two for you, doctor. Oh, and one from St. Clair."

Presently Mrs. Vincent said: "Fred, come here. You were right. Read that."

Fred took the letter. "Good gracious!" he exclaimed, laughing. "This is too good to keep."

"What is it?" said I.

"Oh, Xerxes has revenged himself. I was sure he would."

"The letter, the letter!" said we.

"Read it, oh, do read it!" said Sibyl.

"It is long."

"No matter; let us have it."

Thus urged, she read: "'DEAR MRS. VINCENT: Xerxes has got even with me. He presented my Indian to a Cuban cigar-shop on Broadway. Now he stands outside for a sign. He draws crowds every day. As Xerxes goes down-town he buys a cigar and grins at my chief.' Oh, here is a clipping from the 'Tribunal's' art column: 'The well-known railway man whose bust by St. Clair we noticed must have come to a realizing sense of that too remarkable marble. Is it a vendetta? He has presented St. Clair's noble statue of the "Indian Chief" to Diego's cigar-shop. If it be a vendetta, it is otherwise appreciated by the public, as every one pauses to look at the chief. But what will he do with the bust of the R. R. R.?'"

Mrs. Vincent continued: "'I wrote and thanked Xerxes for giving the public so good a chance, and advised him to keep the bust for his tombstone, in place of an epitaph. Oh, 't is a very pretty quarrel. I should like to hear what Mrs. Xerxes thinks of it. Let him wallow. Here is something better.

"'I went to Marquette, bought a canoe and a tent, and slipped away at daybreak over Muscakeewininy Gitchie, that is, Big Water, Lake Superior. It was as smooth as a mill-pond. I slept at Grand Isle. Next day at sunset I ran up on the shore, midway of the Pictured Rocks. Here is a beach of pink-and-white pebbles. A cascade falls onto it from the bluff above. East and west stretch these cliffs of white sandstone cut into fantastic forms by the water when the land was lower or the lake higher. From the strata oozes out moisture tinted with the purples of manganese, the greens of copper, the yellow or brown of iron. Lichens, silver, golden, gray, or black, grow where the water trickles forth. At evening I stole out through the twilight in my canoe under the purple lights, with every pebble seen in forty feet of water. Here, to my right, is a vast cave facing the lake. It is eighty feet high by a hundred and fifty feet wide, half of a vast dome, a mass of brilliant color like a town afire. A little beyond is a great smooth rock, on which one sees a procession of men in black robes walking over ice, and before them the headsman with his ax. No one lands here. I went up onto the bluff and saw a bear. He ate berries twelve feet away apparently, neither scared nor hostile. Meanwhile I half filled a pail with blueberries, plucking leaves and fruit, without more than turning round. I took them down to the lake and filled up my bucket with water at 45° F., letting the leaves float out. Good for breakfast they are, alluring with the chill on them. I took a few trout, and after supper and making camp, I wandered down the shore. The moon was a scarlet shield flashing a long track of ruddy color to my feet. I sat down in a druidical temple, the weary work of wave

and storm through countless ages. Vast columns upheld the stone roof, on which tall trees were growing. I lit my pipe and lay quiet. Now and then rose and fell strange noises from the wood-people somewhere behind me. The long, wild tremolo of the loons shook across the lake as they sailed shoreward, lured by the red glow of my camp-fire. How I wished you all were with me, for, indeed, I am at my best here. You would—'"

"Oh, Fred, do take me there next summer."

"Certainly, my dear, and as you want to see Xerxes, we will ask him, and as you are planning a country house, we shall build there."

We laughed. Mrs. Vincent said he was unpardonably disagreeable, and went on again: "'Here, dear, undeserved friend, you would forget all my naughty ways. Here is no material possibility of weakness or wickedness; not a woman, not a man—not one. How that simplifies life! The devil could not be bad here. What commandment could he break? You will say he can bear false witness, but who is his neighbor? The bears don't care. He cannot lie; but there is no commandment as to that, and, at all events, no one to lie to. Envy, hatred, and malice require objects. The bear is my only neighbor. We are on terms of amity and divide the berries. In a word, this is Eden before Eve came and tempted that innocent snake to tempt her in turn, as a poet has once said.

"'Dear love to all. Here I am Saint Clair.'"

"The hermits understood how to manufacture inevitable virtue," said Vincent.

My wife, laughing, quoted:

> "Such was that happy garden state
> While man there walked without a mate:
> After a place so pure and sweet,
> What other help could yet be meet?
> But 't was beyond a mortal's share
> To wander solitary there.
> Two paradises are in one
> To live in paradise alone."

It was aptly quoted, and I said so with a nod. Then returning to the letter, I came upon a postscript: "'Xerxes has been given a degree by Cucumber College. Imagine Xerxes LL.D.! I do not quite recall the real name of the college. It is a bisexual university, I think. L.S.D. were a better degree, but the joke is no good on this side the seas. I think of sending it to "Punch."'"

"How like him!" I said, returning the letter to Mrs. Vincent.

"One moment," said Mrs. Vincent. "This is so like him—a second postscript: 'I have seen the most beautiful woman. It was at Muskrat Bay. Her husband is a German. He advertised for a wife, and got this glorious creature. It is such a pretty story. We sat on a log and smoked pipes while he told me all about it. I keep it for you, dear lover of tales. V. St. C.'"

XIV.

Two days later we sailed in Vincent's yacht around the entire coast of Mount Desert Island. Mrs. Vincent, who hated the sea, preferred a buckboard drive to Somesville with Sibyl. We started very early, but were delayed on our way because Clayborne desired to go up Somes Sound that he might see the Jesuits' well and the meadow where the earliest French settlement was made. Thus, despite favoring winds, it was near to dusk when, on our return, we walked up the grass slope to Vincent's house.

"By Jove! Vincent," said I, "there is Xerxes."

It was true. Large, in spotless white flannel, the big man was comfortably seated on Vincent's back porch, smoking a huge Cabaña. What Vincent said is not to be repeated. My wife, enjoying the situation, murmured, "What can Vincent do now?"

"Hush!" said I.

Mr. Crofter came down the steps in a leisurely way. "A young woman said you would be late, so I guessed I would wait. I 'm right glad to see you, Mr. Vincent, and Mrs. Vincent, I suppose."

I corrected him. "Let me present you to Mrs. North. Mrs. Vincent is not in."

"Pleased to see you," said Xerxes. "It is rather curious we should never have met."

Vincent was coldly polite.

Said Xerxes, as we went up the steps to the porch: "Thought I would wait for you outside. Don't you find it rather cool here toward evening?" He spoke as if he were receiving us as guests.

To this Vincent made no reply, except to say, "Mrs. Vincent is away." He was in the temperate zone of mere civility.

I passed on into the house with my wife, leaving the others on the porch. "Oh, if only Anne Vincent were here!" she said, quivering with suppressed laughter.

"The man has a talent, Alice. He can forget. Can a man forget and not forgive?" For I recalled what Vincent had said to him on a former occasion. "We must not leave Vincent alone."

"No. But I wish Mr. Clayborne had heard your remark. He would say entire forgetfulness eliminates the need to forgive, and that you were very near to a bull. Do not leave poor Mr. Vincent alone."

"He has Clayborne," I said.

"Who will be silent—dumb. You know that."

"Very well, dear. Where are you going?"

"I must look after the child, Owen. I shall return at once."

I went out again on to the porch, where I found all three men smoking, while Xerxes, quite at ease, was joyfully sustaining the weight of the talk. To my disgust, he was relating at length the story of our first meeting and that famous game of chess. He told it well, and not to be amused was impossible. Clayborne was shaking with laughter, and Vincent, after a sorry effort to listen calmly, had also broken down.

"And he never told you?" said Xerxes. "Why, I spread it all over the country. It was well worth the price of admission. A right good circus; and you never told it, doc—Dr. North?"

"Never."

"And why not?"

"Because," said I, "I was ashamed; because I beat you with weapons I do not like to use, and because I was not pleased with myself for using them."

In the red glow of his cigar I saw my friend Vincent's face light up pleasantly.

"Well, that is curious," returned Crofter, reflectively. "Can't understand it. I 've done a heap of things in my time, but, Lord! they 're done."

"And so," thought I, "is a murder, a theft."

Presently we heard the sound of wheels, and a moment later Mrs. Vincent sailed out. There was, in fact, something stately and like a noble ship in her way of moving. She said graciously, "Mr. Crofter, I believe. I am glad to see you." She was well pleased. She had been very curious about Xerxes, and fate had favored her. My wife soon returned, and both sat down, while Sibyl dropped into her hammock. Vincent shamelessly abandoned the conversation to the newcomers, and Clayborne said as little as possible.

"You came up in your yacht, I think," said Mrs. Vincent.

"Yes. I am a bit hard up for amusement in the summer-time, since I came East. As long as I had to fight for a living I enjoyed life. Then I took to railroading, and while that was a scrimmage I had a good time. Now I have married and settled down in New York, I sometimes find it dull."

"I should think so," said my wife, sympathetically. "And does yachting amuse you?"

"Yes, as long as there is risk in it. Between times it is poor fun. Now and then I make 'em carry a lot of sail in a big blow. My captain don't like it. I do. You must risk money or life if you want to be happy."

"I hope, Fred," said Mrs. Vincent, "that you will not take to either of these forms of happiness." She was merrily bent upon getting her husband into the talk. Vincent said, "You may rest at ease." But Sibyl, to my surprise, replied, "I can understand that."

"Let me take you all out," said Xerxes. "We will wait for a brisk sou'wester. We will run up to the Grand Manan. I can take you all and make you right comfortable, too."

"Thank you," said Vincent. "My wife never sails, and I have my own yacht."

"Well, it 's an open offer. And talking of risks, off Cape Cod we were running in a gale, when I saw a canoe. We came within a few yards of her. I sung out, and the man in her looked up. It was that free-spoken young man, Saint Clair. I offered to take him in. I won't relate what he said. It was concise. You know we had a row, Mr. Vincent, and I guess he don't feel we got even. I can't see what vexed the man."

"Perhaps he can," said Vincent. "The point of view is important."

"Well, really. What was it? I like that man, and there was n't a dollar of difference between us."

Meanwhile I saw in Clayborne the usual storm-signals. He moved uneasily in his chair, laid down his cigar and took it up again, and at last said quietly: "It is not easy, Mr. Crofter, to discuss a friend's quarrels, but I believe that, as St. Clair said, you ruined two of his friends. I beg leave to say that, while I thought he should have held his tongue in my house, I did think he had some reason to speak as he did."

I saw Vincent look up at Clayborne. He clearly disapproved of the overfrank turn the talk had taken. In fact, Clayborne was guilty of the very offense for which he censured St. Clair.

"I think," said Vincent, "we had better leave St. Clair to fight his own battles. I should remind you, Clayborne, that it was not Mr. Crofter, but his former partner, who had been in fault."

There was a scarce perceptible pause, and then Xerxes spoke with entire good humor.

"Now, I 'm obliged to you. I was n't in it, but I did n't care to explain. What 's the good? As to Mr. Saint Clair, he is n't altogether incapable of taking care of himself; and, after all, it was more a glove-fight than a blood-quarrel. I suppose, too"—and he spoke with deliberate care—"I suppose, Mr. Vincent, my point of view and yours may be different. My wife sees that. I do suppose I ask too many questions." As he spoke he looked from us to the women.

"Oh, no," said my wife. "Pray go on."

"Well, Mrs. Crofter says everything is to be had by patient observation. I 'm observing, I 've been observing, but I am not patient."

Vincent began to be interested despite his dislike of the man, a dislike born generations back. He felt, too, that, whether a willing host or not, he could not remain permanently outside of the talk. He said, "Pardon me, but I do not quite understand."

Xerxes, evidently more at ease, returned: "Well, I was born and raised and fought my way among people, Mr. Vincent, so different from you people that it 's like being in China. I don't mean the heavy railroad men and bankers. I mean people like you and my wife. I like them. I did n't at first. But once I did n't know a chromo from a Constable. I do now. To be plain, I came East, and I wanted human fine arts."

"Human fine arts," murmured my wife, delighted.

"What a charming phrase!" said Mrs. Vincent.

"Yes, ma'am," continued Xerxes, now under way, and habitually accustomed to be heard with respect even where hostility was imminent. "I find difficulties. My wife says, 'Time and patience.' I hate waiting, and I never was patient. A man tells me I had better not just yet be put up at the Hudson Club. Well, that is pretty plain. If I ask men like you, Mr. Vincent, to dine with me, they won't. They won't yet. Of course I shall get on top of it all some day; but I hate to wait and— Well, things in a way led up to it to-night, and so I just thought I would have it out. Fact is, I don't understand you Eastern people."

It was, socially speaking, appalling. This fearless, rude baron of dubious finance and elaborate railway theft had cast down his glove of challenge before a gentler people than he had been born to. The courage of the man was interesting. His belief that he would be considered was no doubt the result of habit. His feeling that he would be counseled wisely was almost childlike. For a moment no one replied. Clayborne would not answer. I did not want to do so. Vincent said later, "In my own house, how could I?" Xerxes was quick to note this hesitation. He added: "Perhaps I 'm making myself unpleasant. I don't want to, but I do want to know." The simplicity of his obstinacy was embarrassing. I looked at Vincent. The appeal was honest and of the utmost sincerity. I knew that Vincent must in some way accept its challenge.

He said at last: "Mr. Crofter, I fear that we are thinking more of our own difficulty than of your very natural desire; but—and you will pardon me—I do not want to reply at all; and if I wished to do so, I could not in my own house; I should want a larger freedom."

"Oh, but I don't mind, and anyway we are half out of doors."

"You must let us off this time," said Vincent, laughing. "Could we have tea, Anne?"

"Certainly." She rose and went into the house, while Clayborne said, "We are going to have a change of weather."

I said, "Yes, there is a fog on Green Mountain," and considered an awkward business disposed of. Not so Xerxes.

"I have half a mind to ask the ladies," he said.

What could one do with a man like this? "I fear that we should follow suit," said my wife.

Sibyl had listened to this remarkable talk with silent intensity of interest. She was lying in a hammock under the porch where we sat. Now she rose on her elbow, and, to Vincent's dismay, said: "I will tell you, Mr. Crofter. We think of you as a man who has made an extravagant fortune by means which seem to us wicked. We do not like it. We say, 'Why should such a man think mere wealth gives him a right to take at will an equal place among people of stainless lives, men of honor?' That is the truth, all of it. I do not see why some one should not speak out."

During this bewildering revelation of opinion, Vincent sat smoking furiously, Clayborne smiled grimly, my wife pursued a ball of worsted down the steps, and I sat still.

Xerxes said at once: "You are a brave little woman, and I am much obliged to you. I could argue that question of my wickedness. I don't see it. Suppose we admit it or

set it aside. Here I am. I shall get where I want to soon or late."

"That is true," said Clayborne, "you will."

"More 's the pity, you will say."

"I did not."

"No. Well, Mr. Clayborne, here I am, me and my money. I can't give it away. I don't mean to. You 've got me here."

This powerful human machine seemed to think we were responsible for his future.

"Do you really mean," said Sibyl, "do you honestly mean to ask—"

Here Vincent interposed: "Pardon me, Miss Maywood, if I say that all this is to me most unpleasing. What Mr. Crofter does with himself and his property should in no way concern us. I trust he will excuse your freedom and mine."

"But I like it," said the machine.

"I think," said Clayborne, with grim indifference to the amenities of life—"I think that Mr. Crofter has struck upon the opportunity of a lifetime. Let Sibyl answer, even if you and I will not, cannot."

"I am sure it is very interesting," said my wife, with appearance of ingenuous simplicity.

Vincent was furious. He lit a cigar and remained silent.

Sibyl said quietly: "May I, Mr. Clayborne? Oh, I do want to speak."

"Yes. Go on if Mr. Crofter wishes it. I see no objection."

"Now, that 's all right," said the machine, cheerfully. "You go ahead, little woman. You have a clear track."

"I wanted to ask you if you did really desire a foolish little maid like me to tell you, a strong, successful man, what to do with your life and your gains."

"That 's it. If you say, 'Give away money, help this or that,' I do it—oh, pretty much as my wife says."

"And why?"

"Because she tells me."

"In order to get certain things, to please certain people?"

"It 's about that. What would you do?"

Sibyl laughed. "I never had enough to be troubled as to what to do with it. If I had your income I should give it away, every year, all of it, every cent."

"Would you? Got to protect property with money. Does any one do that?"

"Ask Mr. Clayborne," said Sibyl, audaciously.

"I ask him," he said, turning in his seat.

Clayborne said: "This is an unusual talk. The palace of truth was a trifle to it. Yes; to be plain, I save no income. I used to; now I do not."

"And how about you, Mr. Vincent?" said Xerxes.

"I prefer not to discuss my private affairs. You must pardon my reticence. Miss Maywood's frankness is not to my taste. Let it suffice."

"Oh, that 's all right," said Crofter. "Guess I 've been to Sunday-school to-day. Perhaps I shall repent. But whether or not, I shall get at last what I want. I always do."

"You will," said Clayborne. "I have not the least doubt you will."

Crofter hesitated. Then he swung himself around and put the confiding hand of familiarity on Vincent's knee. My friend stood it bravely.

"Mr. Vincent, you people are not used to men like me. I am feeling that. I 've made myself disagreeable. I want to say I did n't think any one but me could be hurt by it."

"There has been no harm done," said Vincent, coldly.

"Well, we 'll drop it. Only there 's one thing I don't get clear about. We had it up before at your house, Mr. Clayborne. Miss Maywood talked about men of honor. A man keeps his word, he meets his pecuniary obligations, and then some one says, 'Oh, he 's straight enough, but he is n't a man of honor.' I sha'n't bother you about X. C. any more, but I want to ask my young friend here, what is honor?"

I thought of Pilate's historic question.

"The honesty of a gentleman," said Sibyl, promptly.

Crofter laughed in hearty animal enjoyment of what to us was an awkward situation.

"Miss Maywood, you are as hard to understand as another woman I ask questions of. This beats chess problems, doctor."

"And is not an answer," said Mrs. Vincent.

"Will you smoke again?" said Vincent.

"With pleasure. I went by here to-day on the shore. There I made acquaintance with Miss Mary. After she heard my name, she said, 'Why did papa say you was a plantigwade, and what is a plantigwade?' I had to own up I did n't know. Then the young lady guessed it was a kind of bear, and informed me I had hairy hands just like a bear. I laughed and said people out West used to call me Old Grizzly. Then she said I was a real nice bear, and would I play being bear on the beach."

At this we laughed, relieved by our escape

from the dilemma of silence or reproach. My wife said, "The child was impertinent."

"Oh, no," said Xerxes. "I played bear, I did. I walked on all fours, and I learned that Mr. Clayborne was n't half as nice a bear. I should like to buy that young lady."

"Not for millions," said my wife, gaily. "Oh, here is tea. One lump or two, Mr. Crofter?" And so after a little more or less perilous chat Xerxes departed.

"The dinner must be ruined," said Mrs. Vincent, rising. "You men shall not dress."

"Come in, Owen," said Vincent. "If ever you bring that fellow here again I will—"

"I did not bring him. He came to see you. He will come again. And now"—viciously—"you will have to go out to his yacht and call."

"I 'll be blanked if I do."

"I like him," said Mrs. Vincent. "No doubt we seem as strange to him as he to us. Sibyl, you covered yourself with glory."

"Did I? Oh, dear Mrs. Vincent, I wish I had held my tongue."

"It had been wiser," said Vincent.

"I don't know," said Clayborne. "'Out of the mouths of,' etc."

"So," said Vincent, "St. Clair is on his way north. What an astonishing talk!"

The conversation which Vincent had not without reason called astonishing was more than this, and so said my wife to me that evening. Here was a man with a large supply of good and bad qualities. Life, as he had used it, had educated and invigorated what was not of the best. It was strange that so much of available good remained. I was inclined to believe that his questions, his new tastes, his wish for some touch of other modes of life, were merely forms of ambition and had behind them no very worthy motive. Alice said it was a wholly uncharitable view, and time would show, because time is a fine diagnostician.

(To be concluded.)

THE INFLUENCE OF THE WESTERN WORLD ON CHINA.

PROGRESS, MISTAKES, AND RESPONSIBILITIES.

BY THE REV. D. Z. SHEFFIELD, D.D.,[1]
President of the North China College of the American Board at Tung-chau.

WESTERN civilization,—which means Christian civilization,—in its impact upon the nations of the Orient, is increasing in volume and power from decade to decade, with a kind of geometrical progression. This increase in influence springs from various causes. Intercourse through the lines of trade is rapidly extending, and the East and West are being bound together more closely from year to year by interrelated business interests. International diplomacy is becoming intimate, involved, and urgent. Rulers among Eastern nations are compelled to consider their present and prospective relations with the leading nations of the West. Western learning has awakened the spirit of research and discovery. Scholars are leaving no region of the East unexplored, and are not only revealing to the Western World the undeveloped riches hidden among Eastern nations, but are putting new thoughts and hopes into the minds of the more intelligent and progressive men in these nations. The English language is coming to be the language of trade and general intercourse in the far East. Not only is English widely spoken by the cultivated natives of India, but it is spoken by many tens of thousands in China, Japan, and the smaller Pacific states. Through the channel of English speech and English literature Western thought is more and more commanding the attention of scholars and thinking men in the East.

We are familiar with the remarkable transformations in Japan within the last thirty years. An Oriental despotism has be-

[1] Dr. Sheffield is well known as a missionary in China for thirty years under the organization of the American Board. This article was prepared by him late in May, at the beginning of the Boxer uprising. He sailed for his post of duty from San Francisco on the 22d of June, having heard on the 8th of June of the burning of the North China College and Mission at Tung-chau, fifteen miles from Peking.

His daughter, Miss Elizabeth Sheffield, also a missionary, connected with the girls' school at Peking, was at the capital at the time of the attack on the foreign legations.—EDITOR.

come a constitutional monarchy. The people select their representatives in the administration of government. Laws have been revised and purified. A powerful army and navy have been created for national defense. A new spirit has been awakened, and new hopes and ambitions stir in the thoughts of the people. Meanwhile the forces of progress have operated upon China, and if with smaller present results, with yet greater future promise. Two thousand Protestant Christian missionaries are now dwelling in hundreds of cities and villages in China, and are placing their lives in contact with the lives of millions of the people. Over one hundred thousand native converts have been gathered into the Christian church—men and women who have made great sacrifices for their new-found religion, and are sincere and intelligent in the choice which they have made. Christian schools are being rapidly multiplied,—primary, academic, collegiate, medical, theological,—and already many thousands of students have been gathered into these schools. They are animated with a common hope for a reconstructed China, in which a new order of life shall be revealed. The value of Western learning and the need of reformation in the old system of education are being borne in upon the minds of scholars and officials through various channels. Schools are being established, some under governmental supervision, others under the direction of private individuals, for instruction in the new lines of knowledge. The teachers employed in these schools are mostly Christian men. The students, when they have completed their studies, are reconstructed Chinamen, with their faces turned away from the past and toward the future. Many fathers are anxious that their sons should speak the English language and acquire the "new learning," to fit them for the altered conditions which they believe are near at hand. A new literature is being created in the Chinese language which is destined to have a far-reaching influence upon the people. Excellent text-books are being prepared, covering a wide range of modern learning, for use in the schools of China. There is a well-organized National Education Association, which is giving direction and assistance in the preparation of needed books. The government of necessity uses these books in its institutions of education, and thus Western history and science are being introduced into China in companionship with Christianity.

The reform movement, so unfortunately arrested in the early stages of its evolution, was inspired by foreign thought, chiefly through literature sent out from Shanghai as a publishing center. The demand for this literature was checked by the overthrow of the emperor's plans of reform, but the tide is again turning, and this demand is on the increase. Many officials, scholars, and merchants are reading the reform papers and periodicals published in Chinese, and are waiting with deep anxiety the coming of the day of permanent reconstruction.

The Chinese customs service has been developed during the last forty years under the management of Europeans. The foreign staff consists of more than a thousand men, who speak the Chinese language, and a few of these men are distinguished scholars in the native literature. There is in addition an associate Chinese staff of several thousand English-speaking clerks and writers. This body of men is distributed among the open ports of China, bringing them into close relations with many of the officials and with the better class of merchants. The service is a constant pervasive power, operating to leaven China with new and progressive thoughts.

Official intercourse becomes another important channel of influence upon the minds of the leading men of China. Chinese officials who have resided abroad are, with rare exceptions, men who have accepted progressive ideas and cherish new hopes for their country. In China officials who have had considerable intercourse with Europeans usually set great value upon their newly acquired knowledge. The principles of international law have been rendered into the Chinese language in several important treatises, which have been widely studied by scholars, and Chinese diplomats are able to point to these principles with telling effect when the interests of their government are involved.

Foreign influence upon Chinese life is being constantly widened by increasing mercantile intercourse. Hundreds of steamboats are now carrying Chinese merchandise between the leading ports of that country, and among the traders and employees there are several thousands who speak the English language. Yet other thousands of English-speaking Chinese are employed on ocean steamships. Hongkong and Shanghai are foreign cities in their construction and appointments. A half-million Chinese now reside in these cities, and are brought into close contact with Occidental life. There are

large and growing foreign residencies in all the open ports of China, and many thousands of the natives are brought into daily contact with these representatives of Western civilization, and are impressed by their thoughts and customs.

Men from the West have been explaining to the Chinese for a round generation the vastness of the agricultural and mineral resources of the country. The stock theme of conversation on meeting scholars or officials is the value of steam and electricity, coal and iron, Western machinery and labor-saving devices. The Chinese are impressed with the evidence of the wealth and prosperity of Christian nations. Wherever the foot of a European rests, property, for some reason, seems to take on a new value. The Chinese, when there are money incentives involved, are not slow in learning. The best men among the officials, scholars, and merchants are not still sleeping and dreaming of the ancients, in ignorance and indifference as to the resources of the country and the proper means for their development. Many of them are keenly awake to the opportunities and needs of the times. They lack confidence in their government; they lack capital; they lack knowledge and skill and experience; they are aware of their need of foreign help to get possession of this wealth. They are now discussing with great earnestness the difficult question as to how they may secure the needed help, and yet prevent the lion's share of profits crossing the "great waters."

Thus many and powerful influences are already operating upon China from without, producing impressions that will be far-reaching in their results. Through the missionaries, in their evangelistic, educational, and literary work, a new moral ozone is being breathed into the life of the people, and new thoughts of material and intellectual progress are being widely propagated. Through the customs service, the home and foreign diplomatic service, the Chinese are learning that they are not, as they had supposed, the only dwellers within the circle of civilization, and that the supposed "outside barbarians" have valuable truths to communicate to them, and worthy institutions that they will do well to study and imitate. Through increasing trade they are learning that the "fire-wheel ships" bring wealth to China, and they are beginning to grapple with the new problem of gaining possession of their vast but undeveloped resources.

Western governments in intercourse with China during the past forty years have lacked in definiteness of political policy. The need of China is reform in her institutions, and she should have been pressed steadily and consistently to set about the work of reform. Chinese officials should have been forced at the peril of loss of office to give careful respect to the treaty rights of foreigners. When life was jeopardized or property destroyed, the sin should have been traced to the perpetrators and to the officials who failed to give proper protection. Demands should have been made for the construction of railroads and telegraph lines and the opening of waterways, that the products of China might be brought to the markets of the world. Protection should have been required for foreign capital and skill and enterprise entering China, under equitable restrictions, to develop the resources of the country. China should have been pressed to reorganize her system of education, introducing modern learning into the curriculum of study, establishing colleges and universities after the Western type, and thus preparing men to become leaders of the China of the future. She should have been urged to remodel her army and build up a navy, establishing naval and military schools under competent Western instructors, that she might have power, under the direction of intelligence, to defend her rights and so take her place at length among the strong and progressive nations.

What have been the facts of international intercourse with China during the present generation? Prince Kung, on entering upon his office as regent of China, proclaimed both the need and the purpose of reform in language that left nothing to be desired, except that the work of reform should be immediately inaugurated and carried on to successful results. During subsequent years, in every conversation which Europeans have held with Chinese officials, the need of change and adjustment to new conditions has been the staple theme of discussion, and the benefits of such changes have been acknowledged with bows and smiles, and with assurance that this "lofty thought" would be taken to heart and put to the earliest practice! In 1868 the Hon. Anson Burlingame, United States minister to China, was invited by the Chinese government to be its representative as the head of an embassy to Western nations, the object being to promote a better mutual understanding, to give assurance of a purpose to introduce reforms as rapidly as the conditions of China would permit, and to urge that

foreign interests in China could be best promoted by reason and discussion, and not by dictation and force. No embassy ever achieved results more opposite to its expressed intentions. The reasons for what was called a more generous policy toward China with which Burlingame persuaded himself, he used successfully in persuading the foreign governments which he visited, and the melancholy era of forceless diplomacy—indeterminate talk—was entered upon with China. The time for treaty revision had arrived, and no additional privileges could be secured by other nations, and commerce under the terms of existing treaties was limited and embarrassed in many ways. A railroad from Shanghai to a point a short distance down the river was built by foreigners as an object-lesson, and was much patronized and admired by the Chinese. A little later it was purchased by the government and destroyed. A half-generation passed away before permission was given for the construction of the first telegraph line, and an entire generation elapsed before ground was broken for a practical railroad. Meanwhile assurances were constantly given that the time was only just ahead when these desirable improvements would be introduced. The few schools that were established for the study of foreign learning languished with a precarious life, like plants growing in the dark. Once and again the lives of foreigners were lost by violence, and after a wearisome diplomatic contest a moneyed indemnity was accepted as an atonement for the wrong. Permission to build railroads and develop mines was given, and then the work was arrested or obstructed in its progress for reasons that only the Chinese mind could understand. Work on the Kai-ping coal-mines was stopped for a half-year by imperial edict, because the shafts were piercing into the sides of the Dragon, and through his unrest misfortune would come to the nation! Twelve years ago the railroad from Tientsin to Tung-chau, already approved and surveyed, was arrested for the reason that the sleep of the dead would be disturbed, and injury would be brought upon the living, by the rumbling and screeching of the "fire-wheel carts." During this period foreigners suffering wrong at the hands of the Chinese found the way of approach to the officers of government hedged about with difficulties. Falsehood, procrastination, and often insult, have been the weapons employed to defeat the ends of justice.

It is important that we keep the fact steadily in mind, in our efforts to understand the problems of China, that the highest officials, including the empress dowager, believe that Confucian civilization in its best thought and institutions is superior to Christian civilization. Their ideas of reform are not that it should be outward and forward, but inward and backward; not toward Western and modern ideals, but toward Eastern and ancient ideals; not along the line of the teachings of present-day political and social reformers, but along the line of the teachings of the ancient sages. The rulers of China during the past generation of contact with the outside world have seen men as trees walking. They have but vaguely comprehended the meaning of the ever-swelling tide of Western movement toward the Orient, and their thought and energy have chiefly been expended in inventing methods by which they hoped to resist the impact of this movement upon China, and so to live on in the future after the order that has existed throughout the ages of the past. Chinese officials have been taking lessons in the school of foreign diplomacy for the past sixty years, and they have not proved to be inapt pupils. They have learned through diplomacy how to bring to naught the plans of diplomats, how to set their faces toward the front when they intended to walk backward, how to make promises and manufacture the best of reasons for failing to fulfil them, how to take full advantage, in the interest of Chinese exclusiveness, of the jealousies and cross-purposes of other governments, how to tolerate the evil of foreign contact and reduce it to its smallest dimensions. Forty years have elapsed since the treaties of 1860. China has been in constant diplomatic relations with the nations of the West, and yet the studied and deliberate policy has been one of exclusion of Western thought and lines of progress. The international policy of endless talk has permitted this condition of things to continue and to bring forth its legitimate fruit. China is fast drifting toward the rocks of disintegration, and at this late hour she has no power within herself to slacken her motion or change her course.

China's danger, since her unfortunate war with Japan, has become acute. The objects of Japan in precipitating the war were to humble the pride and rebuke the arrogance of China; to secure outside territory and give added scope for the new activities of the nation; to have a vantage-ground from which to resist the encroachments of Russia;

and, finally, to prove her own military strength, thus securing a revision of humiliating treaties, which denied to her the full rights of an independent nation to fix a foreign tariff and exercise government over Europeans residing within her borders. Japan made a brilliant record in the war, and secured for herself the coveted recognition of full-grown membership in the family of nations; but she hastened by a half-generation what she most desired to hinder—the appearance of Russia as a leading power in the international politics of the far East. Previous to this time, in spite of the weak policy of England in relation to China, her prestige in the Orient was unquestioned, and she might with a word have arrested the meditated attack of Japan upon China; but her military officials were ignorant of the relative strength and preparation of the two nations, and her diplomats failed to comprehend the far-reaching issues that were involved. When under the swift strokes of her doughty foe China was prostrate, England again let slip the opportunity to extend to China a helping hand in her hour of trouble, and thus add to British power and prestige in the waters of the Pacific. China turned for help from England to Russia, and it was promptly and gladly given. Li Hung Chang, fortified with Russian assurance, yielded to the demands of Marquis Ito, and consented to the cession of Manchurian China to Japan, knowing that this act would be followed by its sequel. When Marquis Ito, a few weeks later, entered the harbor of Chi-fu to ratify the treaty, he found his coming honored with an unusual assemblage of vessels of war, Russian, German, French, with English and American vessels looking on—to protect the interests of their respective governments! The plenipotentiary of Japan was politely informed that Russia, Germany, and France preferred that Chinese territory should not be alienated to another government, and that a moneyed indemnity must be accepted in its place. The Russian bear, for the first time in history, had turned about, and was now facing east, and was standing in an attitude of benevolent determination to protect the weak! Japan, with surprising self-restraint, submitted to the inevitable, but resolved, in the bitterness of her disappointment, to make preparation for the events of the future. England was only less disappointed than Japan, but did not dare to protest against what was already accomplished. The present condition of China is the outcome of the help which she then sought and secured. British prestige has suffered serious loss. Russian influence is dominant in the counsels of Peking. Her railroad is rapidly pushing its course across Manchuria. Port Arthur is in her possession; a strong army is behind its walls, and a powerful navy is within its waters. Germany has decided for herself the price she will accept for her kindness to China, and has laid hold of a territory the population of which is nearly as great as the empire of Japan. France has staked out a yet larger territory adjoining her possessions lying on the south of China, and is awaiting a convenient occasion to complete the work of absorption. Meanwhile England has been vacillating between hope and fear: hope that in some way her ill fortune would improve, that the doors of intercourse with China which she had opened would not be closed, that China would be preserved in her integrity and enter in earnest upon lines of reform; fear lest she could not resist the double forces setting toward disintegration, those of internal corruption and of external land-hunger.

During all this period the influence of the United States in the far East has been less than American citizens have generally understood, less certainly than it ought to have been when we consider her power and her expanding interests and needs.

When we remind ourselves of the magnitude and resources of China, of the multitudes of the people, with their capacity for political, social, and material progress, we realize that the interests of the United States in a reconstructed China are vastly greater than they can ever be in the Philippines. The weakness of China, revealed by the war with Japan, is a menace to the peace of the world, and the United States cannot be an indifferent observer of the diplomatic struggle now going on among the nations over the problem of the reconstruction of China. But our interests in China are broader than those that have their source alone in political relations. We have social and humanitarian interests in China that we ought not to disregard. We are a Christian nation, and while great in material resources, we are greater in the moral purposes and achievements of our people, that have their source and inspiration in the teachings of Christianity. Many Americans are now laboring in China to give to that people those ideals of life which constitute the chief glory of our civilization. This type of labor cannot be lightly regarded by true statesmen and leaders of men, who know that spiritual

forces are the most permanent and far-reaching in their results. Christian missionaries are accomplishing in China that which will prove to be the conservation and crown of all other activities. They are laying rock-foundations upon which the shapely structure of a new civilization is to be built in future years. They are doing for China what other hands in other ages have done for us. Such work deserves the sympathy and fostering care of Christian governments, to protect against violence and danger from within and against interference from without, that the people of China may finally possess a civilization nobler in its type than was given to their sages to conceive.

The material interests of the United States in China, though of a lower order, must not be neglected. Through the industry and inventive skill of our people, stimulated by the vast resources of the nation, our capacity for production has already exceeded our capacity for consumption. If markets are limited, production must be limited, or prices must be reduced. There is a conflict between capital and labor as to the division of the proceeds of industry, but skill and strength of muscle are forms of capital, and the laborer is equally concerned with the capitalist in a quick market for his products. Four hundred millions of people in China clothe themselves in cotton goods. This cotton can be produced in the United States, woven into cloth, and sold in the markets of China for half the price of native goods. Half the cotton goods now exported from the United States are sold in Chinese markets. The era of railroads and mining is just opening in China, and the demand for engines, cars, rails, bridges, machinery, has already set in, and there is no limit to the prospective increase. American kerosene, guns, pistols, clocks, watches, bicycles, sewing-machines, and many other articles are finding an ever-increasing market in China. China needs to sell to the outside world rice, tea, silk, porcelain, wool, camel's-hair, skins, furs, mats, rugs, and many other natural and manufactured products. A quick foreign market for these commodities enhances their value, stimulates production, and adds to the profits of both producer and exchanger. Thus the increased output of industry gives ability to purchase foreign products, and, as the Chinese say, "two benefits are realized."

The masses of the Chinese are very poor, and the scale of living is low. This condition of the people is the result of corrupt government, insecurity of trade, lack of means of communication, trade-gilds embarrassing production, and wasteful methods of production and exchange. But in spite of these clogs upon business activity the Chinaman makes a brave fight for life and for such comforts as he may secure. His low scale of living is not of choice, but of necessity, and he is prompt to multiply his comforts, and finally to add luxuries, as rapidly as his income will permit. He likes to live well, to dress well, and is more ostentatious than are Europeans in many ways of displaying wealth.

American trade in the far East must have the protection and help of government for its best development. It is true in interstate relations with easy and unrestricted intercourse that the best goods find their way to the best markets without added protection or help; but governments are stronger than individuals, and merchants entering foreign ports with their commodities must submit to governmental restrictions upon trade, and those restrictions often prove to be prohibitive. The policy of Russia, Germany, and France is to develop their own trade by placing restrictions upon the trade of other nations within their jurisdiction. This policy if unrestrained in the far East is certain to place serious limitations upon American trade. The public has recently been informed that these nations have given assurances to the United States that the same privileges of trade now enjoyed with China will continue to be extended from those parts of Chinese territory taken under their "spheres of influence." These assurances may be of some diplomatic benefit in future trade negotiations, but if these portions of China are formally annexed by outside nations, in future treaty revisions they are certain to insist on such schedules of duties as will best promote their policy of restricted trade.

How, then, shall we regard the threatened disintegration of China? It is easy to say that it is better that China be broken up and its people reformed in its social institutions than that the past corrupt and antediluvian order of society continue; but is disintegration or continued stagnation the only alternative? What are the prospective dangers accompanying the dissolution of the Chinese government? The territory and people would be divided up between England, Russia, France, and Germany. How long could this order of things continue? As a necessity of government the Chinese in large numbers would ultimately receive Western

military training and acquire skill and experience in military evolution. Under proper conditions of discipline and direction the Chinese are courageous and hardy soldiers. The nation has a deep reverence for its ancestry, a strong race attachment, a profound regard for its customs and institutions. If the people are broken apart by foreign power in the time of their weakness, they will come together again in fierce collision with that power when they have in some measure recovered possession of their strength. China is too great a prize to be divided up among the nations of the West, to become an added element of jealousy and rivalry. The suggestion of the division taxes the diplomacy of the nations to the utmost to preserve peace in their relations. It is doubtful if it can be accomplished without war, and if successfully accomplished the possession and government of this vast disintegrated territory, with its people restless under the wrongs they have suffered, would increase the present international tension and continually jeopardize the peace of the world.

Happily, in all of this confusion the road of moral right and of political wisdom that should be pursued by the nations is not difficult of recognition. England, in spite of her faults in dealing with weaker nations, has a larger measure of conscience mixed with her trade and diplomacy and government, as a conserving element, than has been exhibited by other European nations. She has higher social ideals, and a stronger sense of the rights of men. Though her prestige has suffered by unwise diplomacy, her unrivaled strength remains, and the war in South Africa is giving fresh proof of her resources and of the courage and energy of her soldiers. England has had a leading hand in opening the doors of China to foreign intercourse. The United States, by her war with Spain, finds herself compelled to grapple with the serious problems of the Orient. She is no longer an obscure Occidental nation, but a world-power, with courage, skill, and resources fitting her to stand as the peer of England, with the same purpose to uphold the interests of truth and justice among the nations, and impart to the less favored the benefits of a higher civilization. If England and the United States will announce to the nations that their power will be used to conserve the integrity and promote the reformation of China, Japan will gladly give her support to this policy of peace and progress, and Germany, now acting the rôle of the opportunist, will add her strength to give to it the increased assurance of success.[1]

In relation to China this policy should not be one of words, but of acts. There is a pervasive and powerful reform spirit in China that has suffered temporary suppression by the unfortunate overthrow of the young emperor. That spirit is working secretly and gathering force with each added month. Let England and the United States give to the progressive element in China sympathy and support, and it will assert itself, and in due time overcome the spirit of conservatism and blind adherence to the dead past. Political reform should be urged upon China as the condition of national preservation. Western nations have established treaties with China, in which that government has promised to protect Christian missionaries in life and property while laboring among the people. It has promised to give like protection to Chinese converts to Christianity. Thus Western nations, in the interests of a higher civilization, have compelled China to make pledges of protection to its own people in the exercise of their rights of religious liberty. When that government fails to protect its Christian subjects, as it is now failing, with criminal connivance with the powers of evil, its rulers understand perfectly that they are violating treaty regulations, and they will continue to violate them with increasing contempt for Western governments until there is a display of force that means punishment if wrongs are not immediately and thoroughly righted. Old China will not fulfil her promises except under compulsion, but compulsion in the interest of the rights of men will stimulate and strengthen the spirit of reformation, and hasten the dawn of the better days of the new China.

Those who know the Chinese best have the highest confidence in the race capacities of that people. They are industrious, economical, persistent, capable of high culture and of deep moral and religious convictions, shrewd in business, bound together in strong family ties, lovers of order, patient in mis-

[1] On July 3, 1900, the Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State of the United States, addressed to the American ambassadors in London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Rome, and to the American minister at Tokio, to be communicated to the various governments, an identical note explaining the position of the United States as regards the crisis in China. In part he stated that "the policy of the government of the United States is to seek a solution which may bring about permanent safety and peace in China, preserve Chinese territorial and administrative entity, protect all rights guaranteed to friendly powers by treaty and in law, and safeguard for the world the principle of equal and impartial trade with all parts of the Chinese empire."—EDITOR.

fortune, resolute in danger, enduring in hardship, and loyal to just authority. Much as we may deplore the corruption and misrule of China, we have no reason to despair of the future of such a people. Let the spirit of Christianity regulate the intercourse of the nations with China in some moderate measure, and she will be preserved in her integrity, her institutions will be reformed, and the best capabilities of the people will find their realization in a just and beneficent government and in an enlightened and purified society.

The opportunity of having a part in hastening the consummation of such results ought to stimulate the ambition of Christian men and influence the policy of Christian nations.

THE REVOLUTION IN CHINA AND ITS CAUSES.

BY R. VAN BERGEN.

REVOLUTION, NOT INSURRECTION.

CHAOS prevails in the Middle Kingdom. The provinces of Chi-li and Shan-tung are ablaze. All authority has ceased to exist, and the peace-loving Chinaman has taken up arms. An insignificant fire, kindled by a small band of men joined in a labor-union, has spread out into a conflagration enshrouding the capital. Smoke is noticeable in Ho-nan, far Sze-chuan, and even in Kwang-tung (Canton). The civilized world stands aghast. It forgets for the moment international jealousy, and asks: Is there such a thing as spontaneous combustion in national life? How is such simultaneous eruption possible in China, where modern means of communication are failing?

There must be very powerful reasons to induce the Chinese to stand at bay. This national movement, for such it is, did not originate in a day. China, as a nation, has enjoyed almost constant peace since the Manchu prevailed over the Ming dynasty in 1627, and the professional soldier is held in contempt. Every insurrection, even the Taiping, was local, and did not gain general support and was confined to a few of the provinces. The present movement is no insurrection; it is a revolution. China, as a nation, has evidently decided to appeal to the last resort, that of the sword, and the "Boxers" are held responsible for taking the initiative.

ORIGIN AND CHARACTER OF THE BOXERS.

ANY intelligent man who has lived at Peking for six months knows of these so-called Boxers, and has, knowingly or not, employed one or more of them. By the term "intelligent" is meant a man who does not suppose that every human being must necessarily understand his own language, but admits the fact that there are other tongues, and also that, when he travels or resides in foreign countries, it becomes him to familiarize himself with such foreign languages.

Every resident of Peking employs a watchman or doorkeeper, and that person is, in every instance, a member of the Ta-chuan (literally, "Big Fist"), or, as it is now called, "Boxer," society. Properly considered, it is not a secret society, but bears a great resemblance to our labor-unions. Its purpose is mainly benevolent, namely, to provide for old or disabled members.

The society of the Boxers is made up of men whose physical and muscular strength has been trained purposely and from early youth, not that they may enter the athletic arena, but that they may engage in a perfectly lawful and recognized career. They are engaged as watchmen by wealthy residents, and as guards by travelers carrying a large amount of money, or to convoy specie for great distances. Such a guard or watchman insures perfect safety, for it places the property or person under the protection of the Ta-chuan union, and thieves or malefactors dread arousing its vengeance. Not a single instance is on record where a member of the Ta-chuan was faithless to his trust.

The government recognized the union, and frequently employed it to convoy treasure. The father of Prince Tuan, and

grandfather of the heir apparent, is, and has been for years, the official patron of the union.

It is evident from this explanation that a member of the Ta-chuan corresponds somewhat to the modern calling of private detective in our social arrangements. This is further confirmed, since, in either case, men may be hired for specific purposes, and not always in strict conformity to law. The history of the United States contains instances where corporations, in fear of depredations by striking workmen, have engaged a body of private detectives to repel any attack upon their plants. A man in possession of a well-filled purse could, at Peking, engage any number of Ta-chuan members for purposes which would not bear publicity.

What induced the Ta-chuan to take the initiative in the present national anti-foreign movement? Were the interests of the union threatened in any way, or were its members hired for the purpose, and did the movement outgrow the control of its instigators? These questions deserve close consideration.

REASONS FOR DISCONTENT.

THE people of northern China have undeniable causes of complaint. In Chi-li the opening of the Shanhaikwan-Tientsin-Peking Railway has brought thousands to the verge of starvation. Tientsin, at the head of the Grand Canal, and on the Pei-ho River, navigable to junks, was the point where the rice accepted in payment of federal taxes was landed, and whence it was conveyed to the capital. Besides the immense traffic from this source, Tientsin is the port of entry to the capital and the country back of it. It has gained in importance since the coal and silver extracted from Li Hung Chang's Kai-ping mines were brought there to tide-water. The opening of the railroad threw out of employment a host of donkey-drivers, carters, carriers, coolies, boatmen, innkeepers and their assistants, etc. To this army of laborers the opening of the railroad meant starvation. This, then, accounts for the discontent among the people. But the Chinese are naturally so patient and long-suffering that, as in other lands, time would have created new markets where this surplus labor could be utilized.

In Shan-tung the Germans, unfamiliar with the difficulties inseparable from colonial possession, exasperated the Chinese by superciliousness. Superstitions to which old age lends a certain veneration, and which the Chinese hold dear, were ruthlessly violated and trampled upon. By all means let us carry our civilization to every corner of the earth, but, prior to its introduction, let us strive to make it welcome. The pioneers of our civilization have been, in almost every instance, lamentable misfits. Riding roughshod over the rights of races which, in our conceit, we consider and treat as inferior, we may now be reaping the whirlwind from the wind we have sown.

The opening of the railroad may have caused some little loss to the Ta-chuan, but decidedly not enough to induce it to head a revolution. From the nature of its occupation, its prosperity depends upon the maintenance of vested rights. The conclusion is that some of its members were hired to create a disturbance, and that the movement outgrew the control of its instigators.

This is the situation which confronts us: the active hostility of four hundred millions of people—one third of all the inhabitants of the globe; the possible butchery of helpless women and children; the disturbance of trade, and corresponding losses; and, finally, the universal war which must almost certainly follow before the political boundaries of the new map of Asia are accepted by those whose interests are endangered. In view of these momentous facts, the next material question is: Who could possibly profit by the original disturbance?

HOSTILITY BETWEEN RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

IT is unnecessary to trace the causes of hostility between Japan and Russia: they are many, and of such a nature as to demand the arbitrament of the sword. Both nations are alive to the fact that the struggle is unavoidable; yet, at this stage, neither is inclined to initiate active hostilities. Russia desires the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway; Japan is anxious to possess a fleet powerful enough to secure her territory against invasion, and, naturally, hesitates to enter upon a contest with an overwhelming foe.

Three years ago Japan's foremost statesman, Marquis Ito Hirobumi, visited England, ostensibly in the suite of Prince Takehito Arisugawa, the official representative of Japan's emperor at the Jubilee; but his independent movements revealed plainly the real purpose of his mission. The old statesman and patriot made frantic efforts to form a coalition against Russia; he discovered, to his dismay, that Japan's secret

purpose of "Asia for the Asiatics" was too well known to induce any European power to espouse Japan's cause. He also found that Great Britain and the Continental powers looked with suspicion upon Japan's sudden entrance among the great powers, and that they intended to watch the coming struggle, not without interest, but with perfect equanimity, and free from any desire to participate. When he was convinced that, so far as Europe was concerned, Japan must stand alone, Ito hurried back to Japan and informed his imperial master of the barren result of his efforts.

One hope remained: to form an alliance with China. There was their late enemy with untold millions of raw material, easily convertible into proper food for cannon, if Japan could only be trusted to superintend the operation. The late war notwithstanding, there were many reasons why Ito should count upon success.

JAPAN'S AMBITION.

PRIOR to 1867, Japan's civilization was identical with that of China; both derived whatever knowledge they possessed from the same fount. To be sure, Japan, rejuvenated, had adopted of our civilization whatever, in her opinion, could strengthen her national life; but she had by no means discarded all of her former dress. Her thought and expression had improved, but the ratiocination and mode of expression remain unaltered, and ideography still constitutes her script. This enables her to understand and, perhaps, to sympathize secretly with China. At all events, of all the treaty powers, Japan, and Japan only, is able to comprehend China's leaders and their policy.

Besides these hopeful signs, the Occidental world noticed with pleasure the evident purpose of Emperor Kwang Su to emulate Mutsuhito of Japan in opening his country to modern progress. Marquis Ito announced his intention to visit Peking, and Kwang Su issued orders for a suitable reception. Scarcely had Ito set foot in the capital when the palace revolution forced him to depart in undignified haste. Here these queries are pertinent:

1. What government was interested in preventing Japan's *entente cordiale* with China?

2. What government insisted quite recently upon the restoration of the dowager empress, to the exclusion of Kwang Su, and upon the preservation of the *status quo ante?*

Checkmated temporarily, but by no means crestfallen, Ito returned to Japan. It took some time before Japan acquiesced in China's new government; but, once convinced of the utter futility of opposition, Ito proceeded to resume his attempts. To secure success, it was absolutely necessary that Li Hung Chang, Russia's friend and Japan's implacable foe, should leave Peking. It is impossible to guess even what means were taken to induce the dowager empress to part with her old friend and adviser. It is enough to remember that Japan was successful. Li Hung Chang's so-called "promotion" was a diplomatic defeat for Russia, and that power accepted it as a defiance.

The first step thus successfully taken, the second move was made with consummate skill. Poor Ito! At the moment when success was achieved, the whole plan miscarried, owing to the man whom he had employed. Ito has openly rebuked Japanese conceit and vanity, qualities so prominent as to have excited the hatred of Chinese and Koreans, whom Japanese daring, patriotism, and simplicity should have converted into friends. In this instance, after Yano, Japan's minister at Peking, had secured the ear and good will of the dowager empress, he permitted his personal vanity to reveal the secret. He announced openly that he had been appointed as foreign adviser to the dowager empress, and that he was going to Tokio for instructions; that the Chinese army would be reorganized under Japanese officers, and hinted at a secret offensive-defensive alliance between China and Japan. Indeed, a commission left for Tokio, accompanied by the Japanese consul at Shanghai.

RUSSIA'S COUNTER-DIPLOMACY.

ITO'S well-conceived scheme failed for the second time. M. de Giers, the Russian minister at Peking, officially warned the Tsungli Yamun, or Foreign Office, that any alliance with Japan would be considered an "unfriendly act" by his government. To counteract and prevent any further attempts at a Mongolian alliance by Japan, M. de Giers began to urge upon the dowager empress to place herself under Russian protection. It was at this time that the dowager issued the remarkable edict to the various viceroys commanding them to collect armies and to resist by force of arms any further encroachment upon Chinese territory. It is certainly an odd coincidence that, almost simultaneously, the Boxer disturbances, so favorable

to Russia's scheme, began to attract attention in the capital.

It is apparent now that the Chinese people throughout the realm are participating in the movement against foreigners. Perhaps at this time, if it were possible, it would be in the best interests of progress and civilization for the Caucasian to withdraw temporarily, save at some vital points, such as Shanghai, and to return after the Chinese themselves have restored order out of chaos. This, however, is out of the question. Neither Russia nor Japan would acquiesce, and the designs of these two countries are equally dangerous to the rest of the world.

THREE DANGERS TO WESTERN CIVILIZATION.

It is well known that Russia, in its attitude toward Europe, claims to be a buffer state against the Yellow Scourge, meaning the Mongolian race. In Asia, however, it claims to be Asiatic, and shows its origin by its remarkable faculty of assimilation. Russia does not colonize; she absorbs. The facts are in favor of Asiatic proclivities. Her despotic government, in form and constitution, is certainly not European, nor in accord with the sentiments of the people of Europe. Indeed, a despotism is wholly opposed to the spirit of this century.

The founder of the Russian empire bequeathed to his successors the desire for universal or world monarchy, and his policy has been adhered to by every czar and czarina. The size of Russian territory and the extent of the area in which the Czar holds absolute sway are sufficient proofs that the policy has been successfully carried out thus far. Ever since 1860 Russia has been nibbling at China. Her success in the absorption of China would portend serious danger to the liberty and progress of the world.

On the other hand, Japan has a well-defined policy, namely, "Asia for the Asiatics," *i. e.*, a federation of Asiatic nations, with Japan as leader, and with avowed hostility toward the Caucasian. The Island Empire has produced astounding proofs of pertinacity of purpose, and its oligarchic form of government permits concentration and consistency, and, what is more, an impenetrable secrecy. If Japan should secure a firm foothold in China, the Caucasian race would indeed stand face to face with the Yellow Scourge.

Another danger threatens—one which deserves immediate and anxious consideration, because here there is no probability, but certainty. Whatever be the outcome of the present chaotic condition of China, the Manchu and Mandarin are doomed together with Confucianism; and modern progress, so far as it affects the physical sociology of China, must take their places. The morrow of the restoration of order will see the world face to face with the problem of competition from untold millions of industrious, thrifty, sober, enterprising, and deft-fingered people. The Western world is in need of statesmen now, and all indications point to the fact that the United States will be called upon to take the initiative, and be forced into the van in defense of Christian civilization.

THE MISSIONARIES NOT BLAMEWORTHY.

In searching for the causes of China's uprising, blame has been cast upon the missionaries. It is true that occasionally dignitaries of the French Roman Catholic Church have interposed between secular justice and their converts, and that, especially in cases of a civil nature, such intervention has led to jealousy on the part of the people, and resentment from the local magistrates. But the Protestant missionaries have conscientiously avoided the connection of secular and religious conditions. They have confined themselves almost exclusively to preparatory work as expressed in the establishment of hospitals, schools, and colleges. The writer made the vexed missionary question a special study after the appearance of Curzon's "Problems of the Far East." He failed to perceive any of that injudicious zeal condemned by Mr. Curzon, which is naturally offensive to a people as proud of their civilization as are the Chinese. When a new order appears out of the present chaos, it will be found that the seed sown during so many years of missionary labor has not fallen upon barren ground, and that whatever hope exists of preservation of the realm is due to the sentiments inspired less by the doctrine than by the actions of the missionaries.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Responsibility of the Leaders of Labor.

THE labor troubles of the present year have been very severe at some points, notably at St. Louis, and the measures employed by those in charge of strikes have been of a kind to cause wide-spread apprehension; but thus far the actual disturbances have been local and not national. It is at once the duty and the interest of the labor leaders to prevent their extension. It may seem like a one-sided view of the situation to place the chief responsibility at this point; yet this is where the logic of events is sure to fix it, and it is better to do so in advance, while the evil consequences can be averted, than to wait until after the fact.

Not that there is any want of sympathy on the part of the general public with the laboring men in their contests with capital. The American people tends to take the laborer's side in doubtful cases. It is sufficiently democratic to support the poor man against the rich man. It is especially ready to do so at the present time, because the combination of capital into trusts and other forms of industrial monopoly has done harm in a few lines, and given cause for apprehension in a great many more. It is felt that these trusts may become antagonistic to the interests of the consumer, that they have made and are making large profits, and that the workman is deprived of the advantages of competition, which, under the old system of separately organized industry, would have enabled him speedily to obtain a share of those profits in the form of increased wages. On any system of organization which would enable the laborer to get his share in the profits due to modern economy in production more surely and quickly than he does at present, the American public, as a whole, would look with favor.

But this sympathy is a thing which may be forfeited, and which has in times past often been forfeited, by irresponsible conduct on the part of the workmen themselves. If a dispute between laborers and capitalists results in stoppage of public service, people will ask, not who was originally in the right, but who was to blame for the stoppage. The more wide-spread the strike, the more inevitable is this result. Where the public was served by a dozen different factories, a conflict in a single one of them was a matter which could be settled by those immediately concerned. Where a strike is simultaneous in them all, its effects are felt almost as severely by the consumers as by the original parties to the dispute. The service and industry of the community, as a whole, may be crippled, and its collective efficiency destroyed. Such destruction society cannot tolerate. For the time being it lets the questions of distributive equity fall into the background. Just as in time of mutiny many army authorities are forced to take sides with the officers when they believe that the privates have had legitimate grievances, so in time of strikes many of those who most profoundly sympathize with the laborers in their aspirations for industrial advancement are compelled to range themselves with the employers. It is for this reason that the courts at these crises tend to make decisions of which the laborers complain so bitterly. Every presumption is against the man who blocks the public convenience. Acts which are otherwise perfectly legal may become illegal if combined in such manners and times as to produce this result. If one man or ten men walk down a street they are strictly within their rights. If a thousand men, by concerted action, walk up and down that street, with the intent to block ordinary traffic, what yesterday was perfectly proper conduct now becomes improper, and will be so regarded by the courts. That the workmen in time of labor troubles abstain from acts which would be illegal at other times shows a degree of prudence which may fairly count in their favor; but it does not show that they are keeping within their legal or their moral duty.

The quasi-revolutionary procedure of stopping the working of the industrial machinery can be justified only by the plea of extreme necessity, or by the assured prospect of permanent good for the body politic. Speaking broadly, we doubt whether the majority of wide-spread and general strikes can be justified on either of these grounds.

The competition of capitalists, both for the services of the laborer as a producer and for his custom as a consumer, has proved the surest reliance for keeping real wages high. It has had the effect in this century of greatly increasing the proportion of the national income which falls to the share of wage-receivers. Nor is there any proof that this process is at an end Increase in the size of industrial establishments has not done away with competition; it has only modified the competitive process. The same thing is likely to remain true of the recent aggregations of capital in trusts. Those which attempt to monopolize their profits are likely to die; only those which share them with workmen as producers and consumers are likely to live.

Nor is it easy to find facts in support of the plea that permanent good is to be obtained from these conflicts. In the United States each successive wave of labor troubles as it has passed has left the industrial situation but slightly

affected—so slightly that few people remember how severe was the disturbance at the time. In England labor organizations have been more successful in obtaining permanent recognition and effectiveness; but it is not clear that the cause of the laborer has been advanced thereby. On the contrary, the difference in wages between the workmen in the United States and England, in manufacturing industries of the same kind, is very largely a result of trades-union rules, which limit the productivity of the workman in England, as compared with his competitor in the United States.

If the labor leaders of the country prove themselves conservative and responsible, there is a grand opportunity for the American workman in the immediate future. Increased efficiency of production gives the trusts power to pay higher wages. Public opinion demands that they shall do this. Most of their leaders are ready to conform to the dictates of public opinion. Those who are not ready could be compelled by the logic of events to fall in line. But all this advantage of position can be thrown away by ill-considered action at a few critical points. The apparent strength of labor organizations is so great that there is a temptation to use it irresponsibly. If they yield to this temptation, they obtain the show of power at the sacrifice of the substantial advantages which that power ought to yield them. If they resist this temptation, the gain in immediate public convenience will be great; the gain in permanent advantage to the laborers cannot fail to prove yet greater.

The Minor Beauties of Life.

THERE is that in the American autumn which suggests what the French say as to women making the most of themselves. Our American autumn certainly knows how to *se faire valoir*. One might declare that it had made a specialty for itself, like the Japanese season of blossoms. It presents, in wood and field, an intensification of every beauty that attends the change of the year elsewhere. You may live through autumn days in other countries without being particularly aware of the season, the landscape, and the weather; but the year at its fall is, with us, a salient time, full of personality, to which you cannot be indifferent, of the charms of which you must be aware. Normally, it is perfect, and it achieves to the full the effects of its perfection. That is what, in human beings, Frenchmen regard with enthusiasm. They are near to pronouncing it to be the whole duty of man—and here "man" means, more specifically, woman—to make every personal opportunity "tell."

It is a right view, too. Advantages should be so handled as to yield their utmost; a talent wrapped in a napkin is the sin against the spirit. And yet, while this is true, it is also true that much of the sum of all the greater beauties of this life is made up of the little hidden beauties that, being born to blush unseen, and not to be counted with, as individual factors, in the general reckoning, seem fated never to show for what they are worth. It is very well to feel that every charm must tell, every grace so pose as to have all its "values," and every accomplishment stand where the light will fall on it properly. The fact, however, remains that not one of these things is, in many cases, within the possibilities. Nature herself proves this plainly enough. After all, what constitutes the spell in our gorgeous autumn—to return to that—which so pulls our heartstrings? The obvious beauty of the season comes from splendid sunsets, maybe, and the spectacular tints of the dying leaf. But a thousand influences and touches which the closer observer alone takes note of—a gauze of blue haze in the distance of the thinning branches, the odor of fallen seed-vessels like incense in the air—are subtly working toward the magic of the whole, as an orchestra's obscurer instruments, which only the trained musician hears, swell its harmonies and enrich entrancingly its tone-color. A great work of art is the total of many small, separate, beautiful acts of patience, will, devotion, self-abnegation, on the artist's part—small acts for which scant popular credit, or none, is given, and of which there is no record save, perhaps, in the Great Book. All the sovereign effects of beauty in this world are indebted, in endlessly mysterious fashions, to the enveloping contributions of minor lovelinesses, each of which is discharging its obligations without hope of personal reward.

This leads one to look more carefully at that injunction as to women making the most of themselves. *Se faire valoir* is a phrase open to misconstruction, evidently. If a woman can render it visible to all her world that she is charming, so much the better. Indeed, if she be charming and fail entirely to have it perceived, by articulate and intelligible demonstration, one must allow that a Frenchman would not be wrong in qualifying the failure as a little stupid. But in so far as it may breed an abstract notion that beauty and charm must *infallibly* be demonstrated, turned to practical purposes,—might as well not be at all if they be not clearly seen, appraised, and acknowledged,—the advice as to showing to advantage is fallacious and self-destructive. The whole existence of women is, happily, a lesson that teaches the profound unintelligence of such utilitarian conceptions of the beautiful. A home that is a home really is a consensus of all sorts of little sacrifices and self-restraints that only the home-maker knows anything about; a perfect household means household duties that are proverbially thankless, taken by the piece; and the becoming gown is put on so many times when "the hour and the lover" will not meet, wonderfully to justify the choice! Men know, by theory, that it is one of nature's baffling ways to waste, apparently, good things and fair every hour in the day. Women know it by something that comes closer to the bone than theory.

Intelligent women and good women have the wisdom to understand that it is their business to contribute to the unpraised beauties of life to a degree in which it is not the business of men to do so; and they rarely shirk the task. But they

may at times take it sadly. The feminine complaint as to the unending nature of feminine work comes, not from dislike of the work, but from despair at its inconclusiveness. Any labor is easy when you can see results. But the results of such minor lovelinesses as an orderly domestic mechanism, and an unruffled temper and beautifully "done" hair when no visitors are expected, are cumulative, and to be appreciated only in the perspective. Women are making, all the time, the atmosphere of living, but, although every one knows whether the ambient about him is gracious and beneficent, or the reverse, the processes of its manufacture are imponderable to the multitude.

This is depressing; yet shift the usual application of the counsel about having virtues and fascinations "count," and it ceases to be. Things that never count, that cannot count, to the world, count first, count above all others, to the seeing spirits. Grant such spirits to be rare; their recognition, when it does cross the path, is exquisite in proportion to the rarity, and satisfying enough to be labored for in darkness all the rest of the years. It is worth "playing up" for, just on the chance of its coming. And if it do not come, still is it worth while to "play up" for the mere sake and pleasure of doing things well. If the minor beauties of the earth, in ocean deeps or buried minerals, seem to be doing their very best, although they have no "show," human beings need not trouble so much about the immediate show, either. The safest way to read the doctrine of making the most of one's self is, then, to take it to mean to make the most of every occasion for doing things beautifully, whether any one will ever know or not. That is a radiant gospel; and every woman who embraces it may be quite sure that she is missing nothing, whatever the appearances may be.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

His "Special Correspondent" at the Fair.

DEAR NED:

From the meadows Elysian,
Where Fashion is tending her flocks,
Where life is served up to our vision
As a soufflé of follies and frocks,

From the laurels of laughter and learning
Which Paris displays as her due,
From her charms and vexations, I 'm turning
To send a long letter to you.

Each day when I draw back my curtain,
I feel that a saint would complain,
For the weather is very uncertain,
Which means that it 's certain to rain.

We 've a sprinkling of various nations
At table; we 've talents galore,
And, just to prevent conflagrations,
An occasional amiable bore.

There are tourists whose small tribulations
Are recounted in harrowing tales
Interspersed with such great lamentations
As might be termed princes of wails.

Kate says that they take the position,
Apropos of the prices they pay,
That there 's no truth in ancient tradition—
Paris ne'er gave an apple away.

There 's a youth who has been here a season
More brief than he proudly relates,
Who says that he can't see the reason
Why people go back to the States.

And he 's placed, by a just dispensation,
Next a man who views France with a frown,
And who says "the U. S. is the nation,"
And he 'd just like to show us *his* town.

Over beefsteakless breakfasts he 's moaning,
Undeterred when they quote, "When in Rome,"
And he tells how the tables are groaning
In that halcyon country called "home."

Mama revels most in art's treasures,
Kate dotes on her dear Rue la Paix,
While I take the idlest of pleasures
When we stroll on some sunny old *quai*.

And as for the students that pass us,
They 're such a diversified class;
For some seek to scale Mount Parnassus,
And some only haunt Montparnasse.

But whatever their aims or ambitions,
For a season all people repair
To this greatest of all expositions,
This wondrous affair of the Fair.

It 's a huge panorama of splendors,
A pageant of all of the arts;
A vision of *virtu* and venders,
A *mélange* of music and marts.

But you know, dear, it matters not whether
I go to the Fair or the Bois;
Be it stormy or sunshiny weather,
I 'm thinking most fondly *à toi*.

And you, are you making quotations
That cause perturbation on 'change?
Are you deep in your mining flotations,
And talking of section and range?

Are you dwelling on drifts and on drilling,
Till pocket-books bore through men's coats?
When the mine-shaft with water is filling,
Are you watering stock till it floats?

Then I hold it were certainly proper,
Since poets have sung love and gold,
That a story of Cupid and copper
For once should be fittingly told.

So arrange in a fanciful fashion
Terms technical, tender, and terse,
And put your pursuits and your passion
In the frame of your versatile verse.

Mingle touches of sweet and satiric,
Play your words with a Hood's subtle art,
Make it dainty as Locker's best lyric,
Picturesque as the poems of Harte.

You must rival Praed's wittiest phrases
And Dobson's deft touch of romance
When you sing the perfections and praises
Of a certain young woman in France,

Whose new Paris gowns give their wearer
A quite irresistible air,
And who 's told she is growing far fairer
Since she has been here at the Fair.

Write it soon. I shall read it and know it
By heart,—every word, every line,—
And rejoice o'er a new miner poet,
And most—that the poet is mine.

Beatrice Hanscom.

Anglo-Japanese Signs.

A CONSTANT source of amusement to the traveler in Japan are the Anglo-Japanese signs over the shop doors. In the larger cities many of the shopkeepers are not content with one language, and that their own, but evidently have applied to a sign-painter who has acquired that dangerous thing, a little knowledge of English, without drinking deep at the Pierian spring, for a "shingle" that shall express to the world in Western characters the nature of their business. The assurance of these sign-painters is not matched by their familiarity with English spelling, construction, moods, and tenses; and the result is often amusing in the extreme. For instance, one is amazed to see in Tokio a sign that boldly announces

A TAILOR CUT TO ORDER.

Another one informs us

PHOTOGRAPHER EXECUTED HERE.

A hatter in Kobe announces that he sells

GENERAL SORT STRAW HAT,

and another informs the public that he is a

DEALAR NEWANDSTILISHSTRAWHAT
WILL MAKE TO ORDOR.

The new and remarkable word of twenty-one letters in his sign is a puzzle for the uninitiated. Still another sign in the same city covers the whole side of the shop with the information that the gentleman within is a

DELER IN COLLING BELS, SPEAKING TRUMPER;
SEARCHING RAMPS AND ELECTRIC TOOLS.

Another, who evidently believes that brevity is the soul of wit, has placed over his door

BISCUIT THE WINE.

Still more laconic is the merchant who announces himself as a

SHIRTTAILER.

Some of the signs really seem to suggest needed English words, like

BUTCHERY AND PROVISIONS.

Why not "butchery"? Another tells us that he deals in

SOFT GOODS.

He does not mean "soft drinks," either, but soft woolen goods. If "hardware," why not "soft ware" as well? A baker tells us that he keeps a

BAKETRY.

Is not that more mouth-filling and satisfying than our "bakery"?

The English article is a great stumbling-block to the Japanese sign-painter. It makes his patron seem conceited in his announcement, for often we see

THE BARBER,

THE TAILOR,

THE WASHERMAN,

while another sign which I daily passed for nearly a week told the world that within dwelt

THE INVENTOR OF KOBE,

though what he invented, or when, or why, deponent saith not. A merchant in Osaka has

hung out his shingle with superfluous articles, as follows:

PATENT THE CHARCOAL PATENT THE POCKET STOVE.

The conjunctions are almost as difficult for the average sign-painter to master. Consequently he sometimes tells the world of a

HOUSE SHIP AND PAINTER,

or that within there is for sale

SHOTTINGAN POWDER AND.

A glance at the rifles, shot-guns, and powder-horns within makes the sign plain. Another tells us that

BYCICLE TO LEND, SEL, AND

are within. Undoubtedly the wheels within are for "lend" at a good round price per hour.

It is not strange that single letters should get out of place, as in

RESTAURAND,

MEALS AT ALL HOUSE,

SHOES MANUFACTUOARY,

CIGARAND AND CIGARETTED,

and the like. But it does seem as if a wag with a keen sense of humor had been at work when we read, as we do in a prominent street of Osaka:

ER—MAN—WASH.

Put the last syllable first, and you will catch the thought. A wag, too, must have prepared the label for a dealer in borax, who, after extolling the purity and value of his preparation, put in large letters at the bottom:

BEWARE OUR TRADEMARK.

Perhaps the same joker prepared the advertisement for a chocolate firm, which highly praised the excellence of its unrivaled chocolate, and then announced that it "was warranted to contain other ingredients."

Milk-dealers have suffered much at the hands of the sign-painter.

BUUER AND MILK

is a sign seen in Tokio, while another reads:

BUTTER MILK AND GYEAM.

This man also deals in

FOWI AND EGG.

Another milkman announces on his cart in bold letters:

MIRAKU.

This is the way in which "milk" would be pronounced in Japanese.

But perhaps the most startling milk signs in all Japan are:

COWS MILKED AND RETAILED,

and

OXEN MILK,

which, if I mistake not, are both found in Kioto.

Cloth-dealers also have had not a little difficulty in making known their wares. Here are some of their signs:

SILK MANUFACTUR AND SELERY,

SILK HEMP, COTTON AND SEVERAL HAIRS,

ALL KINDS COTTON CRAPE FRANNELS,

SEVERAL KINDS YARN.

REAL ESTATE LONE AND CORRECTING AGENCY

appears in Tokio, a place, perhaps, for bad boys and girls.

DRAW FOR WISH. _OIL PAINTING PORTRAIT

also appears in the same city, as well as

FOREIGN LIKERS AT HOXTLE SALE.

Public signs and notices are often as amusing as the shop signs. For instance, this one that appears on the way up the famous Bluff at Yokohama:

IT IS FORBIDDEN TO THROW THE STONE A MAN IS BEING WOUNDED.

Probably in some past year a stone thrown over the bank hit a passer-by, but the man is still being wounded.

At a temple door we read:

ALL VISITOR ARE NOT ALLOW TO ENTER THIS TEMPLE PUTTING ON THEIR SHOE.

Hence of course we took off our shoe.

It will take a linguist to unravel this notice, which I copied from a poster on the side of a house in a little fishing-village on the shore of the Inland Sea:

TO LET GRAUND IN BEACH WHEN IF YOU LIKE I WILL DID AWAY FROM STREET AND WILL TAKEN DIRTY COTTAGE.

On mature deliberation of several savants it was decided that the owner meant to say that if we rented his lot on the beach he would move his house from the street, and also take away the "dirty cottage" that now encumbered his ground.

After all, a study of signs in Japan is not altogether productive of amusement. The enterprise of the nation is typified, and its eagerness to enter into the commercial arena with the best of the traders. Its self-confidence, too, that is not dazed by any little difficulty like a wrong letter or article, is admirably illustrated. It is also a significant fact that only English is attempted.

We see no German or French signs, and even all the railway-stations are named in English as well as in Japanese. All these straws show in which direction the trade-winds of Japan are blowing.

Francis E. Clark.

Lines to a Young Lady Who Knew the Indian for "I Love You More than Any."

You intend to cross the water and make conquests over there.
Well, read this sage advice of mine in order to prepare
For all the ardent declarations you are sure to hear
In languages perhaps not quite familiar to your ear.

"Ee-ó tong tchila kung," I know you clearly understand;
But that 's a tongue you 'll seldom hear outside your native land.
So let 's take up "Ich liebe Dich am meisten" and "Je t'aime,"
(Although I do not doubt you know the meaning of these same.)
"Ti adoro piu di tutti," will Italians say to you.
The weird and wiry Slavs express it thus: "Ya vas lioubliou,"
And sometimes add a "bolsche vzech" to emphasize the thing.
"Te quiero mas de todas," is what Spanish lovers sing.
Perhaps you 'll travel on to hear in far-away Japan,
"Hokano yori aishimasu!" whispered by a man.

There, that 's enough to start on. If a Dutchman or Fiji
Or Swede or Moor makes love to you, why, simply cable me.
And when at last from foreign love-affairs you take a rest,
I 'd like to prove completely that plain English is the best.

J. K. Drake.

A Spiritual.

De 'cession 's stahted on de gospel way,
De Capting is a-drawin' nigh:
Bettah stop a-foolin' an' a-try to pray;
Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

Oh, sinnah mou'nin' in de dusty road,
Hyeah 's de minute fu to dry yo' eye:
Dey 's a moughty One a-comin' fu to baih yo' load;
Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

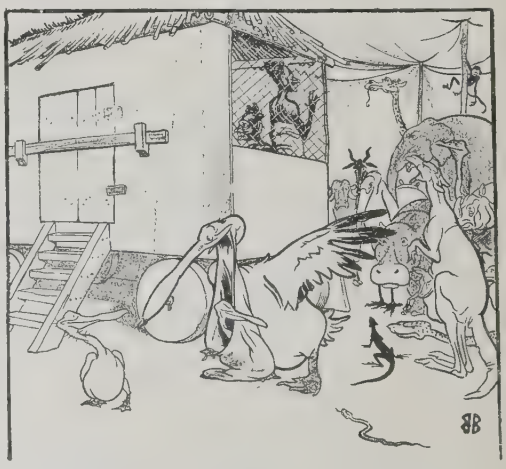
Oh, widder weepin' by yo' husban's grave,
Hit 's bettah fu to sing den sigh:
Hyeah come de Mastah wid de powah to save;
Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

Oh, orphans a-weepin' lak de widder do,
An' I wish you 'd tell me why:
De Mastah is a mammy an' a pappy too;
Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

Oh, Moses sot de sarpint in de wildahness
W'en de chillen had commenced to die:
Some 'efused to look, but hit cuohed de res';
Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

Bow down, bow 'way down,
Bow down,
But lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

Paul Laurence Dunbar.



MOTHER PELICAN AT THE SHOW.

Mother Pelican buys one ticket to the show, and uses that herself, from which it might be inferred that she is not the unselfish mother she is said to be.

Here we see exposed the little subterfuge by which Pelicanus, Jr., and his sister saw the show with Mother Pelican, even though the latter had only the price of one ticket.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

PORTRAIT MINIATURE BY LAURA C. HILLS.

(SEE "AMERICAN MINIATURE PAINTING," PAGE 820.)

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CHINA'S "HOLY LAND."

A VISIT TO THE TOMB OF CONFUCIUS.

BY ERNST VON HESSE-WARTEGG.

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR.

THOUGH the religion of the Chinese has changed in the course of time, their standards of life, manners, and morals were fixed by Confucius twenty-five centuries ago. They consider him the greatest man China has produced. In a way, he is to the Chinese what Buddha, Moses, and Mohammed are to other nations. He is held in the greatest veneration as the holiest and wisest of all sons of Han. The Chinese emperors conferred upon him the title "King." Magnificent temples and monuments were erected in his honor over all China, and the most gorgeous of them were for a long time reported to be in the country where he was born, lived, and died, a district in the province of Shan-tung, lying between the Grand Canal and the Yellow Sea. This part of China has been considered sacred for over four thousand years. Here rises to the clouds the holy mountain, the famous Tai-schan, and at its foot lies the Mecca of the Chinese, Tai-ngan-fu, a city antedating the Egyptian pyramids, and which, since its foundation forty-five centuries ago, has seen within its walls untold millions of Chinese pilgrims.

It was not till the second half of this century that white men succeeded in penetrating into the holy land of China. The English missionary Williamson was the first to have a glimpse of the grave of Confucius. He was followed, a few years later, by several others. One or two travelers succeeded in ascending the holy mountain, but several of the most sacred spots remained unseen by white men till 1898, the year of my visit. The inhabitants of western Shan-tung have the name of being very fanatical, and all attempts at travel or missionary work have here failed, except in the city of Tai-ngan-fu. No correct map had been drawn of the holy land, nor any photograph or drawing made of its holy places, palaces, temples, and graves.

The occupation of the port of Kiao-chau by the Germans made the trip into Shan-tung more feasible than theretofore, so far as the safety of traveling was concerned; but in every other way my undertaking was not an easy one. I knew from previous trips the hardships of traveling in the interior of China. There are no railways, carriage-roads, hotels, or other comforts; there are

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DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

GREAT TAI-SCHAN TEMPLE OF TAI-NGAN-FU.

not even country roads fit for ordinary wheel-carts; and as for night accommodation, the traveler has at his disposal in most cases only miserable hovels, filthy and almost without furniture. In order to get along at all the traveler must provide himself before starting with almost all the necessities of life, from a portable stove to knives and forks, and even drinking-water, for in many places the water is entirely unfit for human use. My caravan was therefore necessarily large: a horse and a cart for myself, and three other carts, each drawn by two tandem horses, for my servants and photographers, all Shanghai men, who made themselves as comfortable as they could on top of my numerous boxes.

A Shan-tung cart is neither as large nor as convenient as our ordinary country carts, consisting only of a box of the shape and size of a big Saratoga trunk, open in front, and placed directly on the axle between the two wheels. There are no benches or cushions, and after crawling inside the cover on all fours one must crouch on the wooden floor, grasping firmly the side beams of the box, in order to withstand the continual bumping caused by the wretched state of the roads. The driver sits in front of the traveler, on one of the double shafts, with his nose almost on the horse's tail. These carts are a luxury obtainable only by mandarins in the larger towns, the ordinary mode of traveling being on a wheelbarrow pushed by a coolie. During my trips I even saw American missionaries traveling in such vehicles.

For white travelers there is not so much danger now from fanatics or robbers, who sometimes in large bands infest entire districts of this vast province, which in size may be compared with the State of Michigan, though containing a population nearly twenty times as large—indeed, more than half the population of the United States. China having been forced by the powers to pay heavily for every white man killed by her subjects, each mandarin is now held personally responsible for the safety of white travelers within his district. Moreover, a fear of the German guns and bayonets in Kiao-chau spread like wild-fire over the entire province. The mandarins, formerly the

prime movers in all mischief, became as polite as dancing-masters. They did everything in their power to conduct me safely through their respective districts. A courier was sent ahead from place to place to inform the next mandarin of my coming. From six to twelve soldiers accompanied my caravan to the boundary of a district, where the soldiers of the next district would be waiting to receive me.

After a three days' journey across the great plain of the neck of the Shan-tung promontory I reached Wei-hsien, a large and picturesque market-town with over one hundred thousand inhabitants, and during my several days' stay there enjoyed the hospitality of the American Presbyterian missionaries, who have an important station here, with pretty dwellings, school-houses, and a hospital.

Shan-tung has been described as a poor province, with a miserable, famine-stricken population. True, misery prevails sometimes, owing to prolonged droughts, or to the inundations caused by "China's Sorrow," the mighty Hoangho River. But the soil is extremely fertile, and the inhabitants are so industrious and sober that the effects of such calamities are not lasting. I was surprised at the comparative wealth to be seen in the cities, and even in many of the larger villages. There are a number of millionaires in Wei-hsien; also in Tsi-nan, the capital of the province; in Tsing-chau, the great mart on the Grand Canal; and in other cities I visited. On my way from Wei-hsien due west

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER

IMPERIAL STONE MONUMENT IN THE GARDENS OF THE TAI-SCHAN TEMPLE, TAI-NGAN-FU.

to Tsi-nan I passed through rich industrial districts, notably that of Poshan, with its vast coal- and iron-mines, from which I infer that the projected German railways through Shan-tung will prosper. Up to the present, foreign commerce in this province is very small, owing to the entire absence of roads. Every article, from mining machinery to matches, from cotton-bales to needles, must be carried on mules' backs or on wheelbarrows over hundreds of miles. There has been, so far, only one port of entry, Chi-fu, and the entire foreign trade of a population of over thirty-five millions amounts to hardly twenty millions of dollars annually. With the advent of the iron horse this trade will increase by leaps and bounds. In commerce Americans have so far had the advantage here over all other nations, not excepting the English, owing principally to the much-abused missionaries. There are over a hundred American missionaries stationed in the province, and they teach not only the gospel, but also Western culture and civilization. They are the real pioneers of commerce in China, and wherever they go, the Western merchant can follow with sure prospect of success.

After two weeks' wearisome travel along the northern base of the picturesque mountain-ranges occupying the central part of Shan-tung, I reached Tsi-nan, the seat of the seventy or more mandarins forming the government of the province. Owing to the official letters presented by me to the provincial governor, he smoothed my way south to the holy land. The Chinese are a slow race, they do not know the value of time, so several days passed before all preparations for my trip were made. However, I did not regret it, for Tsi-nan is a most picturesque city of over four hundred thousand

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

HALF-WAY TO THE SUMMIT OF THE TAI-SCHAN MOUNTAIN (THE SUMMIT IS INDICATED BY A CROSS).

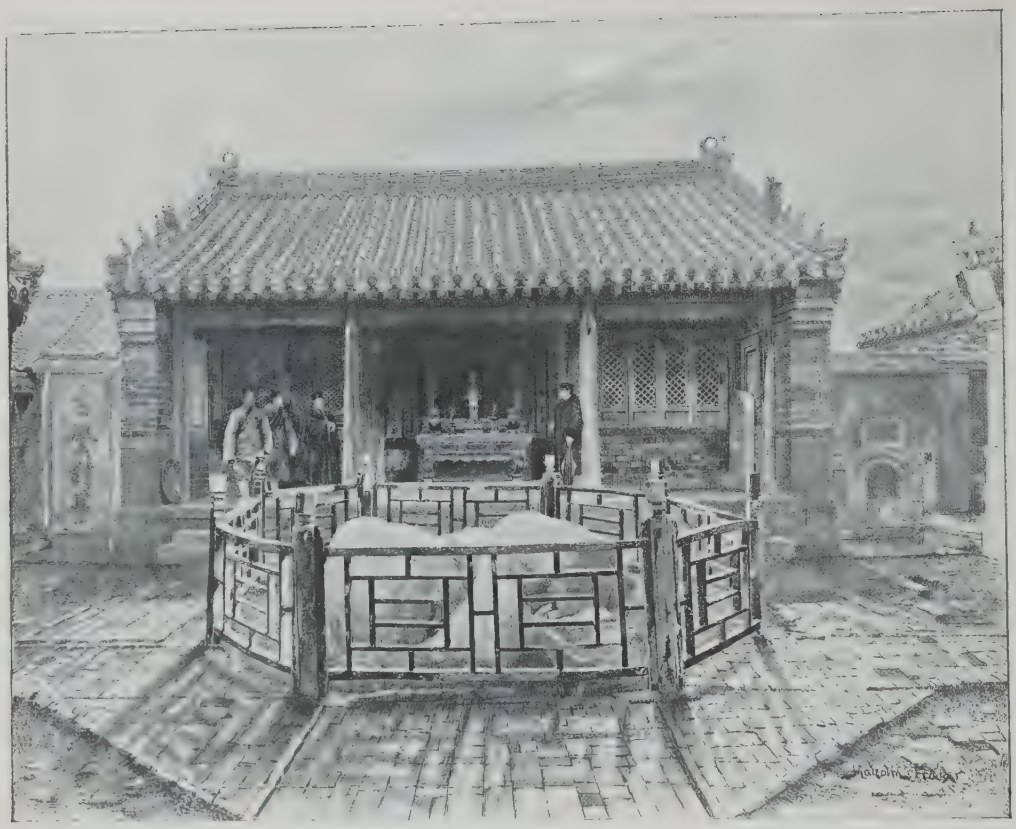
DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

VIEW OF THE SUMMIT OF THE TAI-SCHAN TAKEN FROM AN ARCHWAY OF THE MAIN TEMPLE.

inhabitants. The strangest scenes are met with at every step. The more I saw of the Chinese and the deeper I entered into their curious civilization the more I liked them, which is the experience of nearly everybody who does not content himself with flying visits to Hongkong or Shanghai. A race of four hundred millions, inhabiting the largest empire on the globe, should not be judged altogether by the specimens seen in one or two seaports.

A two days' ride through the mountain districts south of Tsi-nan brought me to the Chinese Mecca, Tai-ngan-fu. For several hours before reaching the walls of this most ancient city I skirted the foot of bold granite mountains, the stone guard of the famous Tai-schan, which rises to a height of about six thousand feet. My expectations ran high as I passed through the dark city gate, for I was entering one of the most ancient cities of the universe, mentioned by Chinese historians in the year 2254 B.C. That year the great Emperor Shun visited Tai-ngan-fu in order to receive the homage of the petty princes then residing in this region, and was so delighted with the place that he remained several months.

It was during this sojourn that the emperor ascended the Tai-schan, rising north of the city, and dedicated the mountain to the gods of heaven and earth. From the time of this imperial visit the Tai-schan became the holy mountain of the Middle Kingdom, ascended by hundreds of millions of pilgrims, who also sacrificed in the gorgeous temples of the city. I hoped to find in this most ancient place some remnants of its glo-



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

THE SUMMIT ROCK OF THE TAI-SCHAN, SURROUNDED BY A BALUSTRADE.

rious history—old castles, palaces, towers, or temples, which form such picturesque objects in cities comparatively much younger. Jerusalem, Damascus, Constantinople, Cairo, have also been sacked and destroyed many times, yet they still contain ancient monuments inviting the admiration of the traveler. From what I had so far seen, China possessed nothing of the kind; but here in the capital of this most ancient province there must be, I thought, some vestiges left of its former glory.

Even here I was sadly disappointed. The narrow, dirty streets were lined with poor, one-story houses, just like those in any other town of the Middle Kingdom, probably even more dilapidated; no squares, or temples, or palaces; none of those sometimes magnificent stone arches which the Chinese love to erect to the memory of faithful widows or virtuous maidens, or to a beloved mother, and which are such graceful and conspicuous ornaments of almost every Chinese city. Even of these modern marble arches I saw not one; and as for pilgrims,—of whom, on the day that Mr. Williamson visited Tai-ngan-fu, he said that he encountered about seventy thousand within the walls,—I could discover but few.

I had been offered the hospitality of the American Baptist mission, situated in the principal street leading from the south to the north gate. Through this street passes the principal highway from the south of the empire to its capital, Peking; nevertheless the street does not differ from any other in the town, except by the great number of miserable inns. They must have been doing poor business, for the advent of a foreigner drew every innkeeper, with all his servants, to the doors. With deep kotows and respectful gestures they invited me to enter, some of them even grasping the reins of the horses and pulling them toward their filthy hovels. They were sorely disappointed when they saw me enter the Baptist mission, for such a prize as a "foreign devil" was rare in those bad times. How many years may have elapsed since the last advent of a white man in Western dress? The present generation has seen none, for the English and American missionaries stationed there

wear Chinese dress, with long pigtails like the natives themselves.

Dr. Crawford, my amiable Baptist host, who, with his wife, has been residing in China for nearly half a century, explained to me why missionaries were compelled to abandon our Western dress. When he first came to China to preach the gospel he considered it hardly compatible with the dignity of an American citizen to wear a pigtail and felt slippers. Moreover, the Western dress appeared to him an advantage in his mission, more liable to attract the attention and respect of the population in the different places he visited. In fact, no effort was needed to get an audience together, for great crowds usually collected about him, anxious to learn what the tall stranger with the stovepipe hat, narrow trousers, and leather boots had to say. But hardly had he begun to preach to them in their own language than they became bolder, investigated the cut of his coat and trousers, felt the materials between their fingers, touched his boots, and interrupted him continually with all sorts of questions,—how the leather boots were put on and off, where he got the trousers, how much the materials cost, and where he had learned their language,—as if the God whom he preached interested them but little. Tired of these continual interruptions, he at last determined to satisfy the curiosity of his listeners from the very outset. Arriving in the next village, he addressed the crowd assembled about him as follows: "Brothers, I hail from America; my trousers are made of wool stuff, to be got at Shanghai for two tiao per yard; my boots are made of calfskin, and are put on in the same way as the socks you are wearing; your language I acquired in Peking, and I have come to tell you about the true God," etc. This, however, satisfied the audience but little. They waited patiently till he had finished, and then, instead of approaching him, crushed by the eternal truths, in order to ask for baptism, they again began questioning him about his trousers. Finally he became convinced that it was by far the best policy to adopt the Chinese dress, and for nearly fifty years he has worn no other.

While at dinner in congenial company, an officer in great state arrived at the mission, and handing me, with continual kotows, the huge red visiting-card of the town mandarin, placed himself at my disposal. He said that, by order of the provincial authorities, everything worth seeing would be shown to me, and that I should be accompanied by six soldiers for my protection, as a great festival was being held and many thousands of pilgrims had collected from all parts of the empire. I had not seen them when entering the city, as they were then assembled in the big Tai-schan temple, in the northern part of the town. Mr. Crawford, who had been a resident of the Chinese Mecca for many years, informed me that the pilgrimages were then beginning to approach something like the old standard. Previous to the great Taiping war, probably the most terrible war in history, Tai-ngan-fu used to be visited by probably half a million pilgrims every year. Moreover, at that time steamers from the Chinese ports to Peking were few, so that the mandarins, great merchants, and other personages who had business in the capital had no other means of getting there than by traveling overland. Arriving at Tai-ngan-fu, they used to stop over a few days in order to ascend the holy mountain. All this traffic was stopped by the Taiping war. The rebels took and sacked the city seven times, destroying the flourishing suburbs and laying parts of the city itself in ashes. Even after the war traveling overland was so insecure, owing to the numberless bands of marauders, that for many years few ventured on a pilgrimage to Tai-ngan-fu; at the same time the number of steamers plying between the southern and northern ports increased so considerably, and ocean travel was made so comfortable, that most of the passenger traffic was diverted to the sea.

Almost the entire northern half of Tai-ngan-fu consists of a great park with enormous cedars, firs, and cypress-trees, many of them several thousand years old. Within this venerable park stands the great Tai-schan temple, surrounded by numerous side buildings, the only place left unravaged by the Taiping rebels. The park is surrounded by enormous walls with most picturesque pavilions and pagodas at the four corners. The main avenue leading to it through the town is closed by several monumental gates, opened only on the occasion of imperial visits, and as these happen only every twenty or thirty years, the space about these gates, and even the gates themselves, are taken up by labyrinths of booths and stands, restaurants, tea-houses, portable kitchens, theaters, etc., making a picturesque and gaily colored ensemble, not unlike a fair in Europe. Thousands of pilgrims thronged about these gates and in the avenue leading to them, and my military guard succeeded in clearing a way for me only with the help of their sticks.

These pilgrims, from all provinces of China, as far as the Tibetan and Mongolian frontiers, had no special attire, like the Japanese pilgrims to the famous Fujiyama. They did not differ from their four hundred million countrymen in any way, and only occasionally I noticed among certain groups red triangular flags with curious large characters in white, giving the name of the town or village whence they came.

The news of the advent of a Western man spread like wild-fire among them; they left theaters and tea-houses to throng about me as if I had been a circus. They were amazed when they saw that the large gates leading to the temple park were being thrown open for me. They pushed and squeezed inside in great crowds, and before I had reached the middle of the park every space within the sacred precinct was filled. Thousands of eyes watched my doings with intense curiosity. They seemed greatly interested in my big photographic apparatus, for since the foundation of Tai-ngan-fu no such machine had been seen there. When they observed the putting up of the three-legged stand, the strange screwing and directing, an expression of fear came over their faces, as if I had been directing a cannon at them. Finally I threw the black cloth over my head. This was the signal for furious shouting and screaming, and a volley of stones came flying at me. Angrily I jumped up and threatened them with my stick. Those standing nearest turned on their heels and retreated. My soldiers thought the moment favorable, and made a determined onslaught with their sticks. Fear was probably even more contagious than curiosity, for, quicker than I can describe it, the thousands turned toward the gates and fled. Within two minutes all had left the grounds, the gates were closed behind them, and I was alone, to behold the scene about me.

In the shade of the enormous trees, some of them among the biggest I have ever seen, I saw numerous stone arches, monuments, huge tablets resting on giant turtles of stone, bearing ancient inscriptions partly effaced by time and exposure, large bronze urns and vases of magnificent workmanship and great value. Here and there were pavilions and smaller temples with curiously shaped roofs, all grouped about an enormous central platform, raised about a man's height above the well-sanded ground. This square-shaped platform, surrounded by a balustrade of white marble with artistic carving, serves for the sacrifice at religious ceremonies. Behind this platform rises another, much higher and larger.

Ascending the white marble steps, I found myself in front of the famous Tai-schan temple, one of the holiest in China, and at the same time one of the largest and most beautiful, with a main front of one hundred and fifty feet and a depth of sixty feet. There is no façade in our sense of the word, for immediately over the twelve monumental gates occupying nearly the entire length of the temple rises the enormous two-story roof, the main feature of nearly all Chinese temple buildings. Here the roof protrudes about fifteen feet over the walls, and the upward-turned corners are ornamented with grotesque porcelain figures. The covering of the roof consists, like all imperial buildings in China, of orange-colored glazed tiles. The gable ends are surmounted by huge porcelain dragons of the same color. The huge timbers bearing each roof protrude on each side, with their heads most artistically arranged, carved, and painted, resembling in general effect the stalactite arches of Moorish architecture.

Above the center door between the first and second roof a large tablet is suspended, inclosed in a heavy gilt carved frame, and bearing an inscription in gold letters on blue ground. A broad veranda supported by curiously painted wooden columns leads around the entire building. There are no windows, and the light falls into the temple through the latticework of the doors. The temple is thrown open only on special celebrations, a few times every year; but, owing to an order obtained from the viceroy, I was allowed to enter.

The center is occupied by a raised massive throne with a giant figure in a sitting position, representing the famous Emperor Shun, who reigned over China forty-two hundred years ago. The wooden statue, gilded all over, is about a thousand years old. Next to it sits a smaller female figure, said to represent the holy mother of the Tai-schan. A sacrificial table of superb old red lacquer stands in front of the statues, covered with numerous bronze vessels of the time of Emperor Shun. Six massive square stone pillars support the roof. There is no other altar, no other object inside the temple, but the walls are covered with magnificent paintings, the most beautiful I have seen in China. They represent a succession of scenes describing the ascent of the Tai-schan by the first emperor of the present dynasty. Hundreds of life-size fig-

ures enliven these scenes, the emperor himself being represented in double life-size. The grouping of the figures, the painting of the landscapes, the curious perspective, reminded me vividly of the way in which Western artists at the time of Van Eyck and Hans Memling used to paint. The colors are very bright, and the whole is fortunately in an excellent state of preservation, doubly surprising in a country where everything is in ruins.

The Tai-schan temple, with its numerous side buildings, is the principal and, I may say, the only object of great interest in the Chinese Mecca, for all the other temples, palaces, and gardens have been devastated by the rebels. On my way to the holy mountain the following morning, I passed over vast tracts literally covered with ruins, as if the Tai-schan were another Vesuvius, and Tai-ngan-fu another Pompeii.

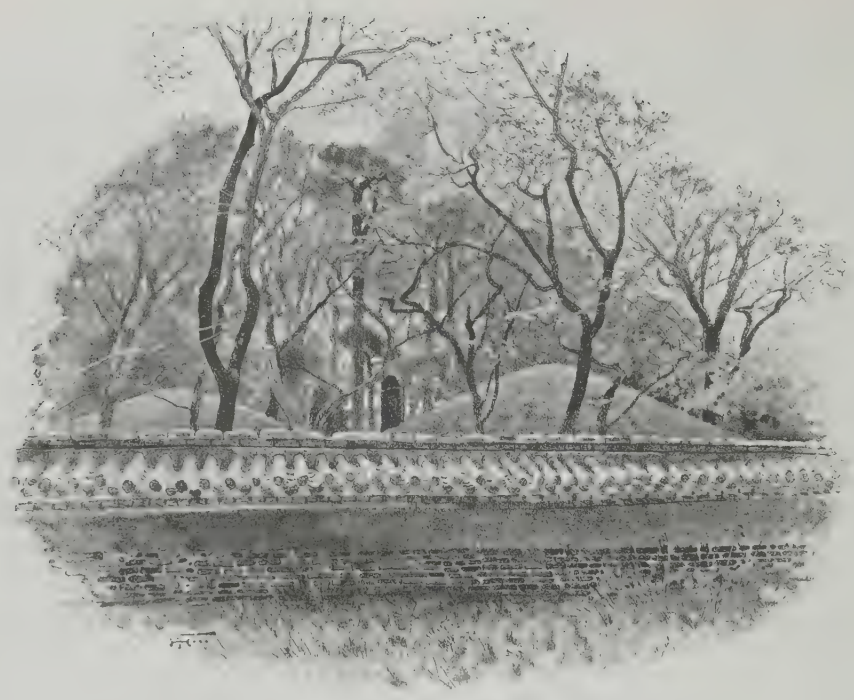
To have been in Tai-ngan-fu without having ascended the Tai-schan would be the same as if a visitor to Lucerne should fail to go up the Rigi. At present the only way to reach the top is on foot or by chair. The height of the holy mountain is about six thousand feet above Tai-ngan-fu, and the distance something over sixteen miles. The road is probably the best in all China. About a mile north of the city walls a large gate stands amid the ruins of once flourishing suburbs, and after passing this gate I found myself in an avenue several miles in length, and lined with temples, convents, and holy shrines, where pilgrims stop and pray if they succeed in shaking off the thousands of beggars who occupy this only road leading to the summit.

They are not ordinary modest beggars, but the real lords of the Tai-schan, who levy a sort of entrance-fee, which every traveler is compelled to pay. They are not content with crouching modestly by the roadside, for that would enable pilgrims to make their escape. In order to prevent this, each beggar builds a sort of wall of loose stones, about three feet high, across the avenue, with an opening of only a yard in the center, and in this opening he sits or kneels, knocking his head on the ground, and shouts, screams, and howls at the approach of every pilgrim. They make room for nobody. Each traveler has to step over them, and naturally enough a few "cash" coins are thrown to them in order to avoid being touched or pulled by the clothes with their sore and filthy hands. They are most numerous in the lower portion of the road, but they assail the pilgrims also a few thousand feet higher up on the mountain.

The real ascent begins at a stone portal at which, according to its inscription, the great Confucius himself halted and turned back twenty-six hundred years ago, not having had the strength to climb the six thousand stone steps leading to the top. Imagine a staircase leading to the top of Mount Washington! These Tai-schan stairs are by far the highest in the wide world, for taking the number of steps in one story of an ordinary house to be twenty, the number of Tai-schan steps equals three hundred stories. Still, I had to climb up, for these steps are in many places so narrow that I dared not trust my bones to the care of my two chair-coolies; moreover, they were exhausted by the fatigue and heat, and apparently unable to carry even the empty chair. Their tariff for carrying one person up and down the Tai-schan, a distance of twice sixteen miles, is six hundred cash, or thirty cents—fifteen cents for each coolie!

After six hours of tedious climbing I passed through the Gate of Heaven and stood on the large plateau at the summit, which is covered with numerous temples and stone monuments. The main temple is that of the holy mother, consisting of a number of buildings surrounded by a high wall. Magnificent bronze statues and bronze monuments adorn the several courts, in the last of which rises the principal temple, with a huge statue of the holy mother on an altar. The doors of this temple are opened only once every year for an imperial commissioner who comes to collect the money offerings of the pilgrims. But thanks to a substantial bakshish, or, as it is called in China, *kumshah*, a priest pushed a loose bar of the main gate aside, enough to let me have a glimpse of the interior. The floor of this large temple was filled with a heap of coins three feet high—coins of every description, size, and value, ancient and modern, mostly brass cash, but many millions of them, representing probably ten thousand dollars United States currency. The money is divided among the convents and beggars of the holy mountain, but the lion's share goes into the pockets of that enterprising lady, the dowager empress.

Still higher up stands a temple dedicated to the "sleeping holy mother," and entering, I found an elegantly furnished bedroom, with a life-size doll lying under silk coverings on the bed. The accompanying priest whispered to me not to speak too loud, lest I should disturb the young lady's slumber.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

THE TOMB OF CONFUCIUS, WITH THE STONE TABLET BEFORE IT. (THE MOUND TO THE LEFT IS THE GRAVE OF HIS GRANDSON.)

The real summit rock of the Tai-schan is fenced in, with temple buildings about it, something like the famous Rock in the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem.

Still weary from the hard climb, I left on the following morning for Kiu-fu, the home of Confucius. After an easy trip through most beautiful and fertile country, I arrived at the huge city wall, over which I saw the yellow-tiled roofs of the Confucius temple and of the palace of the present duke, the lineal descendant of the Sage.

The tomb of Confucius is situated about two miles outside the town, and, in order not to arouse the suspicion of the fanatical population, I determined to visit it before entering the city. Consequently I sent one of my soldiers to the duke's secretary, praying that the gates of the family graveyard should be opened to me. The orders of the viceroy had, however, preceded me, and on my arrival at the gates I met some chamberlains of the duke, in great state, already waiting. After profound kotowing, they led the way to the most sacred spot of the Chinese empire, which, so far, has been seen only by one or two white men. Fortunately, the vicar of the German Catholic mission of southern Shan-tung, a most learned man and excellent Chinese scholar, had joined me on the way, and I was thus able to get translations of the inscriptions on all the numerous portals, bridges, temples, and tombs.

The avenue leading from the city to the grave of Confucius is lined with enormous cedars and cypresses, many of them thousands of years old, and spanned by magnificent wood or marble arches covered with most beautiful carvings. After crossing the Sze-shui River, the Chinese Jordan, we entered the sacred precincts. A road to the right leads to the tombs of the dukes, the lineal descendants of the Sage. The middle road is gradually lost amid the many thousands of graves of members of the Confucius clan, which is very large, the city Kiu-fu alone numbering amid its twenty-five thousand inhabitants about eighteen thousand descendants of the Sage, all bearing the name Kung-tze (Confucius). The road to the left leads through a grove of giant trees to a walled inclosure with a sacrificial temple at its gate. Here the duke, with his immediate family, performs twice every year the prescribed ancestral rites and offers sacrifices.

Passing through this temple, which contains nothing but a large table of sacrifice,

of red lacquer, I entered the central inclosure and stood before the grave of Confucius. Here, under an earthen mound probably fifty feet high and one hundred and twenty feet in circumference, lie the ashes of the Sage, or, as the inscription on the stone tablet in front of it says: "The most sacred, the serene Sage, the venerable teacher, the philosopher Kung." Twenty-six centuries have elapsed since this mound was erected, thousands of millions of sons of Han have lived and died, and still the teachings of the great man form the Bible of this most numerous nation on earth. He has impressed his religion and his code of morals on a third of the entire population of the globe; but all these millions, from the long line of emperors down to the present day, worship him not as a god, but as a man. They erected no gorgeous temples for sacred shrines over his grave, and no relics of Confucius are worshiped, like the piece of ivory which in the temple of Kandy represents the tooth of Buddha, or the hair from the head of Mohammed in the Mosque of Kairwan. Confucius is not a legendary figure, distorted by the commentaries of priests, but a man like his contemporaries and their descendants, yet withal greater than the deities for whom the peoples of Asia prostrate themselves in the dust.

There are two other smaller earth mounds within the inclosure, one covering the remains of Kung-li-pa-yu, the son of Confucius, born 532 B.C., the other those of his grandson Tse-tse, the teacher of the greatest Confucian apostle, Meng-tse, or Mencius, as he is called in the Western world.

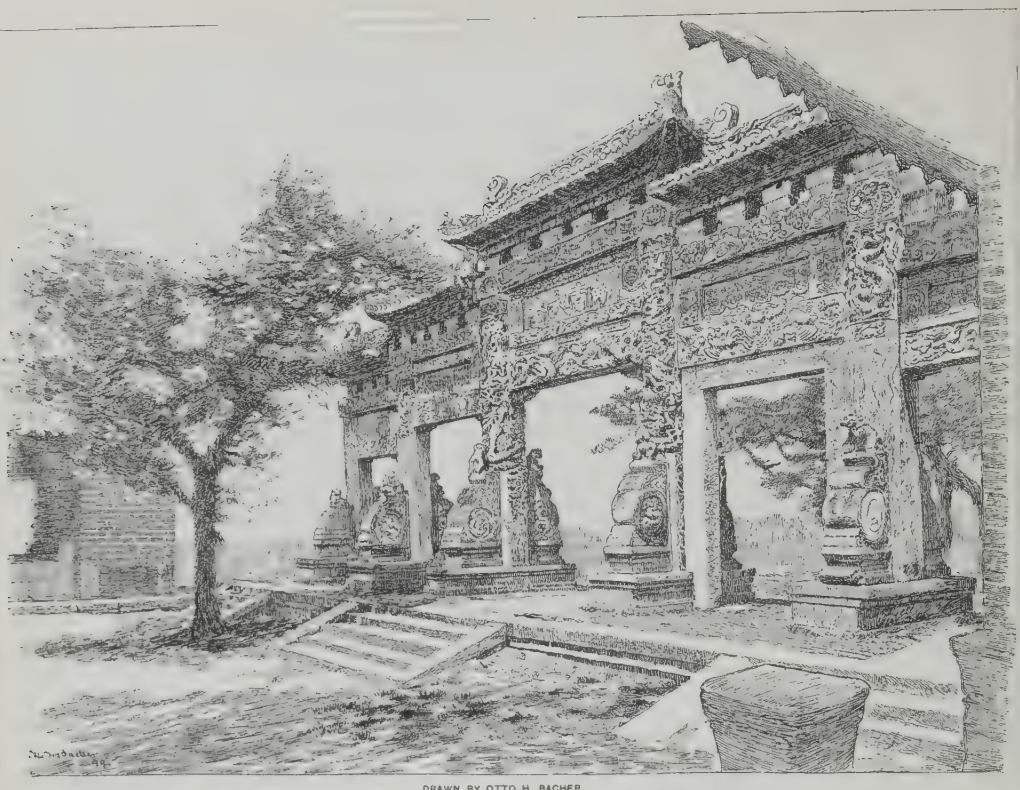
On leaving we passed through the graveyard of many thousands of descendants of Confucius, small mounds, mostly without any inscription or gravestone, rising here and there in the shadow of the hoary old ones, some of which were planted by Tse-tse twenty-four centuries ago. Arriving at the gate, we encountered a funeral procession with a band of music and all the grotesque paraphernalia in which the Chinese indulge on such occasions. The body of the deceased had been carried hither several hundred miles overland from distant Ho-nan. So great is the desire of the members of the Kung-tze clan to be buried on this sacred spot.

The city of Kiu-fu, the Chinese Jerusalem, is a quiet place, with narrow streets and poor houses, just as dirty and dilapidated as all other towns I have visited in the Middle Kingdom. Hardly had we reached our miserable inn, filled with wheelbarrow coolies, when the chief mandarin of the city arrived in great state to bid us welcome, preceded by an official with a portfolio the size of a square foot, containing the mandarin's visiting-cards. The mandarin himself was carried in a blue litter, overshadowed by a big red state umbrella, and surrounded by a dozen soldiers in ragged uniforms, carrying curiously formed ceremonial weapons. A great crowd thronged after him, for two foreigners together had probably never before been seen in Kiu-fu. News of our coming had spread through the town, and all were anxious to see the strange foreign creatures.

The mandarin showed us all signs of respect, placed himself entirely at our disposal, but declined to show us the two most interesting objects in this famous city, the great Confucius temple and the palace of the present duke, which still contains many personal belongings and manuscripts of the great Sage. According to the mandarin, the temple is thrown open only twice every year, and a special order from Peking is required to see it; as for the duke, his Grace was not well, and his house could not be entered under any circumstances. I begged and remonstrated in vain. Finally, during my return visit to the mandarin, I insisted upon being shown these two principal sights of the holy land. I would write to Peking and wait here under the protection of the mandarin, even if it should be weeks.

At the mention of Peking the stony dignitary collapsed. He would see the duke and do his best. I should merely return to my inn, and on the morrow he would give me the duke's decision. I insisted that the question must be settled at once, as I would wait at the yamun till the arrival of a favorable reply. My firmness startled the mandarin, his officials, and soldiers, who crowded about him. A great palaver was held, as the result of which I was invited to proceed to the great temple in the mandarin's own litter, under a strong military escort. Soon after reaching the temple gate about a dozen of the duke's chamberlains, attired in their ceremonial dress, appeared, and after presentation the gates were opened for the first time, with one exception, to a white man.

Probably one half of the entire space within the high city walls is taken up by the well-wooded temple grounds. An avenue lined with numerous yellow-tiled, double-roofed pavilions divides the park. Each pavilion has been erected by an emperor, and contains an enormous stone tablet, many



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

IMPERIAL ARCHES OF STONE IN FRONT OF THE GRAVE OF CONFUCIUS.

tons in weight, covered with inscriptions in praise of Confucius. Hoary old pines, cedars, and cypresses overshadow the many temples and pagodas on the south side of the avenue, while in the middle of the latter rises a wonderful temple building, forming the entrance-gate to the northern half of the grounds. The yellow-tiled roof is supported by magnificently sculptured stone pillars, the finest I have seen in Asia.

Passing by the side of the central passage, reserved for imperial visitors, through this temple I entered a large, shady square, surrounded by numerous other temples. On the right of the entrance I noticed a large cypress-tree, surrounded by a stone balustrade. An old stone tablet close by bears an inscription stating that this tree was planted by Confucius himself; in that case its age is twenty-five centuries. There is, however, only a portion of the trunk of the original tree left, out of which sprang the present tree (see the picture, page 817) several hundred years ago.[1]

The long rows of temples lining the square on the right and left contain high altars of red lacquered wood, with the ancestral tablets of the seventy-two disciples or apostles of Confucius, and are otherwise bare of any ornament. In the center of the square rises a small terrace crowned by an open pavilion. This, called the Hing Tan, or "apricot altar," indicates the spot where Confucius used to preach to his disciples. Only emperors and the highest dignitaries are allowed to step on this terrace to perform the prescribed kotows. A few steps beyond there is a larger square platform, of a man's height, surrounded by a triple row of white marble balustrades, similar to those in the famous imperial Temple of Heaven in Peking. Here, on this "moon terrace," during the annual sacrificial ceremonies, fifty youths of the ducal household, clad in robes of antique cut, perform the prescribed slow ceremonial dances, which by tradition have come down to the present from most remote times. These religious dances played a great rôle in the heathen ceremonies of Babylon and Nineveh, with the Greeks and Romans, and are still observed in a somewhat different form in Seville, where I have seen the *baile de los seises* in the cathedral.

The entire back part of the great square

[1] Some of the big trees (*Sequoia*) of California are supposed to be between three and four thousand years old.—EDITOR.

is occupied by the real temple terrace, higher than the two others, and also surrounded by triple balustrades of white marble. Ascending the broad marble stairs, I found myself before the great Confucius temple, one of the largest and most inspiring of China.

The building is about one hundred and eighty feet long and one hundred and fifty feet wide, consisting of only one hall, with side walls twenty-two feet high, surrounded on the outside by a broad veranda with superbly carved marble pillars. Over these rises the huge double roof, covered with porcelain tiles of orange color. The entire building reaches a height of over eighty feet. The architraves are of most artistic construction and are beautifully carved. Between the first and second roof a big blue tablet, surrounded by a richly carved and gilt frame, bears the inscription, "Temple of the ideal man."

With great ceremonial the principal temple guardian, a very high imperial functionary, unlocked the center doors, and as probably the first white man I entered the most sacred place of the Chinese empire, for here, on the site where the original dwelling of Confucius stood, rises the richly gilt altar on which the statue of Confucius is enthroned. This statue, sixteen feet high and most ancient, represents the Sage as an old man with a long white beard, holding a scroll in his right hand. A canopy of heavy yellow silk with most costly embroideries shelters the statue, which, owing to the absence of windows in the temple, is shrouded in mystic darkness. Only when, at my request, some additional gates were opened, was I able to distinguish the different objects of the interior. The walls are covered with numerous huge memorial tablets, dedicated by emperors of different dynasties, and bearing suitable inscriptions in praise of Confucius. Four massive square stone columns support the richly paneled and painted roof, and by the side of these columns rise four other altars, with the statues of the four favorite disciples of the Sage, of similar execution as that of the latter, only of smaller size.

However, the objects which interested me most were the five high sacrificial altars or tables, of magnificent red lacquer, placed in front of the statue of Confucius. They are covered with personal belongings and relics of the Sage, most ancient bronze figures and urns, principally gifts of various emperors. Among them I noticed two bronze cows, one foot high, bearing the date of the Shang dynasty, and consequently about thirty-five hundred years old. One large bronze dish and a curiously shaped ash-urn were pointed out to me as objects of the time of an emperor who reigned over China forty-three hundred years ago. The mandarins appeared to attribute the greatest value to a number of large, richly enameled copper vases, with colored ornaments in ancient Persian style, and, as I was informed afterward, they were indeed gifts of a Persian ruler to a Chinese emperor in some remote period.

On the altar of Confucius and at the foot of his statue stands his ancestral tablet, about one foot high, surrounded by a richly carved and gilt frame bearing the inscription, "Resting-place of the spirit of the most holy Sage Confucius." Unfortunately, the interior of the temple was too dark to photograph.

Accompanied by the crowd of mandarins and their retinue, we next visited the ancestral temples of father, mother, wife, and the immediate descendants of Confucius, all situated in special smaller courts overshadowed by big pine-trees. I was, however, disappointed at the dearth of old inscriptions, of which, I had been told, many were to be seen in these sacred precincts. I found far more of them in the temple of Yen Hwuy, the Sage's favorite disciple, which we next visited. Here the arrangement of the grounds is very similar to that of the described Confucian temple grounds, only on a much smaller scale. The ancestral tablet in front of Yen Hwuy's statue in the main temple here shows the inscription, "The perfect man who attained holiness equal to that of the holy man."

This temple is said to stand on the spot of Yen's dwelling-house, and near by rises a most beautiful silver pine, over one hundred and fifty feet high and nearly ten feet in diameter, one of the most magnificent trees I have ever seen. The stem and branches are of spotless silvery white, while the dead branches are dull coal-black; the rays of the sun glittering through the crown gave it a magical appearance.

Leaving Yen Hwuy's temple by the south gate, I admired the three rows of white marble balustrades, which, rising slightly above one another, inclose the south side of the temple grounds, over three hundred feet long. The carvings on these balustrades, representing foliage, dragons, and different sorts of Chinese emblems, are most beautiful.

The town mandarin now proposed to ac-

company us to the inn, but I insisted upon being shown to the palace of the duke. After some hesitation the crowd of ducal chamberlains, mandarins, guards, and populace took the direction to the ancient abode of the Confucius family, and arriving at the monumental gate of the palace grounds, I at once entered, knowing that I would succeed only through boldness. The mandarins, with what appeared to me an expression of fear on their faces, remained behind. I heard some grumbling from among the crowd, which did not deter me, but after traversing the first court some of the duke's bodyguard, tall, magnificent fellows in silken uniforms, stepped in my way, and pointing to the next court, said that the duchess and her ladies in waiting were there. As Chinese ladies of high rank are kept in seclusion, it would have been a great breach of etiquette had I persisted in proceeding farther.

To my great regret, I was obliged to return to the gate. At this moment the missionary, my traveling companion, directed my attention to a Chinaman of prepossessing appearance, clad in silken robes and probably six feet tall. He was leaning against a tree, somewhat hidden by the crowd of bystanders. "Look at this man," the missionary said; "this is the duke." The mandarins, who had insisted first upon the duke's illness, then on his absence from Kiu-fu, showed consternation, which I apparently heightened by kotowing to the lineal descendant of the Sage. The mandarins had been convicted of an open lie, and had thus "lost face," as the Chinese say. The former cordiality between us was now over. Coldly I bade them farewell and returned to the hostelry, leaving the next morning for Tsu-hsien, the birthplace and home of Mencius.

After half a day's ride through most fertile plains we noticed among the great orchards and vegetable-gardens the high walls of that ancient city, and approached the gate not without fear, for the inhabitants of Tsu-hsien are noted for their fanatical hatred of Christians. Missionaries who on previous occasions had ventured into the town had been driven out again, barely escaping with their lives. Threatening crowds gathered round us when we entered the main street.

To my surprise, the mandarin, who had been notified the day before of our coming, had not sent the usual guard of soldiers for our protection, and we did not know where to turn. At the farther end of the main street, lined with miserable hovels with thatched roofs, I noticed extensive and well-wooded grounds, with a yellow-tiled temple roof among the trees. Opposite these grounds was a poor inn, the stopping-place for muleteers and wheelbarrow coolies, the poorest place I had yet seen. However, our stay here was not to be a long one, and we decided to put up there. Hundreds of Chinese in filthy rags followed us inside the inn, and became so threatening that I despatched my "boy" at once to the mandarin, requesting him to send some soldiers for our protection, and asking at the same time to have the Mencius temple opened. The boy returned without bringing a satisfactory reply, and I had to send him repeatedly back to the yamun, threatening the mandarin to report to Peking. This brought him to terms; the word "Peking" seems to exercise a magic influence on all mandarins. Within a few minutes the great man himself appeared at the inn, in order to present his excuses for our "evident misunderstanding." He promised to have everything worth seeing in Tsu-hsien immediately thrown open for me, and, further to indicate his good will, he sent me a sumptuous meal from his private kitchen, consisting of some forty dishes with all sorts of Chinese delicacies, including swallows' nests, sharks' fins, and cakes baked in rhinoceros oil.

On my return visit I expressed a desire to meet the lineal descendant of Mencius in the seventy-second generation, the Go-tse, as he is called by the Chinese. Like the descendants of Confucius, those of Mencius are also enjoying certain privileges. The head of the Mencius clan is a member of the Hanlin Academy in Peking, a hereditary honor in the family. They possess valuable entailed property, although not near so much as the Duke Confucius, who is one of the wealthiest men of China, counting his fortune by tens of millions of dollars.

My wish to meet the Go-tse could not be gratified, for very sound reasons. According to the mandarins, the Go-tse had absconded with a sum of five hundred taels, the property of a relative, besides committing all sorts of smaller crimes. I now asked for the next representative of the great Meng-tse family, for I was anxious to be shown the numerous relics, including some manuscripts of the sage; but alas! he also was *en voyage* for similar reasons.

I insisted no further, and contented myself with being shown the temple of the great ancestor of this degenerate family. Of similar arrangement and construction as

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

THE TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS AT KIU-FU AND THE CYPRESS-TREE SAID TO HAVE BEEN PLANTED BY CONFUCIUS.

that of Confucius, it is far less imposing and in a very dilapidated state. The outer walls of the temple grounds are partly in ruins, the gates cannot be locked, and grass in thick clusters covers the stone-paved terrace in front of the temple. The latter, about half as large as the great Confucian temple of Kiu-fu, contains a remarkably well-made statue of Mencius, representing a stout old man with a ruddy face and long white beard. The large, expressive eyes are the most striking feature. Instead of the sacrificial tables in front of the statue which we had seen in Kiu-fu and Tai-ngan-fu, the Mencius temple had only a small, round, five-legged table, with a sacrificial urn of modern make standing on it. The present temple building dates from the year 1068, and stands on the spot of the original Mencius dwelling.

Under the shadow of the large old cypresses, some of which, according to tradition, were planted by Mencius himself, are scores of large stone memorial tablets, mostly the gifts of various emperors.

Besides this temple, and another dedicated to the memory of Tse-tse, the grandson of Confucius, the city contains nothing of any interest. It is one of the poorest and most dilapidated places I saw in Shan-tung, without any trade or traffic. Very few pilgrims include Tsu-hsien in their program, or, indeed, even Kiu-fu. The Chinese are an exceedingly practical people; they do nothing without some tangible object; and thus the large mountain to the south of Tsu-hsien, called Yeh-shan, is far more visited by pilgrims.

Yeh-shan is one of the holy mountains of China, and those who ascend it and sacrifice in the temple and convents on the summit are promised the realization of all their wishes.

We left Tsu-hsien without regret, taking our way westward through the plain, a perfect paradise of fertility, among orchards

and splendidly kept poppy-fields, to the great city of Yenchon-fu, one of the most ancient of the Middle Kingdom. After half a day's ride we reached the broad bed of the Wen River, the last of the large tributaries of

which the German government had avenged the murder of two Catholic missionaries during the previous winter, the attitude of the mandarins and literati toward the Western man has changed considerably for the better.

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

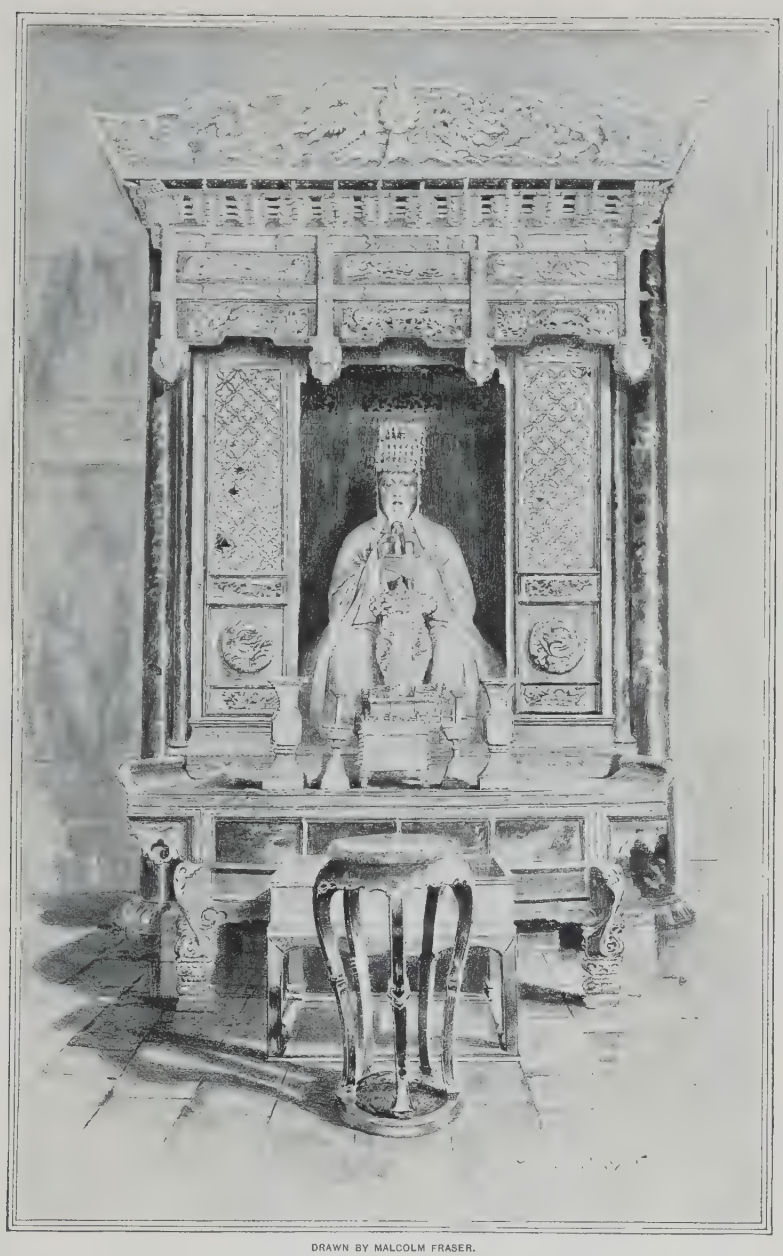
AVENUE LEADING TO THE GRAVE OF CONFUCIUS, KIU-FU.

the mighty Hoangho River, the turbulent waters of which every summer flood the country for many thousands of square miles. Then also the Wen River spreads over an enormous tract of this exceedingly fertile but very low-lying country.

At the time of my visit in the spring the river contained but little water. We passed it on a magnificent stone bridge with arches like those of the ancient Roman bridges which span the Tiber at Rome. Inscriptions over the gates of Yenchon-fu refer to events which happened in this vicinity over six thousand years ago. The interior fell rather short of my expectations. True, the streets are wider, better paved, and lined with better houses than those of the other cities of the holy land of China, the temples, yamuns, monuments, and stone arches are more imposing and more numerous, but the reputed great wealth of the inhabitants is not noticeable. Owing to the firmness with

I had hardly put up at the Catholic mission, the only Christian mission in this much-dreaded city, before a guard of about a dozen well-armed soldiers was placed at the gates for my protection, and the mandarins came in turn with their state paraphernalia to pay their respects. They assured me with all signs of sincerity that the life and property of Christian missionaries and their Chinese converts would be respected in future. Indeed, during my wanderings through this interesting city, even when visiting temples, convents, or markets, I was not in any way molested. The literati and fanatical disciples of Confucius, so very numerous in Yenchon-fu, kept in the background, and the populace, seeing the consideration paid us by the mandarins, including the commanding general of the province, remained in respectful attitude.

However, I doubt if this peace, forced by German guns and bayonets, will be last-



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

STATUE OF MENCIUS IN HIS TEMPLE AT TSU-HSIEN.

ing. The hatred of the ruling and intelligent classes toward the foreigner is too deep-rooted for permanent peace, and I am afraid the short armistice which permitted me to travel safely over the entirely untrodden paths of the holy land of China will sooner or later be followed by outrages and revolutions, till the iron horse penetrates those sacred districts and brings them within easy reach of the "mailed fist."

American Miniature Painting.

By Pauline King.

HISTORY proves that the powers of the intellectual and esthetic world are no less recuperative than those of the natural one. Though years may go by in an unbroken lethargy, though the technic and even the materials that the masters used are forgotten, yet surely at last other men arise who fill the vacant places. There have been so many examples of this recovered strength that a great faith in the vitality of beauty and truth is inspired, and a belief that the arts are never really lost, but have only strayed away. This opinion is incompatible with the idea, so often expressed, that certain forms of art were the results of bygone phases of feeling, have belonged to special ages, and can have no further development. The nineteenth-century revival of stained glass, to cite the most extraordinary new birth of an old craft, gives flat denial to any such limiting of artistic capacities. Another instance in point, though less important, perhaps, and not so widely known, is the unexpected and interesting return to miniature painting in the last ten years.

This decade has been so branded as utilitarian and unromantic that there seems to be a distinct contradiction between its professions and the encouragement given to a form of portraiture which is fostered by sentiment and the affections. But this decree of callousness passed upon the time is only a superficial view, and a deeper observation of life brings the conviction that, however much manners and modes of expression have changed, the cravings of the soul, the demands of the heart, and the desires of love are as strong now as they were in the centuries before chivalry had been relegated to a place in the world's great fairy-tale. It would be absurd to conclude from the unpicturesqueness of our material prosperity that heroism, high-mindedness, and manliness no longer exist; or to determine from the evidences of formal behavior that our men and women are lacking in fine sensibilities or tender and faithful affections, and that lovers are grown so abnormal that they do not cherish one another's likenesses. That in every heart some loved persons are enshrined is a fact as old as humanity. The delicate reserve that surrounds such relations has its desires more completely satisfied by small representations of the loved features

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

PORTRAIT MINIATURE BY J. A. MacDOUGALL.

than by great life-size portraits, and delights in tiny pictures that can be carried in lockets or put away in secret places. That colorless, soon-fading photographs have been replaced by miniatures, which are in themselves things of superlative daintiness, is a gain for individual pleasure as well as for esthetic taste.

ents to be best fitted for small work, and proceeded to study out the old methods of painting on ivory, they met with encouragement and appreciation.

Although popularity does not affect artistic standards, it is interesting to note that it is now as much the mode to have a portrait "done in little" as it was when Mr. Pepys

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

PORTRAIT MINIATURE BY W. J. BAER.

After the early part of the century painting in this manner ceased to occupy a position of any importance. First, its patrons turned to the daguerreotypes then introduced, and, later, every improvement in photography seemed to be burying it deeper. Photographs on ivory retouched in a perfectly mechanical way were accepted in place of the likenesses fashioned by artistic skill, and these quite worthless productions usurped the name of the old work, and the public was satisfied with the change. Yet, despite this attitude, despite the fact that there were no schools where the technic could be learned, no masters to go to for advice, as soon as certain artists felt their talfelt that no man of taste could afford to be without one of Cooper's miniatures, and deciding that Mrs. Pepys should sit to the artist as soon as possible, recorded the progress of the work in his immortal "Diary."

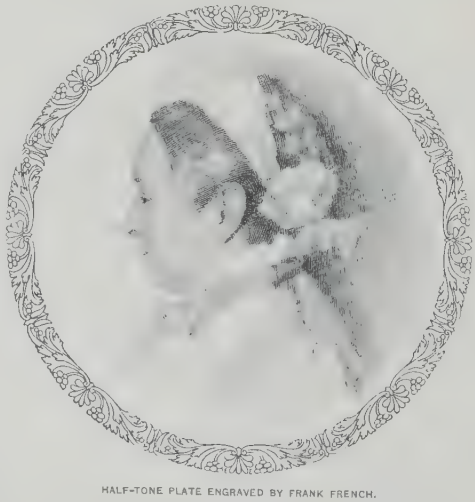
Before a really just estimate of miniature painting can be made, all feelings of condescension on account of the smallness of the work must be laid aside. Quality alone is to be considered in matters of art, and no distinctions can be allowed between a portrait of two inches and one of as many feet merely on account of their proportions. Moreover, the smaller picture should not be looked upon as a curiosity, for its form is a perfectly legitimate one, and has been in

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

PORTRAIT MINIATURE OF BLISS CARMAN BY THEODORA W. THAYER.

constant usage since antique times. Such narrow limits are no more to be despised than those of the sonnet, and what was not considered a too "scanty plot of ground" for Holbein and the Clouets needs no more apology than Milton's choice of verse.

The history of contemporary work began when Miss Laura C. Hills and Mr. William J. Baer turned their attention to painting on ivory. They were led to this by a liking for small things and an admiration for the old masters, and they had no idea of the results they might obtain. To this period belong Mr. Baer's companion pictures called "Aurora" and "The Golden Hour," showing the heads and shoulders of two lovely young women, whose floating, wind-blown, golden-brown hair is outlined against appropriate effects of sunrise and sunset; and the first of those portraits, marvelously broad in treatment, beautiful in color, and glowing with life and character, which are now inseparably connected with Miss Hills's name. When these were first seen at a loan collection gathered from the best on this side of the Atlantic they could not be looked upon as experiments, for they took their place among the many fine examples of old work as a natural continuation of the art. While they were distinctly modern, there was no cheapness of novelty, no invention of startling new technic about them; the impression given was so simple and so wholly artistic that it disclaimed any methods not legitimate, and asked for judgment by the standards of the earlier masters.

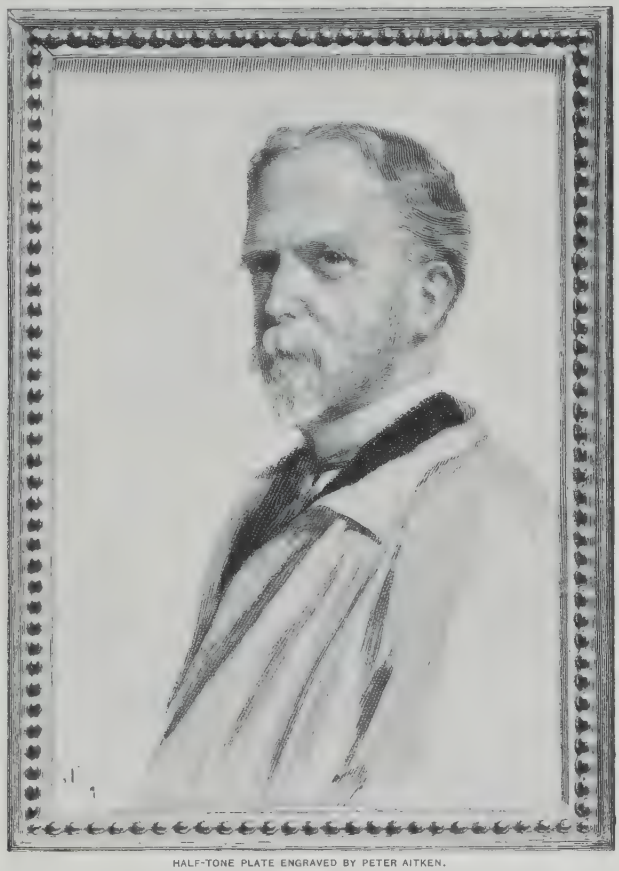


HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

PORTRAIT MINIATURE BY ALICE BECKINGTON.

While the new departure was received with flattering notice, it seemed wise to wait further developments. Time alone could prove whether the artists had happened to make a first impression which they would be unable to sustain, or whether this was the beginning of a revival that would be of rich and permanent value. It is now evident that the latter judgment is the true one. The tentative standards of the early work have been taken as guiding principles by a whole band of ambitious miniaturists, and some of those who began but feebly have broadened out along personal lines and shown fine originality; others, it is true, once thought to be of great promise, succumbed to the temptation of working on photographs, and their deterioration has been lamentable: but viewing the achievements of these years as a whole, a distinctly American school of miniaturists must be recognized—a school which is distinguished by sincerity, originality, and creative ability, and which is an important addition to the line of "painters in little."

This position has been generously acknowledged by the artistic fraternity. The Society of American Artists, during the years of its existence, had had no occasion to consider the question of including miniatures in the annual exhibitions, for none had been painted that was worthy of hanging; but no sooner was admission asked for the new work than it was received upon its merits and placed most advantageously. Moreover, showing how completely distinctions of size in works of art are ignored, Miss Hills was elected to the society's distinguished membership, and somewhat later Mrs. Lucia Fairchild Fuller was similarly honored. Miniatures are now accepted as a regular part of the winter exhibitions, and a society composed exclusively of miniaturists has been organized. In February last this association showed at the Knoedler Gal-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

PORTRAIT MINIATURE OF J. WELLS CHAMPNEY BY MARIE CHAMPNEY HUMPHREYS.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY W. J. BAER. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

"AURORA," BY W. J. BAER, FROM THE ORIGINAL MINIATURE IN THE POSSESSION OF H. WALTERS.

lery a most interesting collection of portraits and pictures, and glancing through this representative array, where there were cases that recalled past triumphs, and others fresh from unknown hands, the value of the work as a whole lay open to judgment. Individual performance was lost in a general impression, and the excellences and characteristics that had been the strength of the revival, the limitations that had been its weakness, were too strikingly evident to be mistaken.

The first impression made by the portraits was one of reality and the animation of life. Any exaggeration of details or trifling defects would be impossible in such a compass, and would result in a caricature, not in a likeness. The power displayed in representing lifelike personality, and the insistence upon character, were so remarkable that the effect suggested a gallery of finely studied life-size portraits seen through a diminishing-glass. The ideals of John Sargent had swept away the reproach that "miniatures look all alike."

The liberty allowed in costume added to this feeling of naturalness, for the sitters had been painted in the ordinary garments of our time, and whether the choice was the maiden's ball-dress, the gray-haired matron's trim high robe, the young man's stiff collar and black coat, or the child's little tucked frock, the form was accurately presented, and was a distinct addition to the types of persons so clothed. The backgrounds were another point of interest, for in place of the cloudy effects so dear to the mechanical workmen, because they can be made by an easily learned trick, some distinct color in the general scheme was used, or a bit of drapery or tapestry, or a landscape, just as these objects would be utilized in large canvases, and some of these backgrounds were very beautiful in color and repaid careful examination.

The gain by these changes cannot be overestimated; they are not only an artistic advance, but make the portraits of future historical interest, both as types and for their costumes. For after a lapse of time even the art of Holbein gathers interest from showing us the artist's contemporaries just as they looked when they walked about the streets and pursued their business or plea-

sure, and the inimitable portraits of Lady Jane Seymour and the chubby Brandon children, the finest old miniatures in existence, are doubly charming because of the not too many of them; and these, combined with flesh-tones that are faithfully studied from nature, have often resulted in ensembles of rare beauty. Although powerful

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PORTRAIT MINIATURE BY VIRGINIA REYNOLDS. (ORIGINAL AT PARIS EXPOSITION.)

quaintly cut garments and caps that were then the ordinary wear.

Another mark of this revival is the predominance of fine coloring. In such narrow boundaries many tones cannot be used without confusion, nor without degeneration into meaningless, vapory tints. These miniaturists, preferring simplicity and harmonious arrangements that are telling in a general effect, have used clear, direct colors, and colorists are never very numerous, and this quality reaches a high development only in the hands of a few gifted persons, the general impression given is like that of our stained glass, in which something of the glory of La Farge's coloring has been repeated by almost every American glass-worker, though no one has equaled his genius.

In this regard Miss Hills has been the

leader. Her arrangements may be of the simplest,—a lady in a black gown, with a black aigret in her hair, and a background of turquoise-blue, or the delicate profile of a red-haired beauty, outlined against tapestry, the snowy neck and shoulders rising out of dusky-brown velvet,—but the effect is gem-like, a revelation of exquisite coloring that is completely artistic. When, taking a hint from some natural object, Miss Hills paints such a picture as "The Goldfish," in which the girl's bright tresses, her gown, and the mysterious background suggest the elusive glitter of a swarm of goldfish through cool water, she takes a place among colorists of the first rank.

The question of technic must always be a serious one in painting a miniature. It cannot be done roughly and effectively, like an oil-canvas, which is to be viewed from a distance, but must have a loveliness of workmanship that will bear close examination. Moreover, it must be a fine, delicate object on which a frame of gold or precious stones will not be amiss. Our miniaturists have been very wise in choosing a golden mean between the roughness of body-color on one hand, and on the other the excessive stippling which destroys all style. Just now, when a good many new workers are coming forward, there are signs that this mean may not be as carefully observed as formerly, and that the exuberant American temperament, which objects to being confined too closely to rule, is thrusting aside the distinctions between this work and larger water-colors; and with this is shown a tendency to ugly and realistic subjects that seem unsuited to the delicacy of this beautiful art. It is to be hoped that such violations of good taste will be short-lived, as they would surely result in cheapening and vulgarizing miniatures, as, in the past, the opposite qualities carried too far entailed the loss of all artistic charm, and degraded the art to the level of curious examples of minute industry.

Thus much for a better understanding of the artistic side of the work; its interest from a human standpoint has already been commented upon; and if, going outside the

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM

MINIATURE ("THE GOLDFISH") BY LAURA C. HILLS

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MINIATURE ("MOTHER AND CHILD") BY LUCIA FAIRCHILD FULLER.

limits of our special subject, the value of portraiture, in all the modes in which it is practised, is considered, the debt which has been conferred upon humanity cannot be overestimated. In our era alone, from the time when the worshipers in the catacombs made in mosaic a likeness of the Founder of Christianity, while yet the type of his features lingered in the memories of men, what a procession of the images of kings, queens, knights, popes, beauties, and fair children has come down from one generation to another, transforming the walls of many a palace and gallery into a more living record than the pages of written history! The thought of this wonderful painted pageant fires the imagination and conjures up visions out of the great past; and these emotions are mingled with sadness in looking over old miniatures, with their faint, pathetic suggestion of bygone romance. The large portraits were part of the public state, but these are the mementos of fond loves and deep friendships. Sentiment gilds again the tarnished cases, which were once tenderly cherished, which were wept over and kissed during long absences, or lay safe under thick coats of mail through battle and foray, which knew the tempestuous beating of a queen's passionate heart, or kept the secrets of princes. The number of miniatures now recognized as authentic is marvelous, for the size, which contributes to their easy preservation, also makes them as easily lost or destroyed. Even the destructive period of the Commonwealth in England shows many instances of such escape from the slashing and ravaging spirit, which evidently

preferred larger things on which to wreak its vengeance. At the dispersal of the great collection made by Charles I, a number of the portraits were slipped into places where they were safe, and were forgotten. The catalogue which the king had had carefully made, as well as the "C. R." with which each portrait was marked, have identified, after years of neglect in garrets and lumber-rooms, miniatures which are now among the finest examples owned by her Majesty the Queen and other distinguished English collectors.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

PORTRAIT MINIATURE BY I. A. JOSEPHI.

In our revival the pictures in miniature have had quite as much distinction as the portraits, but their position has been so little understood that they are often spoken of as an entirely new departure invented by our artists, whereas it is a matter of historical evidence that theirs is the very oldest known form of the art. For miniature painting arose in the early centuries of our era, when manuscripts and missals were illuminated with red letters and ornaments, and the distinctive term was derived from *minium*, the Latin name of the favorite bright pigment. To the original embellishments of the text were gradually added illustrations, or figures of saints, popes, and historical personages, and at first these were of a severely Byzantine order; but when, as there is authentic record, Cimabue, Giotto, Botticelli, Fra Angelico, and other great masters

of the Renaissance made such tiny pictures both for books and for the ornamentation of altars, painting from nature was undertaken, and a free, natural style prevailed. For some time miniature painting was not divorced from the accomplishments of a medieval artist. Vasari describes many small masterpieces by his celebrated contemporaries, and records of Giulio Clovio that he was the first Italian to devote himself entirely to such work, and not only executed pictures that contained faithful likenesses of notable men and women, but also separate portraits which were kept in rich cases and highly valued by princes and rich collectors. Such portraits were soon in great demand, and, with the neglect that befell illuminated manuscripts after the spread of printing, the limner—the old English name for the miniaturist—confined himself entirely to them, so that the history of the art for many generations is one of portraiture.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

PORTRAIT MINIATURE BY FLORENCE MACKUBIN.

A very interesting link between the old pictures and our recent ones is the celebrated "Hours" painted by Edward Greene Malbone at the time when the first American artists were making an honorable position, and in praise of which Benjamin West is known to have said: "I have seen a picture painted by a young man named Malbone, which no man in England could excel." This ivory is now owned by the Athenæum at Providence, Rhode Island, and shows at three-quarters length the figures of a graceful trio who represent Eunomia, Dice, and Irene, the past, the present, and the coming hour. The lines of the composition are so arranged that the maidens seem to circle with a graceful movement most suggestive of the onward flight of time; the color is still fresh and beautiful, and the faces and even the arrangements of the hair are typical of the handsome, modish women of that period. This picture remained for nearly a hundred years an isolated example in American art, when its influence was worthily carried on by Mr. Baer's "Aurora" and "The Golden Hour,"—which have had earlier mention,—and the interesting figure-pieces signed by Lucia Fairchild Fuller. In these a perfection of arrangement in line and fine color, combined with technical qualities of a high order, has

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

PORTRAIT MINIATURE BY LYDIA FIELD EMMET.

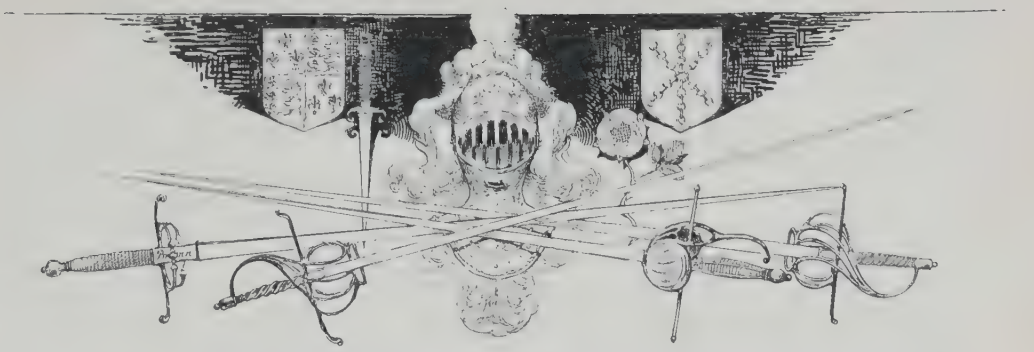
produced in a space of a few square inches effects as strong and picturesque as they are esthetically satisfying; and in the "Mother and Child" there is added to these powers an inspiration drawn from the sweetness of the subject.

From a background of blue brocade, beautified by age into faded purple and greens, the golden halo of motherhood gleams about the head of a fair woman with classic profile; a long purple scarf covers her light-brown hair, and crosses the soft ivory-white drapery that is wrapped over a red brocade gown. Half standing in her lap, and upheld by her strong arm, is a little blonde girl whose hands are outstretched with an adorable gesture; and the innocent grace of this child recalls the feeling that touches our hearts in Della Robbia's naïve babies, and makes the picture seem an afterthought of those lost miniatures that the early Italian artists set about their altars.

Other artists whose names are connected with this revival are Miss Lydia Field Emmet, Miss Theodora W. Thayer, Miss Alice Beckington, Miss Helen Kirchner, Mrs. Virginia Reynolds, Mrs. Alice Ham Brewer, Miss Florence Mackubin, Miss Maria J. Strean, Miss Amalia Küssner, Mrs. Marie Champney Humphreys, and Messrs. W. J. Whittemore, I. A. Josephi, H. Vance Swope, and John A. MacDougall.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

PORTRAIT MINIATURE BY W. J. WHITTEMORE.



THE HELMET OF NAVARRE.

By Bertha Runkle.

XIII. MADEMOISELLE.

I WENT to find Maître Menard, to urge upon him that some one should stay with M. Étienne while I was gone, lest he swooned or became light-headed. But the surgeon himself was present, having returned from bandaging up some common skull, to see how his noble patient rested. He promised that he would stay the night with M. le Comte; so, eased of that worry, I set out for the Hôtel de Lorraine, one of the inn-servants, with a flambeau, coming along to guide and guard me. M. Étienne was a favorite in this inn of Maître Menard's; they did not stop to ask whether he had money in his purse before falling over one another in their eagerness to serve him. It is my opinion that one gets more out of the world by dint of fair words than by a long purse or a long sword.

We had not gone a block from the inn before I turned to the right-about, to the impatience of my escort.

"Nay, Jean, I must go back," I said. "I will only delay a moment, but see Maître Menard I must."

He was still in the cabaret, where the crowd was thinning.

"Now, what brings you back?"

"This, maître," said I, drawing him into a corner. "M. le Comte has been in a fracas to-night, as you perchance may have divined. His arch-enemy gave us the slip. And I am not easy for monsieur while this Lucas is at large. He has the devil's own cunning and malice; he might track him here to the Three Lanterns. Therefore, maître, I beg you to admit no one to M. le Comte—no one on any business whatsoever. Not if he comes from the Duke of Mayenne himself."

"I won't admit the Sixteen themselves," the maître declared.

"There is one man you may admit," I conceded. "Vigo, M. de St. Quentin's equerry. You will know him for the biggest man in France."

"Good. And this other; what is he like?"

"He is young," I said, "not above four or five and twenty. Tall and slim,—oh, without doubt, a gentleman. He has light-brown hair and thin, aquiline face. His tongue is unbound, too."

"His tongue shall not get around me," Maître Menard promised. "The host of the Three Lanterns was not born yesterday, let me tell you."

With this comforting assurance I set out once more on my expedition, with, to tell truth, no very keen enthusiasm for the business. It was all very well for M. Étienne to declare grandly that as recompense for my trouble I should see Mlle. de Montluc. But I was not her lover, and I thought I could get along very comfortably without seeing her. I knew not how to bear myself before a splendid young noblewoman. When I had dashed across Paris to slay the traitor in the Rue Coupejarrets, I had not been afraid; but now, going with a love-message to a girl, I was scared.

And there was more than the fear of her bright eyes to give me pause. I was afraid of Mlle. de Montluc, but more afraid of M. de Mayenne's cousin. What mocking devil had driven Étienne de Mar, out of a whole France full of lovely women, to fix his untamable desire on this Ligueuse of May-

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

"'I DO NOT FORGIVE HIS DESPATCHING ME HIS HORSE-BOY.'" (SEE PAGE 837.)

enne's own blood? Had his father's friends no daughters, that he must seek a mistress from the black duke's household? Were there no families of clean hands and honest speech, that he must ally himself with the treacherous blood of Lorraine?

I had seen a sample of the League's work to-day, and I liked it not. If Mayenne were, as Yeux-gris surmised, Lucas's backer, I marvelled that my master cared to enter his house; I marvelled that he cared to send his servant there. Yet I went none the less readily for that; I was here to do his bidding. Nor was I greatly alarmed for my own skin; I thought myself too small to be worth my Lord Mayenne's powder. And I had, I do confess, a lively curiosity to behold the interior of the greatest house in Paris, the very core and centre of the League. Belike if it had not been for terror of this young demoiselle I had stepped along cheerfully enough.

Though the hour was late, many people still loitered in the streets, the clear summer night, and all of them were talking politics. As Jean and I passed at a rapid pace the groups under the wine-shop lanterns, we caught always the names of Mayenne and Navarre. Everywhere they asked the same two questions: Was it true that Henry was coming into the Church? And if so, what would Mayenne do next? I thought that old Maître Jacques of the Amour de Dieu knew what he was talking about: the people of Paris were sick to death of the Leagues and their intriguery, galled to desperation under the yoke of the Sixteen.

Mayenne's fine new hôtel in the Rue St. Antoine was lighted as for a fête. From its open windows came sounds of gay laughter and rattling dice. You might have thought them keeping carnival in the midst of a happy and loyal city. If the Lieutenant-General found anything to vex him in the present situation, he did not let the men in the street know it.

The Duke of Mayenne's house, like my duke's, was guarded by men-at-arms; but his grilles were thrown back while his soldiers lounged on the stone benches in the archway. Some of them were talking to a little knot of street idlers who had gathered about the entrance, while others, with the aid of a torch and a greasy pack of cards, were playing lansquenet.

I knew no way to do but to ask openly for Mlle. de Montluc, declaring that I came on behalf of the Comte de Mar.

"That is right; you are to enter," the captain of the guard replied at once. "But you are not the Comte de Mar yourself? Nay, no need to ask," he added with a laugh. "A pretty count you would make."

"I am his servant," I said. "I am charged with a message for mademoiselle."

"Well, my orders were to admit the count, but I suppose you may go in. If mademoiselle cannot land her lover, it were cruel to deny her the consolation of a message."

A laugh went up, and one of the gamblers looked round to say:

"It has gone hard with mademoiselle lately, sangdieu! Here 's the Comte de Mar has not set foot in the house for a month or more, and M. Paul for a quarter of a year is vanished off the face of the earth. It seemed as if she must take the little cheese or nothing. But now things are looking up with her. M. Paul has walked calmly in, and here is a messenger at least from the other."

"But M. Paul has walked calmly out again," a third soldier took up the tale. "He did not stay very long, for all mademoiselle's graces."

"Then I warrant 't was mademoiselle sent him off with a flea in his ear," another cried. "She looks higher than a bastard, even Le Balafré's own."

"She had better take care how she flouts Paul de Lorraine," came the retort, but the captain bade me march along. I followed him into the house, leaving Jean to be edified, no doubt, by a whole history, false and true, concerning Mlle. de Montluc. We bow down before the lofty of the earth, we underlings, but behind their backs there is none with whose names we make so free. And there we have the advantage of our masters; for they know little of our private matters, while we know everything of theirs.

In the hall the captain turned me over to a lackey, who conducted me through a couple of antechambers to a curtained doorway, whence issued a merry confusion of voices and laughter. He passed in, while I remained to undergo the scrutiny of the pair of flunkies whose repose we had invaded. But in a moment my guide appeared again, lifting the curtain for me to enter.

The big room was ablaze with candles set in mirrored sconces along the walls, set also in silver candelabra on the tables. There was a crowd of people in the place, a hundred it seemed to my dazzled eyes; grouped, most of them, about the tables set up and down, either taking hands themselves at cards or dice, or betting on those who did. Bluff soldiers in breastplate and jack-boots

were not wanting in the throng, but the larger number of the gallants were brave in silken doublets and spotless ruffs, as became a noble's drawing-room. And the ladies! mordieu, what am I to say of them? Tricked out in every gay colour under the sun, agleam with jewels—eh bien, the ladies of St. Quentin, that I had thought so fine, were but serving-maids to these.

I stood blinking, dazed by the lights and the crowd and the chatter, unable in the first moment to note clearly any face in the congregation of strange countenances. Nor would it have helped me if I could, for here close about were a dozen fair women, any one of whom might be Mlle. de Montluc. My heart hammered in my throat. I knew not whom to address. But a young noble near by, dazzling in a suit of pink, took the burden on himself.

"I heard Mar's name; yet you are not M. de Mar, I think."

He spoke with a languid but none the less teasing derision. In truth, I must have resembled a little brown hare suddenly turned out of a bag in the midst of that gorgeous company.

"No," I stammered; "I am his servant. I seek Mlle. de Montluc."

"I have wondered what has become of Étienne de Mar this last month," spoke a second young gentleman, advancing from his place behind a fair one's chair. He was neither so pretty nor so fine as the other, but in his short, stocky figure and square face there was a force which his comrade lacked. He regarded me with a far keener glance as he added:

"Peste! he must be in low water if this is the best he can do for a lackey."

"Perhaps the fellow's errand is to beg an advance from Mlle. de Montluc," suggested the pink youth.

"Who speaks my name?" a clear voice called; and a lady, laying down her hand at cards, rose and came toward me.

She was clad in amber satin. She was tall, and carried herself with stately grace. Her black hair shadowed a cheek as purely white and pink as that of any yellow-locked Frisian girl, while her eyes, under their sooty lashes, shone blue as corn-flowers.

I began to understand M. Étienne.

"Who is it wants me?" she repeated, and catching sight of me, stood regarding me in some surprise, not unfriendly, waiting for me to explain myself. But before I could find my tongue the man in pink answered her with his soft drawl:

"Mademoiselle, this is a minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary—most extraordinary—from the court of his Highness the Comte de Mar."

"Oh, that is it!" she cried with a little laugh, but not, I think, at my uncouthness, though she looked me over curiously.

"He has not come himself, M. de Mar?"

"It appears not, mademoiselle."

She did not seem vastly disconcerted for all she cried in doleful tones:

"Alack! alack! I have lost. And Paul is not present to enjoy his triumph. He waged me a pair of pearl-broidered gloves that I could not produce M. de Mar."

"But it is not his fault," I answered her, eagerly. "It is not M. de Mar's fault, mademoiselle. He has been hurt to-day, and he could not come. He is in bed of his wounds; he could not walk across his room. He tried. He bade me lay at mademoiselle's feet his lifelong services."

"Ah, Lorance!" cried a young demoiselle in a sky-coloured gown, "methinks you have indeed lost M. de Mar if he sends you no better messenger of his regrets than this horse-boy."

"I have lost the gloves, that is certain and sad," Mlle. de Montluc replied, as if the loss of the wager were all her care. "I am punished for my vanity, mesdames et messieurs. I undertook to produce my recreant squire, and I have failed. Alas!" And she put up her white hands before her face, with a pretty imitation of despair, save that her eyes sparkled from between her fingers.

By this time the gamesters about us had stopped their play, in a general interest in the affair. An older lady, coming forward with an air of authority, demanded:

"What is this disturbance, Lorance?"

"A wager between me and my cousin Paul, madame," she answered with instant gravity and respect.

"Paul de Lorraine! Is he here?" the other asked, unpleased, I thought.

"Yes, madame. He dropped from the skies on us this afternoon. He is out of the house again now."

"But while he was in the house," quoth she in sky-colour, "though he did not find time to pay his respects to Mme. la Duchesse, he had the leisure for considerable conversation with Mlle. de Montluc."

The other lady, whom I now guessed to be the Duchesse de Mayenne herself, turned somewhat sharply on her cousin of Montluc.

"I do not yet hear your explanation, made-

moiselle, for the introduction of a stable-boy into my salon."

"I beg you to believe, madame, I am not responsible for it," she protested. "Paul, when he was here, saw fit to rally me concerning M. de Mar. Mlle. de Tavanne informed him of the count's defection, and they were pleased to be merry with me over it. I vowed I could get him back if I wished. The end of the matter was that I wrote a letter which my cousin promised to have conveyed to M. le Comte's old lodgings. This is the answer," mademoiselle cried, with a wave of her hand toward me. "But I did not expect it in this guise, madame. Blame your lackeys, who know not their duties, not me."

"I blame you, mademoiselle," Mme. de Mayenne answered her, tartly. "I consider my salon no place for intrigues with horse-boys. If you must hold colloquy with this fellow, take him whither he belongs—to the stables."

A laugh went up among those who laugh at whatever a duchess says.

"Come, mesdames, we will resume our play," she added to the ladies who had followed her on the scene, and turned her back in lofty disdain on Mlle. de Montluc and her concerns. But though some of the company obeyed her, a curious circle still surrounded us.

"Dame! if you must be banished to the stables, we all will go, mademoiselle," declared the pink gallant. "We all want news of the vanished Mar."

"Indeed we do. We have missed him sorely. And I dare swear this messenger's account will prove diverting," lisped the sky-coloured demoiselle.

I was not enjoying myself. I had given all my hopes of glory to be out in the street again. I wished Mlle. de Montluc would take me to the stables—anywhere out of this laughing company. But she had no such intent.

"I think madame does not mean her sentence," she rejoined. "I would not for the world frustrate your curiosity, Blanche; nor yours, M. de Champfleury. Tell us what has befallen your master, Sir Courier."

"He has been in a duel, mademoiselle."

"Whom was he fighting?"

"And for what lady's favour?"

"Is it a pretty Huguenot this time?"

"Does she make him read his Bible?"

"Or did her big brother set on him for a wicked papist?"

The questions chorussed upon me; I saw they were framed to tease mademoiselle. I answered as best I might:

"He thinks of no lady but Mlle. de Montluc. The fight was over other matters. I am only told to say M. le Comte regrets most heartily that his wound prevents his coming, and to assure mademoiselle that he is too weak and faint to walk across the floor."

"Then exceed your instructions a little. Tell us what monsieur has been about these four weeks that he could not take time to visit us."

I was in a dilemma. I knew she was M. Étienne's chosen lady, and therefore deserving of all fealty from me; yet at the same time I could not answer her question. It was sheer embarrassment and no intent of rudeness that caused my short answer:

"About his own concerns, mademoiselle."

"The young puppy begins to growl!" exclaimed the thick-set soldierly fellow who had bespoken me before, whose hostile gaze had never left my face. "I 'll have him flogged, mademoiselle, for this insolence."

"M. de Brie—" she began at the same moment that I cried out to her:

"I meant no insolence; I crave mademoiselle's pardon." I added, in my haste floundering deeper into the mire: "Mademoiselle sees for herself that I cannot tell about M. le Comte's affairs in this house."

Brie had me by the collar.

"So that is what has become of Mar!" he cried triumphantly. "I thought as much. If Mar's affairs are to be a secret from this house, then, nom de dieu, they are no secret."

He shook me back and forth as if to shake the truth out of me, till my teeth rattled together; I could not have spoken if I would. But he cried on, his voice rising with excitement:

"It has been no secret where St. Quentin stands and what he has been about. He came into Paris, smooth and smiling, his own man, forsooth—neither ours nor the heretic's! Mordieu! he was Henry's, fast and sure, save that he was not man enough to say so. I told Mayenne last month we ought to settle with M. de St. Quentin; I asked nothing better than to attend to him. But the general would not, but let him alone, free and unmolested in his work of stirring up sedition. And Mar, too—"

He stopped in the middle of a word. All the company who had been pressing around us halted still. I knew that behind me some one had entered the room.

M. de Brie dragged me back from where

we were blocking the passage. I turned in his grasp to face the newcomer.

He was a tall, stout man, deep-chested, thick-necked, heavy-jowled. His wavy hair, brushed up from a high forehead, was lightest brown, while his brows, mustachios, and beard were dark. His eyes were dark also, his full lips red and smiling. He had the beauty and presence of all the Guises; it did not need the star on his breast to tell me that this was Mayenne himself.

He advanced into the room, returning the salutes of the company, but his glance travelling straight to me and my captor.

"What have we here, François?"

"This is a fellow of Étienne de Mar's, M. le Duc," Brie answered. "He came here with messages for Mlle. de Montluc. I am getting out of him what Mar has been up to since he disappeared a month back."

"You are at unnecessary pains, my dear François; I already know Mar's whereabouts and doings rather better than he knows them himself."

Brie dropped his hand from my collar, looking by no means at ease. I perceived that this was the way with Mayenne: you knew what he said, but you did not know what he thought. His somewhat heavy face varied little; what went on in his mind behind the smiling mask was matter for anxiety. If he asked pleasantly after your health, you fancied he might be thinking how well you would grace the gallows.

M. de Brie said nothing, and the duke continued:

"Yes, I have kept watch over him these five weeks. You are late, François. You little boys are fools; you think because you do not know a thing I do not know it. Was I cruel to keep my information from you, ma belle Lorance?"

The attack was absolutely sudden; he had not seemed to observe her. Mademoiselle coloured and made no instant reply. His voice was neither loud nor rough; he was smiling upon her.

"Or did you need no information, mademoiselle?"

She met his look unflinching.

"I have not been sighing for tidings of the Comte de Mar, monsieur."

"Because you have had tidings, mademoiselle."

"No, monsieur, I have had no communication with M. de Mar since May—until to-night."

"And what has happened to-night?"

"To-night—Paul appeared."

"Paul!" ejaculated the duke, startled momentarily out of his phlegm. "Paul here?"

"He was, monsieur, an hour ago. He has since gone out again, I know not whither or for what."

Mayenne ruminated over this, pulling off his gloves slowly.

"Well? What has this to do with Mar?"

She had no choice but to go through with her tale, which she did straightforwardly, though speaking in evident dread of his displeasure.

"Monsieur, Paul joined Mlle. de Tavanne and me as we came back from chapel, after supper, and was pleased to rally me concerning M. de Mar. I confessed I had neither seen nor heard of him for a month. Paul suggested that M. de Mar had taken his aspirations elsewhere, and—well, in a word, monsieur, he roused my vanity. I said that if M. de Mar was gone, it was my frowns had driven him away; I had but to say the word to bring him to my feet again. So in the end Paul bet me a pair of gloves I could not produce him; and I sent a letter to his old lodgings in the Rue Turenne. I had little thought that he would be there. But it appears he was, in bed of a wound. And he despatched me this boy with his excuses."

She was moistening her dry lips as she finished, her eyes on his face wide with apprehension. But he answered amiably, half absently, as if the whole affair were a triviality:

"Never mind; I will give you a pair of gloves, Lorance."

He stood smiling upon us as if amused for an idle moment over our childish games. The colour came back to her cheeks; she made him a curtsey, laughing lightly.

"Then my grief is indeed cured, monsieur. A new bit of finery is the best of balms for wounded self-esteem, is it not, Blanche? I confess I am piqued; I had dared to imagine that my squire might remember me still after a month of absence. I should have known it too much to ask of mortal man. Not till the rivers run up-hill will you keep our memories green for more than a week, messieurs."

"She turns it off well," cried the little demoiselle in blue, Mlle. Blanche de Tavanne; "you would not guess that she will be awake the night long, weeping over M. de Mar's defection."

"I!" exclaimed Mlle. de Montluc; "I weep over his recreancy? It is a far-fetched jest,

my Blanche; can you invent no better? The Comte de Mar—behold him!"

She snatched a card from a tossed-down hand, holding it up aloft for us all to see. It was by chance the knave of diamonds; the pictured face with its yellow hair bore, in my fancy at least, a suggestion of M. Étienne.

"Behold M. de Mar—behold his fate!" With a twinkling of her white fingers she had torn the luckless knave into a dozen pieces and sent them whirling over her head, to fall far and wide among the company.

"Summary measures, mademoiselle!" quoth a grizzled warrior, with a laugh. "Mordieu! have we your good permission to deal likewise with the flesh-and-blood Mar, when we go to arrest him for conspiring against the Holy League?"

But Mlle. de Tavanne's quick tongue robbed him of his answer.

"Marry, you are severe on him, Lorance. To be sure, he does not come himself, but he sends so gallant a messenger!"

Mademoiselle glanced at me with hard blue eyes.

"That is the greatest insult of all," she said. "I could forgive—and forget—his absence, but I do not forgive his despatching me his horse-boy."

Thus far I had choked down my swelling rage at her faithlessness, her vanity, her despiteful entreatment of my master's plight. I knew it was sheer madness for me to attempt his defence before this hostile company; nay, there was no object in defending him; there was not one here who cared to hear good of him. But at her last insult to him my blood boiled so hot that I lost all command of myself, and I burst out:

"If I were a horse-boy,—which I am not, —I were twenty times too good to be carrying messages hither. You need not rail at his poverty, mademoiselle; it was you brought him to it. It was for you he was turned out of his father's house. But for you he would not now be lying in a garret, penniless and dishonoured. Whatever ills he suffers, it is you and your false house have brought them."

Brie had me by the throat. Mayenne interfered without excitement.

"Don't strangle him, François; I may need him later. Let him be flogged and locked in the oratory."

He turned away as one bored over a trifling matter. And as the lackeys dragged me back to the door, I heard Mlle. de Montluc saying:

"Oh, M. de Latour, what have I done in destroying your knave of diamonds! Ma foi, you had a quatorze!"

XIV. IN THE ORATORY.

"HERE, Pierre!" M. de Brie called to the head lackey, "here 's a candidate for a hiding. This is a cub of that fellow Mar's. He made a mistake when he brought his insolence into this house. Lay on well, boys; make him howl."

Brie would have liked well enough, I fancy, to come along and see the fun, but he conceived that his duty lay in the salon. Pierre, the same who had conducted me to Mlle. de Montluc, now led the way into a long oak-panelled parlour. Opposite the entrance was the huge chimney, carved with the arms of Lorraine; at one end a door led into a little oratory where tapers burned before the image of the Virgin; at the other, before the two narrow windows, stood a long table with writing-materials. Chests and cupboards nearly filled the walls. I took this to be a sort of council-room of my Lord Mayenne.

Pierre sent one of his men for a cane, and to the other suggested that he should quench the Virgin's candles.

"For I don't see why this rascal should have the comfort of a light in there," he said. "As for Madonna Mary, she will not mind; she has a million others to see by."

I was left alone with him, and I promised myself the joy of one good blow at his face, no matter how deep they flayed me for it. But as I gathered myself for the rush, he spoke to me low and cautiously:

"Now howl your loudest, lad; and I 'll not lay on too hard."

My clinched fist dropped to my side.

"You never did me any harm," he muttered. "Howl so they 'll think I 'm half killing you, and I 'll manage."

I gaped at him, not knowing what to make of it. But this is the way of the world; if there is much cruelty in it, there is much kindness, too.

"Here 's the cane, nom d'un chien!" Pierre exclaimed boisterously. "Give it here, Jean; there 'll not be much of it left when I get through."

"You 'll strip his coat off?" said the second lackey, from the oratory.

"My faith! no; I should kill him if I did, and the duke wants him," Pierre retorted. So without more ado the two men tied my wrists in front of me, and Jean held me by the knot while Pierre laid on. And he, good

fellow, grasping my collar, contrived to pull my loose jerkin away from my back, so that he dusted it down without greatly incommoding me. Some hard whacks I did get, but they were nothing to what a strong man could have given in grim earnest.

I trust I could have taken a real flogging with as close lips as anybody, but if my kind succourer wanted howls, howls he should have. I yelled and cowered and dodged about, to the roaring delight of Jean and his mate. Indeed, I had drawn a crowd of grinning varlets to the door before my performance was over. But at length, when I thought I had done enough for their pleasure and that of the nobles in the salon, I dropped down on the floor and lay quiet, with shut eyes.

"He has had his fill, I trow; we must not spoil him for the master," Pierre said.

"Oh, he 'll come to in a minute," another answered. "Why, you have not even drawn blood, Pierre!" He laid his hand on my back, whereat I groaned my hollowest.

"It will be many a day before he cares to have his back touched," laughed Pierre. "Here, men, lend a hand. Pardieu! I wonder what Our Lady thinks of some of the devotees we bring her."

As they lifted me, he took my hand with an inquiring squeeze; and I squeezed back, grateful, if ever a boy was. They flung me down on the oratory floor and left me there a prisoner.

I spent the next hour or so trying to undo the knot of my handcuff with my teeth; and failing that, to chew the stout rope in two. I was minded, as I worked, of Lucas and his bonds, and wondered whether he had managed to rid himself of their inconvenience. He went straightway, doubtless, to some confederate who cut them for him, and even now was planning fresh evil against the St. Quentins. I remembered his face as he cried to M. le Comte that they should meet again; and I thought that M. Etienne was likely to have his hands full with Lucas, without this unlucky tanglement with Mlle. de Montluc. In the darkness and solitude I called down a murrain on his folly. Why could he not leave the girl alone? There were other blue eyes in the world. And it would be hard on humanity if there were none kindlier.

He had been at it three years, too. For three long years this girl's fair face had stood between him and his home, between him and action, between him and happiness. It was a fair face, truly; yet, in my opinion, neither it nor any maid's was worth such pains. If she had loved him it had not been worth it, but this girl spurned and flouted him. Why, in the name of Heaven, could he not put the jade out of his mind and turn merrily to St. Denis and the road to glory? When I got back to him and told him how she had mocked him, hang me but he should, though!

Ah, but when was I to get back to him? That rested not with me, but with my dangerous host, the League's Lieutenant-General, dark-minded Mayenne. What he wanted with me he had not revealed; nor was it a pleasant subject for speculation. He meant me, of course, to tell him all I knew of the St. Quentins; well, that was soon done; belike he understood more than I of the day's work. But after he had questioned me, what?

Would he consider, with his servant Pierre, that I had never done him any harm? Or would he—I wondered, if they flung me out stark into some alley's gutter, whether M. le Comte would search for me and claim my carcass? Or would he, too, have fallen by the blade of the League?

I was shuddering as I waited there in the darkness. Never, not even this morning, in the closet of the Rue Coupejarrets, had I been in such mortal dread. I had walked out of that closet to find M. Étienne; but I was not likely to happen on succour here. Pierre, for all his kind heart, could not save me from the Duke of Mayenne.

Then, when my hope was at its nadir, I remembered who was with me in the little room. I groped my way to Our Lady's feet and prayed her to save me, and if she might not, to stand by me during the hard moment of dying to receive my seeking soul. Comforted now and deeming I could pass, if it came to that, with a steady face, I laid me down, my head on the prie-dieu cushion, and presently went to sleep.

I was waked by a light in my face, and, all a-quiver, sprang up to meet my doom. But it was not the duke or any of his hirelings who bent over me, candle in hand; it was Mlle. de Montluc.

"Oh, my boy, my poor boy!" she cried pitifully, "I could not save you the flogging; on my honour, I could not. It would have availed you nothing had I pleaded for you on my bended knees."

With bewilderment I observed that the tears were brimming over her lashes and splashing down into the candle-flame. I stared, too confused for speech, while she, putting down the shaking candlestick on the

altar, as she crossed herself, covered her face with her hands, sobbing.

"Mademoiselle," I stammered, "it is not worth mademoiselle's tears! The man, Pierre, he told me to scream, so they would think he was half flaying me. But in truth he did not strike very hard. He did not hurt so much."

She struggled to check the rising tempest of her tears, and presently dropped her hands and looked at me earnestly from out her shining wet eyes.

"Is that true? Are you not flayed?" And to make sure, she laid her hand delicately on my back.

"They have whacked your coat to ribbons, but, thank St. Généviève, they have not brought the blood. I saw a man flogged once—" she shut her eyes, shuddering, and her mouth quivered anew.

"But I am not much hurt, mademoiselle," I answered her.

She took out her film of a handkerchief to wipe her wet cheeks, her hand still trembling. I could think of nothing but to repeat:

"I am not in the least hurt, mademoiselle."

"Ah, but if they have spared you the flogging to take your life!" she breathed.

It was not a heartening suggestion. To my astonishment, suddenly I found myself, frightened victim, striving to comfort this noblewoman for my death.

"Nay, I am not afraid. Since mademoiselle weeps over me, I can die happily."

She sprang toward me as if to protect me with her body from some menacing thrust.

"They shall not kill you!" she cried, her eyes flashing blue fire. "They shall not! Mon dieu! is Lorance de Montluc so feeble a thing that she cannot save a serving-boy?"

She fell back a pace, pressing her hands to her temples as if to stifle their throbbing.

"It was my fault," she cried—"it was all my fault. It was my vanity and silliness brought you to this. I should never have written that letter—a three years' child would have known better. But I had not seen M. de Mar for five weeks—I did not know, what I readily guess now, that he had taken sides against us. M. de Lorraine played on my pique."

"Mademoiselle," I said, "the worst has not followed, since M. Étienne did not come himself."

"You are glad for that?"

"Why, of course, mademoiselle. Was it not a trap for him?"

She caught her breath as if in pain.

"I knew that as soon as I saw that my cousin Mayenne was not angry. When I told what I had done and he smiled at me and said I should have my gloves, why, then I thought my heart would stop beating. I saw what I had accomplished—mon dieu, I was sick with repentance of it!"

I had to tell her I had not thought it.

"No," she answered; "I had got you into this by my foolishness; I must needs try to get you out by my wits. Brie, the one who took you by the throat—there has been bad blood between him and your lord this twelvemonth; only last May M. le Comte ran him through the wrist. Had I interfered for you," she said, colouring a little, "M. de Brie would have inferred interest in the master from that in the man, and he had seen to your beating himself."

It suddenly dawned on me that this M. de Brie was the "little cheese" of guard-room gossip. And I thought that the gentleman would hardly display so much venom against M. Étienne unless he were a serious obstacle to his hopes. Nor would mademoiselle be here at midnight, weeping over a serving-lad, if she cared nothing for the master. If she had not worn her heart on her sleeve before the laughing salon, mayhap she would show it to me.

"Mademoiselle," I cried, "when the billet was brought him M. Étienne rose from his bed at once to come. But he was faint from fatigue and loss of blood; he could not walk across the room. But he bade me try to make mademoiselle believe his absence was no fault of his. He wrote her a month ago; he found to-day the letter was never delivered."

"Is he hurt dangerously?"

"No," I admitted reluctantly; "no, I think not. He was wounded in the right forearm, and again pinked in the shoulder; but he will recover."

"You said," she went on, the tears standing in her eyes, "that he was penniless. I have not much, but what I have is freely his."

She advanced upon me, holding out her silken purse, which she had taken from her bosom; but I retreated.

"No, no, mademoiselle," I cried, ashamed of my hot words; "we are not penniless—or if we are, we get on very well sans le sou. They do everything for monsieur at the Trois Lanternes, and he has only to return to the Hôtel St. Quentin to get all the gold pieces he can spend. Oh, no; we are in no want, mademoiselle. I was angry when I

said it; I did not mean it. I cry mademoiselle's pardon."

She looked at me a little hesitatingly.

"You are telling me true?"

"Why, yes, mademoiselle; if my monsieur needed money, indeed, indeed, I would not refuse it."

"Then if you cannot take it for him, you can take it for yourself. It will be strange if in all Paris you cannot find something you like as a token from me." With her own white fingers she slipped some tinkling coins into my pouch, and cut short my thanks with the little wailing cry:

"Oh, your poor, bound hands! I have my poniard in my dress. I could free them in a second. But if they know I have been here with you they never will let you go."

"If mademoiselle is running into danger staying here, I pray her to go back to bed. M. Étienne did not send me hither to bring her worry and grief."

"Who are you?" she asked me abruptly. "You have never been here before on monsieur's errands?"

"No, mademoiselle; I came up only yesterday from Picardie. I belong on the St. Quentin estate. My name is Félix Broux."

"Alack, you have chosen a bad time to visit Paris!"

"I came up to see life," I said, "and mordieu! I am seeing it."

"I pray God you may not see death, too," she answered soberly.

She stood looking at me in helplessness.

"I am in my lord's black books," she said slowly, as if to herself; "but I might weep François de Brie's rough heart to softness. Then it is a question whether he could turn Mayenne. I wish I knew whether the duke himself or only Paul de Lorraine has planned this move to-night. That is," she added, blushing, but speaking out candidly, "whether they attack M. de Mar as the League's enemy or as my lover."

"This M. Paul de Lorraine," said I, speaking as respectfully as I knew how, but eager to find out all I could for M. Étienne—"this M. de Lorraine is mademoiselle's lover, too?"

She shrugged her shoulders, neither assenting nor denying. "We are all pawns in the game for M. de Mayenne to push about as he chooses. For a time M. de Mar was high in his favour. Then my cousin Paul came back from a two years' disappearance, and straightway he was up and M. de Mar was down. And then Paul vanished again as suddenly as he had come, and it became the turn of M. de Brie. Now, to-night, Paul walked in as suddenly as he had left, and at once played on me to write that unlucky letter. And what it bodes for *him* I know not."

She spoke with amazing frankness; yet, much as she had told me, the fact of her telling it told me even more. I saw that she was as lonely in this great house as I had been at St. Quentin. She would have talked delightedly to M. le Comte's dog.

"Mademoiselle," I said, "I would like well to tell you what has been happening to my M. Étienne this last month, if you are not afraid to stay long enough to hear it."

"Oh, every one is asleep long ago; it is past two o'clock. Yes, you may tell me if you wish."

She sat down on a praying-cushion, motioning me to the other, and I began my tale. At first she listened with a little air of languor, as if the whole were of slight consequence and she really did not care at all what M. le Comte had been about these five weeks. But as I got into the affair of the Rue Coupejarrets she forgot her indifference and leaned forward with burning cheeks, hanging on my words with eager questions. And when I told her how Lucas had evaded us in the darkness, she cried:

"Blessed Virgin! M. de Mar has enough to contend with in this Lucas, without Paul de Lorraine, and Brie, and the Duke of Mayenne himself."

I was silent, being of her opinion. Presently she asked reluctantly:

"Does your master think this Lucas a tool of M. de Mayenne's?"

"Yes, mademoiselle. He says secretaries do not plot against dukedoms for their own pleasure."

"Assassination was not wont to be my cousin Mayenne's way," she said with an accent of confidence that rang as false as a counterfeit coin. I saw well enough that mademoiselle did fear, at least, Mayenne's guilt. I thought I might tell her a little more.

"M. le Comte told me that, since his father's coming to Paris, M. de Mayenne made him offers to join the League, and he refused them. So then M. de Mayenne, seeing himself losing the whole house of St. Quentin, invented this."

"But it failed. Thank God, it failed! And now he will leave Paris. He will—he must!"

"He did mean to seek Navarre's camp tomorrow," I answered; "but—"

"But what?"

"But then the letter came."

"But that makes no difference! He must go for all that. The time is over for trimming. He must stand on one side or the other. I am a Ligueuse born and bred, and I tell him to go to King Henry. It is his father's side; it is his side. He cannot stay in Paris another day."

"I do not think he will go, mademoiselle."

"But he must!" she cried with vehemence. "Paris is not safe for him. If he cannot stand for his wound, he must go. I will send him a letter myself to tell him he must."

"Then he will never go."

"Félix!"

"He will not. He was going because he thought his lady flouted him; when he finds she does not—well, if he budges a step out of Paris, I do not know him. When he thought himself despised—"

"And why did I turn his suit into laughter in the salon if I did not mean that I despised him? I did it for you to tell him how I made a mock of him, that he might hate me and keep away from me."

"Oh," I said, "mademoiselle is too much for me; I cannot keep up with her."

"And you believed it! But you must needs spoil all by flaring out with impudent speech."

"I crave mademoiselle's pardon. I was wrong and insolent. But she played too well."

"And if it was not play?" she cried, rising. "If I do—well, I will not say despise him—but care nothing for him? Will he then go to St. Denis? Then tell him from me that he has my pity as one cruelly cozened, and my esteem as a one-time servant of mine, but never my love. Tell him I would willingly save him alive, for the sake of the love he once bore me. But as for any answering love in my bosom, I have not one spark. Tell him to go find a new mistress at St. Denis. He might as well cry for the moon as seek to win Lorance de Montluc."

"That may be true," I said; "but all the same he will try. Can mademoiselle suppose he will go out of Paris now, and leave her to marry Brie and Lorraine?"

"Only one," she protested with the shadow of a smile; and then a sudden rush of tears blinded her. "I am a very miserable girl," she said woefully, "for I bring nothing but danger to those that love me."

I dropped on my knees before her and kissed the hem of her dress.

"Ah, Félix," she said, "if you really pitied me, you would get him out of Paris!" And she fell to weeping as if her heart would break.

I had no skill to comfort her. I bent my head before her, silent. At length she sobbed out:

"It boots little for us to quarrel over what you shall say to M. de Mar, when we know not that you will ever speak to him again. And it was all my fault."

"Mademoiselle, it was the fault of my hasty tongue."

But she shook her head.

"I maintained that to you, but it was not true. Mayenne had something in his mind before. A general holds his schemes so dear and lives so cheap. But I will do my utmost, Félix, lad. It is not long to daylight now. I will go to François de Brie, and we 'll believe I shall prevail."

She took up her candle and said good night to me, very gently and quietly, and gave me her hand to kiss. She opened the door,—with my fettered wrists I could not do the office for her,—and on the threshold turned to smile on me, wistfully, hopefully. In the next second, with a gasp that was half a cry, she blew out the light and pushed the door shut again.

XV. MY LORD MAYENNE.

I KNEW she was shutting the door, by the click of the latch; in the next second I made the discovery that she was still on my side of it. "What—" I was beginning, when she laid her hand over my mouth. A line of light showed through the crack. She had not quite closed the door on account of the noise of the latch. She tried again; again it rattled, and she desisted. I heard her fluttered breathing, and I heard something else—a rapid, heavy tread in the corridor without. Into the council-room came a man carrying a lighted taper. It was Mayenne.

Mademoiselle, with a whispered "God save us!" sank in a heap at my feet.

I bent over her to find if she had swooned, when she seized my hand in a sharp grip that told me plain as words to be quiet.

Mayenne was yawning; he had a rumpled and dishevelled look like one just roused from sleep. He crossed over to the table, lighted the three-branched candlestick standing there, and seated himself with his back to us, pulling about some papers. I hardly dared glance at him, for fear my eyes should draw his; the crack of our door seemed to call aloud to him to mark it; but the candle-light scarcely pierced the shadows of the long room.

More quick footsteps in the corridor. Mayenne hitched his chair about, sidewise to the table and to us, facing the outer door. A tall man in black entered, saluting the general from the threshold.

"So you have come back?" spoke the duke in his even tones. It was impossible to tell whether the words were a welcome or a sentence.

"Yes," answered the other, in a voice as non-committal as Mayenne's own. He shut the door after him and walked over to the table.

"And how goes it?"

"Badly."

The newcomer threw his hat aside and sat down without waiting for an invitation.

"What! Badly, sirrah!" Mayenne exclaimed sharply. "You come to me with that report?"

"I do, monsieur," answered the other, with cool insolence, leaning back in his chair. The light fell directly on his face and proved to me what I had guessed at his first word. The duke's night visitor was Lucas. "Yes," he repeated indifferently, "it has gone badly. In fact, your game is up."

Mayenne jumped to his feet, bringing his fist down on the table.

"You tell me this?"

Lucas regarded him with an easy smile.

"Unfortunately, monsieur, I do."

Mayenne turned on him, cursing. Lucas, with the quickness of a cat, sprang a yard aside, dagger unsheathed.

"Put up that knife!" shouted Mayenne.

"When you put up yours, monsieur."

"I have drawn none!"

"In your sleeve, monsieur."

"Liar!" cried Mayenne.

I knew not who was lying, for I could not tell whether the blade that flashed now in the duke's hand came from his sleeve or from his belt. But if he had not drawn before, he had drawn now and rushed at Lucas. He dodged, and they circled round each other, wary as two matched cocks. Lucas was strictly on the defensive; Mayenne, the less agile, by reason of his weight, could make no chance to strike. He drew off presently.

"I 'll have your neck wrung for this," he panted.

"For what, monsieur?" asked Lucas, imperturbably. "For defending myself?"

Mayenne let the charge go by default.

"For coming to me with the tale of your failures. Nom de dieu, do I employ you to fail?"

"We are none of us gods, monsieur. You yourself lost Ivry."

Mayenne backed over to his chair and seated himself, laying his knife on the table in front of him. His face smoothed out to good humour—no mean tribute to his power of self-control. For the written words can convey no notion of the maddening insolence of Lucas's bearing—an insolence so studied that it almost seemed unconscious and was thereby well-nigh impossible to silence.

"Sit down," bade the duke, "and tell me."

Lucas, standing at the foot of the table, observed:

"They turned you out of your bed, monsieur, to see me. It was unnecessary severity. My tale will keep till morning."

"By Heaven, it shall not!" Mayenne shouted. "Beware how much further you dare anger me, you Satan's cub!"

He was fingering the dagger again, as if he longed to plunge it into Lucas's gullet, and I rather marvelled that he did not, or summon his guard to do it. For I could well understand how infuriating was Lucas. He carried himself with an air of easy equality insufferable to the first noble in the land. Mayenne's chosen rôle was the unmoved, the inscrutable, but Lucas beat him at his own game and drove him out into the open of passion and violence. It was a miracle to me that the man lived—unless, indeed, he were a prince in disguise.

"Satan's cub!" Lucas repeated, laughing. "Our late king had called me that, pardieu! But I knew not you acknowledged Satan in the family."

"I ordered Antoine to wake me if you returned in the night," Mayenne went on gruffly. "When I heard you had been here I knew something was wrong—unless the thing were done."

"It is not done. The whole plot is ruined."

"Nom de dieu! If it is by your bungling—"

"It was not by my bungling," Lucas answered with the first touch of heat he had shown. "It was fate—and that fool Grammont."

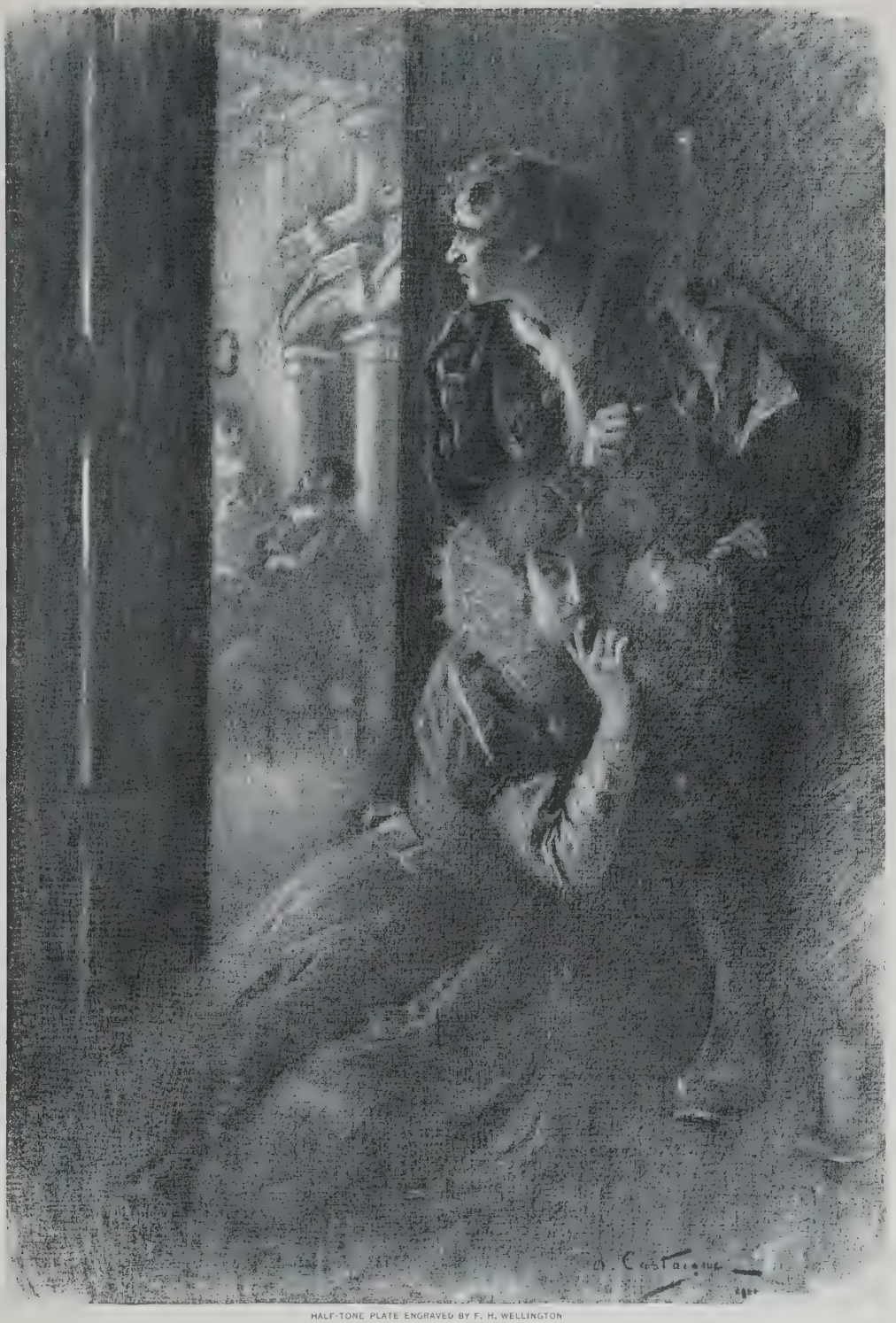
"Explain, then, and quickly, or it will be the worse for you."

Lucas sat down, the table between them.

"Look here," he said abruptly, leaning forward over the board. "Have you Mar's boy?"

"What boy?"

"A young Picard from the St. Quentin estate, whom the devil prompted to come up to town to-day. Mar sent him here to-night with a love-message to Lorance."



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON

MLLE. DE MONTLUC AND FÉLIX BROUX IN THE ORATORY.

"Oh," said Mayenne, slowly, "if it is a question of mademoiselle's love-affairs, it may be put off till to-morrow. It is plain to the very lackeys that you are jealous of Mar. But at present we are discussing l'affaire St. Quentin."

"It is all one," Lucas answered quickly. "You know what is to be the reward of my success."

"I thought you told me you had failed."

Lucas's hand moved instinctively to his belt; then he thought better of it and laid both hands, empty, on the table.

"Our plot has failed; but that does not mean that St. Quentin is immortal."

"You may be very sure of one thing, my friend," the duke observed. "I shall never give Lorance de Montluc to a white-livered flincher."

"The Duke of St. Quentin is not immortal," Lucas repeated; "I have missed him once, but I shall get him in spite of all."

"I am not sure about Lorance even then," said Mayenne, reflectively. "François de Brie is agitating himself about that young mistress. And he has not made any failures—as yet."

Lucas sprang to his feet.

"You swore to me I should have her."

"Permit me to remind you again that you have not brought me the price."

"I will bring you the price."

"E'en then," spoke Mayenne, with the smile of the cat standing over the mouse—"e'en then I might change my mind."

"Then," said Lucas, roundly, "there will be more than one dead duke in France."

Mayenne looked up at him as unmoved as if it were not in the power of mortal man to make him lose his temper. In stirring him to draw dagger, Lucas had achieved an extraordinary triumph. Yet I somehow thought that the man who had shown hot anger was the real man; the man who sat there quiet was the party leader.

He said now, evenly:

"That is a silly way to talk to me, Paul."

"It is the truth for once," Lucas made sullen answer.

So long as he could prick and irritate Mayenne he preserved an air of unshakable composure; but when Mayenne recovered patience and himself began to prick, Lucas's guard broke down. His voice rose a key, as it had done when I called him fool; and he burst out violently:

"Mort de dieu! monsieur, what am I doing your dirty work for? For love of my affectionate uncle?"

"It might well be for that. I have been your affectionate uncle, as you say."

"My affectionate uncle, say you? My hirer, my suborner! I was a Protestant; I was bred up by the Huguenot Lucases when my father cast off my mother and me to starve. I had no love for the League or the Lorraines. I was fighting in Navarre's ranks when I was made prisoner at Ivry."

"You were spying for Navarre. It was before the fight we caught you. You had been hanged and quartered in that gray dawn had I not recognized you, after twelve years, as my brother's son. I cut the rope from you and embraced you for your father's sake. You rode forth a cornet in my army, instead of dying like a felon on the gallows."

"You had your ends to serve," Lucas muttered.

"I took you into my household," Mayenne went on. "I let you wear the name of Lorraine. I did not deny you the hand of my cousin and ward, Lorance de Montluc."

"Deny me! No, you did not. Neither did you grant it me, but put me off with lying promises. You thought then you could win back the faltering house of St. Quentin by a marriage between your cousin and the Comte de Mar. Afterward, when my brother Charles dashed into Paris, and the people clamoured for his marriage with the Infanta, you conceived the scheme of forcing Lorance on him. But it would not do, and again you promised her to me, if I could get you certain information from the royalist army. I returned in the guise of an escaped prisoner to Henry's camp to steal you secrets; and the moment my back was turned you listened to proposals from Mar again."

"Mar is not in the race now. You need not speak of him, nor of your brother Charles, either."

"No; I can well understand that my brother Charles is not a pleasant name in your ears," Lucas agreed. "You acknowledged one King Charles X; you would like well to see another Charles X, but it is not Charles of Guise you mean."

"I have no desire to be King of France," Mayenne began angrily.

"Have you not? That is well, for you will never feel the crown on your brows, good uncle! You are ground between the Spanish hammer and the Béarnais anvil; there will soon be nothing left of you but powder."

"Nom de dieu, Paul—" Mayenne cried, half rising; but Lucas, leaning forward on the table, riveting him with his keen eyes, went on:

"Do not mistake me, monsieur uncle. I think you in bad case, but I am ready to sink or swim with you. So long as the hand of Lorance is in your bestowing, I am your faithful servant. I have not hesitated to risk the gallows to serve you. Last March I made my way here, disguised, to tell you of the king's coming change of faith and of St. Quentin's certain defection. I demanded then my price, my marriage with mademoiselle. But you put me off again. You sent me back to Mantes to kill you St. Quentin."

"Aye. And you have been about it these four months, and you have not killed him."

Lucas reddened with ire.

"I am no Jacques Clément to stab and be massacred. You cannot buy such a service of me, M. de Mayenne. If I do bravo's work for you, I choose my own time and way. I brought the duke to Paris, delivered him up to you to deal with as it liked you. But you, with your army at your back, were afraid to kill him. You flinched and waited. You dared not shoulder the onus of his death. Then I, to help you out of your strait, planned to make his own son's the hand that should do the deed; to kill the duke and ruin his heir; to put not only St. Quentin but Mar out of your way—"

"Let us be accurate, Paul," Mayenne said. "Mar was not in my way; he was of no consequence to me. You mean, put him out of your way."

"He was in your way, too. Since he would not join the Cause, he was a hindrance to it. You had as much to gain as I by his ruin."

"Something—not as much. I did not want him killed—I preferred him to Valère."

"Nor did I want him killed; so our views jibed well."

"Why not, then? Did you prefer him as your wife's lover to some other who might appear?"

"I do not intend that my wife shall have lovers," Lucas answered.

Mayenne broke into laughter.

"Nom d'un chien, where will you keep her? In the Bastille? Lorance and no lovers! Ho, ho!"

"I mean none whom she favours."

"Then why do you leave Mar alive? She adores the fellow," Mayenne said. I had no idea whether he really thought it or only said it to annoy Lucas. At any rate, it had its effect. Lucas's brows were knotted; he spoke with an effort, like a man under stress of physical pain.

"I know she loves him now, and she would love him dead; but she would not love him a parricide."

"Is that your creed? Pardieu! you don't know women. The blacker the villain, the more they adore him."

"I know it is true, monsieur," Lucas said smoothly, "that you have had successes."

Mayenne started forward with half an oath, changing to a laugh.

"So it is not enough for you to possess the fair body of Lorance; you must also have her love?"

"She will love me," Lucas answered uneasily. "She must."

"It is not worth your worry," Mayenne declared. "If she did, how long would it last? *Souvent femme varie*—that is the only fixed fact about her. If Lorance loves Mar to-day, she will love some one else to-morrow, and some one else still the day after to-morrow. It is not worth while disturbing yourself about it."

"She will not love any one else," Lucas said hoarsely.

Mayenne laughed.

"You are very young, Paul."

"She shall not love any one else! By the throne of heaven, she shall not!"

Mayenne went on laughing. If Lucas had for the moment teased him out of his equanimity, the duke had paid back the score a hundredfold. Lucas's face was seared with his passions as with the torture-iron; he clinched his hands together, breathing hard. On my side of the door, I heard a sharp little sound in the darkness; mademoiselle had gritted her teeth.

"It is a little early to sweat over the matter," Mayenne said, "since mademoiselle is not your wife, nor ever likely to become so."

"You refuse her to me?" Lucas cried, livid. I thought he would leap over the table at one bound on Mayenne. It occurred to the duke to take up his dagger.

"I promise her to you when you kill me St. Quentin. And you have not killed me St. Quentin, but instead come airily to tell me the scheme—my scheme—is smashed. Pardieu! it was never my scheme. I never advocated stolen pistoles and suborned witnesses and angered nephews and deceived sons and the rest of your cumbrous machinery. I would have had you stab him as he bent over his papers, and walk out of the house before they discovered him. But you had not the pluck for that; you must needs plot and replot to make some one else do your work. Now, after months of intriguing and waiting, you come to me to tell me you have

failed. Morbleu! is there any reason why I should not have kicked you into the gutter, as no true son of the valorous Le Balafré?"

Lucas's hand went to his belt again; he made one step as if to come around the table. Mayenne's angry eye was on him, but he did not move; and Lucas made no more steps. Controlling himself with an effort, he said:

"It was not my fault, monsieur. No man could have laboured harder or planned better than I. I have been diligent, I have been clever. I have made my worst enemy my willing tool—I have made Monsieur's own son my cat's-paw. I have left no end loose, no contingency unprovided for—and I am ruined by a freak of fate."

"I never knew a failure yet but what the fault was fate's," Mayenne returned.

"Call it accident, then, call it the devil, call it what you like!" Lucas cried. "I still maintain it was not my fault. Listen, monsieur"

He sat down again and began his story, striving as he talked to reconquer something of his old coolness.

"The thing was ruined by the advent of this boy, Mar's lackey I spoke of. You said he had not been here?"

"You may go to Lorance with that question," Mayenne answered; "I have something else to attend to than the intrigues of my wife's maids."

"He started hither; I thought some one would have the sense to keep him. Mordieu! I will find from Lorance whether she saw him."

He fell silent, gnawing his lip; I could see that his thought had travelled away from the plot to the sore subject of mademoiselle's affections.

"Well," said Mayenne, sharply, "what about your boy?"

It was a moment before Lucas answered. When he did, he spoke low and hurriedly, so that I could scarce catch the words. I knew it was no fear of listeners that kept his voice down—they had shouted at each other as if there was no one within a mile. I guessed that Lucas, for all his bravado, took little pride in his tale, nor felt happy about its reception. I could catch names now and then, Monsieur's, M. Étienne's, Grammont's, but the hero of the tale was myself.

"You let him to the duke?" Mayenne cried presently.

At the harsh censure of his voice, Lucas's rang out with the old defiance:

"With Vigo at his back I did. Sangdieu! you have yet to make the acquaintance of St. Quentin's equerry. A regiment of your lansquenets could n't keep him out."

"Does he never take wine?" Mayenne asked, lifting his hand with shut fingers over the table and then opening them.

"That is easy to say, monsieur, sitting here in your own hôtel, stuffed with your soldiers. But it was not so easy to do, alone in my enemy's house, when at the least suspicion of me they had broken me on the wheel."

"That is the rub!" Mayenne cried violently. "That is the trouble with all of you. You think more of the safety of your own skins than of accomplishing your work. Mordieu! where should I be to-day—where would the Cause be—if my first care was my own peril?"

"Then that is where we differ, uncle," Lucas answered with a cold sneer. "You are, it is well known, a patriot, toiling for the Church and the King of Spain, with never a thought for the welfare of Charles of Lorraine, Lord of Mayenne. But I, Paul of Lorraine, your humble nephew, lord of my brain and hands, freely admit that I am toiling for no one but the aforesaid Paul of Lorraine. I should find it most inconvenient to get on without a head on my shoulders, and I shall do my best to keep it there."

"You need not tell me that; I know it well enough," Mayenne answered. "You are each for himself, none for me. At the same time, Paul, you will do well to remember that your interest is to forward my interest."

"To the full, monsieur. And I shall kill you St. Quentin yet. You need not call me coward; I am working for a dearer stake than any man in your ranks."

"Well," Mayenne rejoined, "get on with your tale."

Lucas went on, Mayenne listening quietly, with no further word of blame. He moved not so much as an eyelid, till Lucas told of M. le Duc's departure, when he flung himself forward in his chair, with a sharp oath.

"What! by daylight?"

"Aye. He was afraid, after this discovery, of being set on at night."

"He went out in broad day?"

"So Vigo said. I saw him not," Lucas answered with something of his old nonchalance.

"Mille tonnerres du diable!" Mayenne shouted. "If this is true, if he got out in broad day, I 'll have the head of the traitor that let him. I 'll nail it over his own gate."

"It is not worth your fret, monsieur," Lucas said lightly. "If you did, how long would it avail? *Souvent l'homme trahie;* that is the only fixed fact about him. If they pass St. Quentin to-day, they will pass some one else to-morrow, and some one else still the day after."

Mayenne looked at him, half angry, half startled into some deeper emotion at this deft twisting of his own words.

"Souvent l'homme trahie,
Mal habile qui s'y fie,"

he repeated musingly. He might have been saying over the motto of the house of Lorraine. For the Guises believed in no man's good faith, as no man believed in theirs.

"*Souvent l'homme trahie,*" Mayenne said again, as if in the words he recognized a bitter verity. "And that is as true as King Francis's version. I suppose you will be the next, Paul."

"When I give up hope of Lorance," Lucas said bluntly.

I caught myself suddenly pitying the two of them: Mayenne, because, for all his power and splendour and rank next to a king's and ability second to none, he dared trust no man—not the son of his body, not his brother. He had made his own hell and dwelt in it, and there was no need to wish him any ill. And Lucas, perjured traitor, was farther from the goal of his desire than if we had slain him in the Rue Coupejarrets.

"What next? It appears you escaped the redoubtable Vigo," Mayenne went on in his every-day tone; and the vision faded, and I saw him once more as the greatest noble and greatest scoundrel in France, and feared and hated him, and Lucas too, as the betrayer of my dear lord Étienne.

"Trust me for that."

"Then came you here?"

"Not at once. I tracked Mar and this Broux to Mar's old lodgings at the Three Lanterns. When I had shadowed them to the door I came here, and worked upon Lorance to write Mar a letter commanding his presence. For I thought that the night was yet young, and to-morrow he might be out of my reach. Well, it appears he had not the courage to come, but he sent the boy. I was not sorry. I thought I could settle him more quietly at the inn. The boy went back once and almost ran into me in the court, but he did not see me. I entered and asked for lodgings; but the fat old fool of a host put me through the catechism like an inquisitor, and finally declared the inn was full. I said I would take a garret; but it was no use. Out I must trudge. I did, and paid two men to get into a brawl in front of the house, that the inn people might run out to look. But instead, they locked the gate and put up the shutters in the cabaret."

Mayenne burst out laughing.

"It was not your night, Paul."

"No," said Lucas, shortly.

"And what then? It did not take you till three o'clock to be put out of the inn."

"No," Lucas answered; "I spoke to you of the varlet Pontou, with whom Grammont had quarrelled. He had shut him in a closet of the house in the Rue Coupejarrets. After the fight in the court we all went our ways, forgetting him. So I paid the house a visit; I was afraid some one else might find him and he might tell tales."

"And will he tell tales?"

"No," said Lucas, "he will tell no tales."

"How about your spy in the Hôtel St. Quentin?"

"Martin, the clerk? Oh, I warned him off before I left," Lucas said easily. "He will lie perdu till we want him again. And Grammont, you see, is dead too. There is no direct witness to the thing but the boy Broux."

"That 's as good as to say there is none," Mayenne answered; "for I have the boy."

(To be continued.)

MEMORIES OF A MUSICAL LIFE.

BY WILLIAM MASON.

FOURTH PAPER.

SOME FAMOUS VIOLINISTS.

I HAVE already mentioned in these papers my meeting with Joachim in Leipsic in the year 1849. He was then about eighteen years of age and already famous as a violinist. He was of medium height, had broad, open features, and a heavy shock of dark hair somewhat like that of Rubinstein. I had a letter of introduction to him, which I presented a short time after my arrival in Leipsic, and received immediately a return call from him. He was kind and affable, and easy to become acquainted with, but owing to diffidence on my part I did not improve the opportunity as I should have done, a circumstance which I now much regret. He played the Mendelssohn concerto in one of the Gewandhaus concerts within a month of my arrival at Leipsic, and I heard him then for the first time, and was much impressed by his beautiful performance. Subsequently, when in Weimar, I had the pleasure of meeting him on many occasions, for he was in the habit of going there not infrequently, and would sometimes take part in the Altenburg private musicales, as well as in the public concerts at the theater.

During the year 1845–46 I heard and became well acquainted with three famous violinists, Vieuxtemps, Ole Bull, and Sivori, who came to Boston and played many times both in public and private. They were all great players, each having his special individuality. Vieuxtemps and Ole Bull I met several times in later years, and became familiar with their playing. Vieuxtemps came to Weimar and played both in private and in public. His playing was wonderfully precise and accurate, every tone receiving due attention, and his phrasing was delightful. Scale and arpeggio passages were absolutely clean and without a flaw. He was certainly a player of exquisite taste, and he still preserved his characteristics when I heard him years later, in 1853 at Weimar, and in 1873 at New York. Ole Bull came to Boston a year or so after Vieuxtemps. He was a born violinist, and developed after his own fashion and nature, in the manner of a genius.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DUCHOCHOIS & KLAUSER

THEODORE THOMAS, ABOUT TWENTY-FOUR YEARS OLD.

Vieuxtemps was the result of scientific training and close adherence to well-founded principles. Ole Bull, on the other hand, was a law unto himself, and burst out into full blossom without showing the various degrees of growth. He did not realize the importance of close attention to detail while in the course of development.

Sivori was of the gentle, poetic, and graceful class of players. Beauty and grace rather than self-assertion characterized his style. Ernst, whom I heard in Homburg in the year 1852, was a player of great intensity of feeling, and was regarded as the most fervent violinist of his time. Joachim's style impressed me as classical and rather reserved, and while I enjoyed and admired it, there was present no feeling of enthusiasm. Wilhelmj, with his broad and noble style, was certainly most impressive. Henri Wieniawski had a musical organization of great intensity, and this, combined with his perfect technic, made his playing irresistible. Ferdinand Laub, for some reason not so well known to the general public as he should be, is generally conceded by the most distinguished violinists to have been the greatest of all quartet-players. Laub was concertmeister during the whole period of my stay in Weimar, and was an intimate friend of mine. It will be remembered that at that time Bernhard Cossmann was the violoncellist of the Weimar string quartet. I owe many delightful moments of musical enjoyment to his exquisitely poetical and refined playing. The last time I met him was at his own house in Frankfort. His wife and children were present, and being thus quite *en famille*, we played together, for the sake of old times, the piano and violoncello sonata of Beethoven in A major. There are many others whom I am prevented by lack of space from mentioning, but I must not omit the name of my friend Adolf Brodsky, a violinist of the very first rank, and a man of great nobility of character. His playing is broad, intelligent, and thoroughly musical, whether as soloist or as first violin in chamber quartet music. The time to enjoy him most is in the privacy of one's own home. There he feels entire freedom from restraint and puts himself intensely into his music, and the result is thorough and complete musical satisfaction.

REMENYI.

I HAVE already had something to say of Eduard Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist who accompanied Brahms to Weimar in 1853. He was a talented man, and was esteemed by Liszt as being, in his way, a good violinist. He belonged to the class typified by Ole Bull, but did not achieve so great a reputation. He remained at Weimar after Brahms left there, and I became intimately acquainted with him. He was very entertaining, and so full of fun that he would have made a tiptop Irishman. He was at home in the Gipsy music of his own country, and this was the main characteristic of his playing. He had also a fad for playing Schubert melodies on the violin with the most attenuated pianissimo effects, and occasionally his hearers would listen intently after the tone had ceased, imagining that they still heard a trace of it.

Not long before leaving Weimar I had some fun with him by asking if he had ever heard "any bona-fide American spoken." He replied that he did not know there was such a language. "Well," said I, "listen to this for a specimen: 'Ching-a-ling-a-dardee, Chebung cum Susan.'" I did not meet him again until 1878, twenty-four years after leaving Weimar. I was going up-stairs to my studio in the Steinway building when some one told me that Remenyi had arrived and was rehearsing for his concerts in one of the rooms above. So, going up, I followed the sounds of the violin, gave a quick knock, opened the door, and went in. Remenyi looked at me for a moment, rushed forward and seized my hand, and as he wrung it cried out: "Ching-a-ling-a-dardee, Chebung cum Susan!" He had remembered it all those years.

SOME DISTINGUISHED OPERA-SINGERS.

MY concert-playing and teaching have naturally made me more interested in instrumental than in vocal music. Moreover, the principal celebrities who came to visit Liszt during my sojourn at Weimar were composers and instrumentalists. For that reason I met but few distinguished opera-singers during my stay abroad. However, I heard the best of them in opera or concert.

In Boston, about the year 1846–47, the Havana Italian Opera gave a season at the Howard Athenæum of that city, and created considerable interest. They gave, I think for the first time in this country, Verdi's "Ernani," which was received with great favor. The principal soprano was Mme. Fortunata Tedesco, who was afterward at the Grand Opéra in Paris from 1851 to 1857. The tenor was Signore Perelli, who had an exceptionally fine voice. Both of these sing-

ers had well-trained voices and were well supported by chorus and orchestra. As this was my first experience in opera, it produced a deep and lasting impression.

The opera season in Leipsic in the year 1852, beginning about the 1st of February and continuing up to the 1st of May, was notable, for it afforded the opportunity of hearing in quick succession three singers of world-wide reputation: Henrietta Sontag, Johanna Wagner, and De la Grange.

HENRIETTA SONTAG.

THE singer of whom I have the liveliest impression is Henrietta Sontag, whom I heard in Leipsic on her first appearance after she had been twenty years in retirement. The interest I took in the occasion was much increased by the fact that I had a seat next to Moscheles, who was very communicative, and gave me an interesting history of his long acquaintance with Sontag, whom he had heard at her last appearance, I think, before her retirement. He was naturally on the *qui vive*, and impatiently waited for the opera to begin. Like many of her other old admirers who were in the theater, he was full of expectancy mingled with dread of possible failure. She appeared as *Maria* in Donizetti's "Fille du Régiment." In this part the voice of the singer is heard before she appears on the stage, and as soon as Moscheles heard Sontag's voice trilling behind the scenes, he exclaimed with delight, "It is Sontag! Nobody I have heard since she left the stage could do that! She is the same Henrietta!"

Some of the rôles in which I heard her were *Amina* in "Sonnambula," *Martha* in the opera of that name, *Susan* in "The Marriage of Figaro," and *Rosina* in "The Barber of Seville." I enjoyed the lovely feminine quality of her voice and manner. There was something peculiarly charming and womanly about her. She sang with unfailing ease and grace, her voice being so flexible that it sounded like the trilling of birds. The most difficult roulades and cadences were given with absolute accuracy and rhythm. It was simply fascinating.

JOHANNA WAGNER.

DURING the month of March of the same year, Johanna Wagner, niece of Richard Wagner, sang in several operas. Among those in which I heard her were Bellini's "Romeo and Juliet," as *Romeo;* "Fidelio," as *Leonora* or *Fidelio;* and "Iphigenia in Aulis," by Gluck, as *Iphigenia*. Here indeed she was a contrast to Sontag, and in these parts she seemed to me quite unapproachable. Her voice was large and full, and her acting most dramatic. Like all the German singers whom I heard, she had not the same nicety of detail, the same clear and beautiful phrasing, characteristic of the Italians I had heard in Boston. But when I grew to know the German method, I began to admire it, not so much for the actual singing itself as for the combination of qualities that entered into it—the artistic earnestness, the acting, and the musicianship.

MME. DE LA GRANGE.

IT was my experience that the Germans themselves greatly admired singing of the Italian school, for when, following Sontag and Wagner, Mme. de la Grange came the next month (April and May, 1852) and sang an engagement in Leipsic, the management doubled the prices, and, notwithstanding this, the house was crowded every time she sang. She was in her prime, and one of the finest singers I ever heard. Her style was brilliant and dazzling, but never lacking in repose. Her high tones were clear and musical, without any trace of shrillness, and in the most rapid passages the tones were never slurred or confused, but distinct and in perfect rhythmic order. The rôles in which she the most appealed to me were as *Queen of the Night* in "The Magic Flute," by Mozart, and *Rosina* in "The Barber of Seville," by Rossini. But she also sang both parts of *Isabella* and *Alice* in Meyerbeer's "Robert the Devil" in the most admirable manner.

"DER VEREIN DER MURLS."

LISZT was the head and front of the Wagner movement; but except when visitors came to Weimar and were inveigled into an argument by Raff, who was an ardent disciple of the new school, there was but little discussion of the Wagner question. Pruckner started a little society, the object being to oppose the Philistines, or old fogies, and uphold modern ideas. Liszt was the head and was called the Padishah (chief), and the pupils and others, Raff, Bülow, Klindworth, Pruckner, Cornelius, Laub, Cossmann, etc., were "Murls." In a letter to Klindworth, then in London, Liszt writes of Rubinstein: "That is a clever fellow, the most notable musician, pianist, and composer who has appeared to me among the modern lights—with the exception of the Murls. Murlship alone is lacking to him still." On the manuscript of Liszt's "Sonate" he himself wrote, "Für die Murlbibliothek."

THE WAGNER CAUSE IN WEIMAR.

My admiration for Wagner did not go to the extreme of Liszt's and of my fellow-pupils. Liszt rarely expressed his opinion of Wagner, because he took it for granted that everybody knew it, and he was not a controversialist. I know that he considered those people who refused to follow Wagner as old fogies, and my colleagues used to twit me for not being as enthusiastic as they were. Certain passages in his operas have always given me great musical enjoyment and delight, but here and there are crudities which, as it seemed to me, were unpardonable in a great composer. Under these circumstances I could not pose as a genuine Murl, although this fact did not disturb the genial and fraternal relations which existed between my colleagues and me; and on occasion also I was equal to the best of them in exercising the specialty of a genuine Murl claqueur.

I think that Wagner will always rank among the greatest composers, but will not always remain as preëminent as he is now in the popular estimation. Some of his compositions are wonderfully intricate, although musical, but at times his faults appear and disturb the balance of things in such a way that the music loses the effect of spontaneity and becomes forced.

In the Weimar days the general objection of the "old fogies" was that his music lacked melody. Doubtless by melody they meant the little tunes of the anti-Wagner period; but the fact is that Wagner has contributed his share to increasing the scope of melody and enlarging its boundaries. It may be that he has gone too far in this direction and has completely obliterated all limitations, thus approaching dangerously near confusion. It was said that he had no melody, but his scores are full of it. There are sometimes so many melodies in combination, each exercising its individuality and proceeding independently, that the "tune effect" is obscured and lost in the crowd of accompanying tunes. But to me Wagner's melody seems restless. It comes on suddenly and progresses without periods of repose. There is almost constant motion, which produces a feeling of unrest. A sentence must have its commas, semicolons, and periods, and punctuation is as necessary in music as it is in letters.

I have never quite understood just what it is in Wagner's music that so fascinates many people whom I know to be unmusical.

RAFF IN WEIMAR.

Of my Weimar comrades, Joachim Raff, it is hardly necessary to say, became the most distinguished. My first impression of him was not wholly favorable. He was hard to become acquainted with and not disposed to meet one half-way. He was fond of argument, and if one side was taken he was very apt to take the other. He liked nothing better than to get one to commit himself to a proposition and then to attack him with all his resources, which were many. Upon better acquaintance, however, one found a kind heart and faithful friend whose constancy was to be relied on. He was very poor, and there were times when he seemed hardly able to keep body and soul together. Once he was arrested for debt. The room in which he was confined, however, was more comfortable, if anything, than his own. He had a piano, a table, music-paper, and pen and ink sent there. How this was accomplished I do not know, but I think Liszt must have had a hand in it. Raff enjoyed himself composing and playing, and we saw to it that he had good fare. The episode made little impression on him: so long as he could compose he was happy. However, the matter was compromised, and in a short time he returned to his own lodgings. He was a hard worker and composed incessantly, with only a brief interval for dinner and a little exercise. We habitually sat together, and afterward usually took a short walk. I enjoyed his conversation exceedingly and profited much from it.

At about five o'clock in the afternoon, looking out of my window, I would frequently see Raff coming over the path leading through the park, with a bundle of manuscript under his arm. He liked to come and play to me what he had composed. His playing was not artistic, because he paid little attention to it, and he did not attempt to elaborate or finish his style.

He composed very rapidly, and many of his compositions do not amount to much. He could not get decent remuneration for good music, and he had to live; therefore he wrote many pieces that were of the jingling sort, because his publishers paid well for them. Sometimes, however, he turned out a composition which was really worthy, and among his works are symphonies, sonatas, trios, and chamber-music which gained him reputation. His symphony "Im Walde" is well known in the

musical world, and his "Cavatina" for violin, although not a piece of importance, is one of the most popular and effective violin solos and exists in various arrangements. At times he was much dejected, and there was a dash of bitterness in his disposition. I think he felt that, being obliged to turn out music for a living, he would never attain the rank to which his talents entitled him.

In promoting the cause of Wagner, Raff did considerable work for which Liszt got the credit. I think that at one time Raff acted as Liszt's private secretary; but he had decided ideas of his own, and knew how to express them. Being generally in close accord with Liszt, and having a ready pen, he rendered great assistance in promulgating the doctrines of the new school by means of essays, brochures, and newspaper articles. Of course much that he wrote was based upon suggestions made by Liszt. Raff was a tower of strength in himself, while at the same time acting as Liszt's mouthpiece in the Wagner propaganda.

BERLIOZ IN WEIMAR.

Hector Berlioz came to Weimar occasionally, and I remember particularly one of his visits which took place in May, 1854. He was famous as an orchestral conductor, and I saw him in this capacity in a concert the program of which consisted exclusively of his own compositions. These were especially attractive on account of their magnificent orchestral coloring. In this regard he was certainly wonderful, and produced many gorgeous effects. His masterly skill and intelligence in the treatment and development of his themes were also everywhere apparent. Every detail received careful attention, and the result was admirable.

Not long afterward he gave a similar concert in the Leipsic Gewandhaus Hall, on which occasion the Weimar contingent was of course present. There was no need of our services as claqueurs, however, for the hall was crowded and the audience demonstrative.

Schubert was spontaneous and inspired, and thus stands in contrast to Berlioz. Melody gushed from Schubert at such a rate, and musical ideas crowded upon each other so rapidly, that he had no time to work up his compositions elaborately. If he had constructive power—and certain passages in his work show that he had—he nevertheless failed to make adequate use of it. His music is charming and delightful on account of its melodious freshness and naïveté. It appeals directly to the heart. The only drawback is his servile adherence to conventionalities, such, for instance, as the old method of invariably repeating every section of a movement.

Beethoven stands as the model of constructive power and emotional expression in happy equipoise. Both the head and the heart are satisfactorily employed, and in his orchestral treatment they find full expression. This is true of all of his concerted works; but his weak point is manifested in his pianoforte compositions, especially in the sonatas, which are not idiomatic of the instrument for which they were written. It is not intended to find fault with the music *per se*. It is simply to say that his ideas are all orchestrally conceived, and as they are not in the nature of the pianoforte, that instrument is inadequate to their true expression. The sonatas are not pianistic, idiomatic—*klaviermässig*. Had he written them for orchestra, we would have had thirty-two symphonies.

Chopin's compositions are the very essence and consummation of the piano, and he is, therefore, the pianoforte composer *par excellence*. On the other hand, his orchestral work is weak and incompetent, as, for example, the accompaniment to his concertos and some other pieces.

Schumann is at home in both directions. He is polyphonic in orchestral treatment, and at the same time thoroughly pianistic. Without suggesting comparisons, his music is *musical* and complete. Beethoven's is heroic.

ENTERTAINING LISZT'S "YOUNG BEETHOVEN."

Liszt sometimes left Weimar for a few days in order to be present at or conduct music festivals. On one of these occasions, early in June, 1854, I remained alone at home on account of slight illness. As Klindworth had gone to London for concert-playing and pianoforte-teaching, I had moved into a suite of rooms in the Hotel zum Erbprinzen. As a matter of interest to pianists I here note the fact that these identical rooms had been occupied by Hummel several years previously.

On the afternoon of the day on which Liszt left with his cortège the head waiter came to me, saying that a young man who had just arrived was in the café inquiring for Liszt and seemed disappointed on learning of his absence. "I told him," said the waiter, "that you were the only one of the family here. Will you see him?" I assented, and in a few moments he ushered

in a young man about twenty-four years of age, of strong features and with a great shock of dark hair, who introduced himself as Anton Rubinstein. I explained to him that Liszt had gone away for three or four days to conduct a festival, that I could not say precisely when he would return; but in the meantime, if I could make him feel at home, I should be very glad.

After some conversation he asked me to play. I remember very well how he looked sitting on the sofa, and the position of the piano in the room. I played, but he did not. I had a suspicion that he was inveigling me without any intention of allowing me to take his measure. He sat there in a gruff Russian way, like a bear, and perhaps my imagination helped to produce this impression.

Rubinstein was already quite well known as a child prodigy, but of course not nearly so famous as he afterward became. I do not recollect paying him very much attention during Liszt's absence, but, then, he did not allow me—he was rambling about all the time; nor did I hear him play before Liszt came back. When Liszt returned, Rubinstein was immediately invited to take up his residence on the Altenburg. I remember that there, one afternoon, he played many of his own compositions. His playing was full of rush and fire, and characterized by strong emotional temperament. He had a big technic and reveled in dash and fire. Those who heard Mark Hambourg here last winter can form a very good idea of Rubinstein's personal appearance at the time of which I write, and also his very pronounced style of playing. His touch also was hard, and lacked the mellow and tender beauty of tone which distinguished it in later years.

RUBINSTEIN'S OPPOSITION TO WAGNER.

RUBINSTEIN'S well-known dislike of Wagner, it seems to me, was temperamental in a large degree, and it was quite natural that he was not in agreement with him. Doubtless Chopin would not have approved of Wagner's music, whatever he might have thought of his method. The melodies of Chopin and Rubinstein are full of sentiment and well defined, and their compositions run in entirely opposite channels from those of Wagner, whose music is a vast sensuous upheaval, which proceeds uninterruptedly from the beginning of an act to the end.

All musicians have a good deal of self-esteem. Rubinstein had his own way of composing, which corresponded to his musical temperament. He had to write everything just as it suited his musical ear, and he could not conceive of any one else having as fine a musical ear as he. At all events, he never stopped long enough to find out if any one else had. Few musicians do. Liszt was fond of Rubinstein, and used to call him the "young Beethoven," on account of a certain fancied resemblance he bore to the great composer. He also recognized Rubinstein's great ability as a pianist, although I think that as a player he rated Tausig much higher. Many years after I left Weimar a relative of mine met Liszt in Rome. She had a short time previous to this heard Rubinstein in concert, and was in a state of great enthusiasm about his playing, and so expressed herself to Liszt. His sole comment was, "Have you ever heard Tausig?" The inference was that those who had heard Rubinstein and not Tausig had missed hearing the greater of the two. I think Liszt regarded Tausig as the best of all his pupils.

As I have said once before in these papers, I never saw Liszt after leaving Weimar in July, 1854. I occasionally received letters from him,—several of them quite long and exceedingly entertaining,—and during the winter of 1879–80, which I spent at Wiesbaden on account of ill health, I received a very cordial invitation to visit him at Weimar sometime in the coming July, and made plans to do so, which were frustrated, however, through unforeseen circumstances. Bülow, when on his first visit here, in 1875, told me that the old charm had entirely passed away. The "Golden Time" was among the things that were.

The last message I had from Liszt was brought to me by Mr. Louis Geilfuss of Steinway & Sons, who met Liszt in one of the streets of Bayreuth only a few days before his death, which occurred somewhat unexpectedly on July 31, 1886.

RETURN FROM EUROPE.

WHEN I returned from Europe in 1854 my parents had moved from Boston, and were living at Orange, New Jersey.

On landing in New York I hurried to Boston, and went immediately to the house of Mr. Webb. This had been my constant purpose ever since the time I left America in 1849. In due course Miss Webb and I became engaged, and were married on March 12, 1857.

My first enterprise after returning from Germany was a concert tour. This I believe to have been the first exclusively pianoforte-recital tour ever undertaken in this country.

Gottschalk, who was here at that time, had traveled about giving concerts, but he was never without a singer or associate of some kind.

In 1853 I had attended a recital given in Frankfort, Germany, by Ferdinand Hiller, the program of which consisted exclusively of his own compositions, concluding with a free improvisation on themes suggested by the audience. My recitals were fashioned after this, only I played very few of my own pieces. The programs were somewhat similar to those of the present time, ranging from Beethoven and Chopin to Liszt. At that time Bach's name, according to my recollection, was never seen on a pianoforte-recital program. A large number of these compositions, such as Liszt's "Twelfth Rhapsody" and Chopin's "Fantasie Impromptu," were played for the first time in this country at these concerts.

TOURING THE COUNTRY.

My friend Oliver Dyer managed the tour. My brothers Daniel and Lowell were at this time booksellers and publishers in New York, under the firm name of Mason Brothers, and Mr. Dyer was connected with them in business. He was a man of action, and possessed good literary ability. He had lived for a time in Washington as reporter of speeches made in Congress, and later on he was connected with Robert Bonner on the "Ledger."

He arranged a pamphlet in which he set forth and doubtless embellished the facts connected with my sojourn in Germany and the favor with which my playing had been received. When, in the course of our tour, we arrived at a town where a lecture was to be given,—not an uncommon occurrence,—he would take down the lecture stenographically and write notices of it for the local papers. The editors appreciated this favor, and were so kindly disposed toward us that they would print any advance notices he chose to write about me. In what he wrote of me, however, I was not willing to have him go to extremes, though he would frequently slip something into the paper without my knowledge, leaving me to find fault with him the next day.

All along the route it was difficult to persuade people that an entertainment of pianoforte-playing exclusively could be made interesting. They had never heard of such a thing, and insisted that there ought to be some singing for the sake of variety.

We stopped in Albany, Troy, Utica, and many other places on the way to Chicago, where I gave two concerts, one of which took place on New Year's eve. After the concert I attended a large reception given in a private residence. I remember being struck by the fact, as it seemed to me, that there were so many young ladies at this reception, and I asked the hostess if there were no married ladies in Chicago. "Why, Mr. Mason," she replied, "there are only two or three unmarried ladies in the room." At that period Chicago was full of young men who had come from the Eastern States, principally New England. After staying in Chicago for two or three years and getting well started in business they would get married, many of them going to their native places for their brides. This accounted for the youthful appearance of the assemblage, and illustrates in part the very rapid growth of Chicago.

Up to the time we arrived in Chicago we had rainy weather constantly, and partly on this account we were out of pocket. Dyer was for going back to New York by the quickest route. I said: "No; I am going back through the same towns, and shall give concerts in every one of them. If the people liked my playing well enough they will come again and bring their neighbors. If they did not like it, I shall soon find it out." As it turned out, I had much larger audiences all the way home.

"YANKEE DOODLE" AND "OLD HUNDRED."

Copying the custom of Ferdinand Hiller, I used to close my concerts by an improvisation upon themes suggested by the audience. All sorts of themes were put into the hat—from Mozart, Beethoven, "Jordan is a hard road to travel," "We won't go home till morning," and many negro melodies. I had a faculty of developing a subject in such a way as to hold my audience.

One night somebody sent up the request that I should play simultaneously "Old Hundred" with one hand and "Yankee Doodle" with the other. This I did, merely to show that even two such heterogeneous melodies could be played together in a musical way. There was a good deal of applause, but also considerable hissing from the religious element, so I made a speech explaining that I meant no disrespect to "Old Hundred" by placing it in such close connection with "Yankee Doodle," and that the melody which had to a certain extent been adopted as a national air was on that account worthy of being played with any hymn.

Fifteen years later, in 1870, George F. Root, who had assisted my father in his musical convention work in the East, but who had settled in Chicago and was doing the same kind of pioneer work in the West, was holding a summer musical convention in South Bend, Indiana. He wished to introduce piano as well as vocal teaching, and invited me to take charge of the piano classes. It was a fearfully hot summer, and during the month I was in South Bend the temperature was continuously close to 100°. Toward the close of the season concerts were given, and it was so hot that in lieu of a dress-coat I wore a linen duster which I had cut off at the waist.

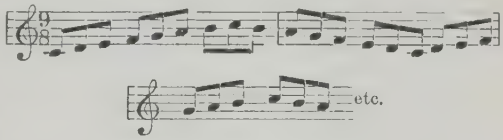
At the last concert I received a request from two or three people to play "Yankee Doodle" with one hand and "Old Hundred" with the other. Possibly they had heard me do so in 1855. Remembering my experience then, I made a few remarks, in which I told them that some little feeling had been created fifteen years before by my doing the same thing, but that—and here I got a little mixed—in playing "Yankee Doodle" with "Old Hundred" I did not intend any disrespect to "Yankee Doodle." At this the audience began to laugh. Schuyler Colfax, who was then Vice-President of the United States, was on the stage behind me, and I could hear him chuckling. I thought to myself, "Well, I have made some funny mistake, though I don't know what it is, so I won't go back and try to correct it."

Afterward Mr. Colfax, who was a noted speaker, told me that whenever he made a *lapsus linguae*, if he found that it amused the audience, he never attempted to correct it.

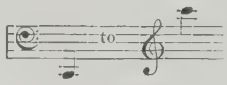
On my return from this concert tour to New York, I established the series of chamber-music concerts which, begun as an experiment, continued thirteen years. I also settled down as a teacher. While I had returned from Weimar with the full intention of continuing my career as a piano-virtuoso, and while my concert tour had been promising enough, I found that the public demanded a constant repetition of pieces to which it happened to take a liking, and I knew that I should soon weary of playing the same things over and over again. Moreover, I felt that from my father I had inherited a certain capacity for giving instruction, and that the chamber-music concerts and engagements with the Philharmonic and at other concerts in New York and elsewhere would serve to keep up my practice as a virtuoso.

SETTLING DOWN TO TEACH.

In 1855 I accepted as pupils some four or five young ladies who were being educated at a fashionable boarding-school in New York. One of these girls was very bright and intelligent, but without special musical talent. She was extremely averse to application in study, and the problem for me was to invent some way by which mental concentration could be compelled, for from the moment she sat down to the piano to practise she was constantly looking at the clock to see if her practice-hour was up. After a little study I found that in playing a scale up one octave and back, without intermission, in $\frac{9}{8}$ time, there are necessarily nine repetitions of the scale before the initial tone falls again on the first part of the measure. Thus,



and so on until another accent falls upon the initial C. Such an exercise is called a rhythmus, and the repetitions compel mental concentration just as surely as the addition of a column of figures does. I found that if the compass was extended four octaves, thus, from



the nine repetitions of the scale would require from three to four minutes if played at a moderate rate of speed. I saw at once that a state of mental concentration could not be avoided by the pupil, and that in this exercise lay a basic principle. I gave the exercise to my pupil. The result was that when the next lesson-hour came around and I asked her how she found the new exercise, she exclaimed: "How do I like it? Why, you have played a pretty trick on me! It took me nearly an hour to accomplish it; but I like it. Why did you not give it to me before?" "Because," I said, "I invented it simply in order to compel your attention to your work." Following up the principle of grouping the tones, I found there was apparently no end to the possible varieties. Two or three years after I had published a system of instruction based upon this principle I came across a statement in the writings of Moscheles to the effect that some one would eventually apply rhythmic forms to all sorts of finger-exercises, and that this

was a very desirable thing to bring about. It was precisely the means by which I had first taught my boarding-school pupil how to concentrate her mind upon her practice.

The idea of starting a series of matinées of chamber-music occurred to me. I wished especially to introduce to the public the "Grand Trio in B Major, Op. 8," by Johannes Brahms, and to play other concerted works, both classical and modern, for this kind of work interested me more than mere piano-playing. So I asked Carl Bergmann, who was the most noted orchestral conductor of those days, and thus well acquainted with musicians, to get together a good string quartet. This he accomplished in a day or two, and made me acquainted with Theodore Thomas, first violin; Joseph Mosenthal, second violin, and George Matzka, viola, Bergmann himself being the violoncellist. We very soon began rehearsing, and our first concert, or rather matinée, took place in Dodworth's Hall, opposite Eleventh street, and one door above Grace Church in Broadway. The program was as follows:

1. Quartet in D Minor, Strings	*Schubert*
2. Romance from Tannhäuser, "Abendstern"	*Wagner*
3. Pianoforte Solo, Fantasie Impromptu, Op. 66 (first time)	*Chopin*
Deux Préludes, D flat and G, Op. 24 .	*Heller*
4. Variations Concertante for Violoncello and Piano, Op. 17	*Mendelssohn*
5. "Feldwärts flog ein Vöglein" . . .	*Nicolai*
6. Grand Trio in B Major, Op. 8, Piano, Violin, and Cello (first time) . .	*Brahms*

It will be observed that we started out with a novelty, Brahms's Trio, which was played then for the first time in America. I repeated it in Boston a few weeks later with the assistance of some members of the Mendelssohn Quintet Club. It received appreciation on both occasions and was listened to attentively, but without enthusiasm. The newspapers spoke well of it in general, but there were some who regarded it as constrained and unnatural. The vocal pieces were inserted in deference to the prevailing idea of the period that no musical entertainment could be enjoyed by the public without some singing. We quickly got over that notion, and thenceforth, with rare exceptions, our programs were confined to instrumental music.

It was my purpose in organizing these concerts to make a point of producing chamber-works, which had never before been heard here, especially those of Schumann and other modern writers.

THEODORE THOMAS AT TWENTY.

THE organization as originally formed would probably have remained intact during all the years the concerts lasted had it not become apparent almost from the start that Theodore Thomas had in him the genius of conductorship. He possessed by nature a thoroughly musical organization and was a born conductor and leader.

Before we had been long together it became apparent that there was more or less friction between Thomas and Bergmann, who, being the conductor of the Germania and afterward of the Philharmonic orchestras, also a player of long experience and the organizer of the quartet, naturally assumed the leadership in the beginning. The result was that Bergmann withdrew after the first year, and Bergner, a fine violoncellist and active member of the Philharmonic Society, took his place. The organization was then called the Mason and Thomas Quartet, and so styled it won a wide reputation throughout the country. I should say in passing that Bergmann was an excellent though not a great conductor.

From the time that Thomas took the leadership free and untrammeled, the quartet improved rapidly. His dominating influence was felt and acknowledged by us all. Moreover, he rapidly developed a talent for making programs by putting pieces into the right order of sequence, thus avoiding incongruities. He brought this art to perfection in the arrangement of his symphony concert programs.

Our viola, Matzka, was also an excellent musician, and for many years the first viola of the Philharmonic orchestra. Mosenthal, who played second violin, achieved a wide reputation as composer and conductor, in which latter capacity he did splendid work for the Mendelssohn Glee Club. He was also one of the best teachers of piano and violin in New York.

THOMAS AS CONDUCTOR.

THOMAS'S fame as a conductor has entirely overshadowed his earlier reputation as a violinist. He had a large tone, the tone of a player of the highest rank. He lacked the perfect finish of a great violinist, but he played in a large, quiet, and reposeful manner. This seemed to pass from his violin-playing into his conducting, in which there is the same sense of largeness and dignity, coupled, however, with the artistic finish which he lacked as a violinist. He is a very

great conductor, the greatest we have ever had here, not only in the Beethoven symphonies and other classical music, but in Liszt, Wagner, and the extreme moderns. Why should he not conduct Wagner as well as anybody else, or better? Everything is large about Wagner, and everything is large about Thomas. His rates of tempo are in accord with those of the most celebrated conductors whom I heard fifty years ago. In modern times the tendency has been toward an increased rate of speed, and this detracts in large measure from the impressiveness of the works, especially those of Mozart, Beethoven, Von Weber, and others.

That Thomas had entire confidence in himself was shown in the outset of his career. One evening, as he came home tired out from his work, and after dinner had settled himself in a comfortable place for a good rest, a message came to him from the Academy of Music, about two blocks away from his house in East Twelfth street. An opera season was in progress there, and, what was not unusual, the management was in financial difficulties. Anschütz, who was conductor of the orchestra, had refused to take the desk unless paid what was due him. The orchestra was in its place, the audience was seated, but there was no conductor. Would Thomas come to the rescue? He had never conducted opera, and the work for the evening's performance was an opera with which he was unfamiliar. Here was a life's opportunity, and Thomas was equal to the occasion. He thought for a moment, then said, "I will." He rose quickly, got himself into his dress-suit, hurried to the Academy of Music, and conducted the opera as if it were a common experience. He was not a man to say, "Give me time until next week." He was always ready for every opportunity.

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK.

I KNEW Gottschalk well, and was fascinated by his playing, which was full of brilliancy and bravura. His strong, rhythmic accent, his vigor and dash, were exciting and always aroused enthusiasm. He was the perfection of his school, and his effects had the sparkle and effervescence of champagne. He was as far as possible from being an interpreter of chamber or classical music, but, notwithstanding this, some of the best musicians of the strict style were frequently to be seen among his audience, among others Carl Bergmann, who told me that he always heard Gottschalk with intense enjoyment. He first made his mark through his arrangement of creole melodies. They were well-defined rhythmically, and he played them with absolute rhythmic accuracy. This clear definition in his interpretation contributed more than anything else to the fascination which he always exerted over his audience. He did not care for the German school, and on one occasion, after hearing me play Schumann at one of the Mason-Thomas matinées, he said: "Mason, I do not understand why you spend so much of your time over music like that; it is stiff and labored, lacks melody, spontaneity, and naïveté. It will eventually vitiate your musical taste and bring you into an abnormal state."

Although an enthusiastic admirer of Beethoven symphonies and other orchestral works, he did not care for the pianoforte sonatas, which he said were not written in accordance with the nature of the instrument. It has been said that he could play all of the sonatas by heart; but I am quite sure that Mr. Richard Hoffman, who was his intimate friend, will sustain me in the assertion that such was not the fact.

I have known Mr. Hoffman for more than fifty years, having met him for the first time in the year 1847 or thereabout. His playing is still characterized by precision, accuracy, and clearness in phrasing, with an excellent technic, combined with repose. I have many times enjoyed his artistic interpretations, and I heard him with great pleasure not a long while ago, on the occasion of his fiftieth anniversary as a teacher in this country.

Returning to Gottschalk, a funny thing happened one day. At the time of which I write, forty-five years ago, William Hall & Sons' music-store was in Broadway, corner of Park Place, and was a place of rendezvous for musicians. Going there one day, I met Gottschalk, who, holding up the proof-sheet of a title-page which he had just received from the printer, said: "Read that!" What I read was, "The Latest Hops," in big block letters after the fashion of an outside music title-page. "What does this mean?" I asked. "Well," he replied, "it ought to be 'The Last Hope,' but the printer, either by way of joke or from stupidity, has expressed it in this way. There is to be a new edition of my 'Last Hope,' and I am revising it for that purpose."

I have in my autograph-book a letter of his, undated, but written in the late fifties:

MY DEAR M.: If you have nothing to do, come and spend the evening with me on Sunday next. No formality. Smoking required, impropriety al-

lowed, and complete liberty, with as little music as possible. I was going to mention that we will have a glass of wine and chicken salad.

Your friend,

GOTTSCHALK.

149 East Ninth Street.

PROPAGANDA FOR SCHUMANN'S MUSIC.

GOTTSCHALK'S remark about my playing Schumann's music was at that time echoed by others, for when I returned from Germany and found Schumann virtually unknown here, I made it my mission to introduce his music into this country—a labor of love in which I was afterward greatly aided by the quartet concerts and by my teaching. Shortly after my return from Germany I went to Breusing's, then one of the principal music-stores in the city,—the Schirmers are his successors,—and asking for certain compositions by Schumann, I was informed that they had his music in stock, but as there was no demand for it, it was packed away in a bundle and kept in the basement. Pretty soon, however, my pupils began calling for Schumann's pieces, and Schumann moved up from the cellar to the main floor. His music was expensive, because if a pupil wanted to buy one of the "Novellettes" or "Kinderscenen," it was necessary to purchase the whole collection. Consequently I persuaded some of the music-dealers to publish a number of the pieces separately. This had the effect in some measure of opening up the sale of his pieces to pupils and amateurs.

RUBINSTEIN AND THE AUTOGRAPH-HUNTER.

ONE afternoon I accompanied Rubinstein from his hotel to Steinway Hall, where he was to give a recital. Just outside of the stage-entrance were two young ladies, one of whom stepped forward, and handing me a sheet of paper and a pencil, begged me to ask Rubinstein for his autograph, and to leave it for her in the dressing-room, so that she could get it after the recital. I told her that Rubinstein did not like writing autographs; that he was a man of kindly disposition, but sometimes acted from impulse; nevertheless, I would see what could be done. So, following Rubinstein up-stairs to the retiring-room, I handed him the writing-materials, stating the young lady's request. He took them, saying nothing, but walked with an air of determination to the window, opened it, and threw them into the street. "Mason," he said, "I don't like your country. People pry too much into private affairs." He then went on to speak of newspaper writers who had interviewed him, and by means of ingenuity beguiled him into speaking of many things which concerned solely his own personality, and the next day published all of these things in detail. He said: "There is absolutely no privacy in this country." "Rubinstein," I said, "I can quite appreciate your position, and understand why you should have come to such conclusions, but I am sure that upon due reflection you will realize that you are doing us an injustice. You have been incessantly occupied during your sojourn here, have hurried from place to place, given concerts with hardly any intermission, and naturally have had no time to see people in their homes. You have not been able to judge of our domestic life or to mingle in society and study our habits." He admitted this at once and made due acknowledgment. Wieniawski, who was once with us when a similar conversation occurred just before the close of their stay here, said: "Mason, I regret extremely that I have not been able to go out to Orange to visit you. We have traveled constantly and rushed from place to place in order to fulfil concert engagements, so that there has been no time for social intercourse. I do not wish you to gather from my apparent neglect an idea that Poles are unsociable; on the contrary, I assure you we are very fond of social life."

Rubinstein came here with a great reputation and achieved a good success. He had transcendent ability, accompanied, however, by certain limitations. By nature impulsive and excitable, he often lost self-control, and in consequence he frequently anticipated his climax. He was like a general who excelled in a brilliant sortie, but who had not the dogged persistence necessary to a long-sustained battle, and at the critical points he was constantly losing his self-poise. When, however, he did effect a climax, it was apt to be a great one, a jubilee. Liszt, on the other hand, was remarkable for his reserve force and for the discretion with which he made use of it; for if, perchance, he missed a climax he immediately made preparation for a new one, and was always sure to reach the zenith at precisely the right moment.

There were occasions on which Rubinstein played with the most wonderful repose, and at such times his playing was musical and poetic in the highest degree. This was particularly the case in slow or moderate movements characterized by tenderness, affection, and fervor. But in the rapid and spirited movements his tendency was to run away and finally to lose self-possession—an afflic-

tion to which the large majority of concert-pianists are subject. Violinists and singers are not nearly so much so, because they can prolong their tones with steady force, or diminish and increase the tone at will. The case is different with the pianist, for after the piano-key has been struck the tone immediately begins to decrease in power, and this incites the player to produce another tone; so he proceeds a little too quickly, constantly gaining a little in speed and crowding one tone upon the other. The effect is exasperating to the listener, who becomes more and more restless, until finally all quiet and repose is utterly lost.

The unevenness in Rubinstein's playing I believe to have been wholly due to the temperamental moods of a man of extreme artistic sensitiveness. He was a thoroughly conscientious artist and worked at the piano incessantly many hours a day. I remember his once saying to me: "I dislike nothing more than to have people say to me, as they frequently do, 'But you do not have to practise, for you are a born genius and get everything by nature.' It is provoking to listen to such stuff after having worked so hard."

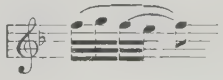
BACH'S "TRIPLE CONCERTO" AND "LES AGRÉMENTS."

In Bach's time many embellishments were used in playing the clavichord. They were all included under the general title *Les Agréments*, or, in German, *Manieren*. Of these the mordent, almost identical with the modern *Pralltriller*, was in most frequent use. It is quite a little thing and simple enough, but there are few players who succeed in giving it the right snap or rattle, without which its true significance is wholly lost. I have already mentioned playing this concerto with Klindworth and Pruckner at a court concert in Weimar. While previously rehearsing it Liszt was very particular in his directions, especially regarding the mordents, and we did our best to follow them. Moreover, Liszt was an authority. He always made thorough investigation of a subject before expressing an opinion upon it, and he was very careful to give a historically accurate and truthful rendering of these old-fashioned ornaments. I afterward found that when three pianists came together for the purpose of playing this concerto a good deal of time was wasted in discussing the proper way of playing the mordent. It was on the program of the Mason-Thomas matinées in New York more than once, and on one occasion we had the assistance of the well-known pianists Messrs. Timm and Scharfenberg. There was no friction at that time, as the three performers were of one mind.

In May, 1873, Theodore Thomas arranged a grand musical festival in New York, of which Rubinstein was the principal attraction. The "Triple Concerto" was one of the features of the festival. Rubinstein played the first piano, and Mills and I the other two.

The concerto has the accompaniment of a string quartet, which may be doubled or increased to the size of a small orchestra if desired. It was thought best to have a preliminary rehearsal for the three pianos alone, and a time was appointed for our meeting together at my studio in Steinway Hall. Mr. Thomas, not being familiar with the concerto, wished to be present in order to become acquainted with it, and at the appointed time was the first to make his appearance. I told him that Rubinstein, not precise in historical methods, would play the mordents in accordance with the mood in which he happened to be. "However," I continued, "I have an old book by Friedrich Wilhelm Marpurg, published in Berlin in 1765, in which he gives written examples of all of the *Manieren*. We will show this to Rubinstein and have some fun. But I do not propose to waste time in discussions. He can play as he likes, and Mills and I will follow suit."

Rubinstein shortly made his appearance, and Mills came a little later. I told Rubinstein about my ancient authority, adding that we should be spared the tediousness of a discussion as to the manner of playing. "Let me see the old book," said Rubinstein. Running over the leaves, he came to the illustrations of the mordent. The moment his eyes fell upon them he exclaimed, "All wrong; here is the way I play it," and going to the piano, he played as follows:



This is what Marpurg calls a kind of double mordent, or *Doppelschlag*. The three keys are struck almost simultaneously, but the middle one only is held down, while the upper and lower ones are immediately released. The true way of playing the mordent is thus:

However, we adopted Rubinstein's way without comment.

What I have written about Rubinstein and Bach's "Triple Concerto in D Minor" recalls to my mind an occasion when I played it with Mr. Boscovitz and Mme. Essipoff at the latter's last recital here, I think in the year 1876. When, at the rehearsal, we came to discuss the mordents, Essipoff exclaimed: "I cannot play those things; show me how they are done." After repeated trials, however, she failed to get the knack of playing them, as, indeed, so many pianists do, so at the recital she omitted them and left their performance to Boscovitz and me. I think the effect of the concerto was not marred by the omission. The incident just related must not be construed as in any degree a disparagement of Mme. Essipoff's playing; as an artist she belongs easily in the first rank of women players, and her style is charming.

In taking leave of my old book by Marpurg I present a specimen of advice which he addresses to pianoforte-students, namely: "In regard to deportment and manners [at the pianoforte], one should take care to avoid making faces, bobbing the head, snorting, twisting the mouth, gritting the teeth, and all such ridiculous things. In the absence of the teacher, a pupil who has fallen into such ungainly habits can correct them by means of a mirror placed in front on the music-rack." The foregoing is as honest a translation from the German as I am able to make. During a half-century's experience in pianoforte-teaching I do not remember a single case among my pupils of one who stood in need of this advice.

A SIGNIFICANT AUTOGRAPH FROM RUBINSTEIN.

JUST before leaving Weimar I had asked Rubinstein to write in my autograph-book, and he immediately complied.

The theme, which he wrote in the key of E flat major, is characteristic of him. It is strong and has a vigorous upward movement. It suggests the young man just starting out in life, with the vitality and courage of early manhood. It is dated "Weymar, le 5. Juin, 1854."

I did not see Rubinstein again until 1873, the year of his visit to this country. Happening in his room one day with my book, the idea occurred to me of asking him to write in it again, under his former signature. For some reason he was averse to doing so, but finally consented. At a glance the second theme seems like the first, but on examination the difference will appear. He has transposed the theme to E flat minor, and its character is entirely changed. The young man has reached the summit of the hill and realizes that he is now upon the descent. The allegro maestoso of former years has changed to an adagio, and, as Rubinstein aptly writes, it is "not the same."

An autograph written for me by Joachim Raff is also interesting. On the night before I left Weimar, June 25, 1854, Raff and I had supper at the Erbprinz together, and as the evening wore on we somehow got into a heated discussion about *Zukunftsmusik*, taking opposite sides. However, as a matter of course, we made up before parting. He had previously written his musical autograph in the book, but now he added a kind thought to speed me on my way, namely: "That he may live well, work well, and soon return to Weimar music. Mitternachtscheide."

RUBINSTEIN, PADEREWSKI, AND "YANKEE DOODLE."

NOT long before Rubinstein's departure for Europe he wrote a large number of variations on "Yankee Doodle," and meeting me shortly afterward, he informed me of the fact, and added: "I have inscribed your name at the head of the title-page, and they are now in the hands of the publisher." He said further, and in a seemingly apologetic tone, "They are good, I assure you, and I have taken much pleasure in writing them." He played this composition at his farewell concert in New York, and in point of fact the variations were very well made; but I think that much of his playing at the concert referred to was improvised.

The second season Paderewski was here I sat next to him at a dinner given just after his arrival. During conversation he said somewhat suddenly: "Mr. Mason, I have just composed a fantasy on 'Yankee Doodle,' and have dedicated it to you." He looked at me, and saw, or thought he saw, a curious expression in my face,—although I was quite unaware of such a thing,—and continued, "You don't like it!" "Oh, I do," I protested, "and esteem the dedication as a great honor." "I see you don't," he said. "Well," I replied, "I already have one 'Yankee Doodle' from Rubinstein, and was thinking that the coincidence of your dedicating me another was very curious, that is all. Let me explain to you that 'Yankee Doodle' does not stand in the same relation to the United States as 'God Save the Queen' to England, 'Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser' to Austria, or the

'Marseillaise' to France. 'Yankee Doodle' was written by an Englishman in derision of us." I am afraid that my remarks discouraged him, for he never finished the composition. He played it to me as far as he had progressed with it, and it is certainly the best treatment of the theme I have ever heard. He had given it respectability, and, indeed, he told me that he really liked the tune.

MEETINGS WITH VON BÜLOW.

VON BÜLOW, who had been a pupil of Liszt a year or two before my time, would occasionally return to Weimar from his concert tours, and during these visits I became well acquainted with him. In certain ways he was a wonderful man. He had an extraordinary memory and a remarkable technic. He was invariably accurate and precise in his careful observance of rhythm and meter by means of proper accentuation, and the clear phrasing resulting therefrom made up a good deal for the absence of other desirable features, for his playing was far from being impassioned or temperamental. His Chopin-playing always impressed me as being dry, and his Beethoven interpretations lacked warmth and fervency.

I remember his once saying to me: "Rubinstein can make any quantity of errors during his performance, and nobody is disturbed by it; but if I make a single mistake it will immediately be noticed by every one in the audience, and the effect will be spoiled."

Personally, Von Bülow and I got along very well together. He always made kind inquiry for me when he met common friends in Europe, and he once presented me with an autograph of Brahms which he valued highly. Among his own autographs which I have is a short strain of music entitled "The Spleen," under which he has written in his English: "In the remembrance of a most 'played-out' pianist." The following letter he wrote me shortly after his arrival in this country, in response to an invitation to make me a few days' visit in Orange, New Jersey, where I was then residing.

BOSTON, October 21, 1875.

MY DEAR COLLEAGUE: I have just now received your kind note, and although I have not a single moment of leisure, I want to thank you and to tell you how happy I should be to meet you again after nearly a quarter of a century out of sight.

Alas! it is quite impossible for me to make you a visit before my arrival in New York. I must work very hard in spite of a bad health and a not at all Rubinstein-like constitution.

As this specimen of cablegrammatical shows, I am unable to express myself in your language without a heap of wrong notes in every line. It was but two years ago, when I made my first appearance in old England (much less sympathetic to me than New England), that I began to stammer the Anglo-Saxon idiom. Please kindly excuse the shortness and weakness of my reply.

Many thousand most friendly compliments from our common co-pupil Carl Klindworth,[1] whom I saw last summer in Tyrol; we often spoke of you.

Yours most truly,
HANS VON BÜLOW.

I know from what Von Bülow himself told me that he accepted philosophically the trouble between himself and his wife Cosima Liszt, and her subsequent marriage to Wagner. Soon after he arrived in New York, in 1876, I called on him, and during our conversation I broached the subject in a tentative way. I was not sure that his feelings toward Wagner were not so hostile that mention of the Bayreuth master would have to be avoided, and I thought it just as well to arrive immediately at a clear understanding of the matter.

"Bülow," I said, "you must excuse me if I touch on a rather delicate subject. Of course your friends abroad know just what your present attitude is toward Wagner; but over here we know little or nothing about it. Perhaps you would like to enlighten me. I hope, however, I have not touched on a painful subject."

"Not at all," he exclaimed. "What happened was the most natural thing in the world. You know what a wonderful woman Cosima is—such intellect, such energy, such ambition, which she naturally inherits from her father. I was entirely too small a personality for her. She required a colossal genius like Wagner's, and he needed the sympathy and inspiration of an intellectual and artistic woman like Cosima. That they should have come together eventually was inevitable."

LEOPOLD DE MEYER.

AN event which happened two or three years before my going abroad was casually omitted in proper chronological order, and so is noticed here.

My first real pianoforte enthusiasm was aroused by Leopold de Meyer, whom I heard for the first time in Boston about the year 1846. He was a sensational player if ever

[1] He was at Moscow, first professor of pianoforte-playing at the Conservatory there.

there was one. He liked to astonish people by his immense power and his impetuous dash. His feats of technic were extraordinary, but at the same time he had an exquisitely charming touch, and when so disposed he produced the most pianissimo effects in such manner as to charm his hearers and hold them breathless. His contrasts were apt to be extreme, but he knew how to manage them skilfully.

His New York concerts were given in the old Broadway Tabernacle, some distance below Canal street, as I now remember. The piano-lovers were not so numerous then as they are now, and it was difficult to fill the hall even with the help of deadheads. De Meyer's agent, acting on the principle that "a crowd draws a crowd," hired a lot of carriages to make their appearance a little before the concert-hour and to stand in front of the doors and then advance in turn, so that passers-by might receive the impression of activity on the part of the concert-goers.

SIGISMOND THALBERG.

THALBERG came to this country in the year 1856, and shortly after his arrival he went by invitation to my brother's house in West Orange, where he made a visit of some two weeks. In this way I became very well acquainted with him. He was unequaled in his style of playing, which was peculiarly his own. His legato in rapid scale and arpeggio passages were wonderfully beautiful, and his specialty was in playing a melody alternating between the hands, and surrounding it with beautiful and brilliant arabesques. He was the originator of this style, which was immediately imitated by his contemporaries, and later on by his successors. He played almost exclusively his own compositions, but here and there a concerto by Beethoven or Weber, although in the classical style he did not appear at his best.

His agent engaged me to play his "Norma Duo" for two pianos with him for a certain number of concerts. The tour was not a long one and was confined to New York, Boston, and neighboring cities. His playing was so precise, accurate, and refined that it was exceedingly pleasant as well as instructive to play with him.

EDVARD GRIEG.

ON July 1, 1890, my daughter, sister-in-law, and I were in Bergen, Norway, having just returned from a very pleasant trip to the North Cape.

Being so near Grieg's home, an hour and a half's drive from Bergen, and having received an invitation to visit him, we presented ourselves at his "Villa Troldhangen" in the afternoon. The day was bright and lovely, and thus we saw Grieg's place under the most favorable aspect. Our reception by Mr. and Mrs. Grieg was most hospitable, and we felt immediately at home. After half an hour's conversation, we all strolled through the beautiful grounds, which in many places are thick with trees and shrubs, while here and there are clearings through which the waters of the fiord shine bright and clear. The wild flowers, with their rich, brilliant colors, were especially attractive; indeed, this is everywhere in Norway an attractive feature.

Mr. Grieg is an intelligent man of high culture and is thoroughly natural and genial. I have very pleasant memories of our cordial reception and delightful visit.

RATES OF TEMPO—THE PRESENT TIME COMPARED WITH FIFTY YEARS AGO.

IN recalling Liszt's playing I cannot help noticing the marked difference in modern rates of tempo as compared with those which were considered authentic fifty years ago. This is noticeable in many of Chopin's compositions, especially the larger ones, such as the sonatas, ballades, fantasias, etc., with all of which I am very familiar, having heard them played not only by Liszt in Weimar, but in other German cities, and by artists of the highest rank, many of whom were contemporaries and personal friends of Chopin. They all seemed to adopt a certain rate of speed, as if in conformity with the composer's intention, and it was in agreement with my own intuitions. Dreyschock and Liszt had often heard the composer play his own pieces and must certainly have been familiar at least with his rates of tempo. I was very close to the Chopin day, having been in Germany only a few months when he died. Two of my teachers and nearly all of the musicians I had met were his contemporaries and had heard him play his own compositions. I certainly ought to have the Chopin traditions.

ELECTROCUTING CHOPIN.

THE question is, Should Chopin be played in accordance with the spirit of the time in which he lived, should his works be played in the tempo in which he played them, or, because electricity has brought about so many changes and has enabled us to do so many things much more rapidly than for-

merly, should Chopin's music be electrified, or, as it seems to me, electrocuted? I think there is a general tendency to play the rapid movements in Chopin, and, in fact, in all composers not of the extreme modern type, too fast. To play these movements rapidly and give the phrases with absolute clearness, one must have such breadth, command of rhythm, and repose in action that he can put the tones together like a string of pearls, so that each is rounded into shape, and the phrase is a complete and definite series of tones, and not like a lot of overboiled pease, so soft that they all mash together. In too rapid playing the effect of speed is lost. The Chopin "Waltz in D Flat Major" is often played much too fast. The theme is said to have been suggested to the composer by a lap-dog in his room suddenly beginning to chase his tail. Whether true or not, the story is suggestive. Destroy the contour of that waltz by playing it at too high a rate of speed, and the dog is no longer chasing his tail, but dashing aimlessly about the room.

Nor should the tempo be too slow. Slow movements are effective, but sufficient animation must prevail to impart life and fervency to the music. A stream may flow so sluggishly that the water loses its clearness. This is not repose, but stagnation. During the last musical season in New York I have heard modern pianists play some of Chopin's compositions so slowly that the effect produced upon me was like that of a music-box running down. One endures it for a while, but finally is wrought up to such a feeling of impatience as to induce the exclamation, "Either stop that thing altogether or wind it up."

TEMPO RUBATO.

IN modern times there is also a tendency to excessive use of tempo rubato.

I have recently heard the second part of Chopin's "C Sharp Minōr Scherzo"—the choral with arpeggio passages—played by a celebrated pianist in such a way that, mathematically adjusted, about one measure was added to every section of four. The player was afterward highly extolled on account of his wonderful rubato effects. The truth is that he was all the while simply playing mathematically out of time. Rubato ("robbed") is a slight modification of rhythmic flow in alternation with a corresponding compensation; it is like excitement in verbal narrative; it is alternately losing and making up, but within judicious bounds, so that in the end the balance is preserved. The nature of music is essentially "tune and time"—in other words, emotion and intelligence, or heart and head, in loving and well-balanced combination. These conditions are absolute and can never be violated without disaster. Hence a true rubato must be played in time, but accommodatingly.

A SINGLE LESSON.

A YEAR or two ago a young lady came to my studio and asked for a single lesson. She told me that she had been studying in Germany for some years, and named the city, which was one of the well-known musical centers. She was then going to the West on her way home, and stopped a day over in New York expressly for a lesson from me. I heard her play several pieces, and was surprised and pleased with her manner and style. She phrased with intelligence and gave due attention to rhythmic requirements. Her tone was large, full, and musically resonant, and could not have been produced otherwise than through the agency of the upper-arm muscles, which were constantly in active use. The flexibility and elasticity of hands and wrists were also apparent, and finally the evident repose in action of all of these qualities capped the climax. I said to her: "My dear young lady, I cannot add to your playing, for it is already finished and artistic. I might possibly suggest a different rendering in certain parts, but, after all, this would amount only to a matter of taste. If you had studied exclusively under my guidance for a course of years, and I had succeeded in doing my best, aided by your own intelligence and careful practice, I should have sought to bring about just the result which you have reached. I think your teacher must be a young man." "He is," she replied; "but why?" "Because," I answered, "his method is free from the stiffness and rigidity of the old German school. Has he, perhaps, a method of his own?" Her immediate reply was, "He uses your method." She also told me her teacher's name, which I have now unfortunately forgotten.

It would be a nice thing to send this teacher more pupils. But the time has gone by when it was necessary for students of the piano to go abroad to complete a musical education. There are now teachers of the piano of the first rank in all of our principal cities, who secure better results with American pupils than foreign teachers do, because they have a better understanding of our national character and temperament, and know better how to develop the

best there is in the pupil. This was not true of the time when I began my musical studies in Germany, but since then the progress made in educational methods in America has been enormous. I am fully alive to the advantages to be gained in some cases from living in daily association with fellow-students, and getting away for a while from the many diversions of social life at home; but these are considerations which affect the dilettante rather than the student of serious and steadfast purpose, through which alone success may be achieved. For such a one the opportunities abroad are no greater than are offered here; and in my judgment it is also true that the principal American composers of to-day are the peers of any who are now living.

THE END.

THE CHINESE AS BUSINESS MEN.

BY SHERIDAN P. READ,
Ex-Consul of the United States at Tientsin, China.

WHILE the animosity of the world is directed toward China for the outrages of the Boxers, who are aided by regular soldiers and abetted by high officials, we should not lose sight of the Chinese merchant and his influence for peace.

The Chinese merchant represents the class that bears half the burden of maintaining a commerce with the whole civilized world, the vastness of which is apparent in the magnificent trade centers of Shanghai and Hongkong, and is recognized at every port of departure, in Europe and America, of the great mail-steamers bound for China. This ever-increasing commerce would be impossible were it not for the fine sense of business integrity possessed by the Chinese merchant. It is he alone who, through all riots, wars, and tribulations, remains the firm friend of the foreigner.

In the early days of trade with China the means of knowing the Chinese business character—whether the Chinese could be relied upon to fulfil a contract—was limited, as only "spot cargo" was then bought; but by degrees orders came back to China for goods of the same grade and at the price of those previously shipped.

The certainty that the Chinese merchant will, if he has undertaken a contract, deliver the goods within the terms of the contract, assures the American buyer that he will find at the best houses the same chop of tea from year to year, the same high grade of mattings, and a fire-cracker of the exact grade ordered. Neither do the manufacturers of straw-braid goods, nor the dealers in pongees and silks, feel any uncertainty with regard to deliveries under contract with China. They know that only such contingencies as they themselves would recognize as valid will prevent the timely delivery of the goods. This Chinese characteristic, possessed by the Chinese merchant, alone of all Orientals, is the perfection of mercantile honor. That he rarely fails to deliver his goods is also due to the fact that he calculates to a nicety—to such a nicety as in the Western world is approached only in Germany. He will tell you frankly wherein lies the difficulty, if there is any, of delivering a certain grade of goods. It may be that floods have devastated a certain district which produces the requisite raw materials that enter into the manufactured article. His price is based upon the value of copper cash and the scarcity or abundance of material, and although he has to confront the difficulty of transportation, the possibilities of strikes, and other obstacles, it is a noteworthy fact that all large dealers arrive virtually at the same price at any given time.

So sure is the foreign merchant, say, at Canton, of this, that he can confine his operations in one line of goods to a few Chinese merchants. He need not go afield to see if he can make better terms. In fact, he need rarely leave his office, as the Chinese merchant calls daily in the hope of getting orders; and although he may not be successful for six months, and even at the end of that time the order be only a small one, he never evinces impatience, disappointment, or chagrin, but is a shining example of the "try, try again" rule.

At the end of a business season the Chi-

nese merchant will not infrequently say, in that weak, babyish dialect which is the medium for conducting so many great transactions: "My losee too muchee dollar 'long that matting pidgin this year," which simply means that "I did n't make as much money as I expected to." Nevertheless, he will always meet the payment of any claim, and be ever ready to "puttee book"—that is, enter fresh orders.

This "puttee book" business is as valid and binding as a signed contract. It means that when the Chinese merchant has taken out his note-book and entered the quantity of goods desired, the time of delivery, and the price, and you have observed the procedure, the contract has been solemnized. It is upon so simple a ceremony as this that all China's vast export business with us reposes.

In the matter of imports, however, when the foreigner has contracted to sell to the Chinese cotton piece-goods, flour, implements, timber, etc., a contract is drawn up and signed by both parties.

This style of contract is essential to the foreign merchant, whose business operations are naturally conducted upon bank credits. There is not a foreign bank in China that will not issue a credit for the purchase of goods to a reputable foreign firm that has a credit with a reputable Chinese firm.

The bank's comprador is supposed to know the rating of all leading Chinese firms, and the foreign banker issues the credit on the implicit faith which he has in his own comprador's recommendation.

In North China, which consumes annually ten million dollars' worth of cotton goods, mostly unbleached, the Chinese cotton-goods or piece-goods dealer requires, after receiving the goods, sixty days' credit for the payment of the same. This time credit is essential to him, as he resells to small dealers on time. For this reason it is customary for the foreign merchant, for the use of his home agent, to take out a foreign bank credit against which drafts are drawn at four months' sight. In other words, as it takes about thirty days for a communication to reach China from New York by mail, five months will have elapsed from the time of the drawing of the draft in New York until it has been retired in China.

During these five months ninety days is ample time within which to receive the goods via the Suez Canal, the usual method of shipment for bulky cargo, and the remaining sixty days covers the time credit required by the Chinese merchant. At the end of the sixty days he makes payment to the foreigner, usually in the form of a native bank draft.

Of course crises like the present are not in the general order of things, they are not contemplated, and it is certain that, with Tientsin in ashes, many of the large native dealers in that city will have to suspend payment. But it is also certain that the Chinese merchants and bankers will work in harmony with the foreign merchants and bankers to prevent a commercial panic, such as would follow were the metropolis of New York city to be nearly wiped out of existence.

With regard to panics, while they are recurrent in the Western world about every eleven years, owing to quick intercommunication and the immediate interdependence of the whole of trade upon the perfect working of all of its component parts, and are consequent upon the breaking down of one or more of its parts through over-inflated credit, these conditions are non-existent in China, and therefore commercial panics such as ours are unknown. A few large failures in Tientsin cannot affect Han-kau, as would like failures in New York affect Chicago.

A reactionary movement against the present disturbances will originate not with the official, not with the literati; but it will spring from the will of the common coolie and the staid, sensible, clear-eyed merchant, both of whose interests, together with those of the native producer, are everywhere suffering. This is the saving feature of the whole situation.

Deprivation will also be experienced by consumers of cotton goods, kerosene-oil, flour, timber, and many other commodities from the outer world. Clocks, watches, and needles, for example, are now regarded by the Chinese as essentials. The whole of this trade is now paralyzed, and will not be resumed until there are sure signs of order, and the continuance of order.

The millions of Chinese who have been finding steady employment in carrying on the vast machinery of trade at the twenty-eight treaty ports of China, whose hands have erected the magnificent business hongs and public buildings at these large emporiums of trade, and whose backs have borne, literally, the vast cargoes of two hemispheres, will finally resolve themselves into an assertive power for the continuance of these old conditions upon improved lines.

The merchants throughout China, in a state of dazed quiescence at the beginning

of these troubles, are already bringing pressure to bear upon their officials in the unaffected parts of China to preserve the present *status quo* of order.

The writer predicts that the disturbing elements, backed up by corrupt officialdom, would even without foreign intervention yield ultimately to the pressure brought to bear by the Chinese merchant class with its following.

The conversation which was taking place in July at all the business hongs along the bund of Shanghai and the praya of Hongkong was somewhat as follows:

The dealer enters, "chin-chins," and says: "How fashion that bobbery along Tientsin-side to-day? My heart too muchee sore inside. Chinaman velly bad man. Wantchee kill all that foreign man. Spilem he own pidgin. My too muchee wantchee can catchee plenty that foreign soldier man finish all this bobbery chop-chop." Or, translating freely: "How goes the trouble at Tientsin to-day? I am very sorry. My countrymen are wrong in wanting to kill all the foreigners. They are going against their own interests. I greatly hope enough foreign soldiers will come to end this trouble right away."

After this short opening he makes the usual inquiries about foreign exchange, etc., and, with regrets that there is nothing doing, drops in for a cup of tea with the firm's comprador, and takes his departure, shaking his head mournfully with a sorrow that is not feigned—for it touches his pocket.

I have already referred several times to the comprador. For twelve years I tried to get a clear and concise impression of this useful personage. The nearest I can come to a definition is this: A comprador is the person without whom one cannot do business in China. He resembles somewhat the paymaster of a big war-ship, and he is certainly just as essential. It is he who collects all the moneys due the firm, and by this we mean that when he is handed an account to collect it is considered as collected, and goes through the accounting department as funds immediately available. (The comprador's private opinion of this phase of his duties has never been recorded.) The firm's checks in payment for cargo are generally drawn upon the comprador, whose profit comes out of the recipient at the rate of three tenths of one per cent. on the dollar or the tael, as the case may be.

It is the comprador who guarantees the integrity of all of the firm's employees and house-servants, and it is his pocket that suffers if one of these goes astray. He can well afford to do this, as his opportunities for making money through his connection with a well-to-do foreign house are greater than one would imagine. His position gives him the chance to conduct a private banking business, advancing money on cargo awaiting shipment, etc. Sometimes he holds large sums of the firm's funds, and there are also times when the firm finds it convenient to procure native credits through the comprador. I do not think a case was ever known where a comprador became indebted to a foreign firm, although I have in mind numerous instances where the comprador owns the foreign firm body and soul. The comprador, even in such a case, is an easy taskmaster. It is he who bears the burdens of the firm, and it is the foreigner who has the "good face."

The comprador, finally, is the friend of the young subaltern of the firm, who invariably has the misfortune early in his Eastern career to fall into debt. The comprador cuts short his tale of woe by the two magical words, "How muchee?" Lucky is the young cadet who emerges thereafter from the debit side of the comprador's inexorably accurate books; but, whatever happens, the friendship thus formed endures throughout the foreigner's mercantile career.

The comprador is always wealthy (or if he is not no foreigner ever finds it out), and he is sometimes a mandarin.

A comprador usually has his set of apartments in the firm's premises, and these are a general rendezvous for native bankers, brokers, merchants, piece-goods dealers, etc. As no business in China is ever conducted among natives without innumerable cups of tea, the tea-pot of the comprador can be seen all day long carried by little eager-eyed "larn-pidgin" back and forth from the hot-water kitchen to the comprador's reception-room.

A comprador has a fixed salary outside of his commissions, and also allowances for staff and entertainment. He has his own private kitchen on the premises, a special cook, writer, etc. Often his small son is numbered among his staff, eager to follow in his father's footsteps, and anxiously pressing forward to wear the comprador's halo.

In middle age the comprador becomes portly and complacent, like the well-to-do banker or merchant of Western nations. He can be seen from afar in his easy, spider-wheel jinrikisha, or walking importantly

down the bund, with his skirts swinging gently,—he wears a long toga-like garment,—palms outspread, betokening satisfaction, the very picture of a contented, comfortable, pig-tailed (generally a small one by this time) bourgeois. Like all Chinese merchants, he is richly dressed and extremely neat and clean in his person. The barber evidently visits him every day. Some of his earnings are invested in foreignized, ornate, rather heavily embellished houses, which are in a style of architecture so distinctly affected by this excellent class of men that in the foreign settlements it is styled, not the Doric, but the Compradoric.

The compradors and merchants in the north have no doubt suffered severely by the destruction and looting of Tientsin, many of them owning banks, houses, hotels, silk-shops, and curio-shops in the native city. The foreigner will get indemnity for his goods and property destroyed, but not so the Chinese merchant. His losses will fall on his own shoulders, without hope of restitution. This state of things, as is obvious, will in turn affect the foreign merchant, who will suffer heavily, if indirectly, through the disasters of his comprador.

The Chinese merchant occasionally meets with reverses in the ordinary vicissitudes of business, but, unlike the Westerner, he does not fall into a panic over them. The foreigner who may be implicated is never allowed to suffer by such reverses on the part of Chinese, as, first of all, the Chinese business "face" must be preserved, and is preserved even through outside native aid.

The Chinese merchant is as proud as he is upright. It has befallen the writer, when in charge of his firm's large business hong in Canton, to perform the disagreeable duty of collecting claims against defective Chinese cargo. These claims are often as surprising to the foreign shipper in China as they are to the Chinese merchant. It is naturally impossible to inspect each roll of matting among the thousands that may have been ordered, or to see that every palm-leaf fan in a shipment of five hundred thousand has been properly cured. Such claims always come back accompanied by sworn affidavits, and when they are pronounced authentic by the foreign merchant in China, the native merchant, without demur, respects the demand.

The writer has in mind a claim of some two thousand dollars against a shipment of palm-leaf fans from Canton that had been very carefully inspected, and had apparently left the Chinese "pack-house" in a perfectly dry condition. Many of the boxes, however, turned out to be mildewed, and it is the writer's belief that the damage was caused by moisture permeating the hold of the ship when crossing the equator with hatches open. I handed the claim with affidavits to Mr. Yut Shing, who, quietly brushing the documents aside, remarked: "Mr. Read suppose that foreign taipan homeside talkee true belong ploper claim, my must pay." The two thousand dollars were forthcoming that very evening. This shipment was a dead loss to Yut Shing, but he made not so much as a protest.

This condition of things also speaks volumes for the integrity of the pioneer merchants in the China trade in dealing with these straightforward people, and should warn merchants, promoters, and others, to be careful not to shake this faith. The note of caution should be especially sounded at this time, when there is a tendency on the part of unscrupulous adventurers to exploit the Chinese markets. To warn the Chinese merchant against this class is a duty that devolves not only upon our consuls and officials in China, but also upon our established business houses.

The obvious duty confronting the United States in its official and commercial relations with China, which in the past, with few exceptions, have been accepted by the Chinese as eminently honorable throughout, is to preserve the "open-door" policy so admirably begun under existing conditions by the merchants of all nationalities, and to oppose to the uttermost the "spheres of influence" idea, which is being pushed into prominence by capitalized promoters.

Without wishing to say anything against the promoter as an individual, who is often a charming, agreeable, well-meaning man, the tendency of his assaults upon the central Chinese government at Peking, and upon the localized governments at the capitals of the various provinces, for wide-sweeping concessions for the building of through trunk-lines of railroad and for the development of mines throughout whole provinces, is to antagonize the official classes, who foresee in these contemplated sweeping changes the substitution of an unsettled for a settled state of things, the upheaval of many fixed customs and traditions, and possibly the termination of their career as officials.

Besides the reëstablishment of a stable government in some form or other that is not incompatible with Chinese ideas, a settle-

ment of the present trouble should include the opening up of many more treaty ports for the furtherance of mercantile activity. The extension of the treaty-port system will give the promoter scope to operate within the shadow of a commerce that has strongly cemented China's and our commercial forces.

Furthermore, as this article deals merely with an intimate view of the spirit of fairness and integrity which pervades the Chinese merchant class (whether dictated by policy or natural rectitude it concerns us not to ask), the missionary side of the Chinese problem as it touches the merchant requires no special mention beyond the question, Would it not be politic for the missionary to confine his work to the treaty ports and their environments? This alone would be a field of great magnitude. With foreign interests concentrated at fixed points our consuls and minister would find the field of their labors lessened and the effectiveness of their work enhanced.

To the practical Chinese merchant the presence of the missionary in his country is enigmatical. The purely eleemosynary nature of his labors is to the merchant utterly incomprehensible and quite beyond his powers of imagination. To suggest to him that the missionary is there solely for the good of the Chinese is to advance a statement which is received by him politely, no doubt, but with a shrug of the shoulders and a general air of regretful skepticism.

He has a vague idea that, behind the missionary's visible comings and goings among the common people, he is there for no good purpose; that his latent object is to uproot cherished traditions, plow up, metaphorically, the graves of native ancestors, and play the mischief generally. Of the missionary's high motives he understands and believes nothing. But, as the Chinese merchant is above all things a materialist, he accepts him philosophically, and regards him somewhat in the light of a necessary evil.

As a rule, the Chinese merchant in the treaty ports is engaged in business in a field somewhat removed from his ancestral home, and even should he become a convert, there is far less probability of a rupture between him and his distant relatives than there would be were he converted at home. His change of religious views would therefore affect merely his immediate family, of which he is absolute master. Even without Christianity he is devoted to his family, is charitable to his neighbor, abstemious in his habits, and, as Orientals go, a pattern of morality.

THE CHILD PERPETUAL.

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

THE early sunbeams lay like golden bars through the half-open door, the mocking-birds, so close that one could almost touch them, made merry in the musk-cluster twining about the pillars, and the big swing under the live-oak swayed invitingly to the little maid who sat in the doorway and beat her small heels imperiously against her low chair.

"Wants Parmely to curl my hair!"

"She cain't come perzackly des now, Little Miss," said a soothing voice, from the tones of which one should judge that a previous conversation was progressing; "but whoee! des see how putty Betty kin fix hit! We fix hit an' go fin' dat Parmely."

"You sha'n't fix it—wants Parmely now!" demanded the baby.

Betty foresaw trouble ahead.

"Betty go git mammy ter fix Little Miss' hair."

"Don't want mammy; wants Parmely!" There was an unshaken determination in the tone, and Betty resolved to change her tactics.

"Dat bre'kfus'-bell gwine ring terreckly, an' yo' maw gwine 'low, 'Whar dat 'Lis'bet'?' an' dey hain't gwine fer ter know whar dat 'Lis'bet', an' here she er-settin' en her night-gown, bar'foot, des er-holl'in' fer Parmely! Better lemme put on dem socks quick, now!"

Betty's argument fell upon unlistening ears, and there was a mist in the blue eyes that indicated a speedy change of weather.

"Lemme put on yo' shoes, an' Betty tell yo' 'bout de tar-baby all de time we 's dressin'."

"Don't want de tar-baby; wants Parmely!" And the little pink heels beat the threatening tattoo again.

"Betty tell about de jay-bird, de jay dat go ter de debil 'ca'se—"

"Don't want de jay-bird; I wants Parmely!"

"Tell 'bout de brier-patch an' ole Br'er Rabbit; he—"

There was a catch in the baby voice now. "I don't want Br'er Rabbit—won't have Br'er Rabbit; I wants Parmely!"

Betty was nearly at the end of her juvenile tradition, and of invention she had none.

"Lemme put on de shoes quick, an' Betty tell 'bout how de debil los' he tail, an' git ter be er gemman, an'—"

"I wants Parmely! Boo-hoo!" came from the tired baby at last.

"Tell yo' what, Little Miss, ef yo' be right good, an' lemme dress yo' an' fix yo' putty, Betty take yo' ter Parmely—Meely down en de quarters"; and Betty assumed a great air of mystery.

"I wants Parmely to come here and curl my hair!" And the little foot was stamped by way of emphasis.

Betty twisted the corner of her apron thoughtfully. She had a piece of news to impart, very important according to her youthful ideas, but also orders not to do it until after breakfast, from no less a person than Parmely herself; but here was a case where all strategy had failed, and she considered herself at liberty. With more confidence than she had yet shown,—for Betty only belonged to the quarters,—she picked up the little socks and shoes, and knelt again by her ruling sovereign.

"Meely cain't come,"—there was a winning way about Betty now, and she had taken one unresisting foot into her lap,—"but she sont yo' word dat she got sumpen fer yo' down en de quarters, an' she sont me ter make yo' putty an' ter fotch yo'."

"It 's a kitty, a little bit er kitty!"

There was a shower of dimples and a glimpse of white teeth like grains of rice, and the socks and shoes were deftly slipped on by the delighted Betty.

"Hit hain't er kitty," and Betty's eyes were provokingly big. The dressing now went on rapidly, but the curling of the hair was to be the tug of war. "Now let me git de tangles out 'fore I uses de curlin'-stick."

"Ouch!" sobbed the baby. "I don't want it combed. You pull! I don't want it combed—ouch!"

"Betty gwine frow dat ole comb 'way; hain't gwine hu't Little Miss; hain't gwine use nuffin but de bresh. Whoee! hain't we makin' her putty!"

"Don't want it curled! Don't want it curled!"

"Ef yo' cry, Meely won't gib yo' what she got fer yo'. Whoee! 'mos' done now! What dat Meely got fer Little Miss!"

The baby smiled through her tears. "Ain't I ready now, Betty?"

"'Mos' ready, Little Miss—'mos' ready. Yo' cain't guess what Meely got fer yo'? Meely got er little bit er baby down en de quarters, an' she done gib her Little Miss 'Lis'bet' fer her own Little Miss, an' she done gib her ter Little Miss fer her own little nigger!" Betty prolonged her information, and dragged her words to make them hold out until the last curl was brushed and the blue ribbon tied; but her bread and milk was disdainfully rejected by the little lady of the "big house," who, with gifts for Parmely, proudly set out for the quarters to view her new possession.

Old Maumer showed the little black baby with the pride which she always manifested in the newest of her charges,—which pride would survive until the next one should arrive,—and Parmely accepted "Little Miss's" gifts with all the fond foolishness of a very young mother, though she was forty if a day.

Little Miss cooed and laughed, and would sit on the step to hold the baby, and all went well until Little Miss wept and wailed because she could not take her own little baby back to the big house to wear her dolly's clothes.

Parmely was "Ole Miss's" maid and seamstress, enjoying, next to mammy, her confidence and trust. She kept the keys of the linen-press, and even superintended the looms; but in all of the years of her special privileges, since she had been the wife of Uncle Luke, the overseer, she had had a secret sorrow—she had never had a child. Mammy "'lowed" Parmely was a fool to want one, for most of the negroes did not care for them directly, but only for the special gifts and rights granted and accorded by Ole Miss before and after each one came; but Parmely was not like the field-hands, mammy argued, for she had rights and privileges all the year round.

But now a baby had come to Parmely, a black baby, whose first gown was of linen of Ole Miss's own cutting, and in the gray light of the breaking day Ole Miss took the baby in her arms and named her Frances.

Of course Uncle Luke was proud and happy, and grinned mightily as "Ole Marse" quizzed him; for though Parmely was his fourth wife, this his twenty-third child, and he had a score of grandchildren, it was the child of his old age, and his only "quality child," for Parmely was a "house nigger."

Little Frances throve and grew strong, until she could catch at Little Miss's white

gown as she flitted by; but Parmely had another secret sorrow, greater than the first, and one Sunday afternoon she brought her baby and laid it on Ole Miss's knee, covering her head with her apron, and swaying to and fro with that silent, rhythmic monotone of woe which taxed Ole Miss to the uttermost to soothe. Ole Miss turned the baby over and over on her knee, and looked long and earnestly into its face, but what passed between them only she and Parmely knew, and Parmely was somewhat comforted.

Something was wrong. Somebody in the quarters said that Frances could not cry like other babies; but old Maumer in the nursery said it was a lie.

Little Miss had grown to be a great girl now, beyond the socks and armlets, and the bright curls reached the tiny waist encircled now by silken sashes, after the gay ends of which the delighted Frances now could toddle whenever the children came to the quarters. But something was wrong, and sometimes Little Miss would toss her head disdainfully and say, "I don't want Frances!" Then a chorus would come from the little negroes as they made their own selections over and over again: "Here my Little Miss!" "Dar my Little Marster!" "Dis my Miss!" "Here my Marse!" And the children in turn would claim certain little piccaninnies; but no one claimed Frances as she held fast to her mother's apron.

"Don' anybody want Frances, po' little Frances! Hain't got any Little Miss!" And Parmely's eyes would fill, jealous of the others for her child. Then Little Miss would always relent, for she loved Parmely, and she would say: "I 'll take her, Parmely. She 's my little nigger." And Parmely would pat Little Miss's dress delightedly, crying: "Here yo' Little Miss, Frances! Here yo' Little Miss!" But Frances would roll her eyes and hide in her mother's skirts.

The time wore on, and Parmely was letting out the tucks in Little Miss's frocks, the long curls were tied back with girlish dignity, and once again, on a Sunday afternoon, Parmely carefully dressed her child and laid her again on Ole Miss's knee. But now Ole Miss's tears dropped with Parmely's own. Truth was so cold, so very, very hard, and yet truth was not to be gainsaid.

"All I got, Ole Miss! All I got!" moaned Parmely, swaying in her sorrow. "An' dey got so many en de quarters,—eight, ten, twelve,—an' dis is all I got! An' she nebber kin wuk, an' she cain't l'arn ter sew, an' she 's all I got—my own po' chile!"

"But she shall never want for anything, Parmely," said Ole Miss, softly. "She shall not wear homespun like the others; you shall dress her like a white child, and give her all the mother's care you please."

Parmely wiped her tears: Ole Miss's promises were a balm to her sorrow, for she knew that Ole Miss always fulfilled them; but the mother-heart, akin the world over, nursed in silence its pitiful thorn as she jealously robed the tiny black thing in the purple and fine linen of Ole Miss's providing.

The black babies came and went from under old Maumer's care in the nursery. Some coming long since Frances came were now beside their mothers in the field; but Frances still remained the child perpetual. She had never learned to talk, only uttering a peculiar guttural, and of reasoning powers she was believed to be utterly lacking; but the tiny body was absolutely perfect in its dainty proportions, the little slender hands looked like a clear brown wax, and only the head, which was carried straight upon the little shoulders, showed any abnormal development.

So Maumer rocked the child of sixteen years when the lusty newcomers in the cradles were quiet; and when bedlam reigned in the nursery Frances leaned her tiny elbows on her knees and sat in the doorway looking at the sun.

Another "Little Miss" reigned over Frances's fortunes, Ole Miss's latest born; for 'Lis'beth had long since coiled her sunny curls into the fashion of the times, and twirled her fan coquettishly for sundry swains who came to woo. She was the sunspot in Ole Marse's heart, and he was wont to make the glasses ring when he declared that none were worthy of her heart and hand; and Mistress 'Lis'beth tipped her dimpled chin so high and tied her bows beneath so archly wise that all her lovers fell to sighing like a southern breeze; and old Parmely, watching from afar, waxed proud of all her handiwork, and planned with Ole Miss newer frivolities for her gowns. As Parmely sewed the billowy things for perfect maidenhood, out of the selfsame daintiness she cut the tiny baby frocks of little Frances. But now the bitter tears had ceased to fall, and she took without repining the wearing of her thorn. She "'lowed we axed de good Lord fer er baby chile, an' he done gib we-all er chile fer good."

There came a time at last when silken nets were cast, and were not cast in vain, and

Mistress 'Lis'beth bowed her proud head to the snare, not fluttering to be caught. Ole Miss had wept, then smiled, and Ole Marse swore a good round honest oath, and paced the floor; but Parmely set her pins and shears, and worked on wedding-gowns.

Down in the quarters, old Maumer's hand grew slow and slower yet on the row of little cradles, then fell asleep, and another Maumer, as fat and wholesome as the first, reigned over newer charges whose mothers were in the field, and cared for little Frances, the child who never changed. Sometimes Parmely felt that she was growing old, and then she convulsively clasped her one lamb to her breast. The poor big head would roll itself against her cheek, but the tongue was always still. If she should die, and Frances make no sign to show she loved her!

Outside, the little piccaninnies rolling in the sand were shouting "Mammy!" loudly. She had waited so long to hear it; if Frances would only say it once, she believed that she could lie down and die willingly. Over and over again she whispered it in her ear; but only the old guttural came from Frances's throat.

Spring was showering her pink and white petals in the orchard, the slowest bud was nodding in Ole Miss's garden, when the whole plantation was astir with preparation: confectioners and professionals came from Vicksburg, and even from New Orleans, and Parmely almost yielded her palm to the chattering French modiste, who gesticulated with a swirl and sweep of satin, pearls, and lace. There was much ado in trying on marvels of bonnets and slippers, and at last there was a wedding in the great old house, and 'Lis'beth, smiling and dropping tears alternately, was handed to the carriage by her husband, and followed by a retinue of slaves, Ole Marse's gift, to swell the grandeur of the new-made home. Parmely, while the others showered rice and shouted in their joy, thought in her heart of Frances, and sought in humble wise to comfort poor Ole Miss, whom she found in her chamber with her head half buried in her pillows.

So Ole Miss's babies had come and gone, but Parmely's child remained, unaware of the years, unchanged, still looking at the sun; and the old mother-longing just to hear a childish voice from the tiny doll-like thing would come back upon Parmely's heart, almost like an echo now, as she folded her bandana smoothly over her gray hair and knew that she was old.

The autumn and winter had passed since 'Lis'beth's wedding-day, and spring had come again. Down in the teeming fields the plows had ceased to turn, the planting was all done, and as the chopping was begun, the mingled songs made music in Ole Marse's ears; for the river had been very high, and guards for weeks had been patrolling the new levee, fearful of a break, or lest some jealous planter should make a midnight cut to save his own; but now, unless the unexpected should occur, there was no occasion for uneasiness. Now that the fear was past, there was to be a great merrymaking on the adjoining plantation in honor of Mistress 'Lis'beth, whom the springtide had brought again to the old plantation home, and the proud Parmely, now promoted from the needle and the linen-press, was playing mammy to 'Lis'beth's fair first-born.

THE night of the ball was clear and the sky was full of stars. Parmely thought she had never seen so many out at once, as she paused on her way from the quarters to the big house for the night. The moon rose late, she knew; they would even be coming from the ball before it lifted from the swamp.

How Frances had clung to her to-night as she tucked her in her same old cradle-bed! Luke had not come in; but he would come and see that all was right. Frances even seemed to try to talk to-night as the little fingers had locked themselves around the mother's neck.

"Say 'Mammy!' Frances; oh, say 'Mammy, mammy!'" cried Parmely, eagerly, straining her to her heart. "Hain't yo' gwine ter be nuffin but er baby ferebber an' ferebber? I 'se ole, an' I 'se gittin' blin' an' deef. Say 'Mammy!' whilst yo' mammy kin hear yo', Frances!" But only the low guttural was uttered, neither human nor yet animal, and the mother turned her head away. "Hain't gwine hear hit ferebber an' ferebber; but she 's all I got, all de Lord sont me—des er baby—des er baby!"

Deftly Parmely made 'Lis'beth ready for the ball; she would let none other do it, and the old fingers had not lost their touch, nor her handiwork its cunning.

With a laugh and a jest the last carriage had rolled away, with Ole Marse, Ole Miss, Young Marse, Marse James, Miss 'Lis'beth, and Little Miss,—Frances's Little Miss,—who was now thinking of her beaus; and Parmely was left alone with 'Lis'beth's little baby. Parmely sat and dreamed. How like 'Lis'beth

the little one was—the same brow, the same sunny curls! It seemed as if it was 'Lis'beth herself. A cricket chirped upon the hearth, the little baby roused, and Parmely put her foot upon the rocker,—it was Lis'beth's own cradle,—then she stirred the ashes and warmed the milk for the baby—'Lis'beth's baby. It might have been 'Lis'beth, time had flown so fast. The lamp was turned low, the flickering blaze upon the hearth had died, and Parmely calmly slept.

Out of the swamp the moon rose like a great red ball, peeping shyly at first through the "deadening," lighting up the young corn and cotton with the fleck of a golden promise—a promise elusive and misty in the half-light.

Rising higher, the level beams lay upon the quarters, and at last flooded Parmely's cabin. It was deserted; Luke had not returned, and the cradle of Frances was tumbled and empty.

At last it lay upon the yellow, surging waters of the river and on the new earth of the levee just above, without a blot or shadow save a tiny dot of pink—perhaps a shirt spread out to dry, or an apron forgotten by the hands; for the levee was unguarded, the patrol had deserted.

Higher and higher rose the moon in silent glory, and the little bit of color was swayed, perhaps by the breeze. The silence was oppressive, when the tiny dot of pink seemed flying from itself. A gust swept by, and then a sudden, sullen roar; perfidy had worked in the dark—the levee had been cut.

But down in the quarters a wail rang loud and clear: "Mammy! Mammy! Mammy!" and the startled negroes woke to find the waters seething, rolling, almost at their doors. On, on, the little pink-robed figure sped, pausing at every cabin with its wail: "Mammy! Mammy! Mammy!"

"My Gord, hit 's Frances! De Lord done opin her mouf! De jedgment done kim! Hope me, my Lord!" And old Maumer fell upon her knees.

"Hit 's Frances! De jedgment 's done kim! De debil 's talkin' frough Frances! Lis'en ter Frances! De jedgment!" was the mingled cry that rose. Then, "De lebee done bruk! Sabe us! Sabe us!"—for the known fear mastered the superstitious. And above the hoarse cries, confusion, and rush, pierced the shrill, unearthly cry: "Mammy! Mammy! Mammy!" But the ears that had been strained a whole life long to hear that call were not there to listen, and the hungry heart that had yearned for it so, was a mile away at the big house, watching beside Miss 'Lis'beth's baby.

No one stopped the little figure as it ran, for fear was on them all, and superstition, always strong, grew worse before her shrill, wild cry of terror. But now the cry was still, and order was restored. Ole Marse had come, and day was breaking on the widening waste. The stock and wagons were removed to places of safety, but underneath that restless mass, where was the golden promise of cotton and of corn? Ole Marse stood gazing on the ruin of the year; so many hopes had gone that way before! And the negroes, awed and ashen, told him how the dumb had spoken, and how the idiot child of Luke had saved their lives—how she had run from cabin to cabin, calling for her mammy, and Parmely was up at the big house.

"A cordon of strong men, and only a dwarfed idiot to serve in time of need!" muttered Ole Marse from between set teeth. "Where is the child?" No one knew. She had passed by the cabins like the wind, and each was looking to his own safety.

"Yes; that 's it!" shouted Ole Marse. "Go look in every direction until you find the child!"

A negro swam through the water, and grasping the rope, tolled the signal of distress that gathered all the negroes on the plantation, and Ole Marse from a stalwart shoulder called: "Go out and find Parmely's idiot child! There 's freedom for the man who sees her first."

Old Maumer knelt apart; they thought she prayed, but she was mumbling and crooning to herself: "Hain't no nigger gwine git no freedom yere dis day; hain't nobody gwine ter look en Frances' eye; fer de Lord he mek he sign las' night, dat de wayfarin' man an' er fool mought read. Better git down on dey knees an' go ter prayin', fer de Lord done mek he sign!"

THEY had heard it at the big house—how the cordon had deserted, the levee had been broken, and little Frances had saved the negroes' lives; and in the early morning Ole Miss had been driven to the edge of the water, and now stood holding Parmely by the hand.

Pirogues and skiffs were out in all directions, searching by land and water.

"Ole Marse nebber say whedder we fotch her dead or 'live, des so 's we fotch her," said Swing, the burliest negro of them all.

"She call me 'mammy,' Ole Miss! She call me 'mammy'! I done wait twenty year

DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST. HALF TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

"'DE LEBEE DONE BRUK! SABE US! SABE US!'"

ter hear hit, an' I wa'n't dar! Oh, my Gord! I wa'n't dar!" And Parmely covered her head.

"They 'll find her, Parmely; you shall hear her yet," said Ole Miss, soothingly.

The sun rose high and warm, and Ole Miss still stood beside the waters; no entreaties could induce her to return.

"She call me 'mammy,' Ole Miss; she call me 'mammy'! An' I wa'n't dar!"

"They 'll find her, Parmely; wait patiently!" whispered Ole Miss.

"I hain't ebber hear her say 'mammy,' an' she done say hit! Pray, Ole Miss! Hope me pray!" And there in the midday light they knelt, mistress and slave.

Oh, thou, thou God of mothers, thou didst hear and heed, and leave thy blessing on the stricken heart!

Mistress and slave had risen from the prayer, and as they rose, the waters lapped and lapped, and laid a pink-and-brown wet thing just at Ole Miss's feet; and Ole Miss bent in silence and took it in her arms. Parmely neither looked nor wept, but bowed her head content.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

TWELFTH PAPER.

XXXVIII. PERSONAL TRAITS.

THERE is no sign that the wonderful fortunes that had befallen Cromwell in the seventeen years since he quitted his woodside, his fields and flocks, had altered the soundness of his nature. Large affairs had made his vision broader; power had hardened his grasp; manifold necessities of men and things had taught him lessons of reserve, compliance, suppleness, and silence; great station brought out new dignity of carriage. But the foundations were unchanged. Time never choked the springs of affection in him, the true refreshment of every care-worn life. In his family he was as tender and as solicitous in the hour of his glory as he had been in the distant days at St. Ives and Ely. It was in the spring of 1654 that he took up his residence at Whitehall. "His wife seemed at first unwilling to remove thither, though she afterward became better satisfied with her grandeur. His mother, who, by reason of her great age, was not so easily flattered with these temptations, very much mistrusted the issue of affairs, and would be often afraid, when she heard the noise of a musket, that her son was shot, being exceedingly dissatisfied unless she might see him once a day at least." Only six months

FROM THE ORIGINAL PORTRAIT BY CORNELIUS JANSSEN AT CHEQUERS COURT BY PERMISSION OF MRS. FRANKLAND-RUSSELL-ASTLEY.

MARY CROMWELL (LADY FAUCONBERG).

after her installation in the splendors of Whitehall the aged woman passed away. "My Lord Protector's mother," writes Thurloe in November, "of ninety-four years old, died the last night, and a little before her death gave my lord her blessing in these words: 'The Lord cause his face to shine upon you, and comfort ye in all your adversities, and enable you to do great things for the glory of your most high God, and to be a relief unto his people. My dear son, I leave my heart with thee; a good night.'"

His letters to his wife tell their own tale of fond importunity and affectionate response. "I have not leisure to write much," he says to her from Dunbar. "But I could chide thee that in many of thy letters thou writest to me that I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice." And then he told her, as we have seen, that he was growing an old man and felt the infirmities of age marvelously stealing upon him. He was little more than fifty, and their union had lasted thirty years. Seven months later he writes to her that he is increased in strength in his outward man. "But that will not satisfy me, except I get a heart to love and serve my heavenly Father better. . . . Pray for me; truly I do daily for thee and the dear family, and God Almighty bless ye all with his spiritual blessings. . . . My love to the dear little ones; I pray for grace for them. I thank them for their letters: let me have them often. . . . If Dick Cromwell and his wife be with you, my dear love to them. I pray for them; they shall, God willing, hear from me. I love them very dearly. Truly I am not able as yet to write much. I am weary, and rest, ever thine."

He was ever, says Thurloe, a most indulgent and tender father. Richard Cromwell, as history well knows, had little share of the mastering energies that made his father "chief of men." With none but respectable qualities, with a taste for hawking, hunting, and horse-racing, he lacked strenuous purpose, taking life as it came, not shaping it. When the time arrived for his son's marriage, Cromwell, though plunged deep in public anxieties, did his share about the choice of a wise connection, about money, about the life of the young couple, with prudent care. Henry Cromwell, an active soldier, an administrator of conspicuous judgment and tact, and a politician with sense and acuteness, had been commander-in-chief in Ireland since 1655, and his father thought well enough of him in 1657, though still hardly thirty, to make him lord deputy in succession to Fleetwood. Five years before, Fleetwood had married Bridget Cromwell, widow of the brave and keen-witted Ireton. Elizabeth, said to have been Oliver's favorite daughter, was married to Claypole, a Northamptonshire gentleman, of respectable family and estate.

FROM A MINIATURE BY CROSSE AT WINDSOR, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

ELIZABETH CROMWELL (MRS. CLAYPOLE).

Not long after the establishment of the second protectorate, the two youngest daughters made matches which were taken by jealous onlookers to be still further signs of the growth of Cromwell's reactionary ambition. Lady Mary, now one-and-twenty, married Lord Fauconberg, and Lady Frances in the same week married Robert Rich, grandson and heir of the Earl of Warwick. Swift tells Stella how he met Lady Fauconberg at a christening in 1710, two years before her death. He thought her extremely like her father's pictures.

Precisians found the court at Whitehall frivolous and lax, but what they called frivolity was nothing worse than the venial sin of cheerfulness. One of the Dutch ambassadors in 1654 describes what life at court was like on occasions of state, and the picture is worth reproducing: " . . . The master of the ceremonies came to fetch us in two coaches of his Highness about half an hour past one, and brought us to

FROM THE ORIGINAL PORTRAIT BY JOHN RILEY, IN THE COLLECTION OF THE REV. T. CROMWELL BUSH.
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. BLOCK.

FRANCES CROMWELL (MRS. RICH, AFTERWARD LADY RUSSELL).

Whitehall, where twelve trumpeters were ready, sounding against our coming. My Lady Nieuport and my wife were brought to his Highness presently, . . . who received us with great demonstration of amity. After we stayed a little, we were conducted into another room, where we found a table ready covered. His Highness sat on one side of it alone; my Lord B., N., and myself at the upper end, and Lord President Lawrence and others next to us. There was in the same room another table covered for other lords of the Council and others. At the table of my Lady Protectrice dined my Lady N., my wife, my Lady Lambert, my Lord Protector's daughter, and mine. The music played all the while we were at dinner. The Lord Protector [then] had us into another room, where the Lady Protectrice and others came to us: where we had also music, and wine, and a psalm sung which his Highness gave us, and told us it was yet the best paper that had been exchanged between us; and from thence we were had into a gallery, next the river, where we walked with his Highness about half an hour, and then took our leaves, and were conducted back again to our houses, after the same manner as we were brought."

Baxter tells a less genial story. Cromwell, after hearing him preach, sent for him. The great divine found him with Broghill, Lambert, and Thurloe. Cromwell "began a long and tedious speech of God's providence in the change of government, and how God had owned it, and what great things had been done at home and abroad in Spain and Holland." Lambert fell asleep. Baxter attacked the change of government, and Cromwell with some passion defended it. "A few days after, he sent for me again to hear my judgment about liberty of conscience, which he pretended to be most zealous for, before almost all his Privy Council; where, after another slow, tedious speech of his, I told him a little of my judgment. And when two of his company had spun out a great deal more of the time in such like tedious but more ignorant speeches, some four or five hours being spent, I told him that if he would be at the labor to read it, I could tell him more of my mind in writing in two sheets

than in that way of speaking in many days." And this in truth we may well believe. It was the age of long discourse and ecstatic exercises. John Howe, who had first attracted Cromwell by preaching for two hours, and then turning the hour-glass for a third, has told us that on a Sunday or a fast-day he began about nine in the morning, with a prayer for about quarter of an hour, in which he begged a blessing on the work of the day, and afterward expounded a chapter for about three quarters; then prayed for an hour, preached for another hour, and prayed for half an hour: then he retired to refresh himself for quarter of an hour or more, the people singing all the while, and then came again into the pulpit, and prayed for another hour, and gave them another sermon of about an hour's length; and then concluded toward four o'clock with a final half-hour of prayer.

XXXIX. FOREIGN POLICY.

We have all learned that no inconsiderable part of history is a record of the illusions of statesmen. Was Cromwell's foreign policy one of them? To the prior question what his foreign policy was, no single comprehensive answer can be given. His grand professed object was indeed fixed: the unity of the Protestant interest in Christendom, with England in the van. Characteristically, Cromwell had settled this in his mind by

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY SIR PETER LELY, IN THE COLLECTION OF THE REV. I. CROMWELL BUSH

ELIZABETH BOURCHIER, WIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

impulse and the indwelling light. It proved to be an object that did not happen to fit in with the nature of things. Unluckily, in the shoals and shifting channels of international affairs, the indwelling light is but a treacherous beacon. So far as purely national aims were concerned, Cromwell's external policy was in its broad features the policy of the Commonwealth before him. What went beyond purely national aims and was in a sense his own, however imposing, was of questionable service either to the State or to the Cause.

At the outset his policy was peace. The Commonwealth had gone to war with the Dutch, and Cromwell's first use of his new power was to bring the conflict to an end (April, 1654). His first boast to his Parliament was that he had made treaties not only with Holland, but with Sweden, Denmark, and Portugal. These treaties were essentially commercial, but they implied general amity, which in the Dutch case did not go very deep. "Peace," said Oliver, using the conventional formula since worn so painfully threadbare on the eve of every war by men armed to the teeth—"peace is desirable with all men, so far as it may be had with conscience and honor." As time went on, designs shaped themselves in his mind that pointed, not to peace, but to energetic action. He went back to the maritime policy of the Long Parliament. Even in coming to terms with the Dutch in 1654, he had shown a severity that indicated both a strong consciousness of mastery and a stiff intention to use it to the uttermost. This second policy was a trunk with two branches, a daring ideal with a double aspect, one moral, the other material. The Protector intended to create a Protestant ascendancy in continental Europe, and to assert the rights and claims of English ships and English trade at sea. The union of all the Protestant churches had long been a dream of more than one pious zealot, but Cromwell crystallized the aspirations after spiritual communion into schemes of secular policy. In spirit it was not very unlike the Arab invaders who, centuries before, had swept into Europe, the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, to conquer and to convert. If he had only lived, we are told, his Continental policy might have been the rudiment of something great, the foundation of a Protestant and military state that might have been as powerful as the Spanish monarchy at the beginning of the century, and might have opened for England an age, if not of happiness, yet of vast greatness and ascendancy (Seeley). There is no reason to think that any such sacrifice of national happiness to national ascendancy was ever a true account of Oliver or of his ideals. Those baleful policies were left for the next generation and Louis XIV, the solar orb now first diffusing its morning glow above the horizon. Justly has it been said (Gardiner) that if Oliver had been granted these twenty years more of life, that enthusiastic worshipers hold necessary for the success of his schemes, a European coalition would have been formed against the English Protector as surely as one was formed against Louis of France.

FROM A MINIATURE BY J. HOSKINS AT WINDSOR, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

RICHARD CROMWELL.

When peace was made with the Dutch (June, 1654), the government found themselves with one hundred and sixty sail of "brave and well-appointed ships swimming at sea." The Protector and his Council held grave debate whether they should be laid up or employed in some advantageous design, and against which of the two great crowns, France or Spain, that design should be directed, or whether they would not do better to sell their friendship to both the powers for a good sum of money down. Lambert opposed the policy of aggression in the Spanish Indies. The scene, he said, was too far off; the difficulties and the cost had not been thought out; it would not advance the Protestant cause; we had far more important work at home—the reform of the law, the settlement of Ireland, and other

high concernments. Whether Lambert stood alone, or held views that were shared by colleagues on the Council, we cannot say. Cromwell argued, on the other hand, that God had brought them there to consider the work that they might do all over the world as well as at home, and if they waited for a surplus they might as well put off that work forever. Surely the one hundred and sixty ships were a leading of Providence. The design would cost little more than laying up the ships, and there was a chance of immense profit. The proceedings of the Spaniard in working his silver-mines, his shipping and transhipping, his startings and his stoppages, his management of trade-winds and ocean currents in bringing the annual treasure home—all these things were considered with as much care as in the old days, a couple of generations before, when Drake and Hawkins and the rest carried on their mighty raids against the colonial trade of Spain, and opened the first spacious chapter in the history of the maritime power of England. From the point of view of modern public law, the picture of the Council of State, with Oliver at the head of the board, discussing the feasibility of seizing the West Indies, is like so many hearty corsairs, with pistols, cutlasses, and boarding-caps, revolving their plans in the cabin of the *Red Rover* or Paul Jones's *Ranger*. But modern public law, such as it was, did not extend to the Spanish Main. It is true that Spain refused to grant freedom from the Inquisition and free sailing in the West Indies, and these might have been legitimate grounds of war. But it is hard to contend that they were the real or the only grounds. Historians may differ whether the expedition to the West Indies was a scheme for trade, territorial aggrandizement, and naked plunder of Spanish silver, or only a spirited Protestant demonstration in force. Carnal and spiritual were strangely mingled in those times. "We that look to Zion," wrote a gallant Anabaptist admiral of the age, "should hold Christian communion. We have all the guns aboard." Whether as substance of the policy or accident, plunder followed.

FROM THE STATUE BY W. HARRIS THORNYCROFT, R.A.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

To disarm the Spanish king's suspicion, the Protector wrote to assure him that the despatch of the fleet to the Mediterranean implied no ill intent to any ally or friend, "in the number of which we count your Majesty" (August 5, 1654). If the king could have heard the arguments at the Council of State, he might have thought that this

DRAWN BY F. BRANGWYN.

THE BURNING OF THE MOORISH FRIGATES IN THE BAY OF TUNIS.

amicable language hardly answered to the facts. Cromwell's earliest move in this new line was to despatch Blake with one strong fleet to the Mediterranean, and Penn and Venables (December, 1654) with another to the West Indies. In each case the instructions were not less explicit against French ships than against Spanish. Blake alarmed France and Spain, menaced the Pope, and attacked the Barbary pirates. The expedition against San Domingo was a failure: it was ill found, ill conceived, and ill led. Before returning in disgrace, the commanders, hoping to retrieve their name, acquired the prize of Jamaica. These proceedings brought the Protector directly within the sphere of the great European conflict of the age, and drew England into the heart of the new distribution of power in Europe that marked the middle epoch of the seventeenth century. From the Elizabethan times conflict on the high seas had ranked as general reprisal and did not constitute a state of war, nor did it necessarily now. The status of possessions oversea was still unfixed.[1] Cromwell, however, had no right to be surprised when Philip chose to regard aggression in the Indies as justifying declaration of war in Europe. A further consequence was that Spain now began warmly to espouse the cause of the exiled line, and in the spring of 1656 Philip IV formally bound himself to definite measures for the transport of a royalist force from Flanders to aid in the English restoration.

The power of Spain had begun to shrink with the abdication of Charles V. Before the middle of the seventeenth century Portugal had broken off; revolt had shaken her hold in Italy; Catalonia was in standing insurrection; the United Provinces had finally achieved their independence; by the barbarous expulsion of Moors and Jews she lost three millions of the best of her industrial population; her maritime supremacy was at an end. Philip IV, the Spanish sovereign from a little time before the accession of Charles I in England to a little time after the restoration of Charles II, was called by flatterers the Great. "Like a ditch," said Spanish humor—"the more you dig away from it, the greater the ditch." The treaty of Westphalia (1648), the fruit of the toil, the foresight, and the genius of Richelieu, though others gathered it, weakened the power of the Germanic branch of the house of Hapsburg, and Mazarin, the second of the two famous cardinals who for forty years governed France, was now in the crisis of his struggle with the Spanish branch. In this long struggle between two states, each torn by intestine dissension as well as by an external enemy, the power of England was recognized as a decisive factor after the rise of the republic; and before Cromwell assumed the government, Spain had hastened to recognize the new commonwealth. Cromwell, as we have seen, long hesitated between Spain and France. Traditional policy pointed to France, for though she was predominantly Catholic, yet ever since the days of Francis I, the greatest of her statesmen, including Henry IV and Richelieu, had favored the German princes and the Protestant powers, from no special care for the Reformed faith, but because the Protestant powers were the adversaries of the emperor, the head of the Catholic party in Europe.

Mazarin endeavored to gain Cromwell from the moment of his triumphant return from Worcester. It is the mark of genius to be able to satisfy new demands as they arise, and to play new parts with skill. Expecting to deal with a rough soldier whom fortune and his sword had brought to the front, Mazarin found, instead of this, a diplomatist as wary, as supple, as tenacious, as dexterous, as capable of large views, as incapable of dejection, as he was all these things himself. The rude vigor of the English demands and the Lord Protector's haughty pretensions never irritated Mazarin, of whom it has been aptly said (Mignet) that his ambition raised him above self-love, and that he was so scientifically cool that even adversaries never appeared to him in the light of enemies to be hated, but only as obstacles to be moved or turned. It was at one time even conjectured idly enough that Mazarin designed to marry one of his nieces to the second son of Oliver. For years the match went on between the Puritan chief, who held the English to be the chosen people, and the Italian cardinal, who declared that, though his language was not French, his heart was. Mazarin's diplomacy followed the vicissitudes of Cromwell's political fortune, and the pursuit of an alliance waxed hotter or cooler as the Protector seemed likely to consolidate his power or to let it slip. Still, both of them were at bottom men of direct common sense, and their friendship stood on as good a basis for six or seven years as that which for twenty years of the next century supported the more fruitful friendship between Sir Robert Walpole and Cardinal

[1] Corbet's "Spanish War, 1585-87," viii., ix. (Navy Records Society, 1898).

Fleury. A French writer, eminent both as historian and actor in state affairs, says of these negotiations that it is the supreme art of great statesmen to treat business simply and with frankness, when they know that they have to deal with rivals who will not let themselves be either duped or frightened (Guizot). The comment is just. Cromwell was harder and less pliant, and had nothing of the caress under which an Italian often hides both sense and firmness. But each was alive to the difficulties of the other, and neither expected short cuts or a straight road. Mazarin had very early penetrated Cromwell's idea of making himself the guardian both of the Huguenots in France and of the Protestant interest throughout Europe. In the spring of 1655 the massacre of the Protestants in the Piedmontese valleys stirred a wave of passion in England that still vibrates in Milton's sonnet, and that Cromwell's impressive energy forced on Europe. At no other time in his history did the flame in his own breast burn with an intenser glow. The incident both roused his deepest feelings, and was a practical occasion for realizing his policy of a confederation of Protestant powers with England at the head of them, and France acting in concert. To be indifferent to such doings, he said, is a great sin, and a deeper sin still to be blind to them from policy or ambition. He associated his own personality with the case in a tone of almost jealous directness, that struck a new note. It was his diplomatic pressure upon France that secured redress, though Mazarin, not without craft, kept for himself a foremost place.

No English ruler has ever shown a nobler figure than Cromwell in the case of the Vaudois, and he had all the highest impulses of the nation with him. He said to the French ambassador that the woes of the poor Piedmontese went as close to his heart as if they were his own nearest kin; and he gave personal proof of the sincerity of his concern by a munificent contribution to the fund for the relief of the martyred population. Never was the great conception of a powerful state having duties along with interests more magnanimously realized. Now was the time when the Council of State directed their secretary to buy a new atlas for their use, and to keep the globe always standing in the council-chamber. The Venetian representative in London in 1655 declares that the court of the Protector was the most brilliant and most regarded in all Europe: six kings had sent ambassadors and solicited his friendship. The glory of all this in the eyes of Cromwell, like its interest in history, is the height that was thus reached among the ruling and established forces of Europe by Protestantism. A position so dazzling was a marvelous achievement of force and purpose. if only the foundation had been sounder and held better promise of duration.

The war with Spain, in which England was now involved by her aggression in the West Indies, roused little enthusiasm in the nation. The Parliament did not disapprove the war, but showed no readiness to vote the money. The Spanish trade in wine, oil, sugar, fruit, cochineal, silver, was more important to English commerce than the trade with France. It is worthy of remark that the Long Parliament had directed its resentment and ambition against the Dutch, and displayed no ill will to Spain; and much the same is true of the Little Parliament, and even of Cromwell himself in early stages. The association of France in the mind of England with Mary Stuart, with the queen of Charles I, and with distant centuries of bygone war, was some set-off to the odium that surrounded the Holy Office, the somber engine of religious cruelty in the Peninsula; and the Spanish Armada was balanced in popular imagination by the Bartholomew massacre, which Burleigh called the most horrible crime since the Crucifixion. No question of public opinion and no difficulties at the exchequer prevented the vigorous prosecution of the war. Blake, though himself a republican, served the Protector with the same patriotic energy and resource that he had given to the Commonwealth, until, after the most renowned of all his victories, and worn out by years of service, the hero died on reaching Plymouth Sound (1657).

By October of 1655 Mazarin had brought Cromwell so far as to sign the treaty of Westminster, but the treaty did not go to the length of alliance. The two powers agreed to keep the peace among the mariners of their respective countries, who had, in fact, for years been in a state of informal war; to suppress obnoxious port dues and duties of customs, and otherwise to introduce better order into their maritime affairs. By a secret article, political exiles were to be sent out of both England and France. The treaty relieved Mazarin of his anxieties on the side of England, and brought him a step nearer to his great object of imposing peace upon Spain.

It was not until March, 1657, that the next step was taken and the treaty of Paris con-

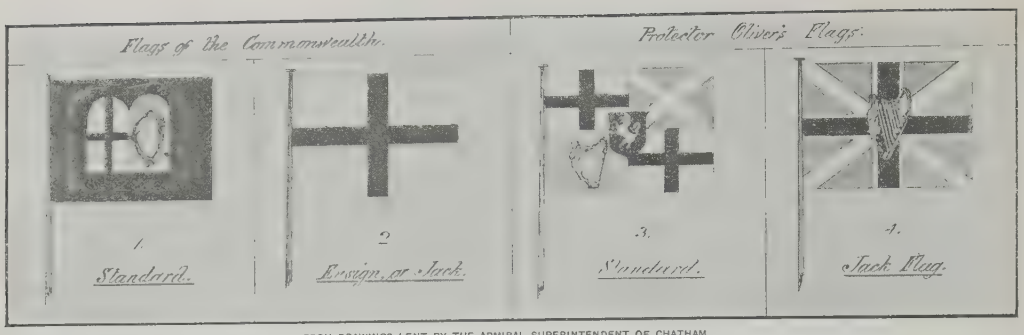
cluded. This marked again a new phase of the Protector's policy, for he now at last directly bound himself to active participation in the play of European politics, and he acquired a Continental stronghold.

The English force was duly despatched. The young French king with lively curiosity reviewed the iron men by whom his uncle had been vanquished, dethroned, and put to death. Turenne, the famous marshal, a Protestant with the blood of the house of Orange in his veins, but destined to a strange conversion and to be the instrument of one of the great public crimes of the century, pronounced the Cromwellian contingent to be the finest troops in the world. After some delay Mardyke was taken, and then formally handed over to the English representative, October, 1657. It was the first foothold gained by England on Continental soil since the loss of Calais in the time of Queen Mary, a hundred years before. Dunkirk was left until the next season. The glory then won by English arms belongs to a later page.

At the end of 1655 Cromwell told the agent from the Great Elector that it was not only to rule over the English republic that he had received a call from God, but to introduce union and friendship among the princes of Europe. Cool observers from Venice, who knew thoroughly the ground that the Protector knew so little, predicted in 1655 that his vast and ill-conceived designs must end in spreading confusion all over Christendom.

These designs made little progress. The Great Elector warned Cromwell's ambassador that, in the present state of Europe, the interest of Protestantism itself required them to follow safe rather than specious counsels, and to be content with trying to secure freedom of conscience by treaty. Instead of a grand Protestant league against the German branch of the house of Austria, what Oliver saw with perplexity and anger was violent territorial conflict among the Baltic Protestant powers themselves. The Swedish king, the Danish king, the Great Elector, were all in hot quarrel with one another—the quarrel in which Charles X, grandson of Gustavus Adolphus and grandfather of Charles XII, astounded Europe by marching twenty thousand men across some thirteen miles of frozen sea on his path to territorial conquest. The dream of Charles, from whom Cromwell hoped so much, was not religious, but the foundation of a new Gothic empire. Anabaptists were not more disappointing at home than were the Northern powers abroad. Even the Protestant cantons of Switzerland did not help him to avenge the barbarities in Piedmont. When the emperor came to be chosen, only three of the electors were Protestant, and one of the Protestant three actually voted for the Austrian candidate. The presence of Cromwell's troops in Flanders naturally filled the Dutch with uneasiness, and inclined one Protestant republic again to take arms against another. Finally, to hasten the decline of Spain was directly to prepare for the ascendancy of France; of a country, that is to say, where all the predominant influences were Catholic and would inevitably revive in unrestrained force when the monarchy was once secure.

Bolingbroke mentions a tradition which he had heard from persons who lived in those days, and whom he supposes to have got it from Thurloe, that Cromwell was in treaty with Spain, and ready to turn his arms against France at the moment when he died. So soon, it is inferred, did he perceive the harm that would be done to the general interest of Europe by that French preponderance which his diplomacy had made possible and had furthered. But, they say, "to do great things a man must act as if he will never die," and if Cromwell had only lived, Louis XIV would never have dared to revoke the Edict of Nantes. This is problematical, indeed. If the view ascribed to Cromwell by some modern admirers was really his, it must rank among the most contradictory of chimeras that sometimes haunt great minds. Even suppose that Cromwell's scheme of Protestant ascendancy in Europe had been less hard to reconcile with actual conditions than it was, how was he to execute it? How was the conversion of England into a crusading military state, and the vast increase of taxation necessary to support such a state, calculated to give either popularity or strength to a government so precarious and so unstable that after five years of experiment upon experiment it could exist neither with a Parliament nor without one? It was the cost of the war with Spain that prevented Oliver from being able to help the Protestant against the Catholic cantons in Switzerland, zealous as were his sympathies. And one ground of his anxiety to possess Dunkirk was trade antagonism to the Dutch, who were at least as good Protestants as the English. Oliver's ideal was not without a grandeur of its own, but it was incongruous in its parts, and prolonged trial of it could



FROM DRAWINGS LENT BY THE ADMIRAL SUPERINTENDENT OF CHATHAM.

FLAGS OF THE COMMONWEALTH AND OF PROTECTOR OLIVER.

only have made its unworkableness more manifest.

"You have accounted yourselves happy," said the Protector in his speech in January, 1658, "in being environed by a great ditch from all the world beside. Truly you will not be able to keep your ditch nor your shipping, unless you turn your ships and shipping into troops of horse and companies of foot, and fight to defend yourselves on terra firma."

The great Elizabeth, like Lambert at Cromwell's own council-table, believed in the policy of the ditch and "the felicity of full coffers," and she left a contented people and a settled realm. Cromwell, notwithstanding all the glory of his imperial vision of England as a fighting Continental state, was in fact doing his best to prevent either content or the settlement of his own rule in the island whence alone all this splendor could first radiate. The future growth of vast West Indian interests, of which the seizure of Jamaica was the initial step, has made it possible to depict Cromwell as the conscious author of a great system of colonial expansion. What is undoubtedly true is that such ideas were then alive. Nor had the famous traditions of the Elizabethans died. The Commonwealth from the time of its birth, while Cromwell was still engaged in the reduction of Scotland, had shown the same vigor in the case of insurgent colonies as against royalist foes in waters nearer home, or against the forces of distraction in the two outlying kingdoms. The Navigation Act, which belongs to the same date, has been truly described as designed among other nearer objects to strengthen the hold of England on her distant possessions, though it is perhaps a reading of modern phrases into old events to say that the statesmen of the republic deliberately designed to show that England was to be not merely a European power, but the center of a world-wide empire. Be this as it may, Cromwell's colonial policy was that of his predecessors, as it was that of the statesmen who followed him. He watched the colonies in a rational and conciliatory spirit, and attended with energy to the settlement of Jamaica, though some of his expedients were too hurried to be wise, for with the energetic temperament we have to take its drawbacks. For his time little came of his zealous hopes for the West Indies, and English merchants thought bitterly on their heavy losses in the Spanish trade, for which a barren acquisition seemed the only recompense. Colonial expansion came in spite of the misgivings of interested traders or the passing miscalculations of statesmen.

It had its spring in the abiding demands of national circumstance, in the continuous action of economic necessities upon a national character of incomparable energy and adventure. Such a policy was not and could not be the idea of one man, or the mark of a single generation.

XL. GROWING EMBARRASSMENTS.

In France, a century and a quarter after Cromwell's day, they said that every clerk who had read Rousseau's "New Héloïsa," every schoolmaster who had translated ten pages of Livy, every journalist who knew by heart the sophisms of the "Social Contract," was sure that he had found the philosopher's stone, and was instantly ready to frame a constitution. Our brave fathers of the Cromwellian times were almost as rash. There is no branch of political industry that men approach with hearts so light, and yet that leaves them at the end so dubious and melancholy, as the concoction of a Second Chamber. Cromwell and his Parliament set foot on this *pons asinorum* of democracy, without a suspicion of its dangers.

The Protector made it a condition, at his conferences in the spring of 1657, that if he was to go on there must be other persons interposed between him and the House of Commons. To prevent tumultuary and popular spirits he sought a screen. It was granted that he should name another House. Nothing seemed simpler or more plausible, and yet he was steering straight upon reefs and shoals. A mistake here, said Thurloe, will be like war or marriage: it admits of no repentance. If the old House of Lords had been alive, and had also by miracle been sincerely in the humor to work for national pacification, to restore it might have tended to union. As it was, to call out of empty space an artificial House, without the hold upon men's minds of history and ancient association, without defined powers, without marked distinction of persons or interests, and then to try to make it an effective screen against an elected House to whose assent it owed its own being, was not to promote union, but directly to provoke division and to intensify it. Confident in his own good faith, and with a conviction that to frame laws in view of contingent possibilities has a tincture of impiety in it as a distrust of Providence, Cromwell never thought out the scheme; he left it in the Humble Petition and Advice, with leaks, chinks, and wide apertures that might horrify the newest apprentice of a parliamentary draftsman. The natural result followed. The new House was not to be more than seventy in number nor less than forty, to be named by the Protector and approved by the House of Commons; a place in it was not hereditary; and it received no more impressive title than the "Other House." Cromwell selected a very respectable body of some sixty men, beginning with his two sons, Richard and Henry, and including good lawyers, judges, generals, and less than a dozen of the old nobles. Some of the ablest, like Lockhart and Monk and Henry Cromwell, were absent from England, and all of the old nobles, save five, held aloof. Like smaller reformers since, Cromwell had never decided, to begin with, whether to make his Lords strong or weak—strong enough to curb the Commons, and yet weak enough for the Commons to curb them. The riddle is unanswered to this day. He forgot, too, that by removing so many men of experience and capacity away from the Commons he was impairing the strength of his own government at the central point of attack. Attack was certain, for on the opening of the second session of his second Parliament (January 20, 1658) the ninety members whom he had shut out from the first session were to be admitted. Some of them, after much consideration, deemed it their duty "to leave that tyrant and his packed convention to stand upon his sandy foundation," but the majority seem to have thought otherwise, and they reappeared.

The looseness of the constituting document made the business of an opposition easy, if it were inclined to action. One clause undoubtedly enacted that no standing law could be altered and no new law made except by act of Parliament. As a previous clause had defined a Parliament to consist of two Houses, this seemed to confer on the Other House a coördinate share in legislation. On the other hand, the only section dealing with the specific attributes of the new House regards it as a court of civil and criminal appeal, and the opposition argued that the Other House was to be that and nothing else. It was here, and on the question of government by a single House, that the ground of party battle was chosen. Cromwell's enemies had a slight majority. After the debate had gone on for four days, he addressed them in an urgent remonstrance. He dwelt on the alarming state of Europe, the combinations against the Protestant interest, the discord within that interest itself, the danger of a Spanish invasion to restore the Stuarts, the deadly perils of disunion at home.

The House was deaf. For ten days more the stubborn debate on the name and place of the Other House went on. Stealthy attempts were made to pervert the army in the interest of a republican revival. As in the old times of the Long Parliament, the opposition worked up petitions in the City. These petitions were designed by the malcontents to serve as texts for motions and debates in favor of returning to a pure commonwealth. On the other wing there were some in the Parliament who even held commissions from the king. The Protector, well aware of all that was on foot, at last could endure it no more. In opening the session he had referred to his infirmity of health, and the labor of wrestling with the difficulties of his place, as Maidstone says, "drank up his spirits, of which his natural constitution yielded a vast stock." Royalists consoled themselves with stories that he was not well in mind or body, that his mutinous officers vexed him strangely, and that he was forced to take opium to make him sleep. The story of the circumstances of the last

dealings of Oliver with a Parliament was related as follows: A mysterious porter brought letters addressed to the Protector. Thurloe directed Maidstone, the steward, to take them to his Highness. The door of the apartment was closed, but on his knocking very hard, Cromwell cried out angrily to know who was there. Presently he unbarred the door, took the letters, and shut himself in again. By and by he sent for Whalley and Desborough, who were to be in command of the guard that night. He asked them if they had heard no news, and on their saying no, he again asked if they had not heard of a petition. He bade them go to Westminster. On their way they heard some of the soldiers using disaffected words. This they immediately reported, and Oliver told them to change the ordering of the guards for the night. The next morning (February 4), before nine o'clock, he called for his breakfast, telling Thurloe, who chanced to be ill, that he would go to the House, at which Thurloe wondered why his Highness resolved so suddenly. He did not tell him why, but he was resolved to go. "And when he had his meal he withdrew himself, and went the back way, intending alone to have gone by water; but the ice was so as he could not; then he came the footway, and the first man of the guard he saw he commanded him to press the nearest coach, which he did, with but two horses in it, and so he went, with not above four footmen and about five or six of the guards, to the House; after which, retiring into the withdrawing-room, he drank a cup of ale and ate a piece of toast. Then the Lord Fiennes, near to him, asked his Highness what he intended. He said he would dissolve the House. Upon which the Lord Fleetwood said, 'I beseech your Highness consider first well of it; it is of great consequence.' He replied, 'You are a milksop; by the living God, I will dissolve the House.' (Some say he iterated this twice, and some say it was,' As the Lord liveth.')"

His speech was for once short and concentrated, and he did not dissemble his anger. "What is like to come upon this," he concluded, "the enemy being ready to invade us, but our present blood and confusion? And if this be so, I do assign it to this cause: your not assenting to what you did invite me to by your Petition and Advice, as that which might prove the settlement of the nation. And if this be the end of your sitting, and this be your carriage, I think it high time that an end be put to your sitting. And I so dissolve this Parliament. And let God be judge between you and me." To which end, says one report, many of the Commons cried "Amen."

Cromwell's government had gone through six stages in the five years since the revolution of 1653. The first was a dictatorship tempered by a military council. Second, while wielding executive power as lord general, he called a parliamentary convention. Third, the convention vanished, and the soldiers installed him as Protector under the Instrument. Fourth, the system under the Instrument broke down, and for months the Protectorate again meant the personal rule of the head of the army. Fifth, the rule of the major-generals broke down, and was followed by a kind of constitutional monarchy. Sixth, the monarch and the Parliament quarreled, and the constitution broke down. This succession of expedients and experiments may have been inevitable in view of the fundamental dislocation of things after rebellion and war. Only in face of such a spectacle and such results, it is hardly possible to claim for the triumphant soldier a high place in the history of original and creative statesmanship.

The Protector next flung himself into the work of tracking out the conspirators. That the design of a Spanish invasion to fit in with domestic insurrection would hopelessly miscarry, may have been probable. That the fidelity of the army could be relied upon, he hardly can have doubted. But a ruler bearing all the responsibilities of a cause and a nation cannot afford to trust to the chapter of accidents. We who live two centuries off cannot pretend to measure the extent of the danger, but nobody can read the depositions of witnesses in the cases of the spring of 1658 without feeling the presence of mischief that even the most merciful of magistrates was bound to treat as grave. The nation showed no resentment against treasonable designs; it was not an ordered and accepted government against which they were directed. This did not lighten the necessity of striking hard at what Henry Cromwell called these recurring anniversary mischiefs. Examples were made in the persons of Sir Henry Slingsby, Dr. Hewitt, and some obscurer persons. Hewitt was an Episcopal clergyman, an acceptable preacher to those of his own way of thinking, a fervent Royalist: the evidence is strong that he was deep in Stuart plots. Slingsby's case is less clear. That he was a Royalist and a plotter is certain, but the evidence suggests that there was some ugly truth in what he

said on his trial, that he was "trepanned" by agents of the government who, while he was in their custody at Hull, extracted his secrets from him by pretending to favor his aims. The high courts of justice, before which these and other prisoners of the same stamp were arraigned, did not please steady lawyers like Whitelocke, but the Protector thought them better fitted to terrify evildoers than an ordinary trial at common law. Though open to all the objections against special criminal tribunals, the high courts of justice during Cromwell's reign were conducted with temper and fairness: they always had good lawyers among them, and the size of the court, never composed of less than thirty members, gave it something of the quality of trial by jury. It is said that Hewitt had privately performed the service according to the Anglican rite at the recent marriage of Mary Cromwell with Lord Fauconberg, and that the bride interceded for his life; but the Protector was immovable, and both Slingsby and Hewitt were sent to the scaffold (June, 1658).

Meanwhile the Protectorate was sinking deeper and deeper into the bog of financial difficulty. "We are so out at the heels here," Thurloe says in April, "that I know not what we shall do for money." At the end of the month he reports that the clamor for money both from the sea and the land is such that it can scarce be borne. Henry Cromwell, now lord deputy in Ireland, is in the last extremity. Hunger, he says, will break through stone walls, and if they are kept so bare, they will soon have to cease all industry and sink to the brutish practices of the Irish themselves. Fleetwood is sure they spend as little public money, except for public needs, as any government ever did; but their expenses, he admits, were extraordinary, and could not with safety be retrenched. In June things are still declared to be at a standstill. The sums required could not possibly be supplied without a Parliament, and in that direction endless perils lurked. "Truly I think," says Thurloe, "that nothing but some unexpected providence can remove the present difficulties, which the Lord, it may be, will afford us, if he hath thoughts of peace toward us." By July things are even worse, "our necessities much increasing every day."

Cromwell threw the deliberations on the subject of a Parliament on to a junto of nine. What was the Parliament to do when it should meet? How was the government to secure itself against Cavaliers on one hand, and Commonwealth ultras on the other? For the Cavaliers some of the junto suggested an oath of abjuration and a fine of half their estates. This was not very promising. The Cavaliers might take the oath, and yet not keep it. To punish Cavaliers who were innocent for the sins of the plotters would be recognized as flagrantly unjust; and as many of the old Cavaliers were now dead, it was clearly impolitic by such injustice to turn their sons into irreconcilables. The only thing in the whole list of constitutional difficulties on which the junto could agree was that the Protector should name his successor. If this close council could only come to such meager conclusion upon the vexed questions inseparable from that revision which, as everybody knew, must be faced, what gain could be expected from throwing the same questions on the floor of a vehemently distracted Parliament? There is reason even for supposing that in his straits Oliver sounded some of the republicans, including men of such hard grit as Ludlow and Vane. Henry Cromwell was doubtful and suspicious of any such combination, and laid down the wholesome principle in party concerns that one that runs along with you may more easily trip up the heels than he that wrestles with you. We go wrong in political judgment if we leave out rivalries, heartburnings, personalities, even among leading men and great men. History is apt to smooth out these rugosities; hero-worship may smooth them out; time hides them: but they do their work. Less trace of personal jealousy or cabal is to be found in the English Rebellion than in almost any other revolutionary movement in history, and Cromwell himself was free from these disfigurements of public life. Of Lambert, fine soldier and capable man as he was, we cannot affirm so much, and he had confederates. Henry Cromwell's clear sight never failed him, and he perceived that the discussion was idle. "Have you, after all," he asks of Thurloe, "got any settlement for men to swear to? Does not your peace depend upon his Highness' life, and upon his peculiar skill and faculty, and personal interest in the army as now modeled and commanded? I say, beneath the immediate hand of God, if I know anything of the affairs in England, there is no other reason why we are not in blood at this day." This judgment from such a man is worth a whole chapter of modern dissertation. It was the whole truth, to none known better than to the Lord Protector himself.

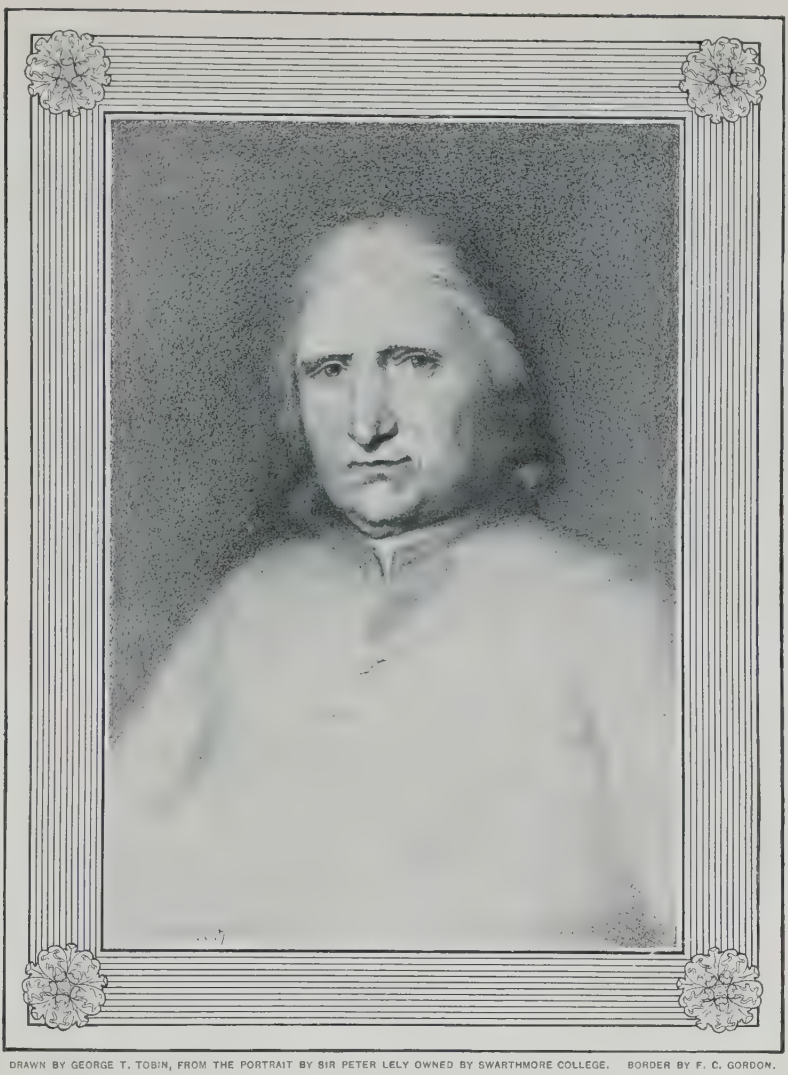
XLI. THE END OF CROMWELL.

ONE parting beam of splendor broke through the clouded skies. The Protector, in conformity with the revised treaty made with France in March (1658), had despatched six thousand foot, as well as a naval contingent, as auxiliaries to the French in an attack by land and sea upon Dunkirk. The famous Turenne was in general command of the allied forces, with Lockhart under his orders at the head of the English six thousand. Dramatic elements were not wanting. Cardinal Mazarin was on the ground, and Louis XIV, then a youth of twenty, was learning one of his early lessons in the art of war. In the motley Spanish forces confronting the French king were his cousins, the Duke of York and the Duke of Gloucester, the two sons of Charles I, and, like Louis himself, grandsons of Henry of Navarre. Along with the English princes were the brigades of Irish and Royalist English who had followed the fortunes of the exiled line, and who now once more faced the ever-victorious Ironsides. Cromwell sent Fauconberg, his new son-in-law, to Calais with letters of salutation and compliment to the French king and his minister, accompanied by a present of superb English horses. The emissary was received with extraordinary courtesies alike by the monarch and the cardinal, and the latter even conducted him by the hand to the outer door, a compliment that he had never before been known to pay to the ambassador of any crowned head.

The battle of the Dunes (June 14) was fought among the sand-hills of Dunkirk, and ended in the destruction of the Spanish army. "The English," says a French eye-witness, "pike in hand, charged with such stubborn vigor the eight Spanish battalions posted on the high ground of the downs that in face of musketry fire and stout resistance the English drove them headlong from their position." These were the old or natural Spaniards as distinguished from Walloon and German, and were the flower of the Spanish army. Their position was so strong that Lockhart at first thought it desperate; and when all was over, he called it the hottest dispute that he had ever seen. The two Stuart princes are said to have forgotten their wrongs at the hand of the soldier who had trained that invincible band, and to have felt a thrill of honorable pride at the gallantry of their countrymen. Turenne's victory was complete, and in a week Dunkirk surrendered. Then came a bitter moment for the French. The king received Dunkirk from the Spaniards, only to hand over the keys, according to treaty, to the English, and Lockhart at once took possession in the name of the Lord Protector. Mazarin knew the price he was paying to be tremendous. The French historians[1] think that he foresaw that English quarrels would one day be sure to enable France to recover it by sword or purse, and so in time they did. Meanwhile the Ironsides gave the sage and valiant Lockhart trouble by their curiosity about the churches: they insisted on keeping their heads covered; some saw in the sacred treasures good material for loot; and one of them nearly caused a violent affray by lighting his pipe at a candle on the altar where a priest was saying mass. But Lockhart was strict, and discipline prevailed. Hardly less embarrassing than want of reverence in the soldiery were the long discourses with which Hugh Peters, the Boanerges of the military pulpit, would fain have regaled his singular ally, the omnipotent cardinal. Louis XIV despatched a mission of much magnificence bearing to Cromwell a present of a sword of honor with a hilt adorned with precious gems. In after days, when Louis had become the arch-persecutor and the shining champion of divine right, the pride of the Most Christian King was mortified by recollecting the profuse compliments that he had once paid to the impious regicide.

The glory of their ruler's commanding place in Europe gratified English pride, but it brought no composure into the confused and jarring scene. It rather gave new nourishment to the root of evil. "The Lord is pleased to do wonderfully for his Highness," said Thurloe after Dunkirk, "and to bless him in his affairs beyond expression"; but he speedily reverts to the grinding necessity of putting affairs on some better footing. Men with cool heads perceived that though Continental acquisitions might strengthen our security in one way, yet by their vast cost they must add heavily to the financial burdens that constituted the central weakness of the Protectorate and prevented the real settlement of a governing system. For the Protector himself the civil difficulties against which he had for seven years with such manful faith and heroic persistency contended were now soon to come to an end. He told his last Parliament that he looked upon himself as one set on a watch-tower to see what may be for the good of

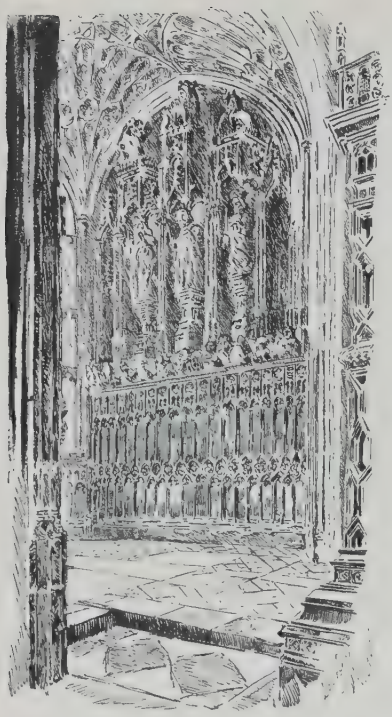
[1] Bourelly, "Cromwell et Mazarin," p. 261. Chéruel, "Hist. de France sous Mazarin," iii. 292–295.



DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN, FROM THE PORTRAIT BY SIR PETER LELY OWNED BY SWARTHMORE COLLEGE. BORDER BY F. C. GORDON.

GEORGE FOX.

these nations, and what may be for the preventing of evil. The hour of the dauntless sentinel's relief soon sounded. Death had already this year stricken his household more than one sore blow. Rich, who had married Frances Cromwell in November, died in February. Elizabeth Claypole lost her youngest son in June. All through the summer Elizabeth herself was torn by a cruel malady, and in August she died at Hampton Court. For many days her father, insensible even to the cares of public business, watched with ceaseless devotion by the bedside of the dearest of his children. He was himself ill with gout and other distempers, and his disorders were aggravated by close vigils and the depth of his affliction. A low fever seized him, presently turning to a dangerous ague. He met his Council from time to time and attended to affairs as long as he was able. It was in these days (August 20) that George Fox met him riding into Hampton Court, "and before I came to him," says the mystic, "as he rode at the head of his life-guard, I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him." A little later he was taken to London, and while St. James's was being made ready, he stayed at Whitehall. He quitted it no more. "He had great discoveries of the Lord to him in his sickness, and had some assurances of his being restored and made further serviceable in this work. Never was there a greater stock of prayers going for any man than there is now going for him, and truly there is a general consternation upon the spirits of all men, good and bad, fearing what



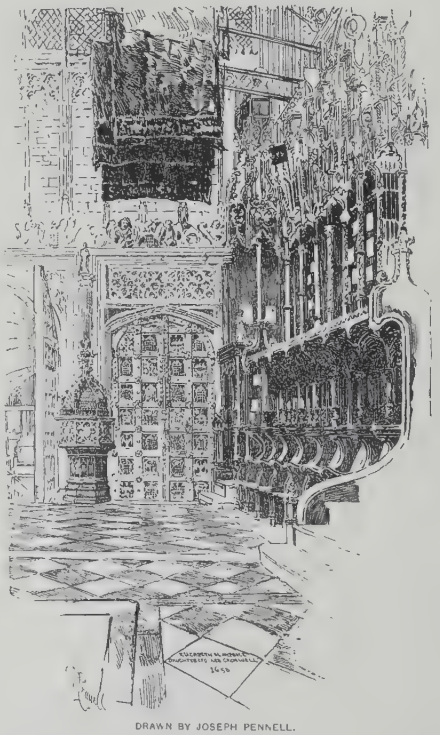
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

HENRY VII'S CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER, SHOWING THE SPOT BENEATH THE LARGE STONE WHERE CROMWELL AND SOME OF HIS GENERALS AND MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY WERE BURIED.

may be the event of it, should it please God to take his Highness at this time. Men's hearts seem as sunk within them." When the great warrior knew that the end was sure, he met it with the confident resignation of his faith. He had seen death too often and too near to dread the parting hour of mortal anguish. Chaplains, preachers, godly persons, attended in an adjoining room, and came in and out as the heavy hours went on, to read the Bible to him or to pray with him. To one of them he put the moving question, so deep with penitential meaning, so pathetic in its humility and misgiving, in its wistful recall of the bright bygone dawn of life in the soul: "Tell me, is it possible to fall from grace?" "No, it is not possible," said the minister. "Then," said the dying Cromwell, "I am safe, for I know that I was once in grace."

With weighty repetitions and great vehemency of spirit he quoted the texts that have awed or consoled so many generations of believing men. In broken murmurs of prayer he besought the favor of Heaven for the people: that they might have consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love; that they and the work of reformation might be delivered. "Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good and thee service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death. Pardon such as desire to trample on the dust of a poor worm, for they are thy people, too." All the night of the 2d of September he was very restless, and "there being something to drink offered him, he was desired to take the same and to endeavor to sleep; unto which he answered: 'It is not my design to drink or to sleep, but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone.'" On Monday, the 30th of August, a wild storm had raged over land and sea, and while Cromwell was slowly sinking, the days broke upon houses shattered, mighty trees torn up by the roots, foundered ships, and drowning men.

Friday, the 3d of September, was the anniversary of two of his most famous victories. On the same date seven years ago Worcester had seen the crowning mercy. It was just eight years since, with radiant eye, he had watched the sun rise over the glistening waters at Dunbar, and seen the scattering of the enemies of the Lord. Now he lay in the stupor of helpless death, and



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

TOMB OF ELIZABETH CROMWELL (MRS. CLAYPOLE) IN HENRY VII'S CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER.

about four o'clock in the afternoon his days came to their end.

His remains were privately interred in Henry VII's Chapel three weeks later, and for a couple of months a waxen effigy in robes of state, with crown and scepter, was exhibited at Somerset House. Then

ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF THE REV. T. CROMWELL BUSH.

CROMWELL'S MEDICINE CABINET.

(November 23) the public funeral took place with every circumstance of solemn pomp, and among princes, lawgivers, warriors who have brought renown and honor to the name of England the dust of Oliver Cromwell lay for a season in the majestic shrine of

> Dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns.

In little more than two years the hour of vengeance struck, and a base and impious revenge it proved. A unanimous resolution of the House of Commons directed the savage ceremonial, and the date was the anniversary (January 30, 1661) of the execution of King Charles twelve years before. "It was kept as a very solemn day of fasting and prayer. This morning the carcasses of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw (which the day before had been brought from the Red Lion Inn, Holborn) were drawn upon a sledge to Tyburn [a stone's throw from where the Marble Arch now stands], and then taken out of their coffins, and in their shrouds hanged by the neck until the going down of the sun. They were then cut down, their heads taken off, and their bodies buried in a grave under the gallows. The coffin in which was the body of Cromwell was a very rich thing, very full of gilded hinges and nails." The three heads were fixed upon poles, and set up at the southern end of Westminster Hall, where Pepys saw them four days after, on the spot at which the regicides had judged the king.

XLII. CONCLUSION.

To imply that Cromwell stands in the line of European dictators with Charles V or Louis XIV or Napoleon is a hyperbole which does him both less than justice and more. Guizot brings us nearer to the truth when he counts Cromwell, William III, and Wash-

ington as chief and representative of sovereign crises that have settled the destinies of nations. When we go on to ask what was Cromwell's special share in a mission so supreme, the answer, if we seek it away from the prepossessions of modern controversy, is not hard to discern. It was by his military genius, by the might of the legions that he created and controlled and led to victory upon victory; it was at Marston and Naseby, at Preston and Worcester, in Ireland and at Dunbar, that Cromwell set his deep mark on the destinies of England as she was, and of that vaster dominion into which the English realm was in the course of ages to be transformed. He was chief of a party who shared his own strong perception that neither civil freedom nor political could be made secure without the sword, and happily the swordsman showed himself consummate. In speed and vigor, in dash and in prudence, in force of shock and quick steadiness of recovery; in sieges, marches, long wasting campaigns, pitched engagements; as commander of horse, as tactician, and as strategist, the modern expert ranks Cromwell among the foremost masters of the rough art of war. Above all, he created the instrument which, in discipline, skill, and those highest military virtues that come of moral virtues, has never been surpassed.

IN THE COLLECTION OF THE REV. T. CROMWELL BUSH.

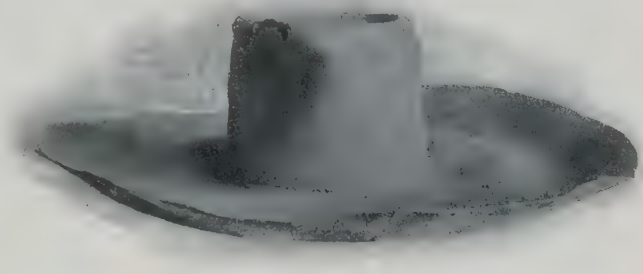
HATCHMENT CARRIED AT CROMWELL'S FUNERAL.

In our own half-century now closing, alike in western Europe and across the Atlantic, the torch of war has been lighted rather for unity of race or state than for liberty. Cromwell struck for both. It was his armed right hand that crushed the absolutist pretensions alike of crown and miter, and then forced the three kingdoms into the mold of a single state. It was at those decisive moments when the trembling balance hung on fortune in the battle-field that the unconquerable captain turned the scale. After we have discussed all the minor aspects of his special policies on this occasion or the other, after we have scanned all the secondary features of his rule, this is still what in a single sentence defines the true place of Cromwell in our history.

Along with this paramount claim, he performed the service of keeping a provisional form of peace and delivering the nation from the anarchy in which both order and freedom would have been submerged. He made what some of the best of his contemporaries thought mistakes; he forsook some principles, in his choice of means, which he intended to preserve in working out the end; and some of his difficulties were of his own creation. Yet watchfulness, self-effacement, versatility, and resource, for the time and on the surface, repaired all, and as "constable of the parish" his persistency was unfaltering and unmatched. In the harder task of laying the foundations of a deeper order that might be expected to stand after his own imperious control should be withdrawn, he was beaten. He hardly counted on more. In words already quoted, "I did out of necessity," he said, "undertake that business, not so much out of a hope of doing any good as out of a desire to prevent mischief and evil." He reared no dam, no bulwark, strong enough to coerce either the floods of revolutionary faction or the reactionary tides that came after. "Does not your peace," as Henry Cromwell asked, "depend upon his Highness's life, and upon his peculiar skill and faculty and personal interest in the army?" That is to say, the Protectorate was no system, but only an expedient of individual supremacy.

Richard Cromwell, it is true, acceded without opposition. For a few months the new Protector bore the outward ensigns of supreme power, but the reality of it was not his for a day. The exchequer was so dilapidated that he underwent the humiliation of

begging Mazarin to lend him fifty thousand pounds. The Council of War sought an early opportunity of setting up their claim to military predominance. The majority in the new Parliament was undoubtedly favorable at first to Richard and his government, but a constitution depending for its life on the fluctuations of majority and minority in incessant divisions in the lobbies of the House of Commons was evidently not worth a month's purchase. Authority in the present was sapped and dislodged by arraigning the past. Financial deficit and abuses in administration were exposed to rigorous assault. Prisoners of state, committed on no more lawful warrant than the Protector's will, were brought up to the bar from the Tower and strong places elsewhere, attended by applauding crowds, and received with marks of sympathy for the victim and resentment against the dead oppressor. Dunkirk, Jamaica, the glories of Blake, the humiliation of Spain, went for nothing against the losses of trade. The struggle between Parliament and army, so long quelled by the iron hand of Oliver, but which he was never able to bring to enduring adjustment, broke into flame. Richard Cromwell, a man of honor and sense, but without the prestige of a soldier, succumbed and disappeared (May, 1659). The old quarrel between military power and civil fought itself to an end in one of those squalid scenes of intrigue, egotism, mutual reproach, political impotency, in which so many revolutions since have expired. Happily, no blood was shed. Then the ancient line was recalled, the Cavaliers infu-



FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF THE REV. T. CROMWELL BUSH.

CROMWELL'S LONG PARLIAMENT HAT.

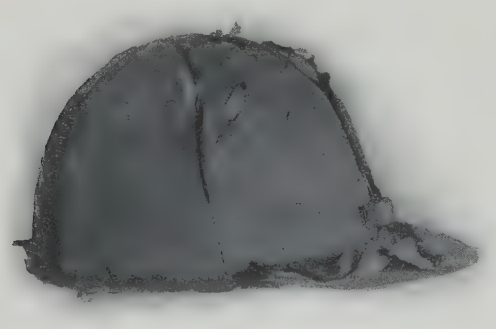
FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF THE REV. T. CROMWELL BUSH.

CROMWELL'S POWDER-FLASK.

FROM THE ORIGINALS IN THE COLLECTION OF THE REV. T. CROMWELL BUSH.

CROMWELL'S PRIVATE SEAL AND THE SEAL OF THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

riated by old defeat and present ruin, the bishops eager to clamber into their thrones again, the bulk of the nation on the same side. At the new king's right hand was Clarendon; but fourteen years of exile, with all its privations, contumelies, and heartsickness of hope perpetually deferred, had soured him and blotted out from his mind the principles and aspirations of the old days when he had stood by the side of Pym and Hampden against Laud, Strafford, and Charles. The monarchy no doubt came back with its wings clipped. That the sword of Oliver had made safe. But how little had been permanently done for that other cause, more precious in Oliver's sight than all the rest, was soon shown by the Act of Uniformity, the Test Act, the Conventicle Act, the Five Mile Act, and the rest of the apparatus of church privilege and proscription.



FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF THE REV. T. CROMWELL BUSH.

CROMWELL'S HELMET, SAID TO HAVE BEEN WORN AT NASEBY.

FROM THE ORIGINAL, BY PERMISSION OF THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

CROMWELL'S HELMET.

It is hard to resist the view that Cromwell's revolution was the end of the medieval, rather than the beginning of the modern era. He certainly had little of that faith in progress that became the inspiration of a later age. His respect for public opinion, supposed to be the driving force of modern government, was a strictly limited regard. In one sense he was no democrat, for he declared, as we have seen, that the question is not what pleases people, but what is for their good. This came rather near to Charles's words upon the scaffold, that the people's liberty lay in the laws, "not their having a share in government; that is nothing pertaining to them."

On the other hand, he was equally strong that things obtained by force, though never so good in themselves, are both less to the ruler's honor and less likely to last. "What we gain in a free way, it is better than twice as much in a forced, and will be more truly ours and our posterity's"; and the safest test of any constitution is its acceptance by the people. And again: "It will be found an unjust and unwise jealousy to deprive a man of his actual liberty upon a supposition he may abuse it." The root of all external freedom is here.

FROM THE ORIGINAL AT CHEQUERS COURT, BY PERMISSION OF BERTRAM ASTLEY, ESQ.

CROMWELL'S WATCH.

In saying that Cromwell had the spirit, insight, and grasp that fit a man to wield power in the greatest affairs, we only repeat that he had the instinct of government, and this is a very different thing from either a taste for the abstract ideas of politics, or the passion for liberty. The instinct of order has been as often the gift of a tyrant as of a hero, as common to some of the worst hearts in human history as to some of the best. Cromwell was no Frederick the Great, who spoke of mankind as *diese verdammte Raçe*—that accursed tribe. He belonged to the rarer and nobler type of governing men

who go by faith, pity, hope, no less than by the counsels of practical wisdom, and who for political power must ever seek a moral base. This is a key to men's admiration for him. His ideals were high, his fidelity to them, while sometimes clouded, was still enduring, his ambition was pure. Yet it can hardly be accident that has turned him into one of the idols of the school who hold, shyly as yet in England, but nakedly in Germany, that might is a token of right, and that the strength and power of the state is an end that tests and justifies all means.

When it is claimed that no English ruler did more than Cromwell to shape the future of the land he governed, we run some risk of straining history only to procure incense for retrograde ideals. Many would contend that Thomas Cromwell, in deciding the future of one of the most powerful standing institutions of the country, exercised a profounder influence than Oliver. Then, if Cromwell did little to shape the future of the Church of England, neither did he shape the future of the Parliament of England. On the side of constitutional construction, unwelcome as it may sound, a more important place belongs to the sage and steadfast, though most unheroic, Walpole. The development of the English constitution has in truth proceeded on lines that Cromwell profoundly disliked. The idea of a Parliament always sitting and actively reviewing the details of administration was in his sight an intolerable mischief. It was almost the only system against which his supple mind, so indifferent as it was to all constitutional forms, was inflexible. Yet this for good or ill is our system to-day, and the system of the great host of political communities that have followed our parliamentary model. When it is said, again, that it was owing to Cromwell that nonconformity had time to take such deep root as to defy the storm of the Restoration, do we not overlook the original strength of all those great Puritan fibers from which both the Rebellion and Cromwell himself had sprung? It was not a man, not even such a man as Oliver; it was the same underlying spiritual forces that had made the Revolution which also held fast against the Restoration. We might as well say that Cromwell was the founder of nonconformity.

It has been called a common error of our day to ascribe far too much to the designs and the influence of eminent men, of rulers, and of governments. The reproach is just and should impress us. The momentum of past events, the spontaneous impulses of the mass of a nation or a race, the pressure of general hopes and fears, the new things learned in "novel spheres of thought," all have more to do with the progress of human affairs than the deliberate views of even the most determined and far-sighted of our individual leaders. Thirty years after the death of the Protector a more successful revolution came about. The law was made more just, the tribunals were purified, the press began to enjoy a freedom for which Milton had made a glorious appeal, but which Cromwell dared not concede, the rights of conscience received at least a partial recognition. Yet the Declaration of Right and the Toleration Act issued from a stream of ideas and maxims, aims and methods, that were not Puritan. New tributaries had already swollen the volume and changed the currents of that broad confluence of manners, morals, government, belief, on whose breast Time guides the voyages of mankind. The age of rationalism, with its bright lights and sobering shadows, had begun. Some ninety years after 1688 another revolution followed in the England across the Atlantic, and the gulf between Cromwell and Jefferson is measure of the vast distance that the minds of men had traveled. With the death of Cromwell the brief life of Puritan theocracy in England expired. It was a phase of a movement that left an inheritance of some noble thoughts, the memory of a brave struggle for human freedom, and a procession of strong and capacious master spirits, with Milton and Cromwell at their head. Political ends miscarry, and the revolutionary leader treads a path of fire. It is our true wisdom to learn how to combine sane and equitable historic verdicts with a just value for those eternal qualities of high endeavor, on which, amid all changes of fashion, formula, direction, the world's best hopes depend.

DRAWN BY A. I. KELLER. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"'NO, NO,' HE SAID HASTILY; 'YOU 'LL DO.'"

MR. GRIGSBY'S WAY.

BY ANNIE STEGER WINSTON.

MR. GRIGSBY on his homeward way paused at the green fence of Rose Cottage, so named by Mary Ann Miller from the rampant pink climber overrunning the cheerful, albeit somewhat streaky, white which she herself, intrepidly mounted upon a ladder, had bestowed upon the front porch. It was a pleasant-looking place enough; and as Mr. Grigsby stood there, a placid man of forty, with an indefinable air of mellow prosperity about him, there was upon his honest, clean-shaven face an expression of distinct satisfaction in the prospect before him.

"Marthy!" he said.

A plump little bending figure turned hastily, rose, and came forward, trowel in hand. The blood will rush to one's head when one has been stooping, sometimes. And Marthy flushed, standing among her flowers.

Mr. Grigsby looked from them to her and from her to them, obviously with some obscure connecting idea slowly dawning in his brain, which for a while he paused to consider; for Mr. Grigsby was a leisurely man. Then with a long breath, that was not unlike a sigh, he bared his head to the balmy May evening.

"How 's your ma and Mary Ann, Marthy?" he inquired.

"Ma 's got a little touch of the rheumatism, thank you; but sister 's right well."

"Nothing ever is the matter with Mary Ann," he said admiringly. "I don't reckon she ever was sick a week in her life. What 's she busy about now?"

"She 's down at the parsonage practising for the concert," Marthy said.

"They could n't get on without Mary Ann," he remarked. "And Mary Ann ain't one of the kind to be running around after these outside things and letting things go at sixes and sevens at home. Is she, now?"

He fixed his eyes upon Marthy's face, as if lost in contemplation of Mary Ann's perfections.

"Sister 's mighty managing," Marthy assented. "Ma depends on her so that I tell her sometimes it 's more like sister was her ma than like she was sister's. I don't know how ma would get along without sister."

Mr. Grigsby gazed at her with sudden attention. "Don't you?" he said earnestly.

Marthy's soft gray eyes shifted from him to a bee that was busy among the hollyhock blooms.

"But, of course," she faltered, "she could make out somehow."

He fanned slowly with his wide, light felt hat, and brushed from it with his hand the faint sprinkling of flour which he had brought away from his mill. "Yes," he said soberly, "you can generally do what you 've got to do, if you keep on trying."

His glance wandered over the little flower-filled yard. "Your flowers are looking mighty well," he said. "I 'd like to have a head or two of those pinks right there, if you don't mind cutting them."

She snipped off with her scissors a liberal bunch of the blossoms and gave them to him.

"I did n't know you cared about flowers, Cousin John," she said.

He raised them massively to his face and inhaled their perfume, and held them off from him, examining them with mild perplexity and surprise.

"I did n't know it myself," he said; "but it seems like there 's something, I don't know what, sort o' different about these flowers from the common run of flowers." He ruminated, still breathing their fragrance; and then he sighed as if unconsciously. "Mary Ann," he said with apparent irrelevance, "is a fine girl."

Returning home, he put his flowers in a glass of water upon the mantel, and as he ate his solitary supper, and as he smoked his solitary pipe, his eyes ever and anon strayed to them, though his thoughts, as it would appear, were elsewhere.

"It 's been two years," he said, "since poor Ida died."

In the general opinion of the thriving village of Wheatville, it had been a happy release not for "poor Ida" alone, who from the vantage-ground of chronic invalidism had led her amiable and long-suffering spouse what was popularly termed "a life." Still, Mr. Grigsby, with his eyes abstractedly fixed upon the little pink blossoms upon the mantel, sighed, presumably as a tribute to her memory. "Mary Ann," he said forcibly, "is a fine girl."

For a while he seemed lost in contemplation of Mary Ann's fair image.

"Let alone her being poor Ida's first cousin, —the oldest of 'em,—everybody knows there ain't her match in Wheatville, nor in Elizabeth County. She 's the best housekeeper, and the best singer, and the best hand at a needle, and the best worker in the church, to say nothing of hair-flowers and waxwork and a dozen other things. There ain't a girl around here that can hold a light to her—everybody knows that. Mary Ann knows it. She 's bound to know it. And she 's got a right to expect people to act accordingly. And she 's just about the right age. Mary Ann is thirty-two or -three if she 's a day. Marthy must be thirty, though she don't look it."

He smoked on in silence for a while, staring wistfully into vacancy.

"Mary Ann," he said in an argumentative tone, "is the girl for me, there ain't any doubt. Any man would be lucky to get Mary Ann. If any man, I don't care who, was to come to me, and ask me to pick him out a wife, I would n't hesitate a minute. If 't was the governor of Virginia, I 'd pick him out Mary Ann Miller. And so would anybody. There ain't a person in Wheatville, I reckon, but what has picked her out for me."

Again he sighed, more heavily than before.

No one, indeed, wondered when it was observed how intently Mr. Grigsby had begun to watch Mary Ann Miller as she sang in the choir, Mary Ann herself least of all, though her bright black eyes perhaps grew a trifle brighter, and her soprano a shade more piercing, under the stimulus of his admiring gaze. To all it seemed the most natural thing in the world. Even Miss Elvira Forbes, Luella Bidgood, and the other Wheatville maidens, who might themselves have cherished secret aspirations, were forced to acknowledge the perfect suitability of Mary Ann. To Mr. Grigsby himself, especially on Sunday evenings, when he was wont most seriously to consider the matter, the reasons for such a choice seemed fairly overwhelming.

"She 's a woman in a hundred—a woman in a thousand," he would say. "She 's a pretty girl, if you don't care about plumpness, a smart girl, a good girl, a hard-working girl, a saving girl, a getting-along girl, a girl everybody looks up to, and I don't know what a man could ask more than all that. But Mary Ann ain't the sort of girl to be in a hurry about getting married; and she would n't think any more of me if I was too quick to put anybody in poor Ida's place. There ain't a more right-feeling woman in Virginia than Mary Ann Miller."

Mr. Grigsby was "behaving mighty well," it was generally agreed in Wheatville when the second year had passed and he had made no sign of "coming out." At the end of the third the Wheatville public began to grow impatient. What was the man waiting for? But the longer he waited, the more extended grew the list of Mary Ann's attractions.

"She 's got a nose the very image of poor Ida's," he would say after his weekly survey; "and her hair 's about the same. (I wonder how Marthy's came to be so soft and light and fluffy-looking?) But Mary Ann ain't sick and she ain't nervous like poor Ida was. And she can sing, which poor Ida could n't. I never saw the tune yet that Mary Ann could n't raise at sight. But there ain't anything Mary Ann can't do. I believe she could get up in that pulpit and beat half the preachers preaching, if she took it into her head to try. And there ain't anything she ain't willing to do, if she thinks it 's her duty. Where would you find another woman that would undertake to paper the church, like she did? And if the imitation marble pillars and the imitation hollow behind the preacher *are* put on kind o' crooked and *have* got pleats in 'em, Mary Ann took a heap of trouble and deserves a heap of credit. I don't reckon there ever was a finer girl born than Mary Ann Miller. She does her duty and she keeps other people up to theirs. You certainly must say that for Mary Ann."

The fourth year passed, and he still contented himself with the homage of the eye.

In the fifth year doubts of his intentions began to spread abroad. In the sixth doubt became conviction. He had, it was agreed, no intention of remarrying. And public interest in him so markedly declined that Mrs. Watkins next door, and Mrs. Stokes across the street, no longer thought it worth their while to peep at him through their shutters when he "stopped by" Rose Cottage on his way to or from the mill, to inquire after the health of his deceased wife's aunt. And yet Mr. Grigsby had even gone so far that very year as to array himself one evening in his broadcloth suit and solemnly to set out for the Miller home with the intention of asking Mary Ann to be his wife. But as he had opened the gate the folly of being precipitate had come over him so strongly that he had turned back and sought the safe seclusion of his own fireside.

The last night of the seventh year found Mr. Grigsby still sitting by a solitary fire and still musing of Mary Ann.

"It ain't Mary Ann's fault," he said pensively, "that she 's getting rather bony and hard-looking; and she won't be as gray as I am for years to come. But the grayer she is, the better she suits me. Now Marthy, with her pinkness and her plumpness and her light-colored hair, would look a heap too young, even if anybody could think of such a thing as passing over Mary Ann."

Suddenly, for some occult reason, he rested his curly, fast-whitening head in his hands, and gave a sigh that was almost a groan.

"If Mary Ann never had been born!" he said forlornly. And then he looked about him, obviously appalled at his own words.

"I 'm mighty fond of Mary Ann," he said hastily. "There ain't anybody that thinks any more of Mary Ann than I do, even if Mary Ann *is* sort o' cool and offish to me nowadays. And if there just was any way—"

Laying down his pipe, he placed his right hand on his right knee and his left hand on his left knee, and stared into the fire with stern and unseeing gaze. At last he roused himself, and, as the first stage of his bedward preparations, reached for the large, smooth-backed black Bible which lay upon the table at his elbow. Mechanically he opened to the place conscientiously kept for him by an elaborate cardboard book-mark which Mary Ann had worked for him in colored silks—silks now, alas! grown faded and frazzled with time and wear.

"And Jephthah vowed a vow, . . . Whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me—"

He lifted his head from the book with a sudden blank stare, and sat rapt and rigid, his hands closed tightly upon the arms of his chair. The old clock upon the mantel ticked on toward midnight, the blazing logs upon the hearth died down into glimmering embers, and still he sat as in a cataleptic trance.

And then he drew a long, deep breath—a breath as of resolution. "And there ain't any use," he said, "in waiting."

The next morning saw him at the Millers' gate, where he paused and fumbled with the latch as if it were some curious and intricate mechanism with which he was imperfectly acquainted. And he breathed hard as he walked up the little bricked path. The snow lay thick upon the leafless rose-bushes, but as he waited a moment in the porch he took off his high silk hat of ceremony and mopped his brow. He opened the door and entered the little hall. Then he moistened his lips and coughed huskily.

"Girls!" he called out in a quavering roar, clenched his hands, shut his eyes, and waited.

There was a sound of dropping scissors, of an opening door, of quick, light footsteps, and—plump, trim, soft-eyed—Marthy looked down upon him. With an ineffable placidity of face, he gazed up at her.

"Where 's Mary Ann, Marthy?" he said.

"She 's out at the back," she answered. "The cow 's sick, and sister 's doctoring her. But I can call her."

"No—no," he said hastily. "You 'll do. But did you ever see the beat of Mary Ann? She 'll cure that cow, now, better 'n any regular cow-doctor, you see if she don't. I know there ain't a finer woman in this country than Mary Ann, or a woman of more sense, or a higher-principled, or a more right-feeling." A glow as of enthusiasm for Mary Ann irradiated his face, and his voice was fervent with emotion.

"I 've been thinking a heap all these years, Marthy," he went on, "of Mary Ann—and you. Any man would be proud to have such a wife as Mary Ann—such a talker, and such a singer, and such a manager, and everything, to say nothing of her waxwork and her hair-flowers and her hand-painting, and a dozen other things in which you won't find her match. And the man that would pass over Mary Ann for anybody, I don't care who, would show he wa'n't worthy of her, as he 'd be mighty apt not to be, anyway. I know that Mary Ann may be getting a little cool to me here lately, but I certainly do think a heap of Mary Ann, and there ain't the woman living that I 'd deliberately pass over Mary Ann for. And I want her to know it. But in asking you, Marthy, I ain't passing over Mary Ann. I said I 'd ask the one that came, sort o' like Jephthah, and I 'll stand to it. Will you have me, Marthy?"

STANDING in the white doorway, Marthy looked at him with brightly moist eyes, while he lingered upon the steps.

"If you 'd tried it any way but this," she mused, "it might n't have been me. Or if you 'd tried it this way before sister sort o' got out of the way of hearing you, it might n't have been me. I certainly am glad you did it just so—if you are satisfied."

For some occult reason a deep and painful crimson surged over Mr. Grigsby's face. But he only said, "I don't reckon there 's a better satisfied man this side of heaven!"

CHINESE EDUCATION.

BY ROMYN HITCHCOCK.

HINESE culture is very ancient. There are ages behind the earliest Chinese of which we have any knowledge. Trace them to the time of ancient Babylon, whence much of their early culture would seem to have been derived, and we find them already possessed of a written language; and still back of this lies an unmeasured period during which that language was developing.

One important function of the government has always been to foster education. Since all civil and military officers must be graduates, the educational system is thoroughly organized and uniform throughout the empire. Regular examinations are conducted by specially appointed officers of high rank, first in each prefecture, then triennially in each province, and for the higher degrees at Peking. The attainment of the degree of metropolitan graduate involves an incredible amount of continuous study for at least thirty years, the best part of a lifetime.

The course of education in China has undergone great changes at several periods. The question was asked me not long since, "When did intellectual progress cease in China?" I think we may answer that it was in the time of the Sung dynasty, about a thousand years ago, when the great philosophers and masters in literary style, Cheo, Chu, Chen, and Chang, led the thought of the scholars backward to the literature of the past. They were giants in intellect; but they made the fatal mistake of looking at the past instead of regarding the needs of the present, and the literati of China have industriously followed in their footsteps.

One thousand years before our era, the examinations were confined to the six virtues, including wisdom, benevolence, integrity, faithfulness; the six methods of conduct, including filial piety, friendliness, harmony, sincerity; and the six arts, which are the rules of propriety, archery, music, horsemanship, writing, and numbers. Proficiency in these was required of all public officers in China three thousand years ago.

In the Han dynasty, at the beginning of our era, the examinations were restricted more particularly to the six arts; but there was an advance of the greatest importance, brought about by introducing various questions relative to the geography, politics, condition, dangers, and needs of the empire. While a perfect acquaintance with ancient literature and history was required, full scope was allowed for originality of thought and the application of knowledge to existing conditions. We have here evidence of an advance in Chinese thought, which culminated in less than a thousand years, and gave way to the suppression of originality already referred to.

Let us briefly review the course of study of every educated Chinese at the present time. In every village there is a free public school. The school system is usually accredited to the Han dynasty, but it was in existence for two thousand years before that time. The child is first taught to write and to pronounce a few simple characters representing common objects. The regular course of study, which is to engage his closest application during his future life as a scholar, begins with the Trimetrical Classic, followed by the four books of Confucius and the five sacred classics. It might be inferred that the Chinese begin their philosophical studies very early in life, but the fact is that the child devotes several years to learning the classics by rote, merely learning the sounds of the characters without the least notion of their meaning. Many Chinese will tell you that they can read, although they may know nothing of the meaning of what they read. It is only after he can recite the classics from memory that the pupil begins to study the meaning of the printed characters. All subsequent work is devoted to the elucidation of the texts, character by character, accompanied by more or less profound philosophical dissertations by the teacher, in explanation of the doctrines involved. Such is the character of all his future work to attain the highest literary honors.

The Trimetrical Classic is a kind of encyclopedia of knowledge. It treats of education, the nature of man, social duties, the origin of numbers, of the three great powers, the seasons, the cardinal points, of grains and animals, history, and a host of other things. It was written by a disciple of Confucius, and

DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

PAVILION OF THE IMPERIAL COLLEGE, PEKING.

receives its name from the arrangement of the characters in lines of three words each.

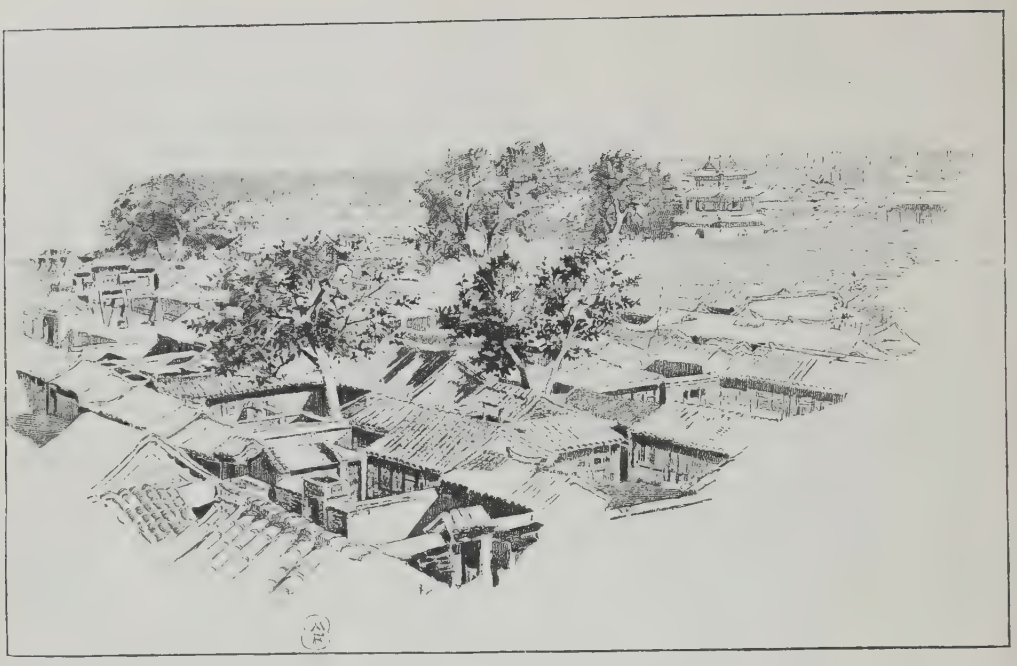
The first of the four classical books of Confucius treats of the Great Learning, which teaches "to illustrate illustrious virtue, to renovate the people, and to rest in the highest excellence." It relates of the ancients that to illustrate illustrious virtue in the empire they first ordered well their states. To do this they first regulated their families. To regulate their families they cultivated their persons, rectified their hearts, were sincere in their thoughts; and to accomplish all this they first extended to the utmost their knowledge. This is the theory of government, founded upon wisdom and morality, which has been cherished for ages in that strange Eastern land.

The second book treats of the Doctrine of the Mean, or the Invariable Center. It is a treatise on morality, based upon the principle that virtue is always at an equal distance from two extremes. The harmonious center is the source of all that is true, beautiful, and good. The path of duty may not be left for an instant. "There is nothing more visible than that which is secret, and nothing more manifest than what is minute. Therefore upon the superior man is watchful over himself." The third book is a collection of maxims, and recollections of the teachings of the philosopher. The fourth is the book of Mencius.

The five sacred books follow next in order. First of these is the famous Y-king, the Book of Changes, an abstruse treatise on divination quite beyond our comprehension. Then comes the Book of History, a record of the ancient dynasties up to the eighth century B.C. The third is the Book of Verses, the fourth the Book of Rites, and finally the Book of Spring and Autumn. This is a history of the native state of Confucius, written by him to recall to the princes of his time respect for the ancient customs and to indicate the misfortunes which had befallen them owing to their neglect of the past.

Such is the present course and range of Chinese study. It is a training of the memory, but a dwarfing of the intellect. It unfits men for the common duties of life. Some of the most learned men cannot write a letter to a friend in proper form, for they know only the language of the classics and poetry.

The system of competitive examinations for civil and military degrees is very old.



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE EXAMINATION HALL, PEKING, AS SEEN FROM THE OBSERVATORY.

Its origin is ascribed to the time of Shun, 2200 B.C. There is first a preliminary examination before the local magistrate, who grants a certificate of merit. Every two years the literary chancellor, a specially appointed official, holds examinations in the various prefectures within his circuit, and gives the degree of *siu tsai*, or licentiate, which admits the candidate to the triennial provincial examination.

This is conducted in an inclosure specially built for the purpose, known as the examination hall. There is one at each provincial capital, constructed precisely like the great Examination Hall at Peking, which will be described. The literary chancellor, the provincial governor, and associates appointed from the vice-presidents of the metropolitan boards, conduct these examinations, which take place during the eighth moon every third year. The candidates assemble to the number of ten or twelve thousand from all parts of the province, but the number of those who can obtain degrees is limited by regulation to about three hundred. The successful candidates receive the title *chüjen* or *küjen*, bachelor or provincial graduate. About forty others next in merit receive public mention. Candidates who have repeatedly entered the examinations and failed to pass up to the age of eighty or ninety years, may receive the küjen degree as an honorary reward. It comes very late in life, but is highly valued.

The examinations consist entirely of essays, written in the approved classical style, and from memory alone. The identity of the candidate is concealed by an assumed name, and, lest an examiner should recognize the handwriting of a candidate, each essay is copied by writers engaged for the purpose before it is submitted to the examiners. There is a host of officials engaged in the hall, among them examiners, assistants, inspectors, supervisor, proctor, controller, receiver of essays, transcriber of essays, comparer of essays, and stamper of essays.

The sixtieth anniversary of the birthday of the empress dowager was made the occasion for special grace examinations. At one of these examinations, held at Nanking, eighteen thousand students assembled from Kiang-su and Ngan-huri provinces. Of these not more than one hundred and fifty could be successful. The subjects given out for essays on that occasion will indicate the general character of the requirements of candidates. One of the themes for essays was a selection from the Analects of Confucius, as follows: "Confucius said: 'Great indeed was Yaou as a sovereign. How majestic was he! It is only heaven that is grand, and only Yaou corresponded to it. How vast was his virtue! The people could find no

name for it.'" From the Doctrine of the Mean was chosen this: "Above he [Confucius] harmonized with the times of heaven." The third subject was: "All things which are the same in kind are like to one another; why should we doubt in regard to man, as if he were a solitary exception to this? The Sage and we are the same in kind."

Difficult subjects these may seem to us to inspire the poet or philosopher, but to the educated Chinese, familiar with the writings of the ancients, whose high-flown sentences are the most valued treasures of his mind, they afford ample scope for a display of erudition, accurate memory, regard for the greatness of ancient rulers and for the perfected scholarship of the old philosophers. Thus is all originality in thought excluded.

At the grace examinations at Peking the number of candidates for the küjen degree was 6486, of whom less than five per cent. were successful.

At each provincial city there is a college, usually presided over by retired officials of high rank, where the küjen graduates may prepare themselves for the higher examinations.

The next examination, for the degree of *tsinshe* or *chinshih*, metropolitan graduate, is held at Peking. This also is held triennially and is open to all graduates of the küjen degree. From six to ten thousand candidates may assemble, of whom only three hundred and fifty, at most, can be successful. Each competitor enters one of the narrow cells, taking with him only writing-materials and the clothing he wears. He must spend perhaps three days and two nights in his isolated cell, with a board for a seat, and another for a table, fitted into grooves in the masonry. His meals are served there, for he cannot leave his cell, and he is absolutely isolated from his fellows and from the outer world. The ordeal often proves too much for feeble constitutions, and deaths are not unusual during the term of confinement.

The cells are arranged in rows covering a large area in the city, as may best be seen from the top of the wall at the astronomical observatory. There are seventy-five cells in each row, and about twenty rows on each side of the broad passage. There are, accordingly, about six thousand cells in the square inclosure around the central pavilion; but there are many others in different inclosures near by.

Extraordinary precautions are taken to prevent collusion or fraud of any kind during the examinations, but it is not surprising if these are sometimes insufficient among such a large number of candidates. Occasionally, for a consideration, a graduate takes the place of a candidate, and hands in papers in the latter's name, but this is a practice attended with considerable risk to both parties. An amusing incident is recorded of a worthy magistrate who became suspicious of a youth belonging to a wealthy family, whose papers were so excellent that he passed on the

DRAWN BY W. J. BAER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE BROAD PASSAGE BETWEEN THE ROWS OF CELLS IN THE EXAMINATION HALL, PEKING.

first examination for his first degree. The magistrate decided to give the young man a private examination and to keep him under his own protection during the trial. The student was placed in an inner room, where he sat ruminating over his lot, and wondering how he was to get out of the scrape, when the magistrate, fearing to trust his servants, himself brought in some refreshments. As he turned to go out, the student discovered some thin Chinese paper sticking to the old gentleman's back, which he slyly detached, and it proved to be an essay on the subject assigned. The servants had hit upon this ingenious scheme to earn the bribe which had been given them.

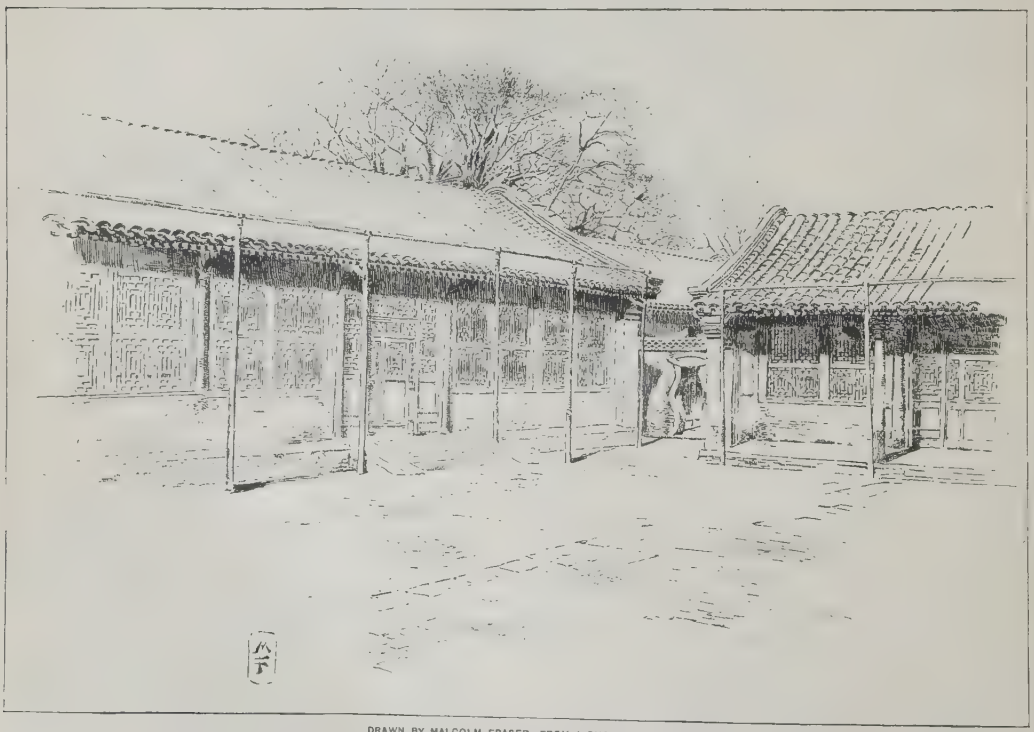
A still higher degree, *tienshe*, is conferred after a further competition of the tsinshe graduates within the precincts of the imperial palace. The graduates are subsequently received in audience by the emperor.

The highest title conferred at the palace examination carries the recipient into the Hanlin, or College of Literature, with the rank of Hanlin Compiler, *siu chwan*. Others receive special titles of great merit, while a certain number become Hanlin bachelors, or graduates of the lowest degree. Those who have only received tsinshe are appointed to provincial or other official positions. Unfortunately for this admirable system, there are always more graduates than unfilled offices, hence there is a very large class of expectant officials awaiting vacancies.

The Hanlin bachelors pursue a further course of studies in a college established for them, and are again examined in the palace. Those who pass attain higher rank and become members of the Hanlin; the others receive a title which signifies "released from study."

The Hanlin itself is an institution comprising the highest literary talent of the empire. It is the repository of the historical archives, and its officers are engaged in literary work, historical and biographical compilations, and the preparation of records of various kinds.

Adjoining the temple of Confucius at Peking is another college, the Imperial Academy. The principal edifice, commonly known as the Imperial Pavilion, is a fine example of native architecture. It is approached on four sides by marble bridges, which cross a surrounding moat walled with marble. It represents the Imperial College of antiquity. Every sovereign must occupy the throne within the pavilion at least

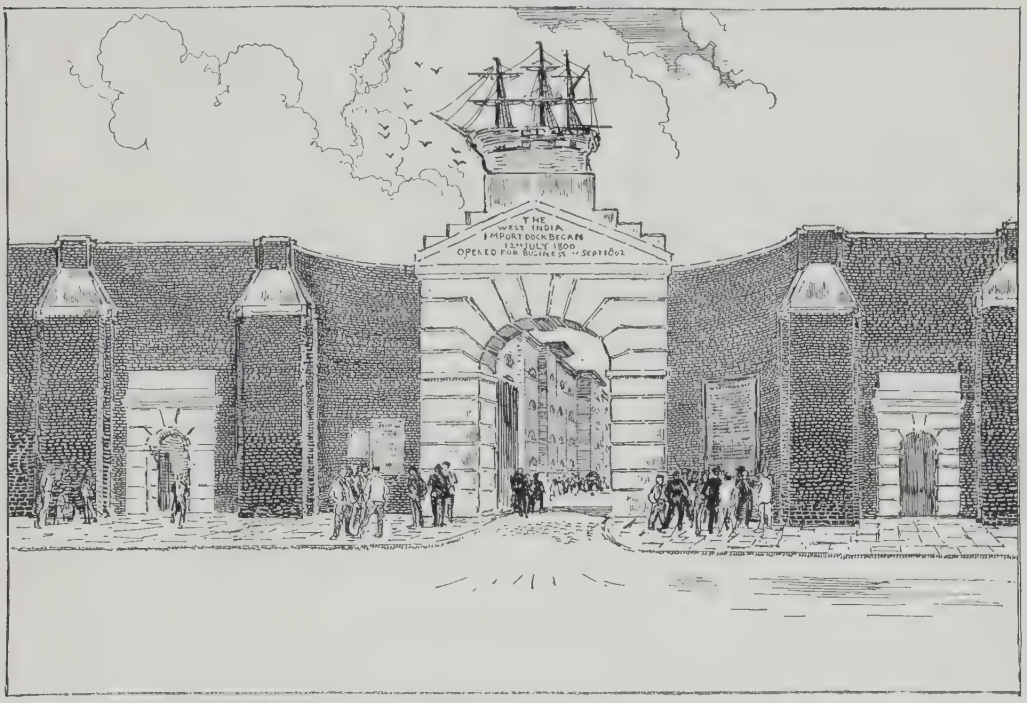


DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

COURT OF THE IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY (SCHOOL OF INTERPRETERS), PEKING.

once during his reign, to preside over an assemblage of the most learned men of the city, when a classical essay by his Majesty is read.

In 1861 the school known as the Tung Wen Kwan, where Russian was taught, became a school of interpreters for foreign languages generally. But the Chinese soon realized the necessity of more than a mere knowledge of foreign languages. They found that they must learn something of Western knowledge and science, and the school of interpreters became what it now is, the Imperial University.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE WEST INDIA DOCK GATES.

EAST LONDON TYPES.

BY SIR WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," etc.

WAITING FOR A JOB.

IT cannot have escaped the reader's observation, in our walk along the riverside,[1] that from time to time we passed small groups of men, two or three together, or collected in a company of twenty or thirty, hanging about, leaning against door-posts and walls, or sitting on door-steps. Round the dock gates there were a good many waiting on the slender chance of being called in; at other places they waited, chiefly outside public houses. If you stopped to ask them what they were doing, they replied, with assumed briskness, that they were waiting for a job. At every place where there is a port, with docks, wharves, and warehouses, there is always found a body of men who wait about for a job. It is their trade; by a "job" they mean the fetching or carrying of something, a piece of work that will soon be done and will enable them to return to the corner where the public house stands, and even, with throat athirst and yearning for the brief rapture, to enter and call for a drink.

We have portrayed the genesis and life of the factory girl;[2] let us, with less detail,

[1] See THE CENTURY for August and September, 1900.
[2] See THE CENTURY for December, 1899.

examine into the making of the casual "hand."

In most cases he is a native of the place; he was born near the public house by which he takes his stand. His father was a casual hand, or at best a docker, before him; his mother was such as you have seen, a factory girl. He is one of the few survivors of a very large family; most of them have been buried long ago; he, with two or three more, has survived the uncertainty of good food, the certainty of bad food, the contagion of the other children, the sewer-gas, the exposure to weather, and all the forces which succeeded in killing his brothers and sisters. He has been made to attend school. His mother, who found that she must get up in good time in order to send him decently clean and tolerably clad, put every possible obstacle in the way, but was overruled by the School Board officer and by the magistrate. The boy remained at school until he was fourteen years of age, by which time he had passed the "fourth standard." If you take the trouble to look into any of the readers used in English board schools, and if you remember, besides, that the boy never saw any other books, never read a paper, and never conversed with any one who did read books or papers, you might assume that the whole of his knowledge was confined to what he had learned in those four books. You would be quite wrong. Just as village lads acquire a mass of information about things of the country, the fields, the hedges, the woods, the birds, the creatures, without book and without school, so the riverside lad acquires a mass of information about the things of the port and the river, and the ways of them that go down to the deep sea. He knows the tides; he knows the jetsam of the tides as it runs out. He trudges and wades in the mud of the foreshore to pick up what the ebb-tide leaves. He knows all the ships, where they come from, whither they are bound: the great liners which put in at the West India Dock, the packet-boats, the coasters, the colliers, the Norwegian timber-ships, he knows them all. He knows their rig; he knows the pay of the sailors and their work; he would like the former were it not for the latter, which must needs go before. He knows a great deal more than any boy educated in a public school concerning the imports and exports of London; are not his friends engaged all day long in discharging cargo and in taking it in? He acquires, as well, a really wonderful amount of knowledge concerning crafty ways and cunning tricks by which a young fellow can live without working. And very early in life he acquires a thirst for strong drink that is destined to keep him down, and drag him lower, and to cut the thread of life when he ought to be in the prime and full strength of manhood.

Some of these boys learn very early the way to pick up things unguarded and unwatched. You may recognize one of these lads by the way in which, with silent and slouching step, and with furtive glance before, behind, to right and left, he shambles quickly past a shop or stall where things are exposed for sale, guarded, perhaps, only by a little girl. You may see, if you pretend to be looking the other way, the hand dart out and snatch something which disappears in a pocket, while, without changing his step or his slouch, the boy goes on unsuspected. He is ready to pick up everything: a loaf from the baker, an onion from the green-grocer, a banana from the costermonger. Nothing comes amiss to him.

There are still lingering by the riverside survivals of the good old days when the whole people lived in luxury on the robberies they committed from the ships loading or unloading in the river. The barges go up and down with the tide. At ebb they lie in the mud. The men in charge go ashore to drink; the boys climb on board in search of whatever they can get. If the barge is laden with sugar, they cut holes in the bags and fill their pockets, their hats, their boots, their handkerchiefs with sugar, which they carry ashore and sell. They get a halfpenny a pound for their plunder. If the barge is laden with coals, they carry off all that their clothes will hold. One goes before to warn the rest of danger. Plenty of houses on the way are open to them. It is a comparatively safe and certainly a pleasant way of earning a penny or two.

Not at one step, not suddenly, does a man become *turpissimus;* the casual hand grows slowly or quickly; he grows and develops. He finds himself on the path which leads to the corner and the door-post, to the hand in the pocket, and the eye on the swinging door, and the thoughts turned continually on the fragrance of beer.

Thousands of boys every year leave the board school, their "education" completed, with no chance of an apprenticeship to any craft, their hands absolutely untrained, just a hanging pair of hands—prehensile, like the monkey's tail. It is lucky that they are prehensile, otherwise these poor boys would

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

IN THE DOCKS.

starve. As it is, they have to face the problem of getting work, of providing themselves with the daily bread, for sixty long years, without knowing any one of the many arts and crafts by which men live and provide for their families and themselves. At the outset it appears to be a hopeless task. Of course it must always be the greatest possible misfortune for a lad to have learned no trade. If we consider the waste of intellectual power alone, it must be acknowledged to be the greatest possible misfortune. But the situation is not so hopeless as it looks. There are many openings for such a boy.

Let us consider, for instance, what lines of work he may attempt, keeping only to those which require no previous training and no skill.

He has heard of these openings from other boys. He has heard of such openings all his life. For instance, he would perhaps like to enter the service of the City as one of the boys whose business it is to keep the streets clean,—the sewer-boys,—though the work is not popular with parents on account of the dangers from cabs and omnibuses. You may see these boys in their white duck jackets and red caps running about among the horses all day in Cheapside. They never get run over, and they seem to take a pride in doing their work rapidly and thoroughly. Very good pay it gives them—six shillings sixpence a week, rising to fourteen shillings. Their hours of work are from half-past seven till five. They are started with a pint of hot coffee. They get half an hour for dinner; and they can earn an odd sixpence or so by holding horses and minding parcels, though strictly forbidden by their employers; but who ever knew a boy who was not above the law?

Even better than this is the railway service, if a boy can get into it. Great things are possible on railways. At the London stations, in which the trains are coming in or going out all day long, and every passenger with luggage is good for a tip of threepence or sixpence, no one knows what the weekly earnings of a railway porter may be. Things are whispered; nothing is known for certain. The railway porter preserves a smiling silence on the subject; and the position is regarded as the great prize in the profession of unskilled hands.

In the railway companies the boy is generally taken on as van-guard, at eight to ten shillings a week. A very enviable occupation is that of van-guard. It is one's simple duty to sit behind among the boxes and parcels in order to take care that none of them is stolen or drops off into the street. One must assist in loading and unloading, but the greater part of the day is spent in being carried about the streets and enjoying a moving panorama of London in all its quarters. There are great possibilities for this boy. He may rise to be driver of the van, a post of real distinction and responsibility. The hours, however, are long. The van leaves the station at 7 A.M., and is very seldom back much before eight or nine in the evening, so that the boy often gets home at ten o'clock. At eighteen, unless the van-guard becomes a driver or carman, he becomes a "shunter" or porter. Shunting, or "scotching," as it is called, is a dangerous

occupation; accidents are continually happening.

Many boys go into the service of a firm which has the book-stalls on nearly all the railways. Their hours are from 7:45 A.M. to 7:45 P.M. They are paid at first six shillings a week, and they get dinner when they can be spared.

Other boys become telegraph-messengers. In this employment they receive a weekly wage of seven shillings, with uniform and boots, and have an eight-hour day. At sixteen, if they can pass a somewhat stiff examination, they become postmen, servers, or telegraph-clerks.

Again, there are factories—matches, jam, all kinds of factories—in which, if a boy is lucky enough to be received there, he may make at the outset five or six shillings a week. There is, however, a lack of interest about factory work.

There are, next, the errand-boys employed in shops. Some of these carry out the small quantities of coal bought by the people of the tenements; for this work the boy receives three shillings sixpence a week, as a rule, with his dinner and his tea. Some of them serve the green-grocers' shops; some the small drapers' shops; some become pot-boys; some carry round the newspapers for the news-venders. In almost every trade boys' work is wanted.

In one way or another the boy finds a place and gets a living.

Now, these boys live well. For breakfast they have bread and butter and tea, with a "relish" such as an egg or a piece of bacon. At twelve they take their dinner at one of the humble coffee-houses which abound in these streets; it consists of more bread and butter and tea, with half a steak and potatoes. For tea they go to another coffee-house; they can get two thick slices of bread for a halfpenny each; butter or jam costs another halfpenny; a cup of coffee costs a halfpenny, or a whole pint a penny. In the evening their favorite supper is the dish familiarly known as "ha'p'orth and ha'p'orth," that is, fish and potatoes, at a halfpenny each. So far, their life is healthy, with plenty of work and plenty of food, and in most cases no strong drink desired or taken. The dangerous time of life, however, the time when the boy passes into manhood, is approaching. Then the simple meals at the coffee-house no longer suffice. Then it becomes necessary to have beer, and beer in ever-increasing quantities. Then the boy grows out of his work; he is too big to carry beer for the bargees, or to go round with the newspapers, or to sit at the back of the van. What is he to do next?

There are, even for a grown man, still many situations which demand no training and no apprenticeship. In all the warehouses, in the great shops, in offices of every kind, there are wanted men to fetch and carry, to load and to unload. In the markets

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE BARGES THAT LIE DOWN THE THAMES.

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

WHITECHAPEL SHOPS.

and on the railways there are wanted men to carry and to set out the goods; in every kind of business servants must be had to do that part of the work which requires no skill. Unfortunately, the supply is greater than the demand. There are many lads who get into the service of companies, railways, factories, etc., and remain in steady work all their working lives in the same employment. There are, on the other hand, a great number who have to hang about on the outskirts of regular work. Taken on in times of pressure, and getting no work when times are slack, these are the men who become the casual hands; these are the men who hang about the dock gates and loaf around the street-corners.

The process of degeneration by which the promising lad sinks into the casual hand is easy to follow.

The work, whatever it may be, is, as a rule, finished at half-past six or seven. The lads have, therefore, four or five hours every evening to get through. The other day I was looking through some statistics of work in the eighteenth century. The workman then began at six, sometimes at half-past five; he left off at eight, with the exception of those trades which could not be carried on by the light of tallow candles. The time for supper, rest, and recreation was therefore reduced to two hours. There was no Saturday afternoon holiday. All through the pre-Reformation times there had been a Saturday half-holiday, because Saturday was reckoned as the eve of a saint's day, and every important eve was a half-holiday. The Reformation swept away this grateful respite from work. Therefore, except for Sunday, the craftsman's working-day was virtually the whole day long.

We have shortened these long hours; the people have now the whole evening to themselves, and the Saturday half-holiday as well as Sunday.

Consider what this means to a lad of sixteen, especially one of our riverside lads. He has no books and no desire for reading; he has no pursuit; he does not wish to learn anything; and he has four or five hours to get through every evening except Saturday, when he has nine hours, and Sunday, when he has the whole day, say sixteen hours. In every week he has actually some fifty hours in which to amuse himself as best he can. What is that boy to do? He wants excitement and activity; his blood is restless; he craves and yearns for he knows not what; it is an age which has its ideals, and his are of the heroic kind, but too often of a perverted heroism.

A few of them, but in proportion very few indeed, belong to the boys' clubs which are scattered about in East London. They are the fortunate boys; they contract friendships with the young men—gentlemen always—who run the club; they learn all kinds of things if they like; they work off their restlessness and get rid of the devil in the gymnasium with the boxing-gloves, with the single-stick; they contract habits of order and discipline; they become infected with some of the upper-class ideals, especially as regards honor and honesty, purity and temperance. The fruits of the time spent in the club are seen in their after life; these are

the lads who lead the steady lives and become the supporters of order and authority. A few again, but very few, get the chance of polytechnic classes and continuation schools; but these things are mostly above the riverside folk. Here and there a class is formed, and taught by ladies, in one or other of the minor arts, such as wood-carving, in which these lads quickly take great delight.

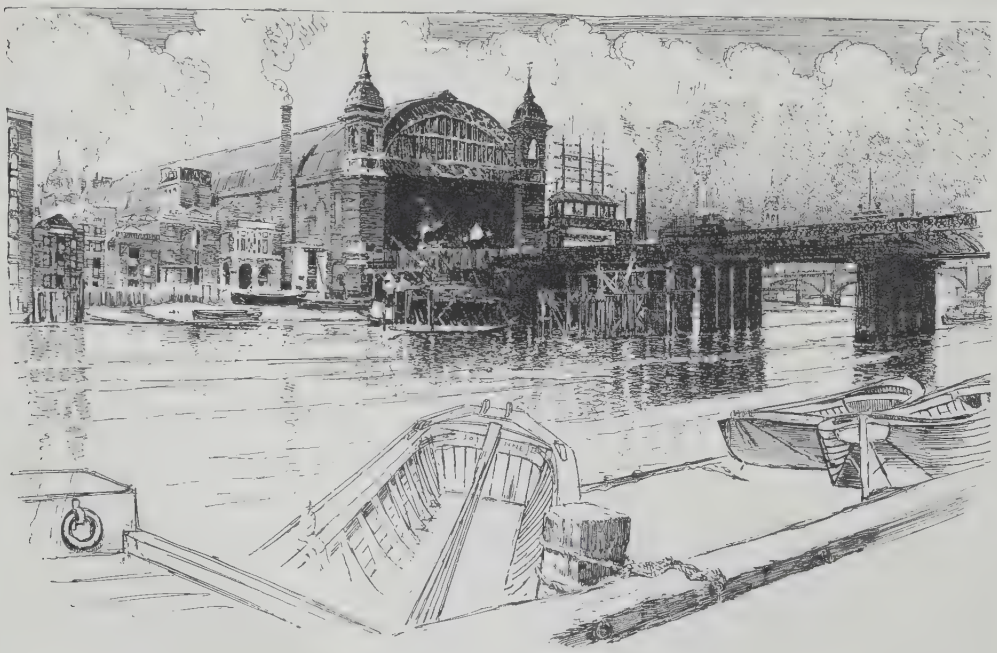
Setting aside these, what becomes of all the rest?

They have the music-hall; there are half a dozen music-halls in East London; the gallery is cheap; they go to a music-hall, therefore, two or three times a week in winter. They have the public house, but these lads are not, as a rule, slaves to drink so early in life. Their own lodgings are not inviting either for comfort or for rest or for society. They have, however, the street.

It is the street which produces the casual hand. It is also the street which produces the drunkard, the loafer, the man who cannot work, the man who will not work, the street rough, the street sneak, and the street thief. The long evening spent in the street nourishes and encourages these, and such as these, of both sexes.

It is of course the old story—the abuse of liberty. We shorten the hours of work, and we offer nothing in the place of work except the street; we leave the lads whom we thought to benefit by increased leisure to their own devices, and to discover, if they can, the way to turn the hours thus rescued from drudgery into the means of climbing to a higher life. We have hitherto left them, even, in complete ignorance as to any higher life at all. Their own idea of employing their idle time is to do nothing, simply to amuse themselves; and as the street is the only place where they can find amusement for nothing, they go into the street.

They walk about in little companies of two and three; they smoke cheap cigarettes by way of asserting their early manhood; they carry on free fights on the pavement; they make rushes among the people; they push and hustle the younger girls, who are by no means backward in retaliation; they whistle and sing and practise the calls of their quarter. They get up little impromptu plays—dramas in unspoken mummery and mimicry. I have, for instance, more than once seen in papers and articles a melancholy account of precocious drunkenness among the young folk of the slums. "Boys and girls," says the horrified observer, "were reeling about drunk; the girls were even worse than the boys. I spoke to one. She was no more than thirteen or so; a pretty child, but helplessly intoxicated. When I spoke to her she fell upon the pavement and could not rise. Her companions, also far



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

CANNON STREET STATION, ON THE THAMES.

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

A TYPICAL STREET IN BETHNAL GREEN.

gone in drink, only laughed. A sad sight, truly!"

A very sad sight, indeed. But this observer did not understand that the personation of drunken people is one of the favorite amusements of the boys and girls in the evening streets. They have, every day, splendid opportunities for studying their subject. A life-school exists in every street. The models sit or stagger every evening, and the fidelity with which every stage of drunkenness, from the lurching shoulder to the helpless heap and the glassy eyes, is represented by these young actors would be remarkable even on the boards of Drury Lane.

Acting and running and shouting are amusing as far as they go, but they are not enough. The blood is restless at seventeen; it wants exercise in reality, not pretense. This restlessness is the cause of the bands organized originally for local fights. The boys of one street unite in a small regiment; they arm themselves with clubs, small iron bars, leather belts with buckles, knotted handkerchiefs with stones tied up in them, with slings and stones, with knives, even with revolvers of the "toy" kind; and they go forth to fight the lads of another street. It is a real fight; the field is strewn with the wounded; the police have trouble in putting a stop to the combat. With broken heads, black eyes, and bandaged arms, the leaders appear next day before the magistrate. But the local regiment cannot always be meeting its enemy on the field of glory; the step, therefore, to hustling the people in the street is natural. The boys gather together and hold the street. If any one ventures to pass through it, they rush upon him, knock him down, and kick him savagely about the head; they rob him as well.

In the autumn of 1898 an inoffensive elderly gentleman was knocked down by such a gang, robbed, kicked about the head, and taken up insensible. He was carried home and died the next day. These gangs are called "Hooligans." South London is more frequently favored with their achievements than East London. They are difficult to deal with, because they meet, fight, and disperse with such rapidity that it is next to impossible to get hold of them. It is a bad fashion of the time, and will probably disappear before long. Meantime the boys regard these holdings of the street with pride; their captain is a hero, as much as the captain of the eleven at a public school.

Sometimes they devise other modes of achieving greatness. A year or two ago half a dozen of them thought that it would be a good thing if they were to attend Epsom races on the Derby day, the great race of the year. One can go to Epsom by road or rail; the latter is the cheaper and the easier way, but the more glorious way is to go by road, as the swells go. Their method is to hire a carriage and pair, to get a luncheon-hamper from a caterer's, to drive down, and to pay for a stand on the hill which commands a view of the race. The thing can be done in style for about twenty-five pounds. These boys thought to emulate the swells; they would drive in style to Epsom. They therefore helped themselves to a baker's horse and light cart in the gray of the morning, and drove gloriously all the way to

the race-course. Arrived there, they sold the horse and cart to a gipsy for three pounds, and spent the day in watching the races, in betting on the events, and in feasting. When the glorious day was over, and their money all gone, they found an outhouse near the common, and there lay down to sleep, intending to walk home in the morning. Now, the baker, on discovering his loss, had gone to the police; and the police,

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

A MUSIC-HALL.

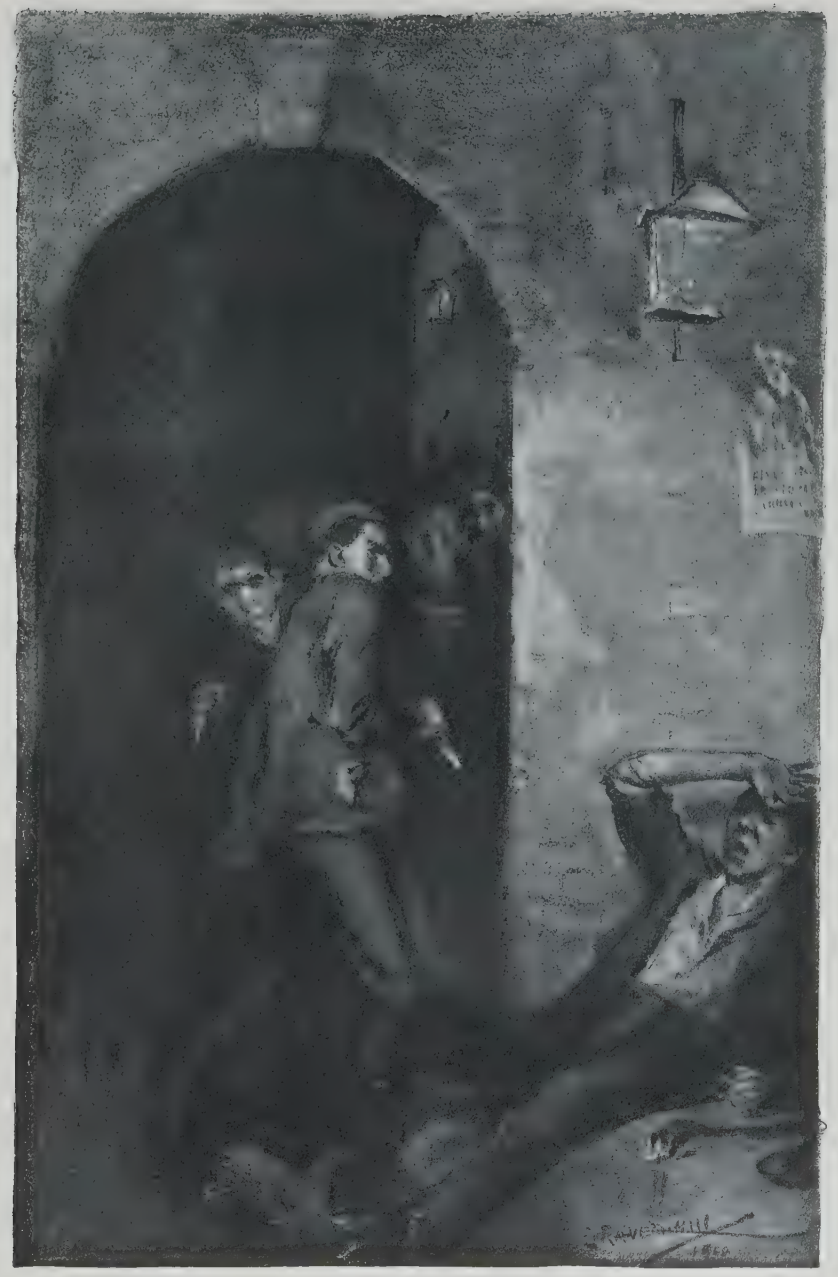
suspecting the truth, for the lads' thirst for sport was well known, telegraphed to Epsom. The horse and cart were recovered, and in the middle of the night the boys were found. They did return to town in the morning, but not as they left. It was in the roomy vehicle commonly called "Black Maria" that they were taken to the police court, and from the court to the reformatory.

The boys are great gamblers. Gambling is strictly illegal in the streets, but the boys pay little attention to the prohibition. Every evening one may come upon little companies of them sitting on the pavement, with a coat spread on the ground between them, which they use as a table. They play with the little cards commonly used for games of patience. If a policeman comes along, they double up the coat with the cards and the money, and run for it. They play pitch-and-toss in the side streets on Sundays. If they wish to be really quiet and undisturbed, they get into a barge, where they sit in the hold and play cards, locally called "darbs," all day long. Sometimes they find an empty house; sometimes a room in a condemned row of crazy tenements. The favorite game, the name of which I do not know, is one in which the dealer holds a bank. He deals a card to every player and one to himself. Each player covers his card with a stake, generally a penny. The cards are turned up; the players pay the dealer for cards below, and are paid for cards above, the dealer's card. It is quite a simple game, and one in which a boy may lose his Saturday wages in a very short time. They also play "heads and tails," and they are said to bet among one another.

At this period of their career some of them read a good deal—not the newspapers, not any books; their reading is mainly confined to the "novelette." For them Jack Harkaway performs incredible feats of valor. It is not for them that the maiden of low degree is wedded by the belted earl—that is for the girls. For these lads, to whom a fight is the finest thing in the world, the renowned Jack Harkaway knocks down the wicked captain on the quarter-deck, rescues a whole ship's company from pirates, performs prodigies at Omdurman. His feats are described in the amazing sheets which the boys call "ha'penny bloods" or "penny dreadfuls." If they buy a paper, it is one of like kind, such as are written and printed especially and exclusively for this class.

I have said that they go often to the music-hall. There are three or four in their own quarter—the Paragon, Mile End Road; the Foresters, Cambridge Road; and the Queen's, Poplar. But they go farther afield, and may be found in the galleries of even West-End music-halls to see a popular "turn." As for concerts and lectures and entertainments given at the Town Hall or other places, they will not go to them. There is too much "class."

At this time, namely, at sixteen or seventeen, the boys commonly take a sweetheart. They "keep company" with a girl. Night after night they walk the streets together. What they talk about no one knows. What vows of constancy they exchange no man hath ever heard or can divine. They take each other, the boy paying when he can, to the music-hall or to the theater. They stand drinks—it is at this period that the fatal yearning for drink begins to fasten itself upon the lad. The "keeping company" is, perhaps, a worse evil than the growing thirst for drink; it ends invariably in the early



DRAWN BY L. RAVEN-HILL.

THE "HOOLIGANS."

marriage which is one of the most deplorable features in slum life. The young girl of sixteen or seventeen, ignorant of everything, enters upon the married life, and for the rest of her days endures all the wretchedness of grinding poverty, children half nourished and in rags, a drunken husband, and a drunken self. The boys' clubs, the girls' clubs, the settlements, of which I shall speak again presently, do all in their power to occupy the young people's minds with other things; but the club closes at ten, and the street remains open all the night.

None of these street boys and girls are country-born. The country lads come up to London Town, to the city paved with gold, in thousands, but they are older than these children of the street. They have not learned

the fascination which the street exercises upon those who have always lived in it and always played in it.

Their martial tastes would make them enlist in the army, but the discipline forbids enlistment. Many of them, however, belong to the Tower Hamlets Militia, a regiment called out for drill for six weeks every year. They enjoy sporting the uniform; they like marching; they like the band and the mess in barracks: but they cannot endure the discipline for more than six weeks, even in return for the grandeur and the glory of the thing.

What is the connection between the casual hand and the lad of the street? This: the life of the street is an ordeal through which these lads must pass, since we have given them no other choice. Some of them emerge without harm; the craving for drink is not known to them; they have never been haled before the police court; they know not the interior of prison or reformatory; they have not married at nineteen. These are the young fellows who get and keep the permanent places with "good money." They are hewers of wood and drawers of water, like the children of Gibeon: but they live no longer in the slums; their home is in the "monotonies"; it is a four- or six-roomed house, one of a row, one of a street, in which there lie side by side hundreds all alike. But remember, though the streets are monotonous, the lives led in these streets are not monotonous, because every man has his own history and his own experiences, his birth and his childhood, his manhood and his age, and these can never be monotonous.

There remains, alas! the majority. It consists of those whom the ordeal of the street leaves, although they know it not, broken down. They have followed the easy way: that of no restraint, that of the moment's pleasure, that into which temptation leads. By nineteen they have lost the joy of work, the desire for work, the pride of work. The necessity for work has become a veritable curse. Work has to be done if they would drink. They are badly fed; half a dozen of them over a piece of real work are not equal to a single country lad. They have wife and children at home. They hang about the dock gates, but are taken on only when even weaker hands must be taken. They wait for jobs which seldom come. They have neither honesty nor self-respect, nor any sense of duty or responsibility at all. What to do for or with these unfortunates is the most difficult, as it is also the most pressing, problem for those who would, if they could, lend a helping hand.

THE FOREIGN ELEMENT.

LONDON perpetually receives, welcomes, distributes, and absorbs immigrants of all nations. The City, with its millions of people, is so vast that the influx of a few thousands every year is not felt or observed. For instance, in the year 1894 there were eleven thousand immigrants, not counting those who were going on to America. They were Russians, Poles, Germans, Dutch, Norwegians, Swedes, Danes, Belgians, French, Austrians, Hungarians, Italians, Swiss, and of other nationalities. What has become of this army? What has become of the one hundred thousand who have come over during the last ten years? They do not constitute a foreign population; with the exception of the Polish Jews, they are not found in any special quarter. It is true that there are French, Italians, Germans, and Swiss in Soho; but these are principally people employed in West-End restaurants, laundries, *charcuteries*, and provision-shops. Their children attend the board schools and become English. It is, indeed, wonderful to observe the rapidity with which the foreign settler becomes English in speech, in manners, and in thought. There are thousands of German clerks in London; they have no quarter; they do not endeavor to keep themselves apart. Unless they intend to go home when they have mastered the English language and the London trade, they do their best to become English as quickly as possible. Where, again, are we to look for the French colony? There is none. There is a French hospital, there are two or three French Protestant churches; there is no part of London where we may find French the prevailing language. There are Dutch residents, but one knows not where they reside. A few of them may be seen any Sunday morning gathered together to worship in all that is left of the old church of the Augustine Friars. They are a scanty company, but it is pleasant to sit among them and to listen to the sermon, which sounds so strangely like a sermon in English, until we try to make out what it means. There are Swedes in London, but where? You may go to their church and see any Sunday morning rows of honest blue eyes and brown hair listening to the preacher. But it is not known where they live. There are foreign quarters, but they are not large, nor are there many of them.

DRAWN BY L. RAVEN-HILL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

SUNDAY GAMBLING.

The most important and the largest is the quarter inhabited almost entirely by the poorest class of Jews, many of them the unfortunate Polish Jews flying from their own country to escape persecution. They are received by the Jewish Board of Guardians, which is, I believe, a model of a well-managed board. Work is found for them; indeed, there is nothing they desire so much as work. Their ranks are always being recruited by new arrivals, but they are continually slipping out of the rank of precarious hangers-on to those of steady work and good wages.

There is sometimes talk of these people taking work from Englishmen. I know not how much truth there is in the charge: as population increases, work increases;

more workmen are wanted. These poor people are content to take the worst work with the worst pay. However, the talk dies away; we hear no more of it. If it is true that the Polish Jew will, if he can, get tenements into his possession and raise the rent or charge an exorbitant sum for the key, that is, a fine to the tenant on taking possession, it is his own countrymen, generally, who have the right to complain. For the rest, their advisers exhort them continually to make themselves English. There is no *Judenhetze* in the City of London, or, if any, then a negligible quantity.

The place and time in which to see the poorer Jews of London collected together are on Sunday morning in Wentworth street, Aldgate. This street, and those to right and left, are inhabited entirely by Jews. All the shops are open; the street is occupied by a triple line of stalls on which are exposed for sale all kinds of things, but chiefly garments of various kinds. There is a mighty hubbub of those who chaffer and those who offer and those who endeavor to attract attention. You will see a young fellow mounted on a pair of wooden steps, brandishing something to wear. With eloquence convincing, with gesture and with action, he persuades the people of the stoutness of the material and the excellence of the work. The crowd moves slowly along. It listens critically. This kind of thing may become monotonous. The oratory of the salesman requires new adjectives, new metaphors, new comparisons. They are themselves, perhaps, professors of the salesman's rhetoric. One wonders how many such fervid speeches this young man has to make before he effects a single sale. We need not pity him; he enjoys the thing; it is his one day of glory: and he has admirers; he has those who envy his powers and who deny his persuasiveness.

Not all the holders of stalls are eloquent. Here, before a poor old tray resting on crazy trestles, stand a poor old couple. They look very poor; they cast wistful eyes upon the heedless crowd; their wares are slippers of bright red and blue cloth. Will you buy a pair because the makers are so old and so poor? Alas! they cannot understand; their language is Yiddish: but one of the crowd kindly interprets; they have sold one pair, which now lie in your pocket. Like the possessor of the splendid shilling, "Fate cannot harm them: they will dine to-day."

The newly arrived Poles are here in multitudes. For the most part they are small, pasty-faced, narrow-chested folk. Are these the descendants of Joshua's warriors, of those who fought with Judas Maccabæus, of those who defied the whole Roman Empire? "My friend," says a kindly scholar, one of their own people, "these are the children of the Ghetto. For two thousand years they have lived in the worst parts of a crowded city; they have been denied work, except of the lowest; they have endured every kind of scorn and contumely. Come again in ten years' time. In the free air of Anglo-Saxon rule they will grow; you will not know them again."

It is among these newcomers that one recognizes the Oriental note. There is among the women a love of bright colors; among the men, even among the poorest, a certain desire for display, an assertion of grandeur. Look at this little shop of one window on the ground floor. It is crowded with girls. Outside the proprietor stands with pride, a large cigar between his lips. He condescends to talk because he is so proud. "All the week," he says, "I study what to give them on Sunday. To-day it is bonnets. Last Sunday it was fichus. Next Sunday? That is my secret. My wife serves the shop; I furnish the contents. All the week my son keeps it, but there is no trade except on Sunday."

In a second-hand furniture-shop the proprietor, also provided with a cigar, sits with grandeur, aware of the envy with which the man who has a shop is regarded by the men who must work with their hands. This man has more: he has a father. You would like to see him? You are invited to step up-stairs. There, in a high-backed chair, with pillows on each side, sits a little, shriveled-up creature. His eyes are bright, for he has just awakened from the sleep which fills up most of the day and all the night. Beside him is the Book of the Law, in Hebrew; upon the open book there rests his pipe. Two girls, his great-grandchildren, sit with him and watch him, for the old man is a hundred and three years of age.

"Last night," said one of the girls, "we carried him down-stairs into the shop, and the people crowded round to see him. He drank a whole glass of beer in their sight."

The patriarch nods and laughs, proud of the feat. He then talks about himself. He has been in the Ghetto of Venice; you can see the place to this day. His father came to London when he was a child. His occupation, he tells us, was formerly that of cook. He was employed as cook for the great banquets of the City companies. In

DRAWN BY L. RAVEN-HILL.

A CORNER IN PETTICOAT LANE.

that capacity he used to drink as much wine as he wished to have; his lengthened years, therefore, are not due to abstinence from strong drinks. He was also a follower of the prize-ring, and was constantly engaged as second in the prize-fights so common in the first sixty years of the century. He remembers what was once considered a great political event, the committal of Sir Francis Burdett to the Tower of London in 1808. Sir Francis was at the time a leading Radical. He was afterward the father of Angela, Lady Burdett-Coutts, a leader in the noble army of philanthropists.

We are not allowed to talk too long. After a quarter of an hour or so his watchful nurses dismiss us, and he promises to see us again. "If I live," he adds with a sigh—"if I live." It is his constant refrain. He has outlived every friend, all his companions, all his enemies, all his contemporaries. There is no pleasure left to him save that of being admired. It is enough; it

DRAWN BY L. RAVEN-HILL.

A "SCHNORRER" (BEGGAR) OF THE GHETTO.

binds him to life; he would not wish to die so long as that is left. "If I live," he says.

For my own part, I like to sit in the synagogue on the Sabbath and listen to the service, which I do not understand; for it explains the people—their intense pride, their tenacity, their separation from the rest of the world. Their service is one grand hymn of praise and gladness. The hymns they sing, the weird, strange melodies of the hymns, are those which were sung when they went out of Egypt and marched over the bed of the sea, which stood up like a wall on each hand. They are the chosen people; the Lord their God has chosen them. Let no one speak of Jews until he has learned to understand their service. By their modes of worship the mind of the people may be discerned.

It is now two hundred years since the Huguenot silk-weavers settled at Spitalfields—the fields behind the old hospital and monastery called St. Mary's. There they remained until quite recently; they carried on from father to son the trade of silk-weaving. There are still silk-weavers in Spitalfields and Bethnal Green. An attempt has been made to revive the trade; meantime many of the old houses remain, with their wide windows on the first floor, and over the shops one may still see the French names, or the names rudely Anglicized. But the French settlement no longer exists. The French language has been forgotten, and the Huguenots are absorbed. They are now, like the rest of us, Anglo-Celts.

A small colony of Italians has settled in another part of London—not in East London. You will know the colony, which does not belong to these pages, by the barrel-organs in the courts, by the barrows on which they carry round their penny ices, by the bright-colored handkerchiefs and the black hair of the women, and by the cheap Italian restaurants.

In the West India Dock Road, before you reach the docks, there is a building on the north side which contains a colony always changing. It is the home of the Indian and Malay sailors, the lascars and the Arabs. I remember a morning there with one who was afterward murdered by Cairene ruffians in the desert of Sinai. This man loved the place because he loved the people who lodged there, and because he not only talked their languages, but knew their manners and customs and lived with them, became one of themselves. On this occasion he met, in rags, a certain poor scholar—Persian. It was pleasant to see them sitting down on the floor side by side, discussing and quoting Persian poetry, and still more pleasant to see the Persian quickly yielding to the charm of common tie and treating the infidel as a friend and a brother. It is a strange place, and full of strange people; but no one can understand how strange it is, how great is the gulf between the Oriental and the Occidental, unless he can talk with them and learn how they think and how they regard us. Colossal is the pride of the Oriental, inconceivable the contempt with which he regards the restless West.

Here, as I sit by the Jumna bank,
Watching the flow of the sacred stream,

Pass me the legions, rank on rank,
And the cannon roar and the bayonets gleam.

When shall these phantoms wither away,
Like the smoke of the guns on the wind-swept hill,
Like the sounds and colors of yesterday,
And the soul have rest and the air be still?

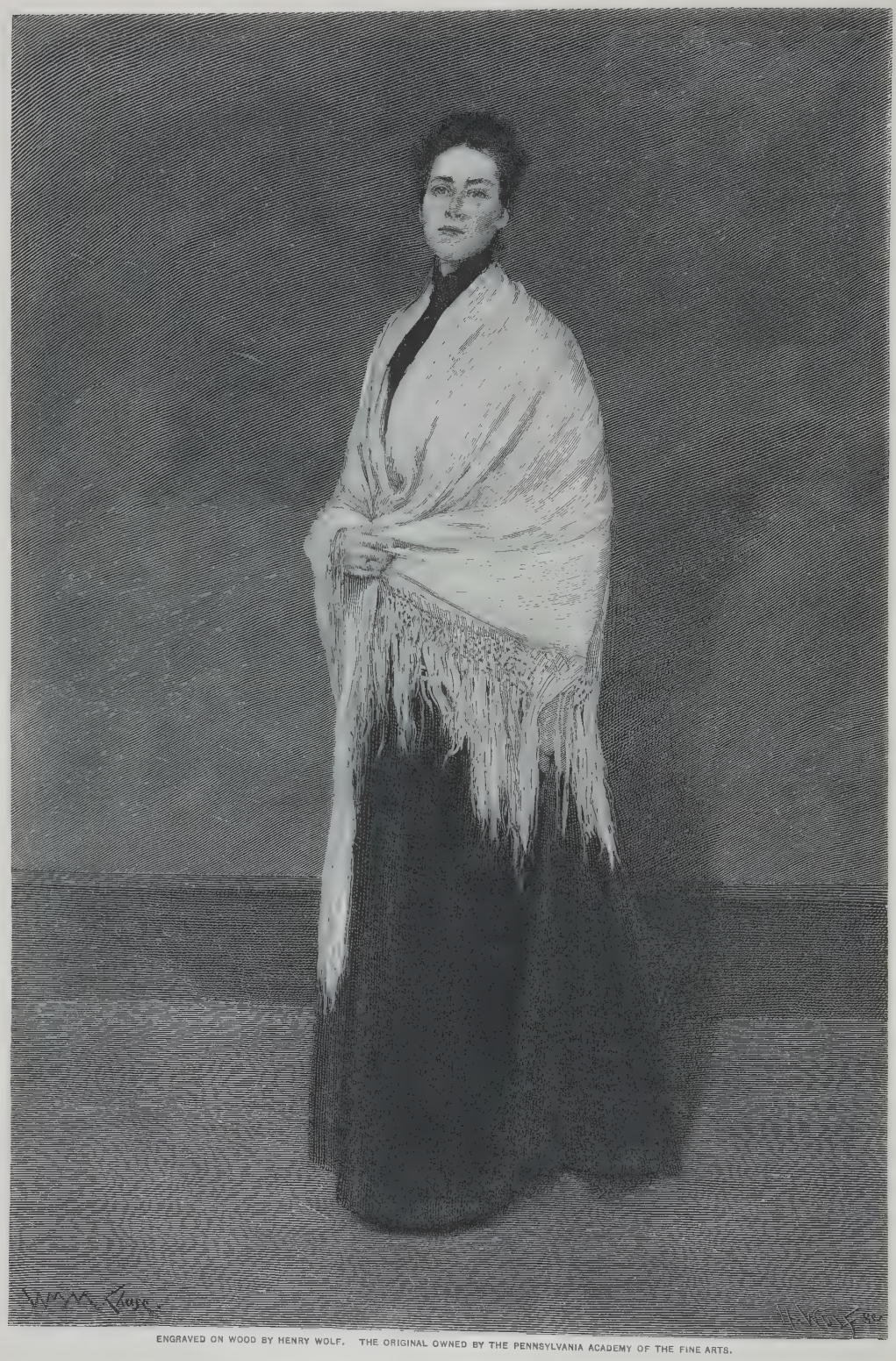
Nearly opposite this house is a small street which contains the Chinese colony. Beside the Chinese colony of New York, part of which I saw one sweltering night in July, it is a small thing and of no importance. Yet it is curious. There are not more than a hundred Chinese in all; they live in a few houses in this street; there are two or three shops kept by Chinamen. It is, I believe, quite safe to visit the place; I was myself taken there by a man who was known to them. The shops offered little of interest except Chinese playing-cards, which are curious. Conversation in Pidgin-English is difficult at first, but one quickly acquires enough of the patois. There is a boarding-house for Chinese in the street. The ground floor we found furnished with a joss-house in one corner, and a large table. The table was covered with Chinamen, sitting and sprawling. They were wholly absorbed in a game with dominoes and small coins; in other words, they were gambling. One of them, the banker, manipulated the dominoes. Nobody spoke; every time that a domino was turned there was the exchange of coins in silence. The eager, intent faces terrified one; one recognized the passion which sees nothing, hears nothing, cares for nothing, feels nothing, but the fierce eagerness of play. We looked on for five minutes. No one spoke, no one breathed. Then I became aware that in a room or cupboard at the back there was a fire with a great black pot hanging over it, and a man with a spoon taking off the cover and stirring the contents. Then he came out, spoon in hand, and bawled aloud.

None of the players heard; the banker turned up another domino; there was another exchange of coins; but no one heeded the call.

It was the dinner-bell. Down-stairs came, chattering, laughing, and joking, half a dozen of the boarders, each with a basin in his hand. The cook filled every man's basin, and they went up-stairs again. And none of the players marked them, or heeded them, or turned his head; and none of the boarders took the slightest notice of the players, and nobody at all paid the least attention to the joss-house, where the candle burned, which is the Chinaman's sole act of worship.

Across the road, in another house, was an opium den. We have read accounts of the dreadful place, have we not? Greatly to my disappointment, it was not horrible at all. The room was of a fair size, on the first floor; it was furnished with a great bed covered with a mattress, with a bench against the wall, and with common cane chairs. Two men were lying on the bed enjoying the opium sleep—perhaps with the dream that De Quincey has described; but one cannot, even the thought-reader cannot, read another man's dreams. A third man was taking his opium by means of a long pipe. Half a dozen men were waiting their turn. One of them had a musical instrument. Except for the smell of the place, which was overwhelming, the musical instrument was the only horror of the opium den. When I think of it I seem to remember a thousand finger-nails scratching the window, or a thousand slate-pencils scratching a school-boy's slate. It is one of those memories which will never leave a man. Nor can I understand why, at the weird and wonderful torture of that instrument, the sleepers did not awake and fly, shrieking.

There are small colonies and settlements of other foreigners. Anarchists make little clubs where murders are hatched, especially murders of foreign sovereigns. They think to overthrow a settled government by the assassination of a king. They succeed only in adding one more to the anxieties and the dangers that accompany a crown. There are Orleanists, Bonapartists, Carlists, and I know not what, who carry on their little intrigues and their correspondence with partizans in France and Spain and elsewhere. But with these we have nothing to do. It is enough for us to note the continual immigration into London of aliens who become in a few years English in manners, and in the next generation are English in speech and in thought as well as in manners. As it was in the days of Edward I, when the men of Rouen, the men of Caen, the men of the Empire, the Venetian, the Genoese, the Fleming, the Gascon, the Spaniard, the Hamburger—from every part of western Europe came merchants to trade who remained to settle—so it is in the days of Victoria. They come to the banks of the Thames by thousands every year, and they come to stay; they are content to be absorbed.



ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF. THE ORIGINAL OWNED BY THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.

EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE. III: THE LADY WITH THE WHITE SHAWL. FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM M. CHASE.

CHINESE TRAITS AND WESTERN BLUNDERS.

BY RT. REV. HENRY C. POTTER, LL.D.

THE traveler who has journeyed by steamboat from Hongkong to Canton by night wakes in the morning to a scene which he is not likely to forget. The conditions of life in China are unique in this, that they are but little limited by space. We are wont, in our Western world, to talk of the crowding and herding in great cities; and in one aspect of these the East has nothing to match them. The foundations there are so often insecure that buildings that climb up like ours into the air, with tens of stories piled, higher and higher, upon one another, are virtually unknown; but, on the other hand, we see, packed into a bullock-cart, huddled in a bamboo hut, literally heaped upon one another in a mud-walled hovel, in the streets, or on the roadside, numbers of people who ordinarily, in our world, whatever their circumstances of poverty or degradation, would not endure such crowding for an instant. This characteristic, however, in the Chinese reaches its climax when one sees their life in boats. And the startling idiosyncrasies of that life are revealed with no more comic or tragic distinctness—both, in fact, are there often strangely and pathetically intermingled—than among the crowded denizens of a Chinese house-boat.

And nowhere are these to be observed in more impressive proportions than in the great sluggish stream on whose banks is the city of Canton. Crowded as is the population of any Chinese city, Canton in this must surely be preëminent, and in the case of the great throngs that pack her dark and narrow streets and their darker and narrower habitations, this teeming flood of life overflows its bounds and spreads itself in a vast mass of boats on which tens of thousands of people pass their whole lives, men, women, and children almost trampling upon one another, and preserving themselves from being crowded into the stream to drown by an ingenuity which is not easily intelligible. Indeed, as a matter of fact, they do not always succeed in doing so. Life is not accounted of much value in China; and its enormous surplus of population, which under the present conditions the land can but poorly support, is depleted, whether by drowning or otherwise, without awakening much concern or causing much grief.

On the morning when I first saw Canton, looking from my cabin window I found our steamer surrounded by an apparently endless flotilla of Chinese house-boats, and stood fascinated by the almost myriad life with which they teemed. No one who has not seen it has ever seen anything like it. The boats are twenty or thirty feet long, and are shop, kitchen, freight-house, bedroom, nursery, store-room, all in one, with sometimes a family of fifteen or twenty persons to crowd and strive, eat and sleep, fight for the opportunity to earn their scanty wage, by day or night, and often to be born and die in them. The children swarm like ants, and almost before they can speak are tied to an oar and made to pull it. But when they are not tied thus they are sometimes hustled over the side of the boat. They sink out of sight, and that is the end of them.

To this frequent occurrence there is, however, one exception. Now and then you will notice a toddling little creature to whom is attached a small balloon. If it tumbles into the water the balloon supports it; it is fished out with a long pole, cuffed and scolded by its irate parent, but saved. And this is simply and solely because "it" is a boy! If it were a girl, the parent would see in its removal a gracious providential interposition, and would say, in the Chinese manner, "It is ordered." If one follows, now, along that slender thread that binds the Chinese house-boat boy to his balloon, he will find, I think, a clue to much of Chinese character and Chinese history. The people of China are not peculiar in prizing boys more than girls, for that, alas! is a characteristic of many Christian nations and families. They are, however, peculiar in their reasons for doing so. With us one wants to perpetuate his name; to shield, by the industry or prowess of sons, the widow and daughters that he may leave behind him; or to join with his own energy and enterprise that of another of his own name and lineage. But with a Chinese parent the concern is quite different. He expects, indeed, that his son

will take care of him in his old age, and, in fact, filial duty in this respect is carried to somewhat grotesque lengths, as is witnessed by a legend current in China that a married son, with whom lived his widowed mother, said to his wife on one occasion: "My income will not support my mother, you and me, and our child. It is the will of Heaven, therefore, that we sacrifice our child to our mother, and we will bury it alive"; which on preparing to do by digging a grave in which they proposed to bury the child alive, they came upon a pot of gold which it was revealed was hidden there for their enrichment in reward for their filial conduct! But, as I have said, a boy's life is precious to a parent not merely because of the care which he is bound to give a parent in his old age, but because it is the supreme duty of the son, after his parent is dead, to make the annual offerings upon which the conditions of the parent's life beyond this world must, according to Chinese theology, depend. And so the little baby boy toddling about the crowded house-boat of the meanest peasant has a balloon fastened to his tiny person, not as a token of any especial tenderness on the part of his parent, but rather in what might be called a forecasting spirit of other-world thrift, by means of which the parent provides for his future interests after he is dead.

It is in this curious combination of indirection, insensibility, and selfishness that one must needs find the clue to a great deal of Chinese character. No one can come into contact with this people, see them in their own homes, or go ever so little below the surface of their national history, without recognizing that they are marked off from other races by certain wholly unique and quite distinctive traits. No more interesting or timely study than those traits can invite the Western student.

Timely, I say, because whatever may have been the situation a little while ago, in the matter of the relations of China to the rest of the world, no intelligent observer can be insensible to the fact that not only have they begun to change, but that in the near future they are destined to be changed more and more rapidly. No one who is at all familiar with the attitude of the Western world, by which I mean, for my present purpose, the civilizations of Europe and America, can be ignorant of the fact that, to Western ideas, to commerce, the arts, international intercourse, China was regarded fifty years ago as largely inaccessible. The Great Wall of China was commonly accepted as no inapt image of the great life of China. True, we had books like M. Huc's travels, as we have had since then Williams's "Middle Kingdom"; but as we read them we only received a fresh impression, concerning China and the Chinese, of impenetrability. Their manners, their traditions, their mental processes, all these seemed to be what, largely, their public highways still are—impassable. It is told by an acute and singularly just and impartial observer of these Orientals[1] that when the coolies in a particular neighborhood in North China learn that a foreigner is journeying their way, they are in the habit of going out into the highways and digging holes and pitfalls in the roads which render them impassable. The unsuspecting stranger plunges incontinently into these, and then the neighbors appear with profuse protestations of sympathy and surprise, and having, with Oriental deliberation, pulled him and his bullock-cart out of the pit, fill the pit up at their leisure, and after the whole process is completed charge him a good round sum for their services. Not unlike this has been the experience of students and travelers in China, who have sought to find their way through the curious *impasse* of the Oriental mind, and who have vainly struggled to discover the clues which would explain to them the manifold eccentricities of Chinese domestic and social life, the principles upon which its cities and provinces are governed, its rules of conduct regulated, its more serious views of human life determined.

There is little doubt that, besides that element in all this which is unconscious and traditionally characteristic, there has been, with the Chinese people, a good deal of deliberate intention. They have not wanted to understand us, and they do not wish that we should understand them. Sometimes, undoubtedly, it is true that what seems obscure in their modes of speech or of reckoning is only seemingly so, and that, at bottom, they are more accurate than we. A Western traveler in China was, on one occasion, loud in his indignation at the ignorance, the stupidity, or the duplicity which represented to him that the distance between two places was not the same from east to west as from west to east, nor the same in wet weather that it was in dry. But it was pointed out to him that distance in a journey was equitably measured by the time that it took to make it, and that a journey from east to west must needs be longer if it was up-hill

[1] The author of "Chinese Characteristics."

rather than down-hill, or if made in wet weather and over heavy clay roads rather than in dry weather. Nobody, it should be said in passing, will ever be just to the Chinese mind or to Chinese modes of expression who does not bear in mind the difference in Eastern and Western modes of thinking of which this is an illustration.

But when this is said, it must still be owned by any one who has had experience of the children of the Flowery Kingdom that they are often purposely obscure, and that they do not always want to understand us or to be understood by us. Two temperamental peculiarities explain this, which are too often little accounted of. One is their enormous contempt for the outside barbarian, and the other is their imperturbable contentment with their own life and land and all that belongs to them. One encounters the Chinese often long before he has reached their own land. They are servants in a California household, workmen on some great Western railway or mining enterprise, or cabin-"boys" on some Pacific steamship. I wonder whether those who have met them under these various conditions are as sensible of their mild but unmistakable contempt as I have been. They may be perfectly civil and readily obliging,—I have always found them so,—but, beneath that mask of stolidity which one can almost never penetrate, there gleams sometimes an elusive hint of a certain calm scorn with which they listen to you as you convey to them your wishes, and with which, with languid and machine-like accuracy, they fulfil them. "The best servants in the world," cries some superficial and unobservant traveler; and as one hears him he recalls that characteristic personage in one of Mr. Thackeray's "Letters to a Young Man about Town" (a classic for the instruction of our youth, which one could wish might be republished with every new crop of boys), where Mr. Brown is discoursing to his nephew on the subject of the way in which wise women manage their husbands. "Your father, my dear Bob," says Mr. Brown, "thinks your mother a fool. Alas, poor man! How meek she is; how she never disputes with him; and yet with what a mild contempt for his masculine stupidity she most accurately measures and manages him!" But no woman's contempt for her husband ever matched a Chinaman's contempt for the "white devil" who is his master. And the misfortune has been that, in our intercourse with these people, we have not recognized how natural and, from their point of view, how reasonable this is. "Young folks think old folks are fools, but old folks *know* that young folks are fools," is a proverb on which most of us have been reared; and yet we forget that to the Chinese the oldest of the Western nations is very young, and in fact vulgarly modern.

You say to your Chinese domestic, "Why did you not put salt in the fish-cakes?" And he answers you blandly, though greatly, it is to be feared, to your exasperation, "We do not put salt in fish-cakes." But why should you be angry? His usages are some thousands of years older than yours. Indeed, he knows very well that a few hundred years ago, so far as you or your ways are concerned, there was neither ancestral habit, usage, nor custom to appeal to. And then, under all these conditions, he can keep his temper, and, too often, you cannot. Chinese imperturbability is surely without its equal. The stolidity of our own native Indians has been supposed to be preëminent, but any one who has seen the Chinese in their own land will recognize, I think, another and, in its way, a much higher quality than this, for ordinarily there is no sullenness in it, but rather a bland and beaming, if often irritating, good nature, which is as fine as it is exasperating. I was witness of a scene in an interior city in China which, as an illustration of this, was not without its elements of mortification for the foreigner who watched it. A party of Americans had gone into a leading shop and had selected various articles, for which, after having inquired their prices, they offered a lump sum far below that asked for them. It was courteously but firmly declined, with the information that the prices in the establishment were fixed, and that the rule was to make no reductions. I should be glad if I could forget the scene that followed, in which the things selected were rudely flung about, and finally some of them hurled at the proprietor's head with epithets more forcible than refined. But, through the whole odious scene, the shopkeeper was unmoved, and his placid and serene dignity undisturbed. One who realized what such self-command might easily cost could not but realize also what an element of power it must needs be in the race and people that possessed it.

We come also here, I cannot but think, upon one of those large psychological facts which go so far to explain the history of the Chinese empire. Think of it for a moment! There it has endured, all these thousands of years, undisturbed amid the tremendous

revolutions that have upheaved other empires and changed the face of the civilized globe. One need not be unmindful of what, in the progress of civilization, has elsewhere come out of national or racial restlessness, to recognize what a tremendous force of conservatism has been the Chinese conviction that one empire contained all in the world that was worth having, and that the only way to look at the rest of the world was to look down from the top of the Great Wall.

But alas for such complacency! the Great Wall is rapidly becoming a crumbling ruin, and, even in the regard of its own people, is plainly destined to be, before long, no more than a venerable historic memorial. The processes by which this has thus far come to pass are a part of current history, and I need not do more here than cursorily allude to them. The first view of the ordinary traveler leads one, indeed, to suppose that the changes that are to transform China are coming to pass very rapidly, and the stranger entering the port of Shanghai or Hongkong concludes that the great Asiatic empire has already largely lost its traditional characteristics. Nothing could be more remote from the facts. The treaty ports are no more than the homes and warehouses of foreigners—at least so much of them as at first strikes the eye; and the traveler has need to make but a short journey into the interior, no matter where he may land, to find the teeming millions of the land untouched in any smallest degree by the habits, the beliefs, or the ideas of the outside barbarian.

It is undoubtedly true, however, that this is not likely to continue; and thoughtful observers and older foreign residents in China —merchants, missionaries, and others— were agreed, as far as I encountered them, in their impression that changes hereafter would be likely to come much more rapidly than heretofore. But though prejudice has begun to yield, it is undoubtedly true that it will not yield rapidly, and that anything like a progressive movement from within is far more improbable than among any other people in the world. When I entered China there were most interesting rumors of the rise and growth of the young emperor's party, of the interesting personnel of its leading adherents, of their wide reading of recent English and American literature dealing with questions of political, social, and sociological interest, of the aspirations of the youthful sovereign, and of the hopeful outlook in China for something answering to constitutional and representative government. But in a few months the whole movement had apparently come to grief; the representatives of the "Young China" party were in hiding or fugitives; the dowager empress, it was said, had put an effectual extinguisher on the whole business, and our quondam guest, Li Hung Chang, was "strengthening his fences" on the old and cleverly corrupt lines.

It is inevitable that any great social or political movement in China should be marked by such reactions. For, first of all, it must be remembered that of political unity, in our sense of the word, the empire of China knows little or nothing. Its vast and various provinces, extending from the frigid to the torrid zone, have no binding quality of custom, language, or religion. The dynasty that rules is a Tatar dynasty. But the Manchurian represents, rather, the greatest traditions of the empire. And this single illustration is sufficient to indicate what is true of the larger whole. Those of us in America who enjoyed the acquaintance of Chinese students, merchants, or others resident in our own land during the war between China and Japan must remember the surprising apathy with which, when we ventured to refer, sympathetically, to Chinese naval or military disasters, our expressions of sympathy were received. We were calmly informed that our Chinese friends did not come from the provinces that had been invaded or the coasts that were threatened; that, in fact, they knew very little about them, and evidently cared less. The burning resentment with which an American would hear that foreign troops were landing upon the coast of Florida or invading the territory of California, though none of us might ever have seen, and did not know a soul inhabiting, the one or the other, this, apparently, was a sentiment which to a Chinese was inconceivable. And yet it is difficult to imagine how any great national movement can come to pass until a country, whether an empire or a republic, has what Kossuth called national solidarity.

A still further difficulty in the way of a great movement in the direction of social or political progress in China is the large absence of any considerable discontent with existing conditions. The government of China has not inaptly been called a government by "squeeze." In no community, common as bribery or corruption is in political affairs, especially in the East, is there so much of it as in China. It begins at the top and extends all the

way down. The emperor squeezes the governors of provinces; the provincial governors squeeze the magistrates; and the magistrates squeeze the people. If you have a case before the local justice, who is ordinarily magistrate, chief of police, and tax-collector all in one, you will do well to bring your little present with you. Often the magistrate takes a present from both sides. Sometimes he has the grace to return the gift of the man against whom he decides; but if you were to quote to him Solomon's aphorism to the effect that "a gift blindeth the eyes," he would blandly assure you that in his country, on the contrary, it quickens and clears the vision; and the curious thing about the whole business is that, ordinarily, the suitor agrees with him, and that the community is, on the whole, entirely satisfied with the present condition of things.

Of course such a state of affairs is not universally prevalent; and, equally of course, the contrast between Chinese and European communities in close proximity, as, for example, at Hongkong, Shanghai, and elsewhere, must sooner or later impress the intelligent native, but far less than one would suppose. The Chinese hates our cleanliness, our wide streets, our police protecting the feeble and restraining personal violence; and, like a child in a nursery when you have put it in order, thinks that you have only spoiled what to him was fair. Tell him that, if he will let it, civilization—Western civilization—will drain his towns and cleanse his dwellings and sanitize his whole life, where now he cannot move or breathe without filth and crowding, his answer is Mr. Harold Skimpole's, in "Bleak House," to the friend who, on visiting his apartments, exclaimed, "Why, Harold, you can't swing a cat here," "But I don't want to swing a cat here." And that attitude of mind, for the time being, at any rate, is an intellectual *impasse*—you can go no farther.

It cannot be disguised, however, that in these regards there are in China occasional tokens of progress, and that they are beginning to multiply. As producing these, there are various causes, such as the influence of commercial intercourse, the introduction of Western scientific and mechanical inventions, but first of all, as many candid observers have frankly acknowledged, the influence of the missionary. I know how much challenge this statement may produce, but if the character of the witnesses and their testimony are considered, I believe it cannot be impugned. That there have been mistakes in missionary enterprises in China cannot, however, be denied, and these might, I think, in many cases where they are still persisted in, be wisely recognized and remedied, as they easily may be. In his interesting and, on the whole, impartial work on the East, the present viceroy of India, Lord Curzon, alludes with considerable reserve, but with sufficient explicitness, to some of these which have long existed. Generally they refer to the somewhat careless disregard of local or national prejudices by which our modern missions have been widely characterized. I confess I cannot see why such disregard should be indulged in. At home and among ourselves we are all agreed that people cannot always do things that are in themselves entirely innocent, if they are liable to be misunderstood; and it might well be a rule with all our missionary authorities that in the matter, for example, of the conventionalisms of mission stations, unmarried women, traveling missionaries, and the like, the missionary should not violate Chinese social conventions, which, however contemptible they may seem to us, are too widely and deeply rooted in heathen lands to be lightly disregarded.

Again, the modern missionary to a people whose nobility are its scholars should be a man of education and of refinement. The ceremonial of Chinese life is doubtless often irksome, but a man with not only the instincts but also the training of a gentleman—and, unfortunately, the two things do not always go together—will not lightly disesteem it.

And yet again, the modern missionary, like his greatest predecessor, the Apostle Paul, may wisely strive to understand and respectfully to refer to the religion that he has come to supplant. If it be true, as Christian scholars and missionaries have owned, that "no student of history, no observant traveler who knows human nature, can fail to be impressed to the point of deep awe with the thought of the marvelous restraining power which Chinese morality has exerted upon the race from the earliest times until now,"[1] it would certainly seem to be worth while for teachers from other lands, who are invading China with the proclamation of a still higher standard of morality, at least respectfully to compare it with that which they aim to supplant. "It would be hard," says Dr. Williams, "to overestimate the influence of Confucius in his ideal princely scholar, and the power for good on his race which this conception has ever since exer-

[1] "Chinese Characteristics," pp. 207, 208.

cised. The immeasurable potency, in after ages, of the character thus portrayed, proves how lofty was his standard; and the national conscience has ever since assented to the justice of his portrait." It is another Christian scholar of recognized authority who has said: "The teaching of Confucianism on human duty is wonderful and admirable. It is not perfect, indeed. But on the last three of the four things which Confucius delighted to teach—letters, ethics, devotion of soul, and truthfulness—his utterances are in harmony with the law and the gospel. A world ordered by them would be a beautiful world."

And yet the most ardent champion of the Chinese would not care to maintain that, in any such sense as this writer used the word "beautiful," the empire of China is a beautiful world. First of all, it is rotten through and through with political corruption. "To what purpose," said a Chinese official of himself and his associates, "would you turn us out of office? If you did so, you could only replace us by successors who would steal more than we do." Again, it is weighted down by a social and moral apathy which is all the more appalling because it still worships its old teachers—worships them while it openly and flagrantly disregards their teachings. There can be no moral debasement for a nation greater than this.

And now, what of its future? As I began by saying, the doors that have been so long closed against other nations are at length being slowly forced open. England and Germany and France and Russia and the United States have all discovered a keen interest in this ancient people, and a touching anxiety, each one of them, that the future of China should not fall into the hands of any of the others. With an almost sublime force of inertia China has resisted successive incursions, and has held fast to her ancient traditions with unexampled tenacity. But now at last they are yielding; and a beginning having been made, no one can now predict how fast the revolutionary forces of Western civilization may advance. When in Japan I was assured by one closely connected with a great embassy at Peking and warmly interested in our national successes that the efforts prosecuted by a group of American capitalists with remarkable persistency to secure concessions for a great Chinese midland railway were inevitably doomed to failure. It was only three weeks later that, on the jetty at Shanghai, I was informed by an American gentleman who had been largely concerned in conducting the necessary negotiations that the whole business of securing those concessions was then happily and satisfactorily concluded.

Well, the rest will sooner or later follow, not speedily, it may be, but nevertheless inevitably. When the late Mr. Brigham Young gave in his adhesion to the construction of a branch of the Union Pacific Railway from Ogden to Salt Lake City, a shrewd observer is reported to have said, "That means the death of Mormonism," and he was right. Mormonism, it may be urged, still survives, but only as an extinct memorial of a strange delusion and a very clever leader. And little by little, as modern ideas, fashions, freedoms, push their way into the heart of China, the vast organism will begin to take on a new life, and as the blood of other peoples flows through its traffic, its arts, its literature, its pleasures, its laws and customs, China will begin to take on not only new manners, but new morals and new ideals.

Will they be better or worse? Would that one could be quite sure about that! But alas! there cannot be racial tranfusions without the consequences that forever attach to such processes. A clever writer, whose work it was my fortune to encounter for the first time in the Chinese seas, published, not long ago, the story of a poet who, when lying mortally ill, was by a clever suggestion all but miraculously revived by the transfusion of a considerable amount of blood drawn from the arm of a costermonger. He recovers rapidly, and returns speedily to rude health. But, to his dismay, he discovers not only that he has lost his taste for claret and developed an inordinate thirst for beer, but that his poetry has taken on a redundancy of most atrocious slang, without the employment of which he finds it impossible to write a line.

The illustration may seem extravagant, but it certainly has a message for Western nations that are to-day dealing with an effete civilization. We may give China railways and manufactories, and a thousand cheap and clever inventions which are, it sometimes seems, the dominant note of our Western civilization. We may make them discontented with their own simpler customs and their more frugal and infrequent personal indulgences. More than this, we may not only sell to them the weapons of war and armed ships and the rest, but we may—which is quite another thing—teach them how to use them. The question still remains,—and it is, as I shall endeavor to show, quite a different question in China from what it is, for example, in

India,—what will they do with this new knowledge and these new powers? Multiply the open doors into China, and you must needs multiply the doors that open *out* of China; and has the American nation ever realized that the time may easily come when the question whether the Chinese will come here, or go or stay, may be taken altogether out of our keeping, and that by the Chinese themselves? I do not underestimate our numbers, our wealth, our prowess; but in the long run, in warfare, Napoleon's profane maxim as to Providence and the strongest battalions has in it a grim element of truth. Nobody appears to be quite clear how many people there are in China; but it seems generally to be agreed that there are at least some four hundred millions, and these four hundred millions have one very considerable element of superiority as fighters over Western peoples—they are profoundly indifferent to pain or death. It may be well for us to realize that, after we have civilized them by grid-ironing their land with railways and filling their homes with "Yankee notions," we may have to reckon with a Chinese dragon of proportions rather more formidable than those that are rampant at the doors of Chinese temples.

But surely there is a nobler view, whether of our opportunities or of their risks, than this. However much China may want open ports and machinery and improved sanitary conditions in streets and houses, she wants some other things infinitely more. One of these is the awakening of her human sympathies. In the absence or paralysis of these the testimony of those who know her best would seem to show that she has no match. It is enough to be seized with a contagious disease in China to be practically abandoned. The sick person is placed in a solitary room with a jug of water; the door is shut and fastened, and the only attention he gets is twice a day, when some one peers in through a narrow opening and prods the patient with a pole to see whether he is not yet dead. The author of "Chinese Characteristics," who has drawn for us, I believe, much the most vivid and accurate portrait of the Chinese people, relates how it is customary for one afflicted with any natural or acquired blemish or defect to be reminded of the fact.[1] One of the mildest forms of this practice is that in which the peculiarity is employed as a description in such a way as to attract public attention. "Great elder brother with the pock-marks," says an attendant in a dispensary to a patient, "from what village do you come?" It will not be singular if the man whose eyes are afflicted with strabismus hears an observation to the effect that "when the eyes look asquint the heart is askew," or if the man who has no hair is reminded that "out of ten bald men nine are deceitful, and the other would be also if he were not a fool." In this instance there is not only that indifference which is careless how it gives pain, but that insensibility which is unable to perceive how inconsistent is such unfeeling speech with even the most elemental principles of good manners. And marching with such characteristics is the national indifference to the sufferings of children, especially if they be girls, and to women, invariably if they be daughters-in-law. With an enormous ceremonial in all their social intercourse, the neglect or impatience of which on the part of foreigners fills the Chinese with an immense contempt, there is ordinarily the most profound indifference concerning the griefs and misfortunes that touch anybody else than their own family.

And, along with this characteristic, in such marked contrast with the ruling ideas in Christian lands, there is among the Chinese one supreme want which, whether in art, in literature, or in human conduct, is equally conspicuous. They are a people with their eyes in the back of their heads. Their ideals, so far as they have any, are all behind them. They know nothing of a divine discontent. Complacency, absolute, invariable, all-pervading, is the supreme note of Chinese life and character. That a thing was is reason sufficient to the ordinary Chinese mind that it should continue to be; and that anybody who has not been hired to do so should concern himself with even a curiosity, much more an endeavor, that it should be better, is to the Chinese mind only an excellent joke. M. Huc, in his masterly work on China and the Chinese, relates that in 1857, at the period of the death of the Emperor Jao Kuang, he was "traveling on the road from Peking, and one day," he says, "when we had been taking tea at an inn in company with some Chinese citizens, we tried to get up a little political discussion. We spoke of the recent death of the emperor, an important event which, of course, must have interested everybody. We expressed our anxiety on the subject of the succession to the imperial throne, the heir to which was not yet publicly announced. 'Who knows,' said we, 'which of these sons of the emperor will have been appointed to succeed him? If

[1] "Chinese Characteristics," p. 197.

it should be the elder, will he pursue the same system of government? If the younger, he is still very young, and it is said that there are contrary influences—two opposing parties—at court. To which will he lean?' We put forward, in short, all kinds of hypotheses, in order to stimulate these good citizens to make some observation. But to all our suggestions and inquiries they replied by shaking their heads, puffing out whiffs of smoke, and taking great gulps of tea. This apathy was becoming almost provoking, when one of them, getting up from his seat, came and laid his two hands on our shoulders in a manner quite paternal, and said, smiling rather ironically: 'Listen to me, my friend. Why should you trouble your head and fatigue your heart with all these vain surmises? The mandarins have to attend to affairs of state; they are paid for it. Let them earn their money, then. But don't let us trouble ourselves about what does not concern us. We should be great fools to want to do political business for nothing.' 'That is very conformable to reason,' said the rest of the company; and they then pointed out to us that our tea was getting cold and that our pipes were out."

I submit that here M. Huc has not sufficiently stated, if he sufficiently recognized, another element in the reserve of his Chinese auditors, which courtesy may have restrained them from expressing. What business was it of his? Who were these impertinent strangers and foreigners, the Chinese doubtless said to themselves, who pushed their way into a country that neither invited nor welcomed them, and insisted on discussing its domestic affairs in a promiscuous company in an inn? And if, as has since happened, the inquisitive foreigners became more and more numerous; if they not only challenged Chinese customs, but persisted in introducing their own; if they ran railways through Chinese graveyards, thus outraging the most sacred traditions and beliefs of the people among whom they ruthlessly forced their way, is it any wonder that among that slow-moving, slow-thinking, but intensely conservative and exclusive people there has grown up a resentment of foreign ways, and a hostility to all foreign persons, which has at length found its expression in acts of violence and bloodshed at which the whole civilized world to-day stands aghast?

That a religious hatred is also a large element in this hostility there can be no smallest doubt; nor, I think it must be owned, need there be any wonder. A few weeks ago, at the two-hundredth anniversary of the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, in London, Lord Salisbury delivered an address which was much criticized at the moment for its somewhat cautionary if not fault-finding tone. I confess I wondered when I read it that he had not put his cautions a good deal more strongly. Briefly, the situation is this. Missionaries from Christian countries go into heathen lands, and, while resident or going about in them, demand the protection of the consuls, ministers, and ambassadors of their own country, to which they are undoubtedly entitled as long as they *are going to and fro on their lawful errands.* But suppose this intervention is invoked when they are violating the traditions and—doubtless often unconsciously—putting contempt on very tender and sacred usages or beliefs; and suppose, still further, that this intervention is invoked and even demanded not only for themselves, but for their converts. These converts, it must be remembered, are Chinese subjects, amenable to Chinese law; and yet a recent correspondent[1] from China tells us that "the Roman Catholic Christians were often oppressed by non-Christian members of their community, and as a result the church appointed two of her priests to attend to no other duties except the investigation of evidence in case of litigation, and the conduct of such cases as they thought unjust before the official. The fact that they had official rank, and the other very important fact that they were foreigners, added to their power, and they were thus able to meet the official not only on his own ground, but with the additional power of understanding foreign law. The Christians were therefore enabled to obtain justice."

Now, that is a very innocent-looking paragraph, but if one looks a little closer he will see how much it really means. In connection with certain missions, it seems, there is a privileged class. They are not amenable to the ordinary jurisdiction of the ordinary civil authority. They have succeeded in having created for themselves a sort of extraordinary civil authority for their own people, consisting of a foreign priesthood,—foreign, at any rate, in their commission and allegiance,—whether happening to be Chinese or French in their race and lineage is of small consequence. These persons are described as having "official rank," that is, Chinese official rank; some of them are reported to be in authority practically equiva-

[1] Mr. I. T. Headland, in "Harper's Weekly."

lent to that of a viceroy; and they can take a criminal out of the ordinary processes of the civil law, as applied to natives who are not Christians, and deal with him at their own discretion.

Let us for a moment turn such a situation "the other end foremost." Let us suppose it to be the Buddhists of India who are sending missionaries to America; it is said that they have set about doing so. They ingratiate themselves with the civil authorities, and get certain of their number appointed police magistrates. There is a considerable conversion of native Americans to the religion of Buddha, and these, when they fail to pay their taxes or otherwise to obey the law, are tried by Buddhist magistrates, who take care that they are always very gently dealt with. I do not say that there may not have been in China wrong and injustice toward Christian converts. But I do say that if such methods of protecting Buddhist converts were to obtain among us it would provoke an uprising, which we for our part would maintain to be abundantly justified by the conditions which had provoked it.

It is not necessary for me, I hope, to add that there is undoubtedly a great deal of missionary work in China which is not open, on account of the adroitness or usurpations of its methods, to any criticism whatsoever. But even such work, because it is the work of foreigners, must reckon with that inveterate hostility to foreigners of which no one who has not seen it close at hand can have any adequate conception. That the Chinese should hate Americans, who, having shut the American door inexorably in their faces, have now turned around to force open the Chinese doors, ought not to be to us a matter of surprise. That that hatred extends, and for reasons that they do not disguise, to all foreigners, no one who reads the following extract from the "North China Daily News," which I encountered in Shanghai in November last, can doubt.

(Translated from a leading native paper.)

THE INSATIABLE GREED OF WESTERN NATIONS.

LET CHINA BEWARE!

FOREIGNERS have for many years united themselves, and have been laying their plans with regard to China. Originally they availed themselves of the plea of the mutual advantages arising out of commerce to induce China to open treaty ports at which they could trade. Next, under pretexts of various losses, in order to enrich themselves, they compelled China to pay certain indemnities. To-day they are mooting the questions of railways and mines, and using them as a pretext to get our country from us. Their purpose is, trusting in their strength, to partition out and divide among themselves our country. Like chess-players, who place their pieces preparatory to attacking and vanquishing the enemy, they have arranged their forces; like fishermen, who first of all silently throw the net into the water and then gather out the fish, they are preparing to catch China. They believe they have, and perhaps do possess, the ability to divide China like a watermelon. They have already seized and they hold the most important positions, with a view to this end. First by insinuating that mutual gain would result therefrom, they have arranged treaties with us, which was obviously the beginning of our calamities.

In the present dispute between Russia and England, ruin for China lurks. In reality it is only a quarrel about the partition of China. Indeed, the surrounding circumstances are converging to this partition. Foreigners are ever scheming for this. Their discussions tend to the same results. The signs of this impending calamity, moreover, are all too apparent within our own borders. But the opportunity to partition and snatch from us our country will be made by outsiders. If, then, China is to regain her original power, she must arouse herself and mend her ways. If she exerts herself to her full ability, she will then be able to foil the strategies of her enemies; if she will but exert herself to any extent, she can ward off, for a time at least, the actual partition. Then the violence with which foreigners insult us, although it appears to be all-powerful, will turn out not to be so, and our distress will really be no distress at all. But alas! there is a fatal tranquillity that arises from a condition of coma, a darkness arising out of a state of crass ignorance, so that, though dangers like falling mountains threaten us, many seem unable to observe the impending ruin. True, there are earnest scholars of the empire, but they only smite the breast and weep tears of blood more bitterly, indeed, than in the days of the Tribulation of Ki. Let our reader then clearly understand that the attitude of all foreigners toward China is guided by one principle; they unite their energies and combine their forces in order to gratify their one ambition, which is to partition and rob us of our country.

Such has been the cry with which, of late, China, north and south, has rung. We have seen and are seeing some of the bloody fruits of this inflamed national hatred. May a large wisdom and a temper other than that of mere revenge deal with the Chinese question as the essential equities involved in it demand. We are told that the destiny of China is to be partitioned up among the great powers. There could not be a more stupid or shameless policy. A nation, like a man, has a right

to *be* until she has demonstrated unmistakably her incompetence to administer her own affairs with equal justice to all. It cannot be maintained that China has so far descended the path of national decay and disintegration. She is stained with a long record of dishonored and discredited officials, corrupt, mercenary, and unscrupulous. Alas! is the record of other people unstained in this regard? She has been guilty of the gravest crimes against international rights and comities. Let her be punished for them as she deserves. But let not the mad acts of ignorant and inflamed revolutionists be made the pretext for pulling down a venerable and historic civilization, whose younger and worthier sons are just now turning toward the light. Hands off, gentlemen, kings, emperors, and presidents, until a people, stirred at length by the vision of nobler ideals, shall show us what they can do for their own regeneration!

DR. NORTH AND HIS FRIENDS.[1]

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL,
Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Characteristics," etc.

PART EIGHT.

XV.

ST. CLAIR went and came, but appeared to me to avoid being alone with Miss Maywood. When together in the company of others, neither he nor she seemed to afford occasion for comment. But it was hard to say what might chance with a man like Victor. He might be entirely convinced of the wisdom of a course, and then of a sudden startle one by some contradictory action. Late one afternoon, when all but Sibyl and this writer had gone for a long walk, I strolled to the beach, and met Sibyl coming up from the slip. Her gait had never been that of a strong woman, and now, as she came near to me, I saw her sway a little, and then stop and lean against one of the old apple-trees. I turned and said: "Take my arm, Sibyl. What is wrong with you?"

"Nothing; I am not very strong. I want to learn to paddle a canoe. Mr. St. Clair said he would give me a lesson. We were out only a half-hour."

"It was imprudent. St. Clair has no sense."

"Oh, but he was most interesting."

This seemed to me an odd reply.

"But, really, you should—"

"Yes, I know. Was I very naughty?"

"You were."

"I suppose that you are right. I am very tired; I think I was born tired. Even to talk long tires me. But Mr. St. Clair does tire me most. If I am very attentive, that is worst of all."

I left her at my own door, and went back to find Victor, who was hauling up the canoe on to the floating slip.

To scold him was useless. He had now a look of expecting it. I pleasantly surprised him by saying:

"And did Sibyl learn to paddle?"

"No. When we came in she asked me if she had done well. I said yes. Is not that droll, Owen? She had not touched a paddle. We were out two hours. I merely showed her how to paddle."

"Two hours?"

"Yes."

As I went in reflective, I heard St. Clair call. I turned back.

"Owen, will Miss Maywood ever be well —and—and strong?"

"I do not know."

"I never asked before, but she is so frail and so dependent that one naturally—well, you understand."

Victor rarely lacked for words. I said yes, of course we all felt as he did.

I was perplexed by her account and his, and inclined to think there might be less occult and more obvious reasons for the weakness which I had attributed in part to somewhat unusual causes.

The weeks ran away, and I still believed that I could perceive the influence of St.

[1] The present instalment of "Dr. North and His Friends" concludes the portions of that work which are to appear in THE CENTURY. In order to complete these within the present magazine year the last three instalments have been greatly condensed by us. The entire material will appear in full in the forthcoming book.—EDITOR.

Clair's presence on Sibyl. Again I talked to my wife about it, and although she still doubted my explanation, she saw very plainly that without apparent cause Sibyl was failing. I began to feel that some prolonged separation was needed, and at last said to Clayborne that I thought he must take his cousin to Europe and let her have the benefit of the Schwalbach Spa. I did also venture to say, what was true, that she was keenly inquisitive, actively intellectual, and was and had been in a society too stimulating to be borne by one who was mentally eager and physically feeble. When I said that our ordinary talk left her exhausted I saw by Clayborne's look of astonishment that I had been wise to go no further. It would indeed have been useless to state to Clayborne my suspicions. Of love-affairs the scholar knew little.

CLAYBORNE was much alarmed when I again referred to Sibyl's health, and at once declared himself willing and ready to go in September. It was now August. The summer had been most fortunate. I had finished my book; Clayborne had nearly completed his own task; all had gone well with us. Except as to Sibyl, I had no care; and, as Vincent remarked, to complete our good luck, the great Xerxes had stayed away. Fate, which had dealt kindly with us, was about to give us a taste of the perverse possibilities of life.

One fine day in mid-August we arranged for a picnic on Beaver Brook. Every one went except Mary, who, to her disgust, was left behind, but was told that she might fish from the rocks in the afternoon, an amusement which she greatly enjoyed. With a final caution to the nurse from my wife, we drove away in our buckboard wagon. Five miles of very bad road brought us at noon to where Beaver Brook, now in full flow from recent rain, crossed the road. A walk of half a mile through the woods took us along the stream, among gigantic masses of tumbled granite. We settled down at last by a clear pool. Here Clayborne, Vincent, and my wife left us to climb the hill, that Clayborne might revisit the glacier pot-holes. The servant busied himself with the lunch, put the wine to cool in the brook, and St. Clair wandered off through the woods. I sat down to keep Sibyl company, together with Mrs. Vincent and our friend Dr. Afton.

We fell from quite natural talk about my little girl into chat concerning the ways and thoughts of children. This pleased Sibyl always, who said at last: "There is a nice little story I heard Mrs. K—— tell to Mr. Clayborne. Once she was at L—— in the Berkshire Hills, and went with the S——s to see a model village school. The teacher, very proud of it, said: 'Now, children, we shall have silence. While no one speaks you must think, and some one of you shall tell me what his thoughts are.' There was quiet for a while, the teacher explaining in an aside that this plan led to introspective originality. Suddenly a small boy rose, lifted his hand, and said, 'Please, ma'am.'

"'Well?'

"'Please, ma'am, may I kiss the new girl?'"

"How pretty!" said Mrs. Vincent. "It sounds a bit like Concord and that amazing man Alcott, who had a school at G—— for a time. He began school, one day, by opening a blue cotton umbrella over his own head, and asking the children what idea it suggested."

"What answer did he get?" said Afton.

"Ah, that I do not know. One does want to hear what came after, and, indeed, what came after the famous retorts, the memorable bons mots."

"Nothing comes," said Afton, "except laugh or wrath."

"Oh, I suppose not," said Mrs. Vincent. "I envy the ready people; I am never ready."

Sibyl laughed. "Oh, Mrs. Vincent!" Few were more apt at the quick rapier play of talk.

"It is true," said she; "I look before and after, and pine and pine for what is not. I know next day what I should have said. What is that Spanish proverb St. Clair quotes? The French saying is better, but every one knows that."

"Yes, yes," cried Sibyl; "this is it: ''T is only fools who borrow their answers from to-morrow.'"

"That is not bad," said Afton; "but I should put 'the wise' for 'fools.' Silence is often a fine epigram. There is the Persian saying: 'The silence of to-day is the wisdom of to-morrow.'"

"I must tell Fred that," laughed Mrs. Vincent. "When, last year, we were talking of this matter, Mr. Clayborne quoted—I think it ran this way:

> If to be silent is to be wise,
> Then hath death the best replies."

"That is quaintly unsatisfactory," said Afton; "but you have it wrong. Pardon me:

> If the best wisdom doth in silence lie,
> How wise is death, that maketh no reply!"

"Death is a grim question," said Sibyl.

Afton looked at her gravely.

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Vincent, "of what my husband said the other day, after we had talked of men who wrote verse when about to die. He said something as to the way in which humor showed itself even in the last hours of life. Have you, Dr. Afton, ever seen that?"

"No, never."

Then I said: "I have, but if it be to the sayer always what it seems to the hearer, I do not know. In fact, I have seen it often. I once attended a circus clown who was dying. A Methodist clergyman present said to him: 'My friend, you are very ill. You have led a bad life'—which was too true. 'Think of yourself.' The poor fellow had been worrying about his children. 'What will you say to your Maker when he asks you of your life?'

"'I guess I 'll say, "What can I do for you, Master Ringmaster?" Guess he 'll know a circus ain't church.'"

"Is that really true?" asked Sibyl.

I said: "Yes, and so is this. A man dying on the field of Gettysburg asked me where he was hit. I said, 'In the liver.' To which the volunteer replied: 'I might have known that. I always did have trouble with my liver.'"

"Was that humor? I suppose not," said Mrs. Vincent; "but how to classify it? Was it simply humor? Was it, for the man, a mere statement of a fact? Was it self-felt, intentional humor? My husband tells a charming story of the famous lawyer Mr. M——. He was slowly dying day by day, and well aware of it. His doctor said, 'Did you take the pill?' 'Pill?' said the sick man. 'My daughter gave me two.' 'A harmless mistake,' said the doctor. 'Well,' said M——, 'it is only another example of female duplicity.' The next day the doctor chanced to see on the mantel-shelf a bottle of German spa water with some unpronounceable name. 'For whom is that, Mr. M——?' he asked. 'Oh, Mrs. C—— sent it to my daughter. She takes it.' 'But why?' said the doctor. 'Oh, to improve her German accent, I suppose.' 'Her German accent?' 'Yes; the taste is so damnably pronounced.'"

"That is quite perfect," said Dr. Afton.

"I forgot that you were the physician, Dr. North," said Mrs. Vincent.

"Yes, and it was like the man. He was full of those queer verbal surprises."

Then said Sibyl: "How curious to be talking human wit in this wild woodland! How little it suggests that!"

"How little! As little as the approach of death would seem to suggest or permit the mere play upon words."

St. Clair, after puzzling Clayborne over a novel theory of glaciers, invented on the spot, went away rather abruptly—as he said, to finish a sketch. After luncheon I, too, deserted, saying that I would leave them and walk home, as I had some work to do, and proof to read and send away.

The road was lonely. Here and there it dropped into deep valleys, with small regard to the convenience of man or horse. Glad of my lonely walk, I went on amid a moldering company of red-oaks and vast pines left to rot at ancient ease. All around were the young generation of trees. Off the road to the right was a hillside of rocks in rough cubes, like huge dice tumbled from the summit of the mountain.

By five o'clock I was at my own door. Mary was on the rocks, deluding small flounders. I saw St. Clair hurrying through the orchard to the eastern side of the projecting promontory which here divided the beach. Pleased to have a tranquil afternoon for revision of my book, I went up to my study. My wife by no means allowed afternoon work, but that lady was in the woods listening to the ethics of history. I pulled my table to the window and began to read my manuscript. Beneath me the old apple-trees gave glimpses through their gnarled limbs of the sunlit sward. Standing out to the north and breaking the beach-line rose a short headland, rocky and bare, and not over twenty feet high. Below it on one side was a level ledge of rock some six feet wide. Here, above the sea, which was breaking on the rocks, I caught sight at times of my little maid's yellow locks and of the woman in charge sitting near by. By this time the party, with the exception of Clayborne and Sibyl, had come home. St. Clair was sketching on a ledge to the southeast, on the other side of the headland. Presently, as an apple-tree swayed in the wind, I saw on the summit of the rock a bulky figure. To see better I moved to the next window, and, as it was quite three hundred yards away, caught up a field-glass to make sure. It was Xerxes. St. Clair had approached the rocks from the farther side. I could not see him, but I knew exactly where he must be sitting, and that he would be unaware of the fact that Xerxes could look critically down on him and his work. With this comical situation in full view I gave up my book and went out on the upper porch. Here at the western end

I could see better all concerned, or unconcerned, except St. Clair. Mary was the most patient of fishers, because if the fish were on her hook or not seemed of no moment. She went on intently fishing and making no noise. Mr. Crofter, ignorant of being spied upon by me, enjoyed the situation. I could see him smile. He was of no mind to disturb the fisher or the painter, upon whom in turn he looked down. I could see his liberal grin as he inspected St. Clair from this vantage. Then he turned and watched Mary. She stood or sat on the ledge of rock, and now and then freely refreshed her bait with lavish addition of clams as the bare hook came up after having regaled the much-comforted fish. Suddenly Crofter had a mind to smoke. He gave it up either because of absence of matches or because he was unwilling to risk the betrayal of a situation which he evidently enjoyed. I laid down my glass, and having no such fear of consequences, I lighted a pipe. A little later I went in and got a stronger glass. Then I sat down to enjoy this comedy.

I cannot quite disentangle what next I saw from what I afterward heard. The little maid was quick of ear. Hearing something, she jumped up, and suddenly was aware of her friendly bear overhead. I heard a cry of warning from the nurse. Mary backed a little, the better to see Crofter. She cried out, "Oh, Bear, Bear, come down and fish!" and put her foot behind her where no rock was.

She fell backward into the sea, and in an instant was twenty feet away. Before I could throw a leg over the rail of the porch, I saw Crofter jump down some ten feet on to the ledge below. As he alighted he slipped and fell heavily. He rose at once and threw himself into the sea. For the time I saw no more. I dropped to the grass below me and ran down through the trees. I saw Crofter, a rod or so out, trying to reach the sand-beach. He held the child clear of the water, and seemed to me to be in some way disabled. St. Clair, a wonderful swimmer, was helping him toward the strand. "All right," he cried, laughing, as he caught sight of me. "A hand, quick, Owen." I ran down the beach, and wading into the sea, caught up the child; then I offered a hand to Crofter. "Can't," he said; "something 's broke."

In a moment both men were ashore. The infant cause of this scene was crying lustily and very wet; the nurse was making a noise larger in proportion to her size. St. Clair was laughing and shaking the water from his coat, like a wet dog. Xerxes was standing still, looking at the maid, and saying at intervals, "Blank it, don't cry." He had a cut over his left eye, and his right arm hung helpless. To add to the dramatic effect, my wife was running down through the orchard. Vincent, far behind her, was tranquilly talking with Afton, not yet having seen or guessed our nearness to a tragedy. There were scant words of quick explanation. My wife seized the scared child and ran with her to our house, declaring that I ought to be ashamed, and that she would never leave her again, and where, indeed, had I been? Mrs. Vincent went with her, too wise to try to set her right at the wrong moment, but, as usual, silently efficient. Miss Mary was put to bed, and leaving the mother, Mrs. Vincent went over to her own home to ask questions. Fred, coming out, met her.

"You cannot go in yet, Anne. Yes, it is simple. This is all of it. Mr. Crofter was up on the top rock when Mary fell in. In place of scrambling down, as any sensible man would have done, he jumped the ten feet, and of course fell on the ledge. He put his shoulder out of place and cut his stupid head; but somehow he got into the sea and fetched up your godchild, who was in the condition of *Ophelia* as to appetite for water. Then St. Clair, who was in the side scenes somewhere, entered, to left, I believe, and he, too, went into the sea. He had all he could do to get the crippled bear and Mary into shallow water."

Anne Vincent said sternly: "Fred, I—never heard you so—I am ashamed of you. I see nothing amusing in it."

"Nor I, you dear goose. Confound it, Anne, sometimes a laugh is the only escape from tears. Get the blue room ready. Mr. Crofter must stay here, I suppose."

"Of course; where else should he stay? A year if he will."

Vincent reëntered the room to aid me in the easy task of replacing a simple dislocation of the shoulder. It was brief in the doing, but painful. Xerxes bore it well. Then I sent Vincent to my own house to get the needed dressings for the cut on Crofter's forehead. At last, his arm in a sling and his head neatly bandaged, I left him that I might take a look at my child. While he was being put to rights he scarcely let fall a word, except to say, "Is that all right?" or, "Don't be afraid to hurt me."

On my way I met Clayborne and Sibyl, who had lingered in the village and walked

home. They were the last to hear of our disaster. Sibyl turned pale and went hastily toward my house. Clayborne asked me if he could be of any service. When I said no, and that everything had been done that could be done, he went in silence to his own room.

I found the little maid quite recovered from her fright and disposed to turn the matter to good account, realizing her recent increment of importance. "Might she have two cakes for tea, and was the bear very wet?"

As soon as I had left Crofter he said to Vincent, "Is the kid all right?"

"Yes, yes," said Vincent. "There is no cause for alarm. But you are not to talk. You have had a bad fall." Vincent was in a condition of mind for which no previous experience could have prepared him. He himself did not want to talk, but the big man was not easily kept quiet. As he lay on the lounge he regarded Vincent with a succession of serene smiles. At last he said:

"You 're awfully fond of that child."

"I— Yes, of course."

"You 've got to like me, Mr. Vincent. I guess fate has bucked you bad. She 's a right tricky bronco."

"I rather think she has. I am eternally in your debt, Mr. Crofter."

"Receipt in full," said Xerxes. "Where 's that Indian, St. Clair? He 's on top this time. Between us, Mr. Vincent, that beach, twenty feet away, was miles off when he got hold of me. I was swimming sort of crab style, sideways, a bit dazed, I guess, head turning round. Could n't I see that young scalp-hunter?"

St. Clair, satisfied as to Mary, had promptly disappeared. Vincent, pleased at so good an excuse to escape, said: "I will find him, but you are to keep quiet. Mrs. Vincent will have a room ready at once. The child's mother will want to see you in a few minutes."

"All right," said Xerxes. "You find me the young man. I want to thank him. I hate thanking people. I want to get it over. So do you, I guess."

Vincent winced. It was true. He had a well-marked dislike to being thanked. Now, relieved, he went out to look for St. Clair. Not finding him, he found himself obliged to come back. Then he discovered, as I had also done, that Xerxes Crofter had departed. We learned later that on the road he met what folks at Bar Harbor call a "cut-under," was driven swiftly to the village, went on board his yacht the *Fish Hawk*, and was away in an hour, with all sail set. When we missed him, my wife declared war on all the male sex. We might have known what he would do. Plainly, Mr. Crofter was unwilling to face the gratitude of a mother. She supposed we had never said a word to him of our boundless debt, and now just to patch up the poor fellow and let him go! We explained in vain. As to Vincent, he was slightly ashamed at his satisfaction in Xerxes's flight. "No one could have known he would go," I said. Mrs. Vincent said his flight showed remarkable delicacy of sentiment. He did not want to be thanked. But, really, we could not let him go in this abrupt way. I said the abruptness was his, not ours. My wife considered me with grave severity.

"You must find him, Fred," said Anne Vincent.

"And you, too," said my wife. "Where is Mr. St. Clair?"

No one could say.

Clearly, it was not a male day, and we knew it. We passively obeyed. It was too late. Crofter had gone when we reached the village.

At dinner we all assembled as usual; for we dined together on alternate days, and now it was at the Vincents' house. Sibyl, my wife said, had gone to bed much overcome and, as I knew, a little hysterical. Clayborne had learned of Crofter's disappearance. The new situation in regard to Crofter did not call for prolonged discussion, but all of us knew that we had contracted a heavy debt. Vincent was indisposed to talk. When I said I would write to Crofter, to my surprise Clayborne said that he had already written, and had sent his letter to the village to catch the Portland mail. He had heard that the yacht would put in there. Upon this my wife said Clayborne was an angel, and informed me with decisiveness that I should have shown similar good sense. When I said I would write as soon as dinner was over, Alice said: "I must see your letter, Owen, and I shall write one myself."

St. Clair kept silent, having again explained that he had been sketching when he heard the nurse call out. After this he was silent, until at dessert he got up, exclaiming, "By George, it is maddening! Here is Xerxes my friend for life. I shall have to apologize and make more busts, and, great Scott!—" With this, feeling that language was useless or inadequate, he went out and took to his canoe.

Next day, to my surprise, Sibyl came down to breakfast, which of late was rare, and before the meal was over the Vincents and St. Clair came in to ask news of Mary, who was still in bed.

"I am going away to-day," said St. Clair.

"You are going to New York," said my wife.

"I did not say so."

"No, you did not, but that is where you are going. Here is a letter which my Mary insisted on dictating. The signature is her own. Please to deliver it for me."

"Oh, read it, do!" said Mrs. Vincent. Whereupon we had the letter.

"DEAR MR. BEAR: My mama says I may thank you. I did not know bears could swim. I hope you got dry soon. Come soon and play bear. Bears are nice people. I have to stay in bed. Are you in bed? Mama says I must say now

"I am yours truly,

"MARY.

"When," added Mrs. North, "I asked, 'Is there anything else you want to have me write?' the dear child said, 'Please say, "I prayed God to make you and me good bears."'"

"You put it in?" said I.

"I did, of course."

There was silence for a moment, and full eyes. Then St. Clair said, "Mary may prove a good moral missionary for the old pagan."

"Victor!" exclaimed Mrs. Vincent, sternly.

The culprit smiled. "You will see that I am right. Saith El-Din-Attar, 'Successful virtue flatters the soul of man.'" Then he added irascibly: "It is all very well for you people who have never been insulted by this amazing animal. But think of me. I must eat the pie of humility, and I am going to do it now, at once; but truly life is very unsatisfactory. A sorrow's crown of sorrows is—well, is to be the dog on top and to be muzzled. Come, Owen, let us smoke. There is a time for that, although the sage Ecclesiastes does not mention it."

As we rose, Mrs. Vincent and my wife assured him that nothing justified the manner in which he permitted himself to speak of a man who had saved Mary's life.

"It is my final snarl," said St. Clair.

"Well," said Clayborne, "it does seem to me that Victor had some share in the matter."

"As if we did not know that!" said my wife. "I think I made that clear to him. I can never, never forget, never."

"Oh, please not!" cried St. Clair. "Come," he added gloomily, "come, let us smoke, Owen."

In the evening St. Clair left us, but what he said to Crofter I do not know.

The next morning brought us this characteristic letter, written on the yacht, and addressed to my wife:

DEAR MRS. NORTH: You will desire to know from me just what happened yesterday, and luckily my left hand is in good state. I can manage to scrawl letters with it. I walked to your farm, and, as no one was in, went to the rocks and got on top. Miss Mary was there already, fishing. Later on Mr. St. Clair arrived on the other side of the rocks and sat down under a projecting ledge. I could see his sketch and his hands, and, as he was twenty feet away, I watched him with my glass. It is a first-class sketch. I mean to have it; tell him so. Between the two, I had a right good time. Then the kid fell in, and I jumped and fell, but I got into the water. The nurse howled most usefully; an engine danger-whistle could n't beat her. I was thrashing round like a lame duck when Mr. St. Clair caught me. I held the maid, and he held me. I guess he never did suspect he 'd be that affectionate. We got out, and you know the rest. I do suppose I have n't often given people large occasion to thank me. Come to collect interest on that debt, and I could n't stand it, especially the mother. I left. Tell North I am all right. Got a right nice little doctor on the yacht. He always consults me as to what he shall do. Tell Miss Mary the bear sends his love and seven nice growls. Mrs. Crofter is on board and desires me to send you her apologies for my rudeness in leaving you. I do.

XERXES CROFTER.

This odd letter was duly answered, but what my wife said I do not know. Also other letters passed, but neither was I allowed to see any of these.

Early in September Clayborne told us that, as I had advised, he was going abroad at once with Sibyl. No sooner did St. Clair hear this than he said he, too, was going. He had returned long before from New York, but declined gaily to relate his interview with Crofter; and now he said he was going with Clayborne. I was too wise to tell him why he should not. He knew the very obvious reasons against it, and I had no mind to do more than to repeat what it did seem to me any man of sense and feeling would have at once decisively felt. And still, despite Mrs. Vincent's words, and what my wife had added, he continued resolute to accompany Clayborne. It was unlike him. He rarely resisted when we all held an opinion contrary to his own. At last my wife took the matter in hand. She had agreed with

me that it would be cruel and unwise to use as a motive the strange view I held as to his mere presence being hurtful to Sibyl. She said to me at last, at the close of a long and anxious talk, "I have asked him to call here to-morrow." What passed I do not know, but he told me next day that the only true art in a debased world was that of Japan, and that the degenerate artists of Italy, like Da Vinci and the rest, were as mere groping children. He had told Clayborne he could not go with him. I was greatly relieved. Soon after Clayborne sailed, St. Clair went to California. What had my wife said to him? Our friends went away early in September, leaving us somewhat anxious. Until the day he himself left, Victor was quiet, and, for him, depressed as I had never before seen him. Sibyl no doubt felt keenly the separation from the two friendly women who had learned to love her. She said little, but went away with eyes that showed she had indulged in the comfort of tears. Now, as had occurred at other times of trial, she showed unexpected fortitude. As I looked at the face she turned back when they drove away, I saw its paleness, and knowing too much, paid the sad penalty of knowledge. It was not, however, a case for despair, and I said so to Mrs. Vincent. I was not without hope—the gentle guest who lingers last, reluctant to depart.

We remained at Bar Harbor unusually late,—indeed, long after Clayborne and his cousin had sailed,—and we saw no more of St. Clair, who followed them to New York on his way to California. I recall our last afternoon on the island. For three days a fierce east wind had been blowing. The storm broke at noon. The sun came out, and we decided with one voice to spend the afternoon at Great Head. On that high headland we found a dry, rocky camping-ground, and leaving the servant to get the tea ready, we went up on to a side rock to watch for a while the march of the waves still rolling landward from the sea. The child sat on my lap and looked with wondering eyes on the billows, as they rose, ramping up the black rocks, and broke in a wild roar like lions disappointed of their prey. We, too, sat silent, awed by the spectacle of this incalculable force. At last a larger wave sent a shower of spray over us. We retreated to our tea-camp, and threw ourselves down on the cushions we had brought. Behind us the far cliffs of Newport, the Beehive Hills, and the higher slopes of the larger mountains were masses of red and gold, with here and there somber contrast of dark-green pine and spruce.

"Ah," exclaimed Mrs. Vincent, sadly, "the fall has come. I do not like the season, but I do like our word for it—the fall. It seems so prettily to predict the spring. How beautiful it is!"

"Indeed, I wish it were spring," said my wife. "The birds are leaving us. They, at least, are sure of endless spring. What are those lines, Owen, St. Clair liked to repeat?"

"You mean about the cuckoo? Logan's or Michael Bruce's? I certainly think them Logan's 'The Cuckoo's Return in Spring.'

> What time the daisy decks the green,
> Thy certain voice we hear;
> Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
> Or mark the rolling year?

And then, I forget the rest, all but:

> Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
> No winter in thy year."

"I did not know the lines," said Mrs. Vincent. "We could not well afford to lose those minor poets. Just think what a tender little thrill of pleasure it gave us all, this small voice out of the last century. It makes one think of Victor. You said you had a letter from him, Alice. It is now six weeks, and we have not had a line from any of them, except that brief note to say that Sibyl had been the better for the voyage."

"I have one from Mr. St. Clair and one from Clayborne," returned my wife.

"What does Mr. Clayborne say?"

"I gave you the letter, Owen."

"Yes; shall I read it?"

"Of course."

It was like all of the scholar's epistles, brief. I have known several great talkers who always wrote condensed letters. He spoke cheerfully of Sibyl, and thought Schwalbach had already been of use to her. She was forbidden to write. Her extreme pallor had left her, and she had now a pretty color which went and came.

XVI.

THE winter had gone. It was now April. We were sitting before dinner, waiting for the Vincents. My wife, with her feet on the fender, turned to me, and said: "Do you remember what you once said as to the mysterious effect you believed St. Clair's presence had on Sibyl?"

"Yes, of course."

"All our letters speak of her as better. I did not tell you that they say with the

return of health and color the halt in her gait is at times hardly visible. Could that be so, Owen?"

"Yes."

"And about the other matter, will it be the same? You know I never believed it; but, if you were right, could it change?"

"Possibly. The sick and the well are two people. How completely they may be two we doctors alone know."

"Could you have been wrong about it?"

"Yes, I may have been."

"You are a very extraordinary man, Owen North."

I laughed, but had no time to question her as to this verdict, nor to ask what it meant, because the Vincents entered, followed by Afton, whom I had caught on his way South.

We were a very merry party, and the more so because of our letter that day from Sibyl,—in fact, her first letter,—and one from Clayborne. Sibyl wrote simply that her winter in the Engadine had still further helped her, and that for the first time in years she was free from constant sense of weakness. She spoke of all of us, but not of St. Clair. Clayborne wrote that, although she still had the ethereal and delicate loveliness we all knew so well, she was able to drive and to ride donkeys and to enjoy the life of the Alpine winter. "Of course," he added, "she has to be very careful, and always will be unlike other young women."

In July Clayborne wrote that St. Clair had met them in Athens, and that they had given up their return passages and would join Crofter at the Piræus for a cruise in the Ægean Sea.

When Anne Vincent heard this news, she said: "Mr. Clayborne has very little sense, and Victor neither sense nor feeling. I am sure, Alice, that you must agree with me."

This time my Alice only looked at me, smiling, and made no reply to her friend's challenge, except to say: "If, dear, one knew everything, replies would be easy."

Then Anne Vincent said, "Sometimes, Alice North, you are very trying."

To our great regret, Clayborne decided to remain in Europe all winter. Most of the time was spent in Paris, where St. Clair was superintending the bronze cast of his famous group of the Jesuit pioneers for Montreal. Clayborne wrote rarely, or only on business to Vincent. St. Clair did not write at all, and Sibyl merely a very fresh account of things seen or heard. In May we ourselves went direct to Naples for a three months' stay in Italy. We joined our friends in Venice.

When we came out of the station on to the broad marble quay overlooking the Grand Canal, we saw St. Clair.

"Ah," he cried joyously, "we gave up your rooms at the Britannia. Here no sane man lives in a hotel."

I considered this rather cool, even for an old friend; but Mrs. North said it was delightful, and we went away in St. Clair's gondola, with the baggage and servants in another. St. Clair, laughing, said we were prisoners of joy, and would explain no more. And now it was evening. The sun was nearly down. A dusking, orange haze was everywhere. My wife had never seen Venice. I knew it well, and then and after had great joy in making Alice know it,—the bits the tourist never sees,—the deep, narrow canals, the archways, where the shadows are centuries old, the cowled monks, themselves like wandering shadows, the ferry to Padua, and Gobbo of the market-place. History here is hand in hand with romance. Rome is my friend, but Venice is my lover.

We were very quiet while the dark gondola swept on through the deepening gloom. When we had threaded many narrow water lanes, and it was full twilight, we swept out on the broad Giudecca, and turning, stopped at a garden gate.

"This is home," said St. Clair.

In a minute we were in a wide space of trees and flowers. Alice was kissing Sibyl or holding her off at arm's-length, delightedly bidding me to see our Sibyl, if I could, in the slender but quite erect Sibyl, with roses in her cheeks.

Clayborne had a look of fresh happiness in his face as he saw our glad surprise. "Come," he said; "dinner will be ready in a half-hour."

Set deep in the greenery of this ancient garden, amid fountains retired from duty and crumbling gods, was an old palace, where we owned for a season the second floor. There are three quiet cities in the world, and if Venice is the stillest, these old homes on the Giudecca are of all Venice the most noiseless. Ah, how we wandered in these new surroundings! I frankly enjoyed the vast learning of the scholar, the simple ease with which St. Clair played with his imaginative toys of thought, and the pleasure with which Sibyl used her new strength.

My wife was like a child in her happiness, but I noticed that she was quietly observant of these two very unusual young people. I

myself saw nothing remarkable to observe. When I had so said, Alice was much amused. "Nothing to observe! Do not you see that St. Clair is at times embarrassed and awkward? He is thinking of what he says and does. He never used to do that. You men have been idiotic enough to admit that you do not understand women. It is a signal evidence of our superior intelligence that as to the riddle man *we* have made no such damaging admission."

Then I began to watch these two people. Victor had a foolish scheme of going by sea in an open boat to Rimini. Sibyl said it would be dangerous. Her boatman had said so. We heard no more of it. When he ventured upon some stringent criticism of Crofter, I overheard her say, "Hush! you will annoy Mrs. North." Our reckless Victor was being tamed.

My wife said: "It is wholesome this time, but it will come to nothing. We may let it alone. Ah, the dear fox! He is getting older, that is all."

Upon this I quoted a posy she had once used and I had liked:

> True love is a court fool. He is supposed to be foolish, and is often very wise.

As to Sibyl, she was less startling, more self-contained, and evidently had her full share of that notable assimilative power which is the fortunate gift of nature to the American woman. She had won, too, such health as had enabled her to profit by exercise. Her gait was rarely other than that of vigor, and she was assuredly no longer notably deformed. When I came to hear how she had been treated to effect these results, I was amazed at her courage and endurance. Had she lost any of the almost spiritual refinement of her face? I do not know. Certainly there was more of the world in our Sibyl, less mysticism—just enough wholesome change, as Alice said, to make you wish to spell her name in the more modern fashion.

As for Victor St. Clair, he would never be other than a more or less peculiar man; but he had always taken color from his moral environment—not altogether a very fine thing that, to confess.

There were curious little things chancing at this time, which my wife watched and saw with the interest of a connoisseur. But every man's mind has a blind side, and this was mine.

We returned by Naples, and went up to our island home, where we found Mrs. Vincent alone. I fear that my friend found me unsatisfactory. I said Clayborne was well, and Sibyl wonderful, and St. Clair less of a delightful fool than usual. I thought he was becoming older and more staid. She was apparently better pleased with Mary, who was perilously awake to all that she was meant not to see or to hear. She may have collected facts quite unknown to me. For a day my wife was too busy to be socially interviewed; but Anne Vincent was heard later to declare that Alice North was sometimes inconceivably lacking in capacity to observe. This greatly amused me. To some such charge Alice had replied:

"My dear, there is so much to see in Venice that one hardly notices what one's companions are about. By the way, I bought you the lace, but it was very dear."

Alice likes nothing better than to keep a secret from Anne Vincent. Was there a secret?

CIVIC HELPFULNESS.[1]

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

IN Mr. Lecky's profoundly suggestive book, "The Map of Life," referred to by me in a former paper, he emphasizes the change that has been gradually coming over the religious attitude of the world because of the growing importance laid upon conduct as compared with dogma. In this country we are long past the stage of regarding it as any part of the state's duty to enforce a particular religious dogma; and more and more the professors of the different creeds themselves are beginning tacitly to acknowledge that the prime worth of a creed is to be gaged by the standard of conduct it exacts among its followers toward their fellows. The creed which each man in his heart believes to be essential to his own salvation is for him alone to determine; but we have a right to pass judgment upon his actions toward those about him.

Tried by this standard, the religious teachers of the community stand most honorably high. It is probable that no other class of our citizens do anything like the amount of disinterested labor for their fellow-men. To those who are associated with them at close quarters this statement will seem so obviously a truism as to rank among the platitudes. But there is a far from inconsiderable body of public opinion which, to judge by the speeches, writings, and jests in which it delights, has no conception of this state of things. If such people would but take the trouble to follow out the actual life of a hard-worked clergyman or priest I think they would become a little ashamed of the tone of flippancy they are so prone to adopt when speaking about them.

In the country districts the minister of the gospel is normally the associate and leader of his congregation and in close personal touch with them. He shares in and partially directs their intellectual and moral life, and is responsive to their spiritual needs. If they are prosperous, he is prosperous. If in a poor, hard-working community, he shares the poverty and works as hard as any one. As fine a figure as I can call to mind is that of one such country clergyman in a poor farming community not far from the capital of the State of New York—a vigorous old man, who works on his farm six days in the week, and on the seventh preaches what he himself has been practising. The farm work does not occupy all of the week-days, for there is not a spiritual need of his parishioners that he neglects. He visits them, looks after them if they are sick, baptizes the children, comforts those in sorrow, and is ready with shrewd advice for those who need aid; in short, shows himself from week's end to week's end a thoroughly sincere, earnest, hard-working Christian. This is perhaps the healthiest type. It is in keeping with the surroundings, for in the country districts the quality of self-help is very highly developed and there is little use for the great organized charities. Neighbors know one another. The poorest and the richest are more or less in touch, and charitable feelings find a natural and simple expression in the homely methods of performing charitable duties. This does not mean that there is not room for an immense amount of work in country communities and in villages and small towns. Every now and then, in traveling over the State, one comes upon a public library, a Young Men's Christian Association building, or some similar structure which has been put up by a man born in the place, who has made his money elsewhere, and feels he would like to have some memorial in his old home. Such a gift is of far-reaching benefit. Almost better is what is done in the way of circulating libraries and the like by the united action of those men and women who appreciate clearly the intellectual needs of the people who live far from the great centers of our rather feverish modern civilization; for in country life it is necessary to guard, not against mental fever, but against lack of mental stimulus and interests.

In cities the conditions are very different, both as regards the needs and as regards the way it is possible to meet these needs. There is much less feeling of essential community of interest, and poverty of the body

[1] It may interest the readers of this essay to know that it was written in 1899, many months before the nomination of the author for the Vice-Presidency.—ED.

is lamentably visible among great masses. There are districts populated to the point of congestion, where hardly any one is above the level of poverty, though this poverty does not by any means always imply misery. Where it does mean misery it must be met by organization, and, above all, by the disinterested, endless labor of those who, by choice, and to do good, live in the midst of it, temporarily or permanently. Very many men and women spend part of their lives or do part of their life-work under such circumstances, and conspicuous among them are clergymen and priests.

Only those who have seen something of such work at close quarters realize how much of it goes on quietly and without the slightest outside show, and how much it represents to many lives that else would be passed in gray squalor. It is not necessary to give the names of the living, or I could enumerate among my personal acquaintance fifty clergymen, priests, and rabbis, men of every church, of every degree of wealth, each of whom cheerfully and quietly, year in and year out, does his share, and more than his share, of the unending work which he feels is imposed upon him alike by Christianity and by that form of applied Christianity which we call good citizenship. Far more than that number of women in and out of religious bodies, who do to the full as much work, could be mentioned. Of course, for every one thus mentioned there would be a hundred, or many hundred, unmentioned. Perhaps there is no harm in referring to one man who is dead. Very early in my career as a police commissioner of the city of New York I was brought in contact with Father Casserly of the Paulist Fathers. After he had made up his mind that I was really trying to get things decent in the department, and to see that law and order prevailed, and that crime and vice were warred against in practical fashion, he became very intimate with me, helping me in every way, and unconsciously giving me an insight into his own work and his own character. Continually, at one point and another, I came across what Father Casserly was doing, always in the way of showing the intense human sympathy and interest he was taking in the lives about him. If one of the boys of a family was wild, it was Father Casserly who planned methods of steadying him. If, on the other hand, a steady boy met with some misfortune,—lost his place, or something of the kind,—it was Father Casserly who went and stated the facts to the employer. The Paulist Fathers had always been among the most efficient foes of the abuses of the liquor traffic. They never hesitated to interfere with saloons, dance-houses, and the like. One secret of their influence with our Police Board was that, as they continually went about among their people and knew them all, and as they were entirely disinterested, they could be trusted to tell who did right and who did wrong among the instruments of the law. One of the perplexing matters in dealing with policemen is that, as they are always in hostile contact with criminals and would-be criminals, who are sure to lie about them, it is next to impossible to tell when accusations against them are false and when they are true; for the good man who does his duty is certain to have scoundrelly foes, and the bad man who blackmails these same scoundrels usually has nothing but the same evidence against him. But Father Casserly and the rest of his order knew the policemen personally, and we found we could trust them implicitly to tell exactly who was good and who was not. Whether the man were Protestant, Catholic, or Jew, if he was a faithful public servant they would so report him; and if he was unfaithful he would be reported as such wholly without regard to his creed. We had this experience with an honorably large number of priests and clergymen. Once in the same batch of promotions from sergeant to captain there was a Protestant to whom our attention had been drawn by the earnest praise of Father Casserly, and a Catholic who had first been brought to our notice by the advocacy of Bishop Potter.

There were other ways in which clergymen helped our Police Board. We wanted at one time to get plenty of strong, honest young men for the police force, and did not want to draw them from among the ordinary types of ward heeler. Two fertile recruiting-grounds proved to be, one a Catholic church and the other a Methodist church. The rector of the former, Dr. Wall, had a temperance lyceum for the young men of his parish; the pastor of the latter had a congregation made out of a bit of old native America suddenly overlapped by the growth of the city, and his wheelwrights, ship-carpenters, baymen, and coasting-sailors gave us the same good type of officer that we got from among the mechanics, motormen, and blacksmiths who came from Dr. Wall's lyceum. Among our other close friends was another preacher, who had once been a reporter, but who had felt stirred by an irresistible impulse to leave his profession and devote his life

to the East Side, where he ministered to the wants of those who would not go to the fashionable churches, and for whom no other church was especially prepared. In connection with his work, one of the things that was particularly pleasing was the way in which he had gone in not only with the rest of the Protestant clergy and the non-sectarian philanthropic workers of the district, but with the Catholic clergy, joining hands in the fight against the seething evils of the slum. One of his Catholic allies, by the way, a certain Brother A——, was doing very effective work for the Italian children of his parish. He had a large parochial school, originally attended by the children of Irish parents. Gradually the Irish had moved up-town, and had been supplanted by the Italians. It was his life-work to lift these little Italians over the first painful steps on the road toward American citizenship.

Again, let me call to mind an institution, not in New York city, but in Albany, where the sisters of a religious organization devote their entire lives to helping girls who either have slipped, and would go down to be trampled underfoot in the blackest mire if they were not helped, or who, by force of their surroundings, would surely slip if the hand were not held out to them in time. It is the kind of work the doing of which is of infinite importance, both from the standpoint of the state and from the standpoint of the individual; yet it is a work which, to be successful, must emphatically be a labor of love. Most men and women, even among those who appreciate the need of the work and who are not wholly insensible to the demands made upon them by the spirit of brotherly love for mankind, lack either the time, the opportunity, or the moral and mental qualities to succeed in such work; and to very many the sheer distaste of it would prevent their doing it well. There is nothing attractive in it save for those who are entirely earnest and disinterested. There is no reputation, there is not even any notoriety, to be gained from it. Surely people who realize that such work ought to be done, and who realize also how exceedingly distasteful it would be for them to do it, ought to feel a sense of the most profound gratitude to those who with whole-hearted sincerity have undertaken it, and should support them in every way. This particular institution is under the management of a creed not my own, but few things gave me greater pleasure than to sign a bill increasing its power and usefulness. Compared with the vital necessity of reclaiming these poor hunted creatures to paths of womanliness and wholesome living, it is of infinitesimal importance along the lines of which creed these paths lead.

Undoubtedly the best type of philanthropic work is that which helps men and women who are willing and able to help themselves; for fundamentally this aid is simply what each of us should be all the time both giving and receiving. Every man and woman in the land ought to prize above almost every other quality the capacity for self-help; and yet every man and woman in the land will at some time or other be sorely in need of the help of others, and at some time or other will find that he or she can in turn give help even to the strongest. The quality of self-help is so splendid a quality that nothing can compensate for its loss; yet, like every virtue, it can be twisted into a fault, and it becomes a fault if carried to the point of cold-hearted arrogance, of inability to understand that now and then the strongest may be in need of aid, and that for this reason alone, if for no other, the strong should always be glad of the chance in turn to aid the weak.

The Young Men's Christian Associations and the Young Women's Christian Associations, which have now spread over all the country, are invaluable because they can reach every one. I am certainly a beneficiary myself, having not infrequently used them as clubs or reading-rooms when I was in some city in which I had but little or no personal acquaintance. In part they develop the good qualities of those who join them; in part they do what is even more valuable, that is, simply give opportunity for the men or women to develop the qualities themselves. In most cases they provide reading-rooms and gymnasiums, and therefore furnish a means for a man or woman to pass his or her leisure hours in profit or amusement as seems best. The average individual will not spend the hours in which he is not working in doing something that is unpleasant, and absolutely the only way permanently to draw average men or women from occupations and amusements that are unhealthy for soul or body is to furnish an alternative which they will accept. To forbid all amusements, or to treat innocent and vicious amusements as on the same plane, simply insures recruits for the vicious amusements. The Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations would have demonstrated their value a hundredfold over if they had done nothing more than furnish reading-rooms, gymnasiums, and places where, especially after nightfall,

those without homes, or without attractive homes, could go without receiving injury. They furnish meeting-grounds for many young men who otherwise would be driven, perhaps to the saloon, or if not, then to some cigar-store or other lounging-place, where at the best the conversation would not be elevating, and at the worst companionships might be formed which would lead to future disaster. In addition to this the associations give every opportunity for self-improvement to those who care to take advantage of the opportunity, and an astonishing number do take advantage of it.

Mention was made above of some of the sources from which at times we drew policemen while engaged in managing the New York Police Department. Several came from Young Men's Christian Associations. One of them whom we got from the Bowery Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association I remember particularly. I had gone there one night, and the secretary mentioned to me that they had a young man who had just rescued a woman from a burning building, showing great strength, coolness, and courage. The story interested me, and I asked them to send for the young fellow. When he turned up he proved to be a Jew, Otto R——, who, when very young, had come over with his people from Russia at the time of one of the waves of persecution in that country. He was evidently physically of the right type, and as he had been studying in the association classes for some time he was also mentally fit, while his feat at the fire showed he had good moral qualities. We were going to hold the examinations in a few days, and I told him to try them. Sure enough, he passed and was appointed. He made one of the best policemen we put on. As a result of his appointment, which meant tripling the salary he had been earning, and making an immense bound in social standing, he was able to keep his mother and old grandmother in comfort, and see to the starting of his small brothers and sisters in life; for he was already a good son and brother, so that it was not surprising that he made a good policeman.

I have not dwelt on the work of the State charitable institutions, or of those who are paid to do charitable work as officers and otherwise. But it is bare justice to point out that the great majority of those thus paid have gone into the work, not for the sake of the money, but for the sake of the work itself, though, being dependent upon their own exertions for a livelihood, they are obliged to receive some recompense for their services.

There is one class of public servants, however, not employed directly as philanthropic agents, whose work, nevertheless, is as truly philanthropic in character as that of any man or woman existing. I refer to the public-school teachers whose schools lie in the poorer quarters of the city. In dealing with any body of men and women general statements must be made cautiously, and it must always be understood that there are exceptions. Speaking generally, however, the women teachers—I mention these because they are more numerous than the men—who carry on their work in the poorer districts of the great cities form as high-principled and useful a body of citizens as is to be found in the entire community, and render an amount of service which can hardly be paralleled by that of any other equal number of men or women. Most women who lead lives actively devoted to intelligent work for others grow to have a certain look of serene and high purpose which stamps them at once. This look is generally seen, for instance, among the higher types of women doctors, trained nurses, and of those who devote their lives to work among the poor; and it is precisely this look which one so often sees on the faces of those public-school teachers who have grown to regard the welfare of their pupils as the vital interest of their own lives. It is not merely the regular day-work the school-teachers do, but the amount of attention they pay outside their regular classes; the influence they have in shaping the lives of the boys, and perhaps even more of the girls, brought in contact with them; the care they take of the younger, and the way they unconsciously hold up ideals to the elder boys and girls, to whom they often represent the most tangible embodiment of what is best in American life. They are a great force for producing good citizenship. Above all things, they represent the most potent power in Americanizing as well as in humanizing the children of the newcomers of every grade who come here from Europe. Where the immigrant parents are able to make their way in the world, their children have no more difficulty than the children of the native-born in becoming part of American life, in sharing all its privileges and in doing all its duties. But the children of the very poor of foreign birth would be handicapped almost as much as their parents, were it not for the public schools and the start thus given them.

Loyalty to the flag is taught by precept and practice in all these public schools, and loyalty to the principles of good citizenship is also taught in no merely perfunctory manner.

Here I hardly touch upon the "little red school-house" out in the country districts, simply because in the country districts all of our children go to the same schools, and thereby get an inestimable knowledge of the solidarity of our American life. I have touched on this in a former article, and I can here only say that it would be impossible to overestimate the good done by the association this engenders, and the excellent educational work of the teachers. We always feel that we have given our children no small advantage by the mere fact of allowing them to go to these little district schools, where they all have the same treatment and are all tried by the same standard. But with us in the country the district school is only philanthropic in that excellent sense in which all joint effort for the common good is philanthropic.

A very wholesome effect has been produced in great cities by the university settlements, college settlements, and similar efforts to do practical good by bringing closer together the more and the less fortunate in life. It is no easy task to make movements of this kind succeed. If managed in a spirit of patronizing condescension, or with ignorance of the desires, needs, and passions of those round about, little good indeed will come from them. The fact that, instead of little, much good does in reality result, is due to the entirely practical methods and the spirit of comradeship shown by those foremost in these organizations. One particularly good feature has been their tendency to get into politics. Of course this has its drawbacks, but they are outweighed by the advantages. Clean politics is simply one form of applied good citizenship. No man can be a really good citizen unless he takes a lively interest in politics from a high standpoint. Moreover, the minute that a move is made in politics, the people who are helped and those who would help them grow to have a common interest which is genuine and absorbing instead of being in any degree artificial, and this will bring them together as nothing else would. Part of the good that results from such community of feeling is precisely like the good that results from the community of feeling about a club, foot-ball team, or base-ball nine. This in itself has a good side; but there is an even better side, due to the fact that disinterested motives are appealed to, and that men are made to feel that they are working for others, for the community as a whole as well as for themselves.

There remains the host of philanthropic workers who cannot be classed in any of the above-mentioned classes. They do most good when they are in touch with some organization, although, in addition, the strongest will keep some of their leisure time for work on individual lines to meet the cases where no organized relief will accomplish anything. Philanthropy has undoubtedly been a good deal discredited both by the exceedingly noxious individuals who go into it with ostentation to make a reputation, and by the only less noxious persons who are foolish and indiscriminate givers. Anything that encourages pauperism, anything that relaxes the manly fiber and lowers self-respect, is an unmixed evil. The soup-kitchen style of philanthropy is as thoroughly demoralizing as most forms of vice or oppression, and it is of course particularly revolting when some corporation or private individual undertakes it, not even in a spirit of foolish charity, but for purposes of self-advertisement. In a time of sudden and widespread disaster, caused by a flood, a blizzard, an earthquake, or an epidemic, there may be ample reason for the extension of charity on the largest scale to every one who needs it. But these conditions are wholly exceptional, and the methods of relief employed to meet them must also be treated as wholly exceptional. In charity the one thing always to be remembered is that, while any man may slip and should at once be helped to rise to his feet, yet no man can be *carried* with permanent advantage either to him or to the community. The greatest possible good can be done by the extension of a helping hand at the right moment, but the attempt to carry any one permanently can end in nothing but harm. The really hard-working philanthropists, who spend their lives in doing good to their neighbors, do not, as a rule, belong to the "mushy" class, and thoroughly realize the unwisdom of foolish and indiscriminate giving, or of wild and crude plans of social reformation. The young enthusiast who is for the first time brought into contact with the terrible suffering and stunting degradation which are so evident in many parts of our great cities is apt to become so appalled as to lose his head. If there is a twist in his moral or mental make-up, he will never regain his poise; but if he is sound and healthy he will soon realize that things being bad affords

no justification for making them infinitely worse, and that the only safe rule is for each man to strive to do his duty in a spirit of sanity and wholesome common sense. No one of us can make the world move on very far, but it moves at all only when each one of a very large number does his duty as the chance offers.

THE HANGING-ON OF "BY JOCKS."

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER,
Author of "The Reformation of Uncle Billy."

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

MRS. KLEPPER closed the oven door with a bang. It was baking-day, and her hands and arms were white with flour, while her cheeks were fiery red. The small summer kitchen was stifling, for it was a peculiarity of the "wash-stove," as the old range that did duty in the summer kitchen was called, that it must be red-hot before the oven became comfortably warm. It was harvesting-time, and Mr. Klepper had three hearty men to help him in the fields, and baking for three extra hands is no small job. Mrs. Klepper baked her bread in a dish-pan, great round loaves; and on baking-day the wash-stove was kept red-hot all the afternoon.

Four or five hours over a red-hot stove is apt to warm the best of tempers a little, especially when the sponge has not "riz" as it should; and this, added to the fact that measles were in the neighborhood, and that Willie was developing suspicious red spots on his countenance, had put Mrs. Klepper a little out of humor.

As she banged the oven door and turned to wipe her hot face on the kitchen towel, the door leading into the house opened, and Mrs. Klepper paused and glanced over her shoulder. Her father stood in the doorway. He had driven to town to do an errand for her, and he still wore his hat.

"Well?" his daughter asked with some irritation.

The old man shook his head sadly.

"Mary Ann," he said, "I 'm purty nigh seventy-one year old, an'—"

Mrs. Klepper dropped into the yellow kitchen chair and folded her hands in her lap. A hopeless expression settled on her face, and she looked at the old man with mingled helplessness and reproach.

"Father," she exclaimed, "oh, father! You ain't goin' ter hev another dyin'-spell, are you? Ef you are, I guess I might as well give up, with harvestin' on, an' Willie gettin' the measles, an' no hired girl. You ain't, are you?"

The old man waited until she had ceased, turning his hat slowly in his hands.

"Mary Ann," he said again, "I 'm purty nigh seventy-one year old, an' the Bible says the length of a man's life ain't but threescore year an' ten, an', by jocks! I 'm past it, an' I 'm liable ter drap off any minute. I feel I ain't got long ter live, Mary Ann."

Mrs. Klepper glanced at her disordered kitchen and then at the clock on the shelf over the table, and heaved a sigh of resignation.

"Oh, well," she said dejectedly, "I s'pose ef you 're goin' ter hev a dyin'-spell you 'll hev ter hev et, so go ahead an' git inter bed. I ain't got no time ter lazy with you jist now. I 've got a pan o' bread in the stove. I think it 's right down mean o' you ter go ter dyin' right when I 'm head over heels in harvestin', father, but I guess I can't help et. It does seem ez ef you allus git dyin'-spells jist the wust times you kin pick out; but go on up, an' I 'll come up soon 's I kin. The medicine 's on the table, side o' the bed where et allus is."

Her father looked at her reproachfully.

"I 'm past medicine now, Mary Ann," he said slowly. "You better come up jist ez soon ez you kin. Ef you don't," he added, "you 're liable not ter see me livin'."

He turned away, and Mrs. Klepper pulled the oven door open angrily, looked at the browning loaf, and slammed the door again.

"I 'd jist like ter git my hands on whoever 't was put pa up ter dyin' ag'in," she said. "Some o' them lazy good-fer-nawthin's down ter the store, I 'll warrant. They ain't been nobody died thet I know on, but it 's jist like him ter git a spell right in the busiest time. I might 'a' knowed I could n't git through harvest-time 'thout him takin' a notion ter die, jist like he did preserve-time an' when the presidin' elder come fer a week last June."

Old "By Jocks" climbed to his room and went to bed. For a year he had had dying-spells, times when he believed his end was near, although to a careful observer his fears seemed groundless, and after a few days in bed he generally became restless and got up again. Dr. Weaver swore he was as sound as an oak post, and days when he did not have a "spell" By Jocks himself boasted that he could cut more wood or pitch more hay than his son-in-law. At the store he was a great favorite, and whether tossing horseshoes on the side road or telling stories among the older men, he always held his own, and he was the jolliest one of the lot.

There is a time in every man's life when he realizes that he is growing old, and the realization did not come to By Jocks gently. It came one Sabbath morning in Orono church, in a sermon full of stirring exhortation, in which the preacher dwelt on the necessity of losing no time in preparing for the future. For the elder men he dwelt on the allotted span of life, the threescore years and ten, and By Jocks took it to heart, drove home and went to bed, and stayed there until he grew restless. Then he got up and split a cord of white-oak kitchen wood, and forgot his age until something brought it vividly before him again. Since then his dying-spells had occurred frequently, and they worried his daughter, for her kind heart could not know her father was in bed alone with his gloomy thoughts and refuse to render him the comforts due a sick man, although she knew he was in the best of health and good for twenty years of life and happiness.

When Mr. Klepper and the three extra hands came from the fields Mary Ann met her husband with a doleful face.

"Well, well, ma," he cried, "what 's gone wrong? Bread ain't sour, is et?"

"Mebby et is," she said; "I ain't hed the heart ter taste of et."

"Psho, now!" her husband said good-naturedly, "guess you must 'ave got out o' the wrong side o' the bed this mornin'." And then he asked with some concern, "Willie ain't sick, is he?"

"Yes, I guess he 's got the measles," replied his wife. "But thet don't worry me any; et 's time he hed 'em, anyhow."

Mr. Klepper raised his dripping face from the tin wash-basin where he was "rubbin' hisself up."

"You don't mean ter tell me father 's got a dyin'-spell?" he asked with great vexation.

Mrs. Klepper put down her basting-spoon noisily.

"Yes, I do," she said; "he jist has thet very thing! Ain't et jist too bad! We 're so busy, all on us, an' Willie all broke out! I wisht he hed waited till we got rid o' the hands. What you ever s'pose put him up ter et this time?"

Mr. Klepper wiped his sun-browned face and rubbed his well-soaked hair.

"Why, Marty Gray died yestiddy," he said; "I s'pose father hearn et at the store."

"That 's et!" said his wife. "I wondered ef them fellers ter the store 'd say anything ter start him dyin', 'cause last time I was in I told 'em ter be awful careful what they said about funerals an' sich. They know how easy 't is ter set father off."

When Mr. Klepper had finished his supper he pushed back his chair. His wife was arranging a tray of dainties to take up to By Jocks.

"Don't you carry thet up, Mary Ann," he said; "I 'm a-goin' up an' see father, an' ef he feels like eatin' I 'll come down an' git et. Ain't no use you climbin' up them stairs fer nawthin', when he likely won't eat." He lighted his pipe and climbed the stairs, which creaked under his weight.

The old man lay back among the pillows, muttering softly to himself.

"Well, by jocks!" he exclaimed when he saw his son-in-law, "I 'lowed you was all goin' ter let me die here like a sick calf. I 'm purty low this time, Henry, an' no mistake. Jist about gone. I 'm purty nigh seventy-one year old, an' the Bible says—"

"Oh, come now, father," said Henry, cheerfully; "you ain't dead yit by a long sight. Bet you could throw me in a rassle right now. You 'll be all right by mornin'."

"No, Henry," the old man said weakly;

"your intentions is good, but they don't help me none. All us old fellers is passin' away. Marty Gray 's gone. We all got ter go. I doubt I won't live till mornin'. I feel et in my bones."

ain't never knowed et ter fail. When yer gits ter the aidge o' the grave, pains cease. Et 's a dead sure sign. I 'm dyin' this time. Marty Gray passed away jist this way, Henry, an' I 'm purty nigh seventy-one year—"

"THEN HE GOT UP AND SPLIT A CORD OF WHITE-OAK KITCHEN WOOD."

Henry seated himself on the bed.

"Where you feel the wust, father?" he asked kindly.

"Thet 's jist what scairt me," said the old man. "I ain't got no pain, by jocks! an' thet 's a sure sign a man 's dyin', Henry. I

"Father," said Henry, quickly, "I hope you 've mistook the symptoms. I do surely hope you ain't goin' ter die right now. You allus said you wanted a decent buryin', an' ef you drap off now you know yourself they ain't no time folks kin take off fer a funeral

in harvest-time but Sunday, an' next Sunday 's Marty Gray's funeral, an' we could n't noways expec' a big follerin', 'cause Marty he 's goin' ter be buried over in Orono township, an' half the folks 'd foller him. 'Course ef y' 'er goin' ter die they ain't no help fer et, but et 's a shame fer a man ter live so long an' then not hev no sort o' a funeral."

The old man listened thoughtfully, and when Henry paused he slowly raised himself.

"Henry," he said, "by jocks, ef I did n't fergit all erbout thet! I 'm low, Henry, an' I don't keer fer myself, but et would be awful mean ter them as had ter foller one o' us an' could n't foller th' other."

He slid his feet to the floor and began to draw on his garments.

"Wonder ef Mary Ann 's got any supper left?" he asked, and then suddenly clasped his knee. "By jocks!" he ejaculated, "this here rheumatiz does strike me bad, Henry. Seems like et 's wuss ter-night 'n et 's been fer a long time. I feel mighty sick, Henry. Guess I 'll hev ter drive down ter Franklin ter-morrer an' see Doc Weaver. 'Fraid I ain't got long amongst ye; but I 'm goin' ter try ter put off leavin' ye till next week."

He chuckled.

"By jocks! 'fraid I ain't never goin' ter git a chanst ter die. Seems like somethin' allus comes up jist when I git good an' ready. Marty Gray did n't hev no cause ter die jist now, noway; he wa' n't so old ez me by twelve months, Henry, but he allus was gittin' in folkses' way."

Henry aided him into his trousers and handed him a comb.

The old man laughed.

"Talk erbout funerals, by jocks! When I was in Chicagy I see a funeral, an' the hull thing was on the run, everybody hurryin' like tramps hed set their hay-ricks afire. S'pose I 'd be hurried jist the same ef I died thar. Anyhow, ez St. Paul says, 'when you 're in Rome, do like the Romans does.'"

Mary Ann met the old man at the foot of the stairs.

"Well, father," she said cheerfully, "feelin' some better?"

"No, by jocks!" he said shortly, "I ain't feelin' anywise better 'n I did, Mary Ann. I 'm goin' in ter see Doc Weaver ter-morrer, but I reckon I 'm past help. Ev'ry dog hez his day. I 'm purty nigh seventy-one year old—"

"Yes, I know, father," she interrupted quickly; "but granddad lived to be a hundred an' six, you know."

"Thet 's so! Thet 's so!" he admitted, as he took his seat at the supper-table, on which the dishes were still standing. "We 're a long-lived fambly, Mary Ann. Your granny was ninety-two 'fore she needed specs, an' I ain't never heard o' one o' us died under threescore an' ten, nary one. But, by jocks! we all got ter die some day, an' I 'm purty nigh seventy-one year old, an' the Bible says—"

"Who you want ter hev drive you down ter town ter-morrer?" asked Henry, hastily.

"Who? Drive me over?" asked the old man, with great indignation. "Guess I kin drive 's well ez any o' you boys, by jocks! an' better, too. I don't need no driver yit, by a long ways. You young fellers think thet soon 's a pusson gits a bit o' gray in his hair he hez ter hev a nuss!"

Nor would he drive any horse but the bay colt, and he was up before Henry the next morning, and had the colt harnessed before Mary Ann rang the breakfast-bell.

He found Doc Weaver in his office, deep in an argument with "Jedge" McComber on the single-tax question, and while the doctor was delivering his "finally" and driving it home with his extended forefinger, By Jocks examined the backs of the half-dozen medical volumes on the book-shelves. By the time the judge had assured the doctor that his arguments were false from top to bottom, By Jocks was feeling the weight of his years.

"Doc," he said, "guess I 'm gone fer good this time. I ain't got no appetite fer my victuals. I 'm plumb give out, doc, but I can't holler 'bout it; I 'm purty nigh seventy-one year old, an' the Bible says the length o' a man's life ain't but threescore year an' ten—"

"No appetite, hey?" asked the doctor. "Tongue coated—um!" He slapped the old man on the back and laughed. "Pshaw!" he said, "there 's nothing the matter with you. You 're good for years yet. All you want is some salts and you 'll be as young as the best of us. You stop at the drug-store and get a pound or so of salts, and I 'll warrant you 'll be helping Henry harvest in a couple of days."

"I 'm purty nigh seventy-one year—"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the doctor. "Should n't have thought you were sixty."

When Mary Ann entered the kitchen after carrying the midday lunch to the field, she found her father seated at the table, with a huge yellow bowl before him. He was eating the contents with a large spoon.

"Well, father," she said gaily, "eatin' a little bread an' milk?"

"'YOU DON'T MEAN TER TELL ME FATHER 'S GOT A DYIN'-SPELL?'"

The old man looked up with tears in his eyes and swallowed another spoonful with a wry face.

"No," he said shortly, "'t ain't no bread an' milk, neether."

"'T ain't?" she asked, peering into the bowl with great curiosity. "What *hev* yer got?"

By Jocks took another spoonful and made another grimace.

"Pound o' salts," he said shortly.

Mary Ann dropped her empty lunch-basket and gasped.

"Law sakes, father!" she cried, "yer ain't eatin' a hull pound o' salts, be ye?"

"Yes, by jocks!" he said; "an' it 's the wust stuff I ever swallered. Jist erbout gags me, by jocks! But doc told me ter, an' I guess doc knows his business."

Mary Ann seized the spoon as the old man was raising it to his lips.

"Mercy me!" she exclaimed, "ye 'll kill yerself."

Her father held to the spoon firmly.

"Let go, Mary Ann," he said crossly; "I 'm goin' ter take this stuff, by jocks! kill me er not kill me. Doc said ter, an' I don't see any use goin' ter a doctor ef yer don't do like he says. I got faith in doc, an' I 'm goin' ter do jist ez doc said. Ef I don't, I 'll like ez not be dead by mornin', anyhow. I 'm purty nigh seventy-one year old, Mary Ann, an' the Bible says a man 's only got threescore year an' ten—"

Mary Ann dropped the spoon and grasped the yellow bowl. The old man reached for it, but she was on her feet, and she hurried to the door and emptied the contents on the grass.

By Jocks moped about the farm disconsolately for several days, but as Sunday approached he brightened, and Sunday evening he regained his spirits. Old Marty Gray was buried, and By Jocks could go ahead with his dying. Willie was still in bed with the measles, but the old man felt that he could not delay for small things, and at sundown he went to his room and went to bed.

"I 'm jist erbout dead, Mary Ann," he said. "No pain left, an' I 'm beginnin' ter remember things thet happened when I was a boy. Thet 's a sure sign. Purty soon I 'll begin ter fergit things thet 's happened lately. Ef et comes ter thet by mornin' guess ye 'd better see the preacher an' fix up fer him ter come nex' Sunday. Ye know 'bout the 'rangements. Same ez when I was so low last time, Mary Ann. Reckon Henry 'll git through harvest 'g'in' then?"

"He got through last night," his daughter answered sadly; "the men went off yestiddy, ye know."

"By jocks!" he exclaimed gleefully, "so they did. Did n't I tell ye I was purty nigh gone? I 'm beginnin' ter fergit things thet 's happenin' right now, an' I kin remember them thet happened years ago. Ye ain't got no faith in how low I am, Mary Ann; but, I tell ye, I 'm purty nigh—"

His daughter fled to the door.

"Willie is cryin'," she said, and she passed into the next room.

That night her father slept peacefully, lulled by the patter of rain on the roof overhead, nor did the rain cease the next day. On the contrary, it fell in torrents, and the old man lay and watched it impatiently. Tuesday it also rained, and By Jocks sat up in bed and scowled at the window, down which the drops ran continuously. Rainy weather is always bad for the attendance at a country funeral, and the old man would have lost heart had not the dog howled all one night, and had he not heard the death-tick in the woodwork the next.

Wednesday morning the rain ceased, and Henry came and sat beside him.

"How come ye ain't haulin' oats?" the old man asked peevishly.

"Wisht I could," said Henry; "but the roads 'twixt here an' town 's so I 'd git stuck 'fore I got half a mile. I ain't ever seen 'em so soft this time o' year."

By Jocks squirmed.

"I s'pose ye ain't been ter see the preacher, then?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, I 've been," replied Henry; "I ast him about Sunday, but he can't come. He 's goin' off on his vacation terday."

By Jocks sat up in bed.

"Did ye see the pall-bearers?" he asked.

"Yes, I *went* ter see 'em, but I only seen one. The other three on 'em 's gone ter the World's Fair in Chicagy."

The old man's face lengthened.

"Henry," he asked fearfully, "they ain't nobody died in Orono township, hez they?"

"Yes, they hez," replied Henry, slowly; "ol' Miss Burpee died this mornin'. They 're goin' ter bury her Sunday."

His father-in-law hit his pillow a sounding whack with his fist.

"Drat her!" he exclaimed; "ain't I never goin' ter git a fair show at dyin'? I almost wisht I was one o' them old martyrs; they hed half a chanst ter die, anyhow."

He sat awhile in moody silence, and then lay back and turned on his face. He lay very still, and Henry gazed at him silently. He heard Mary Ann moving about in the room below, heard her leave the room and after several minutes return, and still the old man lay on his face. Willie cried peevishly in the next room, and Henry stole away softly and quieted him. When he returned, the old man still lay as he had left him, one wrinkled hand outside the coverlet. Henry leaned over him and placed one hand gently on the old man's shoulder.

"'I RECKON I KIN HANG ON A LEETLE LONGER.'"

"Father," he said softly, "father!"

By Jocks turned over suddenly, and ran his fingers briskly through his hair.

"Henry," he said, "hand me them clothes o' mine. They ain't no use my tryin' ter die in this township when they keep a-dyin' in Orono. Tell Mary Ann t' pack some things in my satchel."

"Father," cried Henry, "yer don't mean ye 're goin' ter go somewheres else t' die!"

The old man chuckled.

"Die!" he said. "By jocks! I 'm goin' ter the World's Fair in Chicagy. Ef them ol' critters I picked out t' tote my coffin kin go, I guess I kin. I 'm only a leetle over seventy year old, Henry. I reckon I kin hang on a leetle longer."

And By Jocks is still hanging on.

THE BED.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

I.

"THOU, of all God's gifts the best,
Blessèd Bed!" I muse, and rest
Thinking how it havened me
In my dazèd infancy,
Ere mine eyes could bear the kind
Daylight through the window-blind,
Or my lips, in yearning quest,
Groping found the mother-breast,
Or mine utterance but owned
Minor sounds that sobbed and moaned.

II.

Gracious Bed that nestled me
Even ere the mother's knee,—
Lulling me to slumber ere
Conscious of my treasure there—
Save the tiny palms that kept
Fondling, even as I slept,
That rare dual-wealth of mine,
Softest pillow, sweetest wine!
Gentlest cheer for mortal guest,
And of Love's fare lordliest

III.

By thy grace, O Bed, the first
Blooms of boyhood-memories burst:
Dreams of riches, swift withdrawn
As I, wakening, find the dawn
With its glad spring-face once more
Glimmering on me as of yore;
Then the bluebird's limpid cry
Lulls me like a lullaby,
Till falls every failing sense
Back to sleep's sheer impotence.

IV.

Or, a truant, home again,
With the moonlight through the pane,
And the kiss that ends the prayer—
Then the footsteps down the stair;
And the close hush; and far click
Of the old clock; and the thick
Sweetness of the locust-bloom
Drugging all the enchanted room
Into darkness fathoms deep
As mine own pure childish sleep.

V.

Gift and spell, O Bed, retell
Every lovely miracle,
Up from childhood's simplest dream
Unto manhood's pride supreme!
Sacredness no words express—
Lo, the young wife's fond caress
Of her first-born, while beside
Bends the husband, tearful-eyed,
Marveling of kiss and prayer
Which of these is holier there.

VI.

Trace the vigils through the long,
Long nights, when the cricket's song
Stunned the sick man's fevered brain,
As he tossed and moaned in pain
Piteous, till thou, O Bed,
Smoothed the pillows for his head,
And thy soothest solace laid
Round him, and his fever weighed
Into slumber deep and cool,
And divinely merciful.

VII.

Thus, O Bed, all gratefully
I would ever sing of thee,
Till the final sleep shall fall
O'er me, and the crickets call
In the grasses where at last
I am indolently cast
Like a play-worn boy at will.
'T is a Bed befriends me still;
Yea, and Bed, belike, the best,
Softest, safest, blessèdest.

A PLEA FOR FAIR TREATMENT.

BY WU TING FANG,
Chinese Minister at Washington.

IN all civilized communities the power to decide a matter in dispute is invariably taken away from the interested parties and lodged in the hands of a third person. It has been found that this is the only way to secure substantial justice to both sides. But in international controversies the parties interested are themselves the judges. This being the case, public discussion of a question of an international nature is apt to be intensely partizan in character, irrespective of the merits of the case. In other words, the people of each country, as a rule, allow their patriotism to get the better of their sense of right and wrong. In former days the strongest arm, the heaviest battalion, usually settled every controversy. Now, happily, force has given place, in a great measure, to diplomacy, which is nothing but an appeal to reason and to the sense of justice inherent in mankind. The necessity of exercising calmness, judgment, caution, and discretion in handling international questions cannot but be apparent to all, considering the welfare of the large number of persons affected, the magnitude of the interests involved, and the far-reaching consequences entailed upon one or more nations. Even the people of the United States and Great Britain, who speak the same language, live under similar institutions and laws, and have virtually the same customs and manners, have found it at times difficult to avoid misunderstandings. How much more difficult is it to prevent misunderstandings between peoples so unlike, and in many respects so antipodal, as the Chinese and the Americans, not to say the Europeans, in language, in religion, in ways of thinking, in educational training, and in modes of action! For the maintenance of friendly relations between such incongruous elements it is imperative that great care and patience should be exercised. The recent events in China present a case in point.

During the past year certain districts in the province of Shan-tung were infested with scattered bands of outlaws. Issuing nightly from their hiding-places, they made sudden descents upon the peaceful inhabitants, and carried off as booty all that they could lay hands on. The people of those districts at last had to organize themselves for common defense. With this end in view, they practised boxing, fencing, and other athletic exercises, so that they might better cope with their assailants. So far the purposes of those organizations were perfectly legitimate. But, unfortunately, hard times followed. The heavens withheld the much-needed rain; the fields were parched; the crops failed. The rural communities found starvation and suffering staring them in the face. All the able-bodied men that had banded themselves together to protect their families and homes turned marauders themselves. Thus came into prominence the I-ho-chuen Society, literally "Righteous and Harmonious Fists," or Boxers, as they are now known throughout the world. When they were first heard of, a few months ago, they were even then strong enough to bid defiance to the local authorities. From the province of Shan-tung they extended their operations to the neighboring province of Chi-li, and in a short time reached the capital, Peking. Everywhere they left destruction and misery in their path. Telegraph-wires were cut; railroad-tracks were torn up; churches were burned; Christian converts were massacred.

At the first sign of trouble, the foreign ministers at Peking naturally asked that marines should be permitted to land and come up to the capital for the protection of their legations. This request was granted. The guards reached Peking just in time before communication with the outside world was entirely cut off. For days every effort to get word to or from the foreign ministers failed. Days soon lengthened into weeks. The world naturally grew more and more painfully anxious about their safety. The fearful suspense respecting their fate at once gave rise to a crop of rumors, hinting at massacres, autos da fe, tortures, and the like. At length all seemed ready to give up the besieged legations for lost. Then certain despatches from Shanghai gave the startling news that a dreadful crime had been committed on all foreigners in Peking. No grue-

some detail was wanting. It was graphically told that the legation guards, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, having fired their last cartridge, were mercilessly cut down to a man; that the scene of confusion and horror which followed the mad rush of the infuriated mob upon their prey was easier to be imagined than described; that nameless tortures were inflicted upon the victims; that some were even thrown into caldrons of boiling oil. Such blood-curdling tales could not but produce a profound impression. A thrill of horror ran through the whole world. At the first receipt of the news, in the midst of universal sorrow, no one seemed to take any notice of the source whence the reports came.

But a sober second thought should have questioned their authenticity. Shanghai is about nine hundred miles from Peking. Events which took place at Peking would naturally become known first at Tientsin or Chi-fu rather than at Shanghai. There was no reason why the reports should have taken the longer instead of the shorter routes to reach the coast. Those upon whose word the story of the so-called massacre was constructed were men who had left Peking at the beginning of the trouble or had never been there at all. They were not eye-witnesses of the scenes they pretended to describe. They only inferred from the difficult experiences they had gone through in reaching a place of safety that those who were left behind must have met their doom. Thus out of such flimsy materials the gigantic fabric of the massacre was reared. Unfortunately, the world was in the position of a drowning man catching at straws. Tidings from the besieged in Peking were awaited with fear and trembling on all hands. Every one thought that the legations could not hold out weeks against overwhelming odds, and was ready to hear that the worst had actually come to pass. The reports from Shanghai, therefore, fell upon receptive ground. To such an extent did these newspaper inventions find credence among the people and the press on both sides of the Atlantic that a memorial service for the supposed dead was actually fixed for July 23 at St. Paul's Cathedral in London. This service would have taken place at the time and place appointed, had it not been for the fact that a message direct from Minister Conger was received and made public a few days before that date.

On the other hand, information from Chinese sources, whether official or private, all tended to establish the fact that the foreign envoys were safe in Peking. But the people and the press both in Europe and in America turned a deaf ear to all Chinese assurances. Evil motives were imputed to the imperial government for keeping as long as possible other nations in ignorance of the fate that had befallen the foreign representatives in Peking. All officials holding high and responsible posts under the Chinese government were painted as liars of the blackest dye. Even imperial edicts declaring in the most solemn and positive terms that all the foreign ministers with the exception of Baron von Ketteler, the German minister, remained unharmed, met with no better reception. The public still refused to be convinced. The prevailing opinion throughout Europe and America seemed to be that all Chinese, whether high or low, were incapable of speaking the truth. I do not deny that one sometimes meets with individuals in China who have no regard for the truth; but this species of moral delinquency is not peculiar to any one race or to any one country. The author of the Psalms in the Christian Bible went so far, in his haste, as to say that "all men are liars." I am inclined to think that this statement is rather too sweeping in its scope. At any rate, the Chinese have not an exclusive claim to this unenviable distinction. Throughout the East, Chinese merchants have everywhere the reputation of being men of their word. Transactions involving hundreds of thousands of dollars are daily being consummated with nothing but the word of Chinese merchants back of them. What is said of Chinese merchants applies also to Chinese officials. Foreign loans of large amounts have been contracted under their hand and seal. They have always been scrupulously punctual in their payments. No attempt has ever been made by them to repudiate their liability in any financial transaction. Such being the case, statements made by Chinese officials are surely worthy of some credit, and should be accepted at their face value.

I cannot bring myself to the belief that those who had pinned their faith on the story of the massacre, and were most vehement in their cry for vengeance, had any intention of misleading the public in any way. I am of opinion that they were honest in their convictions, but, in the excitement of the moment, only mistook sensational reports for a statement of facts. But after all the severe reflections that they have cast upon the government and people of China

alike, I think it but right that, as men of honor, they should now manfully come forward and make the *amende honorable*. By so doing they would, in some measure, undo the mischief they have done. For if they had succeeded in carrying away with them the government and people of this country as well as those of Europe, they would have inflicted upon the whole Chinese nation a gross injustice, and serious consequences might have ensued from their ill-considered and impetuous advice.

Inasmuch as nothing could possibly satisfy the public at the time but a direct message from the besieged ministers, such a communication, after great difficulty, was obtained in the shape of a cablegram from Minister Conger. This was a reply to the State Department's inquiry sent on July 10. It was in the secret cipher of the State Department, which no one but Minister Conger or one of his secretaries could have written. But upon the receipt and publication of the message, strange to say, a wave of incredulity spread over this country and Europe. Fully ninety men or newspapers out of every hundred doubted its genuineness. Reasons were elaborately put forth to show that it was a forgery. Among these may be mentioned the following: that it was undated; that the Chinese government might have obtained possession of the legation cipher key; that it was an old telegram intercepted over a month ago and held back just for such a use; that its contents were known to the Chinese officials, as vouched for by a high British official at Shanghai; that it was a diabolical attempt on the part of the Chinese government to deceive the world and sow dissension among the allied powers, with the view of delaying their military operations. All sorts of sinister motives were imputed to the Chinese authorities for sending the message. It grieved me particularly to find that persons in America and Europe who had been in China and were in a position to enlighten the public on the Chinese situation made matters worse by coming out with statements declaring their unshaken belief in the story of the massacre and in the worthlessness of the Conger telegram. A certain returned missionary, who said he had spent fifty years in China, was reported to have used the following language: "I believe the entire foreign legation in Peking has been killed, and the responsibility for this killing is to be found in the deceit and cunning of the Chinese minister at Washington. There is no doubt that the Chinese minister had private despatches on this subject several weeks ago. He knew of the impending disaster, but he was too cunning to tell it."

Christianity teaches people to be charitable to their fellow-men, and here is a follower of Christ who, in a reported statement, which, as far as I know, has not been denied, openly charges me with deceit and holds me responsible for events in China when I was more than ten thousand miles away from the scene of action. There are no doubt many good missionaries in China, but it can be easily seen that if some of them are not more charitable and considerate than this missionary is reported to be, friction with the natives can hardly be avoided.

Now, the evidence respecting the safety of the foreign representatives in Peking is of so positive and overwhelming a nature as to leave no room for doubt. The story of the massacre is nothing but a pure fiction. The Conger telegram has, at the same time, been proved to be genuine by the production of the cipher original. Thus the two most exciting incidents of the present trouble in China may be said to be closed. But they teach a lesson, which every one will do well to heed in the future: not to be hasty in forming conclusions.

There is a Chinese saying: "If you want to condemn a man, you can always find an excuse for so doing without any difficulty." There is a disposition in some quarters, I am told, to do everything possible to embroil China in a war with the foreign powers at the present time, or to bring about a partition of the country in the hope of securing more concessions or commercial advantages in the final settlement. All the baseless inventions detrimental to China which have appeared in the newspapers are supposed to have this end in view. I feel reluctant, however, to impute such evil motives to those who have thus unwittingly worked against China. I am inclined to believe that they have fallen into the mistake of judging Chinese ideas and doings by the Western standard. I will give an illustration.

Newspapers nowadays often mention this official as belonging to the anti-foreign party, and that official as a leader with progressive tendencies. These terms are very misleading. To an American reader the word "party" conveys the idea of an organization of men in public life, who are bound by certain political ties and recognize certain principles in the conduct of public affairs. There are no such parties in China. All deductions from

the existence in Chinese politics of a party in power and a party in opposition are absolutely at fault.

Again, take the widely heralded enmity between the Manchus and the Chinese. From the relations of a conquered nation to its conquerors, Americans naturally infer that the Chinese must hate the Manchus and only wait for an opportunity to rise against their supposed oppressors. Nothing would be further from the truth. In Peking, Manchus and Chinese mingle freely in social and official life. The same is also true in other parts of the empire. In point of fact, there is about as much enmity between the Chinese and the Manchus as there is between the Scotch and the English at the present day.

Moreover, it must be remembered that most of the high officials in Peking are born and bred Chinese of the old school. All the princes and nearly all the ministers of state have spent most of their days within the four walls of the capital. They have never visited even other parts of the empire, not to say foreign lands, nor can they speak any other language besides their own. They have absolutely no knowledge or experience of foreigners or foreign ways, except those who are ministers of the Tsung-li Yamen (the Foreign Office), and the experience of these men has been confined exclusively to their official intercourse with the foreign representatives at Peking. Under the circumstances, it is not strange that they should often do and say things which are right in their own eyes, but which, when transmitted through a foreign medium, assume a different aspect. It is well for foreigners to show a little forbearance in dealing with the Chinese, and the Chinese will not be found wanting in grateful appreciation.

China is now passing through an important crisis in her history. Troublous times are apt to engender fierce passions. She desires only to be treated fairly and justly by other nations. The baseless reports that have been circulated in the newspapers about the recent happenings in different parts of China have done incalculable harm in that they have served to make the situation, already serious, more difficult. One should be particularly careful in sifting facts and slow in forming conclusions in these days of sensational journalism. There is a saying that "one man's meat is another man's poison." This is true of nations as well as of individuals. The conditions and environments of life are so different in the Orient from those in the Occident that the same cause will often produce widely diverse effects. Throw water on a burning building, and it will put out the fire. Throw water into a tank of sulphuric acid, and it will generate so much heat as to cause an explosion. It is only from an Eastern point of view that the difficulties arising in China can be seen in their true proportions and bearings. Great care must be exercised in determining the proper course to be pursued in dealing with Eastern nations so that no irretrievable wrong may be committed. Let justice and consideration for others be the guiding principles on all occasions.

WASHINGTON, August 17, 1900.

THE CUP OF BLISS.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

THE reddest rose, the bluest violet,
Take them and bray them in a golden jar,
Drip in the clearest dewdrops; nor forget
Some faintest scent from where old shadows are,
Nor the night laughter where the brook is loud,
Nor that far voice when all the silence grieves;
Stir these with motion of the softest cloud,
Of winds that run along the sunny leaves.
The last, add glances of the moonlit stream,
Pink tremblings from the edges of the dawn,
A dash of rapture only youth dare dream,
And the dear pang it leaves when it is gone.
Pour, now, and drink. Is it the cup of bliss?
Thou canst not, then, remember love's first kiss.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

International Hatred.

THE close of the nineteenth century seems to be marked by a recrudescence of international and interracial prejudice and hatred. Africa and the Philippines have been the fields of bitter conflicts between races of different color. The political treatment of the blacks in some of our Southern States shows the distrust of the dark race by the white, while the brutality of white mobs in the punishment of certain black criminals witnesses, again, to something more than distrust in the relations between the two races. That this is not a purely geographical condition, the recent race-riot in New York bears witness. In China we have a terrific example of the hatred of the yellow race for the white. In some of the cases cited showing bitterness between races, hatred has been intensified by resented intrusion; but back of it all is the specter of the ancient, uneradicated—shall we say uneradicable?—prejudice between races. What was it but the same spirit of race antipathy that lately shook well-nigh to its foundations one of the greatest and most civilized countries of Europe?

The hatred between highly civilized nations has in it often something of the race prejudice also; but international hatred manifests itself sometimes independently of race affinities and repulsions. Not long ago most of the nations of Europe, Great Britain being a significant exception, were bitter haters of the United States. Later the feeling toward the United States greatly diminished, while certain of these nations took to hating England with a fury strangely mixed of jealousy, envy, and genuine moral indignation. A little while ago it seemed as if the feeling between America and England had reached a naturally friendly condition, when this feeling was disturbed by events in South Africa.

The outlook is depressing enough, and yet there is another and more cheerful side to the picture. Notwithstanding all the rancor and hatred among races, there is in some respects to-day a better understanding between them than ever before. There has been in America, doubtless, a reaction from the doctrinary and humanitarian and political enthusiasm regarding the negro on the part of Northern whites. Meantime there has grown up in the South itself, among the old dominant class, a new appreciation of the black man; and while we are confronted on the one hand with fearful outbursts on the part of white mobs, and with deliberate projects for restriction of the black vote, a natural evolution among the blacks, and work done among them by institutions controlled by such men as General Armstrong and Booker T. Washington, have brought about in certain sections an appreciable improvement of their condition, raising up for them wise and efficient sympathizers and allies among neighbors of the opposite race. Himself belonging to the dark race, no one can accuse Mr. Washington of any lack of appreciation of wrongs done to the blacks, but he finds and cheerfully proclaims abundant signs of a better day for his people. One of the signs of this better day was the Montgomery Race Conference, so interestingly commented on by him in the August number of THE CENTURY.

Again, notwithstanding the nightmare of the Chinese outbreak, the statements of recent observers like Bishop Potter and others, printed in these pages, show that never before have there been so many of the Chinese people imbued with an understanding of the best things in Western civilization. Another result of the cataclysm is sure to be a better understanding than hitherto of the Chinese, both as a people and as a political problem. Among other results of a violent lesson, judging from some of Bishop Potter's frank and elucidating remarks, may be the discovery that "the heathen in his blindness" has seen some things that the Christian in *his* blindness fondly prognosticated that the poor heathen would be unable to see.

The wars flaming so unexpectedly from the ashes of the century seem to be vivid evidences of international hatred; and yet the long European peace extending through the last decades of the century, an armed and equipped peace though it be, has a good meaning. Though there are wars, every war finds mankind more and more sensitive as to the unescapable horrors of the bloody arbitrament. Those who go to war are put more and more to their apologies. It may look absurd, but it means a good deal, when kingly warriors, incased in steel armor and loaded with improved weapons, preach peace to the world. It is not true that the Czar's Peace Congress has been without result. In its very existence it was magnificently significant, and it has established certain principles and regulations which will yet be found of practical importance. International arbitration has taken immense strides during the century.

As to the feeling between England and America, this so frequently becomes involved in American political currents that it is difficult to speak frankly about it without incurring suspicion in some quarters. During the present political cam-

paign, for instance, there are charges of a "secret alliance" with Great Britain, based, probably, upon the undeniable and highly useful friendship of the British people and government with the United States during the Spanish war. At the same time, it should be noted that the leader of the "opposition" in America is free to say that "sympathy for the Boers does not arise from any unfriendliness toward England."

The facts of the matter, as to this particular international sentiment, would seem briefly to be these: The natural understanding and good feeling between peoples having the same language and religion, the same basic laws, and the same principles of "ordered liberty"—this natural understanding and good feeling, we say, is now and then interfered with by opposing interests, as during our Civil War; while there is a constant tendency in America to take the school-history attitude toward that nation which, in the past, has given so many of our own military and political heroes their opportunity. The American school-boy and the American Fourth of July audience have been, naturally, trained to hate the redcoat and the flag under which the redcoat fought against us in two wars. Again, the gigantic mistake of a large part of the English "ruling classes" at the time of our Civil War has been kept well in mind. Our school-children and our patriotic audiences have not had it clearly explained to them that it was not the *people* of England who opposed them in 1776; that whatever may have been the attitude of English opinion in 1776, in 1812, or in 1861, England has "had her lesson"; that the deeper relations have now their full force, and that to-day there is no country in the world where America finds such constant and profound understanding and sympathy as in Great Britain. Englishmen read with surprise and grief accounts of "wide-spread" anti-English sentiment in the United States. They cannot understand it. They resent European enmity with bitterness, but evidences of American enmity fill them with astonishment and pain. The present extremely friendly and compliant attitude of England toward America is sometimes attributed to motives purely interested. Selfishness may account for governmental action, but there is a genuine popular sentiment behind all this. One of the most distinguished statesmen of England—one, by the way, not in sympathy with the present ministry—said the other day, in private conversation, that for years no sentiment has called forth more genuine applause at public meetings throughout Great Britain than some kindly reference to the United States. The recent prompt subscription in America to English bonds is a substantial indication of confidence on the part of the new country in the stability and financial integrity, at least, of the old.

It would not be difficult to bring forth numerous evidences of an improved state of feeling among races and nations. The largest of the world's international expositions, for instance, is the one which marks the close of the century, and the German Emperor's conduct in being one of the first to trust priceless hereditary art treasures within the precincts of the great Fair is an evidence of good feeling not to be underestimated; after his example, no other European governments could well have held back. And now the French government has consented to allow its soldiers in China to take orders from one of the leaders of that German army which so lately triumphed over the troops of France.

But it is unnecessary to multiply favorable instances. Certain it is that the nation that wastes its energies in hating other nations must soon fall out from the general advance. It is a belittling and a dangerous custom. There must be emulation, rivalry; one should entertain a truly patriotic and bracing sentiment concerning one's own home and government, but one should not hold an ignorant, disdainful, and furiously jealous attitude toward near or distant neighbors. Such an attitude is as disastrous and retrogressive in regard to races and peoples as it is in regard to individuals. The individual must know himself, and self-knowledge is necessary to the nation; but a nation cannot know itself in a salutary manner without knowing its neighbor, and it cannot know its neighbor if it does nothing but hate him.

Ruskin and his Feminine Economics.

RUSKIN'S sum of inspiration to the world has been variously appraised since his death, and the points at which he failed in his self-appointed task of awakening a materialistic generation to the esthetic life have been, on the whole, more insisted upon than his successes. Had women alone been called upon to write of Ruskin's works it is probable that the result would have been different. He was never so right and so adequate, never so thoroughly stimulating, as when he addressed himself to the female sex, to the business of analyzing feminine duties and the opportunities given to women for promoting the higher idealities in daily existence. In the constitution of Ruskin's mind there was certainly something essentially akin to the feminine. He had notions about introducing esthetic considerations into the small matters of life which were just such as might have come to a gifted, beauty-loving, sensible woman, but which often seem fantastic enough to the majority of his male readers. His love of cleanliness and order makes an intimate appeal to the soul of the good housewife. His almost comical horror of old clothes, of rents and tatters, is a sentiment perfectly understood of any wholesome woman who knows how to use her needle. When he relates how, in Switzerland, in an inn whose beautiful old marble staircase was begrimed with the incrustations of the foot-tracks of years, he took a broom and pail of water, and incontinently scrubbed the steps clean from top to bottom, a man may be a bit in doubt as to what he is to make of the esthetic mission carried to such extremes; but a woman is in instant sympathy. There is no doubt in her. She knows just how Ruskin felt. She could not have *stood* that dirt on those stairs, either. One is whimsically reminded,

in reading very many Ruskinian outbreaks over the "cast clouts" of the poor and the peaked visages of the ill-fed, of one of those busy, expansive clergymen's wives who run with furious energy an army of soup-kitchens and sewing-circles, and positively will not permit any mortal to use his human prerogative of being slipshod and improvident.

Scientifically viewed, Ruskin's theories about economics may have been open to discussion; but in the minute management of the human being's domesticities he had such economic conceptions as commend themselves naturally to the highest and best types of women the world over. He hated the vulgarity of waste and of those sumptuous drawing-room effects that sometimes conceal a frowzy pantry. He wanted things to be good all through, with a sincerity which one might compare to that of the builder of a Greek temple, but which it is equally exact to compare to that bred of the cultivated instincts of a perfectly refined woman. The fact that visitors were not received in the kitchen was no reason, to Ruskin, why the kitchen should not be burnished and beautiful. He uttered many inspiring and lovely words about the kitchen's obligation in this respect. Yet, in reality, he was only composing, with rich and suggestive harmonies, on a plain theme which generations of experience, and of handed-down wisdom from mother to daughter, have rendered as familiar to the saving remnant of the female sex as a cradle melody.

Practicality is about the last quality with which Ruskin has been credited; still, in point of fact, the most significant and valuable elements in his writings are founded on the kind of knowledge that comes from practical contact with the minutiæ of daily living, and from nothing else. In his ideas about art he may have been visionary and astray; as to how men and women should live to be healthy and bright, and to get the greatest amount of happiness and joy out of their years on this earth, he had the soundness of experience. But, to reiterate, it was not the man's empirical knowledge about life, it was the knowledge—as to how matters really worked when you got down to the infinitesimal details of living—which he might have acquired if he had passed through a series of Buddhistic incarnations in the persons of many clever, aspiring, yet shrewd women, women full of ideals about the esthetic possibilities of existence, yet forced to discover, by the clippings that circumstances administer to feminine wings, that the prosaic limits the poetic on all sides. Since there is no chance of eliminating the prosaic,—since dust will gather, and food will spoil, and clothes will wear out, and since, men not being able to live in filth, disease, and rags, a perpetual hand-to-hand struggle must be kept up with all these ugly things,—better make a picturesque virtue of necessity, and treat the dust and the clouts, the broom and the water-pail, in the grand manner. Something of the nobility in one's attitude may become transmitted, mysteriously, to the coarse substance of those plebeian entities, or the brilliancy of one's technic in handling them may raise them to dignity.

Ruskin never preached on any subject more effectively than on this, and perhaps when many of his other preachments shall have been forgotten it will be more clearly seen how important he was whenever he took it up. His was the most authoritative and the most enchanting voice ever lifted to express the philosophy of the enlightened woman's opinion and practice with regard to the fundamental economics of daily life. Many women had known about these topics all along, but they had never seen them crystallized, intellectualized, built, as an integral element, into a high system of esthetics. They ought to be very grateful to Ruskin for having made much of their hidden wisdom visible. It is good wisdom, primordial wisdom; and to have perceived this is no mean originality, and may be one of the best of rights to enduring fame.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Jed's Monument.

THE man who drove me up from the station to the farm-house at which I was to stay while painting the famous Fairsex oaks was called Enoch. Houses were few and far between on the way up, but every one we passed reminded Enoch of some incident in the life of the resident. Most of these incidents were trivial, but served to while the monotony of the long and hilly drive.

"That 's where old Jed Whitbeck used to live," said he, pointing to some grassy mounds, which a closer look showed to be the remains of a cellar.

I had often heard of Jed Whitbeck from the country folk thereabout, so I made the proper reply to his remark. "Pretty keen, was n't he?"

Enoch chuckled. "Keen? Well, I sh'd say so. Ther' wa'n't no keener man in Fairsex Caounty than him. Jever hear the way he fixed the Slough of Despond?"

"No," said I; "and I don't believe I ever heard

of the Slough of Despond outside of 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

"Why, years ago, when good roads wa'n't as common as they are to-day," said Enoch, carefully avoiding a stone that was embedded in the highway, "ther' was a piece of road that stretched from Squire Wadhams' daown to the school-haouse, —about ten rod, I guess,—an' in the springtime that stretch was a reg'lar quagmire. Ther' wa'n't no use tryin' to hurry through there in a buggy or any other kinder rig, 'thout you had plenty of time on your hands. I 've seen a pair of cattle sunk purt' nigh up to their horns in that piece. Wal, it did n't do no good to complain to th' selec'men, because all three on 'em lived daown-taown an' did n't have no occasion to come up on the road 'cep' in summer-time, when they 'd come a pleasure-drivin', an' then the roads was middlin' good everywhere. Then they 'd say, 'No need to spen' any money on a road 's good 's this.' Wal, farmers up on the hill complained some, but their fathers had used the road before 'em, bad as 't was, an' changes is slow up there, an' it looked as ef the Slough of Despond, which had be'n so named by a schoolmaster, name of Pitkin, who taught here for a couple er years 'way back in the airly seventies—queer man he was, too. He used ter—"

"But you were speaking of the road."

"That 's right," said Enoch, who allowed himself to be picked up and brought back with an equanimity seldom shown by an easy talker. "Alongside of the Slough ther' was a piece of stun wall that hed got tired stan'in', an' had fell over before I quit bein' a boy, an' that 's a good many years ago. Stuns was pretty promiscu's in the hull meadder. Place belonged to a lazy feller named Neb Hawkins.

"One day Jed Whitbeck was drawin' a load of apples to market, an' he bruk daown with a pair of cattle right in the middle of the Slough, an' he had to unload the apples into bags an' wait fer the road to dry up before he could git the wagon aout, an' the cattle was stuck in the mud so long that, by gummy! it looked kinder lonesome ther' when they finally drawed 'em out. I 'd hate to say haow long they was watered an' fed ther'. Wal, arter Jed got everything out of the road he vowed that the place 'd be mended before it came tax-time ag'in, or he would n't pay a cent."

Enoch turned 'way out for a passing team, country fashion, and I asked him how Jed made out.

"Wal, fust he went daown to th' selec'men an' told them of haow he 'd lost the sale of his apples by the lamentable condition of the road, an' he took 'em up and showed 'em the place where he near lost the cattle. Then he ast 'em ef they 'd pay him two dollars a day fer himself an' hired help ef he 'd mend the road. They, thinkin' of the usual way of cuttin' it up and chuckin' in turf, said they would. Then he ast ef the taown would stan' it to pay him fer materi'ls used, an' as he had a persuadin' way, they said they guessed it would. Wal, arter he 'd fixed the selec'men, he goes to see Neb Hawkins, an' he says: 'Neb, that 's an onsightly lot er stuns in your meadder. What 'll you gi' me to clear it off?' Neb he thought a minute, an' he cal'lated that it would take him a good many days, that he could better go a-fishin' in, to do the job himself, an' so he says: 'Why, I 'll give ye ten dollars to clear it off. I could raise a good crop of buckwheat ef 't wa'n't for them stuns.' Wal, Jed he wa'n't done yet. He went araoun' to the leadin' men of the village, an' he ast ef they 'd change work with him for a day, an' bring their cattle, an' they all promised, includin' Neb. Wal, he sot on a certain day, an' when the men come with their cattle ther' was a string of fifteen head, an' he led 'em to the Slough, which was on'y a few rods from his haouse. The road was in workable condition then, it bein' late in May. Some he set to diggin' aout the road; some, includin' Neb, by gummy! he set to clearin' the meadder and drawin' off the stuns on a stun-boat, an' they filled the hole in the road plumb full of stuns an' covered 'em over with dirt, him bossin' the job, but doin' no work himself. By night-time that road was mended fer good an' all, and Neb's meadder was as smooth as a filly's neck. Then Jed he sent in a bill to the selec'men for work performed by fifteen pair of cattle and men at two dollars a day,—which is cheap in these parts,—an' he added ten dollars, bein' the wuth of the stun used, though it was wuth more 'n that; but Jed said he did n't want to be graspin'. An' then he collected ten dollars from Neb fer clearin' his meadder, although Neb had put in a day on it. It did n't come out first what he 'd done, an' when it did come out the road was so teetotally fine that no one said a word about it. Long arter the rest of the road 'd be muddy the old Slough 'd be as dusty as Main street on circus day."

"Just how much did Jed make on the transaction?" I asked.

"Why, he made thirty fer doin' the job, an' ten fer the stun it took, an' ten more fer takin' the stun; so he was paid fifty dollars fer stan'in' still all day an' bossin' his neighbors. But I call the flat piece of road up there Jed's monnyment."

Charles Battell Loomis.

The Day We Thresh.

THE threshermen 's a-comin' ! I kin hear the whistle toot!
Gee-whizz, but ain't it jolly fun, with lots o' work to boot!
An' us boys 'll have the biggest time of all the busy spell,
Jes hangin' roun' the threshin'-'chine, listenin' at 'er yell.
The big gate 's propped wide open, the ditch acrost is planked;
In struts the noisy traction, her greasy sides all flanked
With August sunshine's glitter, 'at lights up ev'ry part,
An' slants plump down the hull concern, clean to the water-cart.
The neighbor womens all come in to he'p my ma git dinner,

An' supper, too, ma she 's afeard; she says the hands all been er
Moseyin' roun' an' visitin', 'stead o' to their business hitchin',
While her an' all the women is a-sweatin' in the kitchin.

The things 'at Christmus fetches, w'y, they could n't make a smell
To the grub we have fer threshin' folks—the good things I know well.
Red squince p'esurves, an' chicken pie, an' biled ham sliced off thin,
Jes makes a feller eat an' eat, an' keep on shovelin' in.
My pa he hurries to the barn, an' gits some nice clean boards,
An' fixes up a table out in the long grape-arber, to'ards
That big ole apple-tree, where the birds is keepin' house,
An' a-quarrelin' an' sassin' as sly as ary mouse.
The girls they spread the table-cloth, an' set the victuals on,
Fer all their beaus is 'mongst the hands, tall Harry, Dick, an' Tom;
'At 's w'y each girl must have a bush, an' stan' an' shoo off flies,
All prinked, an' furbelowed, an' frizzed, an' gigglin' with their eyes.

When men-folks gits through dinner an' the women all have et,
They set aroun' an' rest a spell, an' gossip some, I s'pec',
An' wonder w'y, in threshin'-time, the weather 's al'ays hot.
Nen off they rush to clean things up an' fill the supper-pot.
Sometimes ma mashes lemons the huckster fetched from town,
An' scoots us off fer water to rench the sugar down.
Nen she joggles it roun' an' roun' an' pours it in a jug,
An' ties fast to the corn-cob cork a bright new pewter mug.
The pup an' me, an' Lige, an' Bud, with ole Shed at our heels,
Take an' carries it, right off, to the men out in the fiel's,
Who gits mighty dry a-pitchin' big wagginfuls o' wheat,
An' jes *that quick* they grab the jug, to he'p cool off the heat.

We got to hurry right straight back to run some pullits down,
'At ma wants ketched fer supper, fried in gravy nice and brown.
Nen us boys plays like we 's soldiers, an' whip ole Spain a spell,
An' wonder when the women-folks will ring the supper-bell.
'Bout five o'clock the men comes in, the grain all stored away;
They talk, an' wash, an' comb their hair an' primp up that a-way;
An' argufy on politicks—say Cuby 's too blamed hot;
Can swelter 'nough right here at home, when threshin', like as not.
Nen stop to eat their suppers an' plug a watermelon,
Swap ole jokes, an' give a guess how next year's crops is sellin'.
An' while the tired-out women-folks must wash the dishes up,
The men jes loll roun' on the grass, an' pester my bull-pup.

An' when the moon-man lights his lantern an' hangs it in the sky,
It makes black shadders on our grass, an' lighten-bugs jes fly.
Nen men-folks stretch, an' 'low they best go home an' do the chores,
Git up the cows, an' feed the pigs, an' shet the big barn doors.
Jes *ole men* does ('at 's married folks), 'cause *young men* they mus' wait,
An' hang aroun' an' whittle, an' fergit to shet our gate,
A-waitin' fer them giggly girls, who acts like they don't know
'At they 's purty as a peach, an' goin' to ketch a beau.
Nen the empty waggins goes a-clatterin' 'crost the bridge,
An' wakin' up the echoes 'at 's a-hidin' in the ridge,
Where the frogs is all a-jawin' at the screech-owl out o' sight.
Nen we hear the men a-singin', far away, "Good night, good night!"

Adelia Pope Branham.

Partial Statements.

WHY should I do the kindergarten the favor of turning over to it the one original thinker of my family?

* * *

THEY who maintain that women are the more selfish do not sufficiently notice how often they marry.

* * *

ORGANIZED charity at least does not give nuts to the toothless, or picture-cards to the blind. Sometimes charity does.

* * *

IT takes a woman to add enough to one crumb of love to make it a feast.

* * *

WHAT a big cup of anguish one can drink—taken sip by sip!

* * *

A FORMULA? Certainly. So has the sun for rising.

* * *

I MAY forget the fellow who praised, or even him who blamed me, but not him who saw clear through me.

A WOMAN is known by the secrets she keeps.

* * *

IN the bright lexicon of (modern) youth there is no such word as must.

* * *

I FEEL fairly quiet in my mind as long as my anarchist neighbor keeps on bringing in coal for his wife. He still respects one authority.

* * *

A MAN considers that a woman loves him enough only when she is doing his way.

* * *

DON'T get too near your enemy: he may turn out to be a good fellow.

* * *

IT is n't so necessary to find heroes as to see the hero in every man.

Dorothea Moore.

The Return of the Quill.

"William Dean Howells, instead of going forward to the type-writer, has gone back to the old-fashioned quill pen."—*Literary Life.*

BACK in the dim-lit ages
When literary sages
Inscribed their classic pages with quaint, methodic skill,
Their cumbrous tomes gigantic,
Their treatises pedantic,
And e'en their works romantic were written with a quill.

For poets dead and gone it
Freed many a soaring sonnet—
A pen with feathers on it, sure, should help a rhyme ascend.
But shadows thick environ
The quill-writ verse of Byron,
And nibs of tempered iron now their aid to poets lend.

In times remote and olden
(Some say the age was golden)
An author was beholden only to the humble goose;
But modern rules are tighter—
Each present-day inditer
A late-improved type-writer needs to make his work of use.

Yet here 's a man of letters—
With few, if any, betters—
From whom Dame Custom's fetters have loosed their cunning hold;
He 's daringly decided
To use, by genius guided,
The pearly pen that glided o'er vellum leaves of old.

No more his hand prehensile
Shall clasp a pen or pencil;
He 's chosen his utensil, and he 'll wield it as he will.
In spite of malediction
He 'll cling to his conviction
And manufacture fiction with a good, old-fashioned quill.

This notable example
May prove a reason ample
For other folk to sample the pen of long ago,
That, in their varied phases,
Portrayed Clarinda's praises,
And winged the flowing phrases of Bunyan and Defoe.

The peaceful quill's arrival
May herald the revival
Of tales which shall outrival the works we 've read of late;
The romance realistic,
The novel pessimistic,
The hero atheistic, may soon be out of date.

Jennie Betts Hartswick.

Explanation.

SHE thought it was the sunshine,
The buds and blossoming,
The birds, the bees, the fragrance,
And all the pomp of spring,
That set her pulse to leaping,
Her heart to throbbing fast.
She thought it was the springtime—
Until the spring was past.

She thought it was the summer,
The languor that is June's,
The mornings fresh and dewy,
The dreamy afternoons
That flushed her cheek with feeling
And made her young blood thrill—
Until the summer faded,
And she was happy still.

But when across the meadows
October loitering came,
To fill the land with shadows
And touch the leaves with flame,
She pressed her trembling fingers
Her throbbing heart above,
And turned with eyes clear shining—
To meet the gaze of Love.

Josephine H. Nicholls.

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